

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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"Without Cost to the Taxpayer"

THERE is to be a hearing today on some bills to carry out the hydro-electric amendment to the state constitution, the 1932 amendment. Representative Lewis has a bill which calls for creation of the commission and gives them power to float bonds right away. Senator Zimmerman presents the grange bill which would require a vote of the people before bonds may be issued. Each bill however starts the state swiftly on the way toward state ownership and operation of power plants.

Both bills are lengthy, so long that very few people have had time to peruse them. They are designed for big scale bond issuance and the weighing down of the state with a tremendous obligation.

Why doesn't Zimmerman learn a thing or two from utility and financial tycoons? If Col. Pearce wants to buy an electric plant or Mr. Ohmstrom wants to buy a waterworks he doesn't pledge all his own assets. He may not even have any. What the promoter does is merely to acquire the control, which is 51% of the voting stock. This he pays for not with money of his own but with "other people's money". If the project succeeds he wins; if it doesn't the people lose. Col. Pearce and Mr. Insull have taught us this elementary lesson in finance. Yet here we have Sen. Zimmerman proposing to bond the state up to the hilt to provide all the money to go into hydro.

Instead of buying the physical assets of say the Portland General Electric or the Northwestern Electric, why doesn't Sen. Zimmerman buy merely the common stock of these corporations? That gives him commission full control and doesn't risk so much of the taxpayer's money.

How would it work? Take the Portland General Electric which is plastered well with mortgage debt. It has something over twenty million dollars worth of common stock. The common of the old Portland Electric Power company paid no dividends from 1914 until Col. Pearce got hold of it. What its value is we would not pretend to say. But it ought to be as easy to fix its value in condemnation proceedings as to condemn the entire property, which means of course digging up the full sum through a bond issue. Buying the stock, the corporation could be continued, its bonds paid off from earnings. There might be earnings enough left to take care of the interest on the investment in the common stock. If the earnings were insufficient the junior mortgage bondholders could be "reorganized" and "scaled down".

In the case of the Northwestern Electric with ten millions in common stock, all water, if this were condemned and acquired the outlay should be comparatively slight.

If the state is going into hydro in a big way it must either acquire the going concerns or build competing plants. The latter is uneconomical. But to buy out existing plants, stock and barrel, calls for bond issues which would paralyze the state's credit. By copying the method of the utility promoters the state could acquire control of existing plants with a very modest investment.

In this day no one anticipates with any glee the plastering of the state with a \$65,000,000 mortgage to put the state neck-deep in the electric business.

Up From the Cases

C. A. MORDEN, former manager of the Oregonian, who died last week, was one of the last of the race of newspaper men who climbed up from the cases. He got his start in the old-fashioned country printing office. Sweeping out, washing type forms, finally "composing" were the steps in his early day training.

While individual type is still used in job work most typographical composition is now by line-casting machines, so the type-setter who sat on a tall stool and "pegged" type ten hours a day is a man of the past. Such seemingly monotonous work was a real training for the type-setter and it is no wonder that many of them from Ben Franklin forward developed into real philosophers. When copy was "clean" the mind could range while the fingers worked automatically.

Such was the school that Mr. Morden grew up in. The machine work of today is no substitute for it. Your type-setter today is more of a machinist and less of a thinker. His mind must be on cams and mats and metal supply rather than the ruminations which his copy may prompt. Would old man Talmadge for example have developed into such a sage had he grown up at a type-casting machine instead of at the cases? He might, for much depends on the brain a chap has to start out with. But it seems a fair conclusion that hand-pegging is more productive of the meditative musing than racing one's fingers over a linotype keyboard.

Mr. Morden's passing brings into the light the vast changes which have taken place in the mechanics of newspaper work. Type-casting machines, fast rotary presses printing from stereotype plates. The product though remains the same: the day-by-day record of events of human interest and accompanying comments on the passing scene.

Light on Power

REPRESENTATIVE LEWIS is calling for an investigation of the rates paid by industrial plants for their power. His claim is that some plants get exceedingly low rates while residential and other small-lot users have to pay excessive rates in order to make up for the losses on the big customers.

Suppose this is true. Isn't that precisely what Mr. Lewis and the late George Joseph advocated? Was not the bait for harnessing the Columbia that we could offer temptingly low rates to industries and thus attract them to this territory? The theory was and is, that if we get the industries here to use our "white coal" they will provide payrolls and thus add to our consuming population.

