

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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Harriman Visits Oregon

OREGON this week has had a visit from W. A. Harriman, son of the late E. H. Harriman, famed in the world of railroading and finance. This is not the first visit of the young Mr. Harriman to this state, but is the first in his capacity of chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific railroad. In that office Oregon has fresh interest in Averil Harriman, for the Union Pacific dominates transportation in eastern and northern Oregon.

The visit of the younger Harriman recalls the great contribution of his father in western railroading. After the panic years of the '90's when the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific passed into receivership, Harriman gained control of these roads. His organizing genius, his insistence on efficient operation, his rebuilding of the properties physically laid the foundation on which these great systems operate today. He was foiled in his effort to combine the two systems, but he brought them to the point of cooperation in the handling of traffic.

Oregon has felt at times that it suffered from the breakdown of the Harriman plans, which came before the cross-state line was completed. The changed situation has deferred into the indefinite future further extension of railway mileage here or elsewhere in the United States. In fact mileage has been decreasing for several years as branch lines are abandoned. The main lines however will continue to be the major burden bearers of the country. The flow of traffic will increase before many months and the railroads will share the general prosperity of the country.

While the state pays heavy toll to the roads, it also derives large patronage from them. They are heavy consumers of lumber for ties, freight cars, structures. When they are out of the market as they have been largely for two years, the effect is felt in the lumber trade. Many authorities believe that the rails will show recuperation this year. If they do, they will immediately enlarge their purchases because maintenance has been deferred much longer than is advisable.

Oregon welcomes the visit from W. A. Harriman, and hopes that his knowledge of the country will make him sympathetic with the needs of those districts which his line serves in the great Oregon country.

Ye Shall Know the Truth

THERE was another mass meeting in Medford Thursday night, to keep alive the feud which is prevalent in Jackson county. The reports from the meeting do not agree. Here are the stories which came over the wires to the Salem papers of Friday:

Statesman Story MEDFORD, Ore., Jan. 19.—(AP)—A crowd estimated by police at 1,800 gathered at the armory here tonight from various parts of Jackson county at a meeting called by the Medford post of the American Legion to protest against what it described as "vicious propaganda" against county officials. By a standing vote the participants adopted a resolution endorsing all appointive and elective officers in the county. The meeting was understood to be an outgrowth of a recent attack on District Attorney George A. Coddling, County Commissioner Ralph Billings and R. A. Neal—meeting called last Thursday by Banks and Fehi to demand the resignation of three county officials. The difference is accounted for by the fact that the Mail-Tribune is the Associated Press correspondent in Medford, while the Medford News, L. A. Banks, editor, is the United Press correspondent. We will stand on the AP story as it appeared in The Statesman.

Progress Report

THE friendly conference of President Hoover and of President-elect Roosevelt on the foreign situation resulted in an accord which is full of promise. It indicates that foreign relations may be conducted during the interim with assurance that there will be no sudden alteration of policy subsequent to the change of administration. It means definitely that constructive steps will be taken early in March looking to the adjustment of foreign debts. This is important because the next schedule of payment is June 15, and some settlement should be reached for submission to the congress prior to that date.

The country will note with appreciation too that the irritation which seemed to follow the last visit of Messrs. Hoover and Roosevelt has been erased. This was accomplished through the personal intervention of Secretary Stimson and Norman H. Davis who enjoys the confidence of the retiring and the incoming president.

No matter what alteration of domestic policy may come with the new administration, it is important that the foreign policy be continuous. This characterizes France. No matter how often her ministries may change the policy of the Quai d'Orsay rarely is altered. We need to modify our foreign policy in some respects, especially as regards Russia, but it is reassuring to know that Mr. Roosevelt is willing now to cooperate in the wise solution of pressing matters like the foreign debts and the intricate complications of the orient.

Instead of coming to scoff and remaining to pray, some men in Montgomery, Alabama, attended church and remained to rob the church safe of \$300. Maybe they heard the preacher sermonize on "Lay not up for yourselves treasures . . . where thieves break through and steal."

"Microscope taken from Willamette," says a Statesman headline. Albany pulled a cannon from the river last week, so it is not surprising that Salem would try to find something; only the news story related that the microscope was taken from the university not the river.

This is winter sports week in Portland. And in honor of the event Mt. Hood moved its snows to the city. One couple went to work on skills.

