

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
 Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 4, 1908
 The Marion county tax roll, completed yesterday, shows taxes will be paid on a total valuation of \$21,421,585. Charles Elgin of this city holds the honor of having the first to pay and holds receipt No. 1.

F. W. Waters has purchased the entire interests of the Western Electric & Manufacturing company and the H. B. Angle works, both Salem concerns, and announced the two would be merged. August Hucklestein was president and E. C. Gamble secretary of the electric firm, which has been selling fixtures throughout the northwest.

Postmaster Farrar is in receipt of notice that C. F. Lansing of Salem, has been awarded the contract for planting of shrubbery, plants and trees on the local postoffice grounds.

February 4, 1923
 The general public is taking a hand in the reorganization of the school for the blind for an appropriation of \$35,000 by the present legislature for construction of a fireproof dormitory at the institution. The present dormitory is considered a dangerous fire hazard.

Salem high defeated Medford high by a score of 34 to 25 in last night's basketball game. Salem players were: Reinhart and Brown, forwards; Okorber, center; Patterson and Lilligren, guards; Adolph and Fallon, substitutes.

The Klepper bill providing that applicants for marriage licenses must file their applications with the county clerk at least 10 days before issuance of the license was defeated after a long debate yesterday.

New Views

"Seattle is having trouble feeding Tusko and proposes to get rid of him. Should the old elephant be killed or what should be done with him?" Answers to this question, obtained by Statesman reporters, were as follows:

Fred Harris, Willamette student: "I just got through my exams and feel so happy I wouldn't want to see any harm come to the old boy. But they could use the money to help out poor people."

Rex Writ, newspaper critic: "I don't think they should harm him because he's been a lot of good to this world and might be of more benefit—as in the circus, giving entertainment and amusement."

J. C. Jones, monument worker: "I think Tusko should be put somewhere where he may live. No, don't kill him."

Surprise Party is Extended Booster Class of Church

INDEPENDENCE Feb. 3.—The Boosters of the Methodist church met in church basement Wednesday night. Mrs. A. G. Byers and Mrs. C. G. Davine supervised the group with a party, having the church beautifully decorated with ivy and baskets of greens. A musical program was enjoyed.

It was decided to have a quilt and relic sale Saturday, February 11, at the Methodist church store. Cooked food and candy will be sold. Everyone is requested to bring their old relics and quilts.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Former Oregon man is "going on" 100:
 (Continuing from yesterday.)
 Brown and Stearns had been together in partnership for three years, with many ups and downs, without a discordant note between them.

That afternoon Brown bought a cargo at Walla Walla. The next morning with his loaded pack train, and Jim Applegate for his helper, he was off for Lewiston, leaving to some mining camp, with no definite one in view. He went to a camp on American river, at the mouth of Newsome creek, where he sold his cargo at a very good profit—and continued to pack from Lewiston to that camp until that fall—then went to Warren's Camp, where miners were joining a gold rush for the Blackfoot country, near where Helena, Montana, now is. Brown took a load of flour, with the intention of selling it and the animals of his train to departing gold rushers, which he did with two or three days after his arrival—all but one bucking mule.

A man who did not mind the mule's bucking paid Brown \$20 to ride her down to Mt. Idaho, 85 miles, and Brown and his helper walked, and there he sold the mule for \$10 more than he had paid for her. Wagon freighting was driving out packing. Stearns had sold his part of the packing outfit at Warren's, after dividing up with Brown.

Brown had all his savings for three and a half years of hard work in gold dust, silver buckles—about 40 pounds of the yellow metal. He wrapped the purses in old clothes and put them into a greasy flour sack. He was careful to use the flour sack as a pillow at night. By horseback, wagon, steamboat, etc., etc., he got to Emula Landing on the boat to Portland he met two men with a heavy oilcloth bag between them. They became acquainted, guarding oilcloth bag and greasy flour sack by turns at meal times. The oilcloth bag contained more than 100 pounds of dust.

The three went to the Occidental Hotel, First and Morrison streets, and put the bag and sack in the safe; the hotel clerk said it was the largest amount of gold ever in the safe at one time.