This is often the way it works out however: communities break their necks to get some new industry in, but shed no tears over the difficulties of going concerns.

Try Cherry Phosphate

If the citizens stand idly by and permit of these travesties against justice then the citizens of Jackson County will become more responsible than the gangsters who inflict the injustices, and Jackson County will be found as Godless, as evil, as corrupt as was ancient Sodom.—Medford News

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 31, 1908

Gossip regarding the Oregon Electric railway depot site here was settled yesterday when the company purchased from Thomas Holman the property at the corner of Mill and High. The company's ticket office has been moved from the Capital drug store on State to the pharmacy in the opera house.

PORTLAND — Horace G. McKinley, awaiting sentence from the federal court for land stealing, has sailed from Hongkong, China, in custody of a detective. After his conviction in 1904 in connection with members of the notorious "117" land fraud ring, McKinley jumped his bonds and fled to the orient.

NEW YORK — The Republican county committee yesterday unanimously endorsed Governor Hughes for presidential nomination and also endorsed the administration of President Roosevelt.

January 31, 1928

A new plan for the relief of Astoria was placed before the ways and means committee by Representative Mott of that city yesterday, whereby the state would reimburse Astoria's state tax amounting to about \$70,000 annually over a seven-year period. The city would employ this money to pay interest on reconstruction bonds.

Last night the Willamette Bearcats lost to Oregon Agricultural college's basketball team 39 to 13 and the Bearkittens were defeated by Salem high school 41 to 35.

New Views

With February 2, looming, Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "Do you think there is anything to the tradition concerning ground hog day?"

Mrs. A. F. Marcus, home maker: "Of course I don't really believe in it but just the same I do like to watch the day."

Mrs. C. A. Suling, home maker: "I have never given the fable much consideration."

Chester Langtree, painter: "No, not a bit of it."

O. P. West, scout executive: "Sure, I believe in it; it's my birthday. My dad used to fool me, telling me not to go out and make a shadow and bring six weeks more bad weather. Ha! Ha!"

J. H. Hinkle, contractor: "No, I don't take any stock in it."

Daily Thought

"In history as in life it is success that counts. Start a political upheaval and let yourself be caught and you will be hanged as a traitor. But place yourself at the head of a rebellion and gain your point, and all future generations will worship you as Father of their country." — Hendrik Van Loon.

The hulls of cottonseed, a waste product used only for fuel until their value as cattle feed was discovered, are now worth more a ton than the cottonseed itself for the whole seed 25 years ago.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

NOT LONG ago I told you about the spleen. You will recall it is that large ductless gland, located in the left side of the body, just below the lower end of the stomach. Today I want to tell you about a disease of that organ. It is known as "Banti's disease."

Banti's disease is a sometimes called "splenic anemia." One of its signs is marked enlargement of the spleen. Of course the spleen may become enlarged in other diseases, such as malaria and typhoid fever. It is found to be large in many acute infectious diseases, but in Banti's disease this vital organ becomes permanently enlarged. It produces, too, certain definite changes in the body.

This trouble is more often found in children than in adults. Fortunately, it is not a common disease. It progresses slowly. Usually it is first brought to the attention of the parent or physician by the anemic appearance of the sufferer. Not only is the child pale, but he has no desire for food. He tires easily and complains of shortness of breath.

The Symptoms
Fever may be present but it is not typical of this disease. The child suffers from repeated nose-bleeds and this may be the only reason for taking him to the physician for an examination. The doctor finds a large and hard spleen, and that the child is suffering from anemia.

In the course of time a similar change occurs in the liver. The victim is subject to many digestive disturbances. The appetite is poor, digestion is faulty, and constipation is present. The sufferer may become jaundiced because of an obstruction to the flow of the bile.

Surgery has made remarkable advances in recent years. Among other things it has been discovered that the spleen can be removed without jeopardizing the life. It used to be thought that nobody could live without the spleen. But it has been learned that in the early stages of

Banti's disease, when "splenectomy" — the name for removal of the spleen — is performed, a cure is effected. The operation, radical as it sounds, is really not a serious one. But it should be performed only in the early stages of Banti's disease.

Cause Never Discovered
Cure should not be hoped for if the operation is performed when there are serious involvement of the liver and other structures. In some instances, too, beneficial results do not follow the operation even when performed at an early date.