Highlights in the Life of Calvin Coolidge

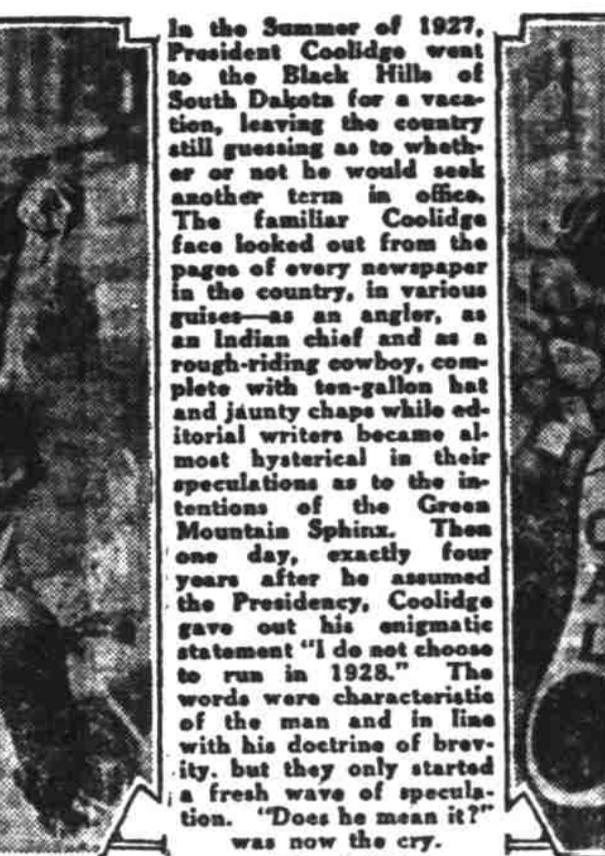
Calvin Coolidge was nominated on the first ballot at the Cleveland convention, June, 1924, without any organized opposition having developed and went to the country on his record of economy in government. Opposed in the campaign by John W. Davis, as the Democrat, and Senator La Follette, as an independent, the President remained in Washington, making few speeches, and left the active campaigning to his running mate, Charles G. Dawes. The November election swept Coolidge back into office, the popular vote for the ticket exceeding 15,000,000—almost twice the vote polled by the Democrats. In his inaugural address at the capital on March 4, 1925, the President pledged himself to continue his efforts for economy in government, to lessen tax burdens and to promote peace and mutual understanding among the nations of the world.



SWORN AS PRESIDENT 1925



SUCCESSFUL ANGLER



AS A COWBOY.

In the Summer of 1927, President Coolidge went to Black Hills, South Dakota for a vacation, leaving the country still guessing as to whether or not he would seek another term in office. The facilities Coolidge took out of his pocket from the pages of every newspaper in the country, in various guises—as an angler, as an Indian chief and as a rough-riding cowboy, complete with ten-gallon hat and jaunty chaps while editorial writers became almost hysterical in their speculations as to the intentions of the Green Mountain Sphinx. Then one day, exactly four years after he was elected President, Coolidge gave out his enigmatic statement "I do not choose to run in 1928." The words were characteristic of the man and his line with his doctrine of brevity, but they only started a fresh wave of speculation. "Does he mean it?" was now a cry.

The beginning of President Coolidge's first elective term saw the start of the greatest era of prosperity in the history of America. Throughout his term in office prosperity mounted to ever higher peaks. This resulted naturally, in a wave of sentiment in high business circles in favor of his re-nomination, notwithstanding the traditional "third term" taboo. Coolidge allowed speculation as to his intentions concerning another term to run unchecked. Neither by word or deed did he give any clue to his political intentions. Other potential candidates were kept in a fever of uncertainty. "Will he, or won't he run?" became a national question. Coolidge stuck to his job of running the nation, taking a few days off, now and then, to indulge in his favorite hobby—fishing. Coolidge had the indefatigable patience of the true angler, which, incidentally, helped him weather many a trying crisis.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 21, 1908 CHICAGO — A model poor man's church, with plenty of soup, biscuits, religion and fire, is to be a branch of the great revival now in progress in 207 Protestant churches.

Actual business on the Oregon Electric railway was launched yesterday when one of the large, fine passenger coaches rolled into Salem loaded with passengers who road principally for the glory of having been a passenger on the first through car of the road. The car arrived at 11 a.m., after a run of three hours from Portland.

Harry P. Minto, the deputy sheriff, yesterday filed his petition with the county clerk for combination as a candidate for the office of sheriff of Marion county. Mr. Minto has been chief deputy for the past four years.

DETROIT — Henry Ford's industrial expansion program is world-wide and has been undertaken with the underlying motive of educating the people of the world to such a degree and of making them so prosperous "that wars will be ended forever." This was disclosed yesterday by the big manufacturer.

Eighteen German industrial leaders in the Ruhr have been arrested for obstructing the occupation orders of the French. In consequence the occupying authorities are menaced with strikes that are liable to spread through all industries in the Ruhr valley.