Brown's gold dust, shipped to the San Francisco mint, netted him \$14.57 an ounce. Brown took risks in handling gold dust as he did. He knew a packer named McGruder, and his chief packer, from Scottsburg, Oregon, who was murdered in the Blackfoot country, by four of their employees, on their way back to Lewiston after more goods—and the dust they were carrying back to Lewiston taken. The two men were killed with an axe, also two brothers that McGruder was bringing to the coast. But Brown was careful and vigilant, and was always armed day and night. He relates in his book some scares, and narrow escapes. Stearns and a Florence merchant were chased 20 miles by four highwaymen, and shot at—saving their gold dust and their lives by the fact that their horses were faster than those of the robbers. Brown writes that he is something of a fatalist—that perhaps his destined time had not come; thus, he survived many risks and dangers to attain his lusty age.

Brown came near being a Marion county farmer. Writing of his short stay in Portland, arriving there with his gold dust, he said: "I came to Oregon thinking I wanted to be a farmer, and this was the first time I had money enough to buy a farm, and I told Mr. Burnside my intention to buy a ranch at this time. Burnside owned the Imperial flouring mills at Oregon City, and he wanted

me to go up to Fairfield on the Willamette river, which was the shipping point for French prairie, and Moor of the wheat was raised on French prairie at that time. He said he thought I could buy out a Frenchman who had a farm and store there, and he (Burnside) would furnish me money to buy all the wheat which I could ship by boat to him at Oregon City.

"I bought a horse and saddle in Portland and started out in the afternoon. That night I stopped at Ducktown, now Aurora. There was a good hotel there and everything was nice and clean as needs be. They put me in a room with a bed on which was the fattest feather bed I ever saw. I got onto the bed and sank down in the feather bed, but I could not sleep. I finally got up and took a pair of blankets and pillow and laid down on the floor beside the bed and slept soundly." (That was the Aurora colony hotel, after the colony "abolition" belonging to Jacob Giesey, the building still standing, but reduced to a shell of its former grandeur.)

Resuming from the book: "I found in the morning that it had rained considerably in the night and was still raining in the morning. I started out for Fairfield. The country between there and Fairfield was very level and the water stood everywhere, which I did not like. I reached Fairfield about noon and took dinner with the Frenchman who owned the store and ranch. I could have bought him out, and think it was a good opportunity of making money, but I had heard considerable about chills and fever in the Willamette valley, and was afraid to bring my family from the Umpqua valley thither on that account; where they had always had excellent health. So I went on up to Fairfield, and in due time arrived in Roseburg and joined my family."

Mr. Brown bought John H. Medley's donation claim, 220 acres on Calapooia creek, three miles below Old Oakland; land later owned by Dejos Goff. That was in October, 1857. By Nov. 15 the Brown family was settled on the ranch. Brown spent three years of hard work, putting in the crops entirely by himself; hauled lumber 10 miles for new house, barn, granary, etc., and fenced nearly all the land, besides stocking the place with cattle, sheep, etc., and setting out an orchard. No planning was yet in the country, and the lumber had to be ripped and planed by hand, and the shingles rived and shaved by hand—after hauling the wood 18 miles over hilly pioneer roads, or excursions for roads. In 1867, he bought the first harvest machine. A man section; a Marah machine. A man rode behind and forked off the grain in bunches ready to bind. This machine cut the grain of Brown and his neighbors. (The father of the Bits man brought the first harvester and the first threshing machine (horse power) to the "Shoestring" valley, 14 miles north of Oakland—John Noble, while driving the Brown machine, had his left arm caught in the sickle, barely escaping death, and mistaking that member for life. Noble afterward became sheriff of Douglas county.)

In the winter of 1868-9, his brother, L. P. Brown, then at Elk City, Idaho, asked A. F. Brown to drive the cattle on his (L. P.'s) ranch near Old Oakland to Mt. Idaho, and to take charge of his (L. P.'s) store at Elk City. So A. F. rented his own farm for three years to Joseph Brock, sold off his sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., bought a house for his family in Old Oakland, where his children could attend school; traded for and bought a lot of cattle and horses, gathered up his brother's cattle, and on May 29th, 1869, with three men to help, started from Old Oakland with the stock, and arrived at Mt. Idaho, 600 miles, July 8; crossed the Cascades over the Barlow route.

On the way he traded cattle for horses, or horses for cattle, just as he found people in the notion of trading, and sold his stock at Mt. Idaho, "and," he wrote, "cleaned up a nice profit." For instance, just before he started he bought a horse for \$10, traded it for a mule and gave \$20 to boot, and sold the mule in Idaho for \$150. He had two yearling heifers when he started; traded them even for a span of fillies, unbroken; traded these for a span of mules, and sold the mules in Mt. Idaho for \$225.