The cause of this healing disease has never been discovered. Much research work is being conducted all over the world in an effort to solve this affliction. Until the disease is more thoroughly understood, little can be hoped for by way of a cure without medicine.

Let me assure you that this disease is neither contagious nor hereditary. If operation has been advised do not delay.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mate Corney, proponent: Early days on the Columbia: The first Christian service:

(Continuing from Sunday:) "July 12, after, as usual, completing our wood and water, we took some goods on board for the southward, and sailed to see what we could do in the way of trade with the Indians on New Albion (northern California)."

"The American brig Alexander arrived here from America with stores for the settlement. She took on board the furs for Canton, and ran out of the river in company with the Spanish parties; they stood to the northward and we to the southward along shore."

"On the 10th of October... we arrived off the Columbia river, sent the furs on shore, and set the carpenter to work to make a bowsprit; we took on board wood and water; also six long 18-pounders, with powder and shot, for the Sandwich Islands."

"On the 20th of October, I was sent with a party of 33 from the fort and ship to the Clatsops (Clatsop) river, about 30 miles distant, to bring back John Carpenter, the blacksmith, (one of the men we landed on our first arrival); he had behaved very well for some time, but at length got quite unruly, and deserted to the Clatsop tribe. Several messages were sent to him, but to no purpose, as he was protected by the tribe, none of whom had visited the fort since his desertion."

"Mr. James Keith, the governor, fearing that the Indians would make an attempt to turn the fort at some time, ordered by this desperate man, determined to have him banished from the river, and I was accordingly dispatched with orders to bring him dead or alive, together with the chief of the village at which I found him."

"We left the ship at about 6 o'clock in the evening in the cutter and whale boat and pulled up Young's river to the south point, where we landed, and secured the boats in a small creek, and left two men to take care of them. We traveled through the woods, over plains, crossed small rivers and creeks, passed many Indian habitations, and, just at daylight, arrived at the winter village of the Clatsops, before the Indians were awake."

"We went one of the guides into the chief's tent to see if Carpenter were there, who returned in a few minutes, and informed us that he was, and asleep; I then placed the men around the house to prevent his escape, and, taking the second mate with me, we entered the hut, and found him in bed, and, after a violent struggle, secured him, by lashing his hands behind him."

"By this time the Indians were collecting and arming. They poured in from all parts, and seemed disposed to prevent our taking away our prisoner; but Carpenter's female companion was very active in instigating them to liberate her husband. I drew my party up in a double line, and then stepped out and told the Indians that I had not come to trouble them, but only to take the white man to the fort."

"They answered that he came to them for protection, and they would protect him. I informed them, if they attempted to stop him, what they might expect, and ordered the party to march, which it did with great order, and without hindrance."

"The company has a train of posts from the Columbia river to the Rocky or Stony mountains, and from thence to the coast; all the furs that are collected on the west side of these mountains are brought to the Columbia, and sent from thence to China; and all that are collected on the east side are sent to Montreal, and from there to England."

"At this settlement (Astoria) they have cleared about 200 acres of ground, and planted 20 acres with potatoes for the use of the gentlemen, their object being to collect furs, and not to cultivate land. They have about 13 head of cattle with some pigs and goats, imported from California; their stock does not increase, for want (Turn to Page 5)

quarrel with them, by taking their chief, there being about 150 men well armed with bows and muskets, who might have cut us off, before we could reach our boats. We therefore took Carpenter... On the evening we arrived at the boat, and about 6 o'clock at the fort, all very much fatigued with our journey, the result of which gave great satisfaction to the governor. Carpenter was well secured over the gate of the fort; his handcuffs were made with a nut to screw tight on, and then clinched; his legs were fastened in the same manner, and a large hoop made to go tight around his body with a chain to each side of it, stretched tight out, and locked to the post of the gate. He was kept until the Columbia was sailed from Astoria, and was forerunner of the famous "Oregon boat," with some added wrinkles."

"November 14th we left the river for the Sandwich Islands, to sell the vessel; and, if we did not succeed at the Islands, we had orders to proceed to Norfolk sound and dispose of her to the Russians."

"The North West company's establishment lies about seven miles from Point Adams, on the south side of the river, above a small bay, where ships are in great safety, out of the strength of the tide. There is a very good wharf with a crane for landing or shipping goods. The settlement is a square of about 200 yards, surrounded by pickets about 15 feet high, and protected by two bastions, one on the S.W. and the other on the N.E. corner. Each of these bastions mounts eight guns, four and six pounders; and there are loopholes for musketry."