C. G. Miller of Salem is proposing a new auto license scheme, which would increase the fee to a property tax level on new cars and reduce it by graduating according to the age of the automobile.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor—Your editorial on the Forgotten Man should appeal to straight-thinking people in this era of insidious radical propaganda, and the candle's beam would pierce the deadly miasma arising from green scummed pools of dishonesty. The individuals upholding this vicious regime are taking advantage of the distress of the people to further spread this communistic hydrophobia that seems to turn its victims into destructive robots. They are the instigators of the so-called "hunger marches" upon our national and state capitols, flaunting their alien red banners in the faces of loyal citizens.

Naturally they would abolish the militia and police, for these "hated conscripts" simply cramp their style, and looked upon as a great bore, as they greatly hamper their freedom of "direct" action and also their "rights" as American citizens, "to take over the government" by force.

Now just as people had despaired of some sort of marathons or cease to take their minds off the depression, after mah-jongg

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Stolen state house papers away back in '78: R. P. Boise of Salem, in rearranging books and papers removed from his office after the fire in the old white corner building, Court and Commercial streets, accidentally discovered a communication that must have arisen out of a state-wide scandal during the 1878 session of the legislature.

Judge R. P. Boise, his father, was then chief justice of the Oregon supreme court. The old communication, penned plainly, legibly in long hand, has evidently lain between the covers of a book that was owned and used by Judge Boise, placed there for some reason about the time it was written. The communication reads:

"Salem, Or., Sept. 23rd, 1878. Hon. H. N. Gates, Chairman of the Books, Acts and Management of the Oregon State Penitentiary, and Members of the Committee Generally: Gentlemen:—On the 21st of March, 1877, I handed to Governor Grover's private secretary, Mr. H. H. Gilroy, my resignation as superintendent of the Oregon state penitentiary, to take effect as soon as the property belonging to the state in my charge could be turned over to my successor in office. On February 17, 1877, I handed to S. F. Chadwick, acting governor, though his private secretary, as the law directs, a full and complete report of my management and condition of that institution from Sept. 1st, 1876, ending Feb. 17, 1877, showing the amount of money that had been expended and for what purpose, and the number of convicts received, discharged and pardoned. As yet my report has not been handed to the state printer, as the law directs. I have inquired of Hon. Secretary of State R. P. Earhart if my report was on file in his office, who informs me that after searching for it he is unable to find same. I would respectfully ask of your honorable committee that you make such inquiry as you may see proper in regard to the missing report. Unless the report is printed, with other reports from state officers, there will be a broken link in the management of the Oregon penitentiary for the period of six months, which might create much confusion. I see by the report of Superintendent Burch that I spent \$13,900 during the period above mentioned for the maintenance of the prison, and such statement is not correct, as my report and books will show. I am also informed that my resignation is not on file in the governor's office, the proper custodian of such documents.

It will not be necessary for me to call your attention to the section of the statute that makes it a penitentiary offense for any one removing such documents from the state file. "If this high handed outrage is allowed to go unnoticed, there will be no safety for our state officials papers. There is an error in my account with the U. S. marshal for keeping U. S. prisoners, which I would ask to have your committee carefully examine the same. When I turned over my books I informed Supt. Burch of the error. Also State Treasurer Hon. A. H. Brown, in conclusion, permit me to say that I hope your investigation will be thorough, and everything correct in the prison management for the last two years. I am, respectfully, your obedient servant, W. H. Watkins. Enclosed find state treasurer's receipt for \$1000 dated March 14, 1877. W. H. W."

B. F. Burch succeeded Watkins as superintendent of the penitentiary. Watkins was one of the old time war horses of the democratic party. He was a great friend of Governor L. F. Grover, and worked loyally and effectively for the election of Grover to the U. S. senate by the legislature of 1876. Governor Grover resigned the governor's office to take effect Feb. 1, 1877, in order that he might be in Washington March 1 to take his seat in the senate. That left the office of governor in the hands of S. F. Chadwick, secretary of state, under the system that then held, to the end of the term for which Grover was elected.

Watkins did not like the set-up that would follow under Chadwick, and so handed in his resignation as superintendent of the prison, March 31, to take effect as quickly as it was possible. Watkins was a maker of harness and saddles in Salem. He aided in starting a newspaper to fight the battles of his heart, and so handed in his resignation over political controversies. He then raged, he shot S. A. Clarke, editor of The Statesman, in the clothing store of Jim Dalrymple, in Salem, and severely wounded him. Clarke sued Watkins, in Circuit Judge Boise's court, for a large sum in damages, but lost the case. Watkins went to Portland and owned a harness and saddlery shop there; was not successful in business, and retired, but he continued until his death as a great democratic war horse.