"The grand entrance is through a large double gate on the north side, above which there is a platform for the sentry to walk; on this are several swivels mounted. As you enter the fort or square, there is a two-story house, with two long 18-pounders in front of it on the south side; on the east is a range of low buildings, where the clerks have their apartments; and in the same row stands the grand hall, where the gentlemen assemble for dinner, etc. The houses for the men are on the same side, and behind the two-story or governor's house; in the S.W. corner is the magazine well secured; along the west side stands a range of stores, tailor's shop, and Indian trading shop; and in the N.E. corner is the smith's and cooper's shops, and on the N.E. corner a granary for the corn. In the N.W. corner stands a very high flagstaff, erected by the crew of the Columbia."

"The whole of the settlers here do not exceed 150 men, most of whom keep Indian women, who live inside of the fort with them. Nearly all the settlers are Canadians. The clerks and partners are Scotch... The company's canoes arrive here from the interior, in the spring and fall; they bring furs that are collected at the different posts and mountains, and take back stores for the posts."

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"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS

Young Dr. John Wolfe arrives at the quaint town of Little Navestock to become Dr. Montague Thredgold's assistant. Though shabby of dress, the young doctor's bearing commands respect. Dr. Thredgold is very affable but his wife, who considers Wolfe a "raw hawk of a man" and treats him coolly. Sir George Griggs arrives with a dislocated shoulder. He is infuriated over Dr. Thredgold's clumsy treatment and turns to young Wolfe who skillfully sets the shoulder. Later, Dr. Thredgold tells his wife that Wolfe has some ability but is a little "Macaulay." Dr. Thredgold attends the prepurchase patients and assigns the pitiable plight of these people to the hands of a bungling doctor. He is shocked at the unsanitary conditions in the alleys and starts an investigation. Dr. Thredgold, ignorant of this, is well satisfied with his assistant, and Mrs. Thredgold now considers him a very passable person. In Thredgold's sense, Wolfe goes to attend a Mrs. Mascell who is displeased that he and not the old doctor responded. Wolfe's frankness, however, wins her over.

CHAPTER TEN

She looked him in the eyes, and her frank glance said: "I like you." Wolfe watched her go running up the oak stairs, her short green skirt dancing about her slim black ankles.

She had left him in a great stone-paved hall, a dim place, full of queer perfumes, old furniture, and old prints. A blunder-bug hung by a strap from a nail in the corner stood a large oak cupboard, its scutcheon plates and hinges bright as silver. A stone-paved passage disappeared under a heavy green curtain. Oak doors opened here and there. A red cloak and a whip lay tossed upon a round, pedestal table with claw feet.

The girl came back for Wolfe, and her face looked a little anxious. "Please come up. Mother seems very ill. She can hardly get her breath, though she never will make a fuss."

Wolfe climbed the stairs, looking up into the girl's face. It was a face that had none of the beauty of regularity. The chin was a trifle too strong, the mouth too large, the cheeks not sufficiently rounded. But like many irregular faces it had the fascination of its irregularities, its characteristic and provoking flashes of expression that leaped out with the swiftness of sunlight from behind a cloud.

Wolfe felt the lure of the child's face, flashing spirit. Her perfect health seemed to live in the black masses of her hair.

"I hope I shall soon put things right. Are you Miss Mascell?" "Yes, I'm Jess."

"Just Jess — as father used to say. Was that because you were naughty?"

"I won't say that it wasn't!" In one of the big south bedrooms Wolfe found a rosy, middle-aged woman in the thick of a bad attack of asthma. She was propped up in a four-post bedstead, her handsome and good-tempered face suffused and anxious, her black hair braided under a neat muslin cap. She smiled at Wolfe through the haze of her breathing, and nodded Jess out of the room.

"It's good of you to come so soon, doctor. I do hate making a bother —"

"We live — by being bothered." "Well, that's honest, isn't it? Sit down, doctor. I haven't had an attack like this for years. I used to hang on to the mantel-piece, or anything I could get hold of. The fact is —"

"Don't talk if it bothers you."

"I'm a terrible talker, you know, doctor."

She looked it, with her small, handsome, lovely face, her green dress, her white mouth, and her motherly hands. Mary was her name, and a Mary she was.