No doubt the lost and now recovered communication (to be preserved in the files of the writer), was handed by the chairman of the committee to Chief Justice Boise for his opinion as to what to do with it—and thus it was lost, and forgotten.

The "high handed outrage" complained of by Watkins was by no means the only one of the old days that was committed—especially legislative proceedings. There were many such. The writer can recall a considerable number. This sample one will serve as an illustration: In the nineties, Rev. L. D. Driver, noted pioneer Methodist preacher, was a member of the state senate. An important bill was missing. The loss caused a great furor. A member inquired where the bill was. Answer: "In hell, as far as we know," by a member. "I move that Senator Driver be sent after it," said another member. "If accept," said Driver, "for it appears that I am the only man in this branch of the legislature who might go to hell after the lost bill, with any likelihood of getting back!"

New Views

Proposed law proposal is the legislative hopper again, and provided for a three-day period between application for the marriage license and actual granting of same. "What do you think of this proposal?" was asked the following by Statesman reporters:

Kenneth Heninger, Willamette student: "I don't much like the idea. When I decide to get married I want to get married."

Ole Janik, Willamette student: "It's kind of dumb. But it will give a couple a chance to change their minds, won't it?"

Mrs. A. Bailey, home maker: "I believe it would be a very good thing for then many of these hasty marriages would have to be prolonged for long enough to give a little time for reconsidering."

Several local clubs and circles in Marion and Polk counties, that have heretofore confined their activities to social and community projects, have lately taken up the study of the history of the state, which, as some of them know, and many of them will find, means the history of the Pacific slope, as related to American government and American possession.

Their rewards will not be confined to the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing the facts. They will extend to values in dollars for themselves and their children and children's children almost beyond present reckoning. The epochal and epic history that was made in and around what became Salem, and the ramifications and

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

Sam Perkins, Dr. Montague Thredgold's bottle boy, meets his employer's latest assistant, Dr. John Wolfe on the latter's arrival at little Navestock in a wet winter dusk. Sam notes mentally that the new doctor's luggage is very light as he conducts the stranger to the Thredgold house.

CHAPTER TWO

Sam gave a tug at the bell handle. "I'll take the box around the back, sir."

John Wolfe nodded to him, scraped his boots on an iron scraper set into the wall, and saw the great green front door of Prospect House swinging back over a brown doormat that carried the word "Salve."

"Dr. Thredgold at home?" "Yes, sir."

"Then Dr. Wolfe, you might take my umbrella, and get it dried. Mind your apron. The thing's wet through."

The maid smiled at the big man with the quiet voice. He was laughing to himself over that word "Salve," and his mouth and eyes looked very pleasant when he was amused. A few details are full of significance to a man who has learned to observe and to weigh importance. Dr. Montague Thredgold was either a wag of a fellow or an affable person with no real sense of humor. Salve! Turn the word from Latin to English, and the mat might as well have whispered "pills."

A mahogany door at the end of the hall opened, and a stout, stoutheaded man in a neat pair of black-and-white check trousers came sailing out.

"Mr. Wolfe, I presume. Glad to see you, sir, glad to see you."

Dr. Montague Thredgold was the most affable of men. He was round, pink-faced, wore gold-rimmed glasses, and spent twenty minutes each morning in training a number of well-slimed cats, a bald crow and a hen. His affability and his energetic working habits crossed themselves even in the play of his check-patterned legs. They were legs that twinkled, went at a quick strut, and pattered up and down stairs very quickly. His mouth was one of those prim mouths that purse themselves into a straight line and insist on being shrewd and determined. A little wind-bag of a man, he bounced and twinkled through the life of Navestock and its neighbourhood, bringing children into the world with great ease, and patting them on the head three years later, with still greater unctious; uttering sweet, shallow solemnities at bedside; drinking his port at dinners and twinkling through sly, beaming spectacles, subscribing his guinea to all charities, and living very dry behind the heavy red curtains of Prospect House.

Dr. Thredgold's Wolfe had disappeared into the study's great hat. Urbanity hid some of the elder man's condescension. He looked through his round spectacles at Wolfe and seemed a little bothered by the surgeon's height and by the grave and steady way he had of starting people in the face.

"A wet journey, I'm afraid," Dr. Thredgold always looked on the point of saying "my young friend." "It is a disgrace that there is no branch line to Navestock, a positive disgrace. But privilege, vested interests—ah, well, I'm a bit of a Liberal, Mr. Wolfe. And I lagged—what about your luggage?"

"I think I heard it going upstairs."