"You know, doctor, my kitchen girl and I cleaned out the old lumber-room. It must have been the dust that did it."

"No doubt. Now, don't worry yourself for a moment."

Wolfe made his examination, and then sat down on a chair beside the bed.

"I think we can soon make you easy. Has Dr. Thredgold ever given you medicine for this?"

"Not for years, sir."

"You are careful about your food?"

Mrs. Mascell looked guiltily cheerful.

"I'm afraid I'm a regular girl, doctor. When something's good comes —"

"Now that's just the word. I never worry about anything. And I never feel like being ill. But I do hate giving trouble."

"Nonsense. It's a pleasure to take care of happy people. Now, I'll ride back at once and make you up some physic. Can you send anyone over?"

"Bob can go on the pony."

"Good. Keep to light food, and have the windows open. I'll ride off at once."

Mrs. Mascell gave him a grateful hand.

"You've made me feel better. I do dislike your undertaker sort of man."

"So do I. Shall I send your daughter up?"

"Yes, please do."

Jess Mascell was waiting in the hall. Her brown eyes were anxious, but very friendly. Wolfe reassured her.

"We will soon put your mother at ease."

"Then it's not dangerous?"

"No, Bob, the boy, is to ride over at once for medicine. I am going straight back to Navestock. Your mother would like you in her room."

Jess followed him to the porch. "I was a silly," she said, as he turned to give her a lift of the hat. "I think you were very sensible."

"Oh, what a word!"

"Don't you approve of it?"

She laughed.

"It's mother's word!"

"Then I'll leave it alone. Supposing we say — wise?"

She looked at him, smilingly thoughtful.

"If you like."

Wolfe went down the stone-paved path with a sense of the freshness of spring in the air. His moods for the last few weeks had been intense and grimly practical, and he had been too much with people who needed lifting up out of the mire. Navestock had saddened him, even though it had gripped his intellect. He had felt rather lonely on the road that afternoon, but these people at Moor Farm had touched and warmed his heart.

Wolfe had been nearly three months in Navestock, and his map of the town had grown into a gaily coloured patch-work, with the River Wrath running through it as a silver streak, and the outlying meadows and gardens coloured a

vivid green. A box of crayons had served to give breadth of expression to his researches. Red was his colour of utter condemnation. Brown stood for strong censure; yellow for milder offences; blue for the neighbourhoods that were comparatively healthy. A more glance at this colour plan showed red extending over all the low-lying ground about the river. Streaks of red spread themselves like veins over the whole town. Brown predominated in the crowded streets about Turrell's brewery. The market square, some of the main streets, and the more aristocratic residential quarters were coloured yellow. The only blue areas were Mulberry Green, High Elms and old Josiah Crabbe's quarter of Peachy Hill.

On the map were little symbolic signs drawn with a fine pen. A circle denoted a polluted well; a deep black line, a foul ditch or open sewer; a cross, an insanitary backyard; a square, an accumulation of rubbish. Facts had crowded in upon Wolfe. It was as though they had been waiting for years for someone to notice them, and sprang at the first man who did not wish to have them ignored. Yet Wolfe lost opportunities. There were new places in the town, new parts of the town into which his work did not take him, and he talked through a dozen of old Thredgold's day-books and death-registers, sifting and grouping statistics. The better class quarters were beyond him in some measure, but he was content to conclude that they were not of great importance. His researches were concentrated upon the low-lying quarters by the river; upon Peachy Hill, because of the contrast it appeared to offer; and upon the crowded streets about Jaspas Turrell's brewery.

A large part of the town was a mere mass of pollution, sodden with sewage, and heaped up with refuse. There was no system. Everything had been done haphazard. Such drains as existed delivered themselves into the river. The town was pitted with closed and unventilated cesspools, and seamed with noisome ditches. The people were ignorant, degenerate, and abominably dirty.

With the exception of the better quarters, such as Mulberry Green and High Elms, the drinking water was obtained from surface wells and the river. So far, Wolfe had been unable to find a surface well that contained good water. They were polluted with sewage that leaked from the cesspools and with the washings by rain of the foul yards and courts. The river water was drunk by scores of families.

Most of the cottage property was in a state of dilapidation, the alleys and lanes were dark and dirty. Nothing whatever appeared to have been done to evolve some system of scavenging. Many of the back gardens and yards were mere refuse heaps. Slopes were thrown