"Ah—to be sure. I expect you would like some supper. We take that informal meal at half past seven—precisely."

"Very good, sir."

"Ah—let me see—your room, yes—Sykes will show you your room. You will find Mrs. Thredgold and myself in the drawing-room. No, no professional questions to-night. They can stand over till the morning."

Thredgold had begun to talk very fast, as though his composure had run away from him, and he was trying to catch it again. His affability appeared a little hurried and out of breath. All because this tall and rather ugly young man had a reserved air, and steady, watchful eyes.

"Sykes—Sykes—" "Yes, sir."

"Conduct Mr. Wolfe to his room, Sykes."

And Sykes led the way up three long flights of stairs. John Wolfe's room was on the top floor of Prospect House, a room whose single window opened upon a leaded gutter and the brick face of a new south-country railway. At the hospital he had been called "The Wolf," and the name had suited his lean, predatory look. A quiet man, the best "heavy weight" in the London hospitals, clean to the point of ferocity in his living, shabby, a hater of snobs, he had a few good friends, and a fair number of shy enemies.

These seven years had left their mark upon the man, and upon his belongings. He was a hard, grim, straight as his own "left," absolutely fearless, an enthusiast who had fought through. Wolfe had been thorough. He had not scraped a little knowledge and the lowest possible qualification, and then disappeared to make a little money. He had served as house-surgeon and had spent some months studying that elemental science—public health. Wolfe was a sound man, a man who could not bear not to know what could be known.

Yet he had come by more things than knowledge and thoroughness. No true man who has struggled and suffered losses in heart by these strugglings and sufferings. For these things are life, and without them a man cannot understand half the things that he sees. Insight, sympathy, humour, a deep tenderness, you find them in the men who have come with sound hearts through the rough and tumble.

And now, at the end of these seven years, John Wolfe found himself in Navestock town as assistant to Dr. Montague Thredgold. Experience in general practice and money had not saved for these years were his necessities. If Navestock had known the contents of John Wolfe's portmanteau and his green silk purse, it would have attached no great importance to the fact that Dr. Montague Thredgold had taken a new assistant.

"Old Monte's got another bottle-washer!"

Yet the man who was descending Dr. Thredgold's stairs and pausing to decide whether to knock on Dr. Thredgold's drawing-room door was fated to shake the torpor out of the bones of that most corrupt of towns. The great, outer world had dropped a live shell into Navestock market-place.

A high-pitched, serene squeak of a voice gave Wolfe the clue as to the position of Dr. Thredgold's drawing-room door.

"Montague," it said, "Montague, be no good to put two more lumps of coal on the fire."

And Wolfe heard the scroop of a shovel as he put his hand to the white china band.

(To Be Continued)

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results of it, will in good time be one of the richest heritages of all our vast wealth of developed resources.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WHAT DO YOU know about pancreas? You should know about it because the pancreas is the most important digestive gland of the body. It is located in the breast pocket, just beneath the liver, crossing the middle of the abdomen.

The pancreas is important in the maintenance of good health. We cannot live without it. It produces certain secretions which have much to do with the digestion of our food, particularly the fats, starches and proteins.

These secretions or juices contain substances which are known to the scientific world as "enzymes." They are rather mysterious things, but possess pretty definite powers. For example, one of them called "lipase," acts on the fats in the food which has been consumed. "Trypsin" is the name of the enzyme or ferment which digests protein. "Amylase" is the one which digests starch. It is said to be so powerful that it can digest unboiled starch, a remarkable feat.

bought the purse seven years ago at a little fancy shop in Islington, in the days when, as a young man of twenty-one, he had a salary of \$100 a quarter and had left him. Those seven years would have killed or crushed a man with less toughness and less heart, for no fanatical or mediocrity scholar could have suffered more in the pursuit of philosophy. One shirt, one pair of boots, one meal a day; heroic boarding to pay for fees and books; a genuine garret to cook and sleep in. He had not only to learn, but to earn money to learn with. For three years he had acted as night dispenser at a surgery. More than once he had spent a part of the summer travelling the country with an itinerant "boxing booth" and acting as "bruiser" at country fairs. He had sung songs in London taverns for a shilling and a pot of porter a night, and worked for three months as a navvy in the cuttings and on the embankments of a new south-country railway. At the hospital he had been called "The Wolf," and the name had suited his lean, predatory look. A quiet man, the best "heavy weight" in the London hospitals, clean to the point of ferocity in his living, shabby, a hater of snobs, he had a few good friends, and a fair number of shy enemies.

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Twenty-four American Aircraft engines now are in operation on the joint German and Russian air-line between Berlin and Moscow.