(Continued tomorrow.)

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS

Dr. John Wolfe, old Dr. Montague Threadgold's assistant is stumped at the unsanitary conditions he finds in the smug little town of Navestock. Wolfe realizes his greatest fight in ridding the town of pollution will be in overcoming the resentful attitude of the people themselves who seem perfectly satisfied with their mode of living. He encounters his first obstacle in the person of Jasper Turrell, the brewer, who objects to Wolfe taking a sample of his well water for analysis. Undaunted by opposition, Wolfe continues his researches and prepares a map of the town's unsanitary areas. The one bright spot in Navestock is the home of Mrs. Mary Mascell where Wolfe is always sure of a welcome. When Mrs. Mascell is too ill to go to Fleming Court to pay her dues of three dozen eggs to the Lord of the Manor, Wolfe offers to accompany her young daughter, Jess. According to custom, the farm laborers gather around and ask a blessing on Jess as she appears with her tribute.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

They were old world phrases that had passed from generation to generation and had been spoken by the forebears of the men gathered before Moor Farm. Wolfe stood and watched Jess Mascell as she came slowly down the path. The girl seemed to have grown taller and older of a sudden. She carried herself with a grave and simple staidness, looking at each man in turn and saying: "Thank you, Joe—thank you, Barnaby." She passed under the cypresses, and her eyes met Wolfe's. He was standing bareheaded, a man touched and charmed by many suggestive memories. He bowed to her, and she gave him a grave curtsy, holding her head a little, and looking him in the eyes. The moon was ten days old, and the night clear and fine, and as the Moor Farm company crossed the moor, Wolfe, who was riding beside the gig, saw many other lanterns moving in the distance. They glimmered here and there, faint points of yellow light coming and going like the lights of boats on a rolling sea. Fleming's Cross lay westwards of Beacon Hill on a low ridge where the old coach road topped the moor. An ancient inn stood on the hill-top, with its sign "The Rising Sun" swinging on a post before the door. It was in a little paddock behind the inn that the Lord of the Manor's Whispering Court was held.

clothes, was gazed at Wolfe as though he had no intention of apologizing for having nearly ridden over him. The young man took off his hat to Jess, but she did not seem to notice him. They left him behind them somewhere in the darkness.
 "You didn't see your friend?"
 "Oh, yes, I did."
 "Who was it?"
 "Hector Turrell. He's a beast. I don't like him."
 "Turrell the brewer's son?"
 "Yes. He's always riding along the road when I come back from Miss Pimley's at Navestock. He's an awful bully; always knocking someone about."
 "That's rather a dangerous game."
 "People are afraid of him, or of his father, I suppose. What do you say, Joe?" This to the driver at her side.
 "Joe Munday was terse and laconic.
 "The chap learned of a swell prize fighter in Lunnon, so I've heard tell. Besides—his Turrell's son. Tain't worth no chap's while to get old Turrell's spite on him."
 And Wolfe supposed not.

The Lord of the Manor's Court at Fleming's Cross proved to be a quaint affair, picturesque and staged. Lawyer Fyson, the steward, stood by the white post in the paddock, a Brasier full of burning coal beside him, and a staff of office in his hand. Behind him were ranged his bellman, stove bearers, and foresters, while the tenants of the Court gathered in dead silence about the white post, their heads uncovered, their lanterns glimmering in a great circle. The only bold and blatant voice was the voice of the big hand-bell. The steward read the roll in a whisper, his officers proclaimed in whispers, the court-tenants swore to their pledges in whispers.

When Jess Mascell carried her basket of eggs towards the white post and the red brazier, Wolfe followed her, and thrust the certificate he had written into old Fyson's hand. The bell gave three sharp clangs, and Wolfe found himself taken by the shoulders and marched back over a furrow cut in the turf. The ground about the white post appeared to be privileged ground, sacred to the feet of those who were tenants of the Court. In the old days Wolfe would have been whipped with furza branches over the moor, instead of being marched gravely beyond the formal furrow. He laughed good-humouredly, and turning to where the Moor Farm laborers were grouped with their lanterns, mounted his nag and watched the procedure of the Court. The whispering voices, the queer solemnity, the glimmering lanterns were part of the mystery of Turling Moor. It was when Jess had played her part, and was being escorted back by the two staff-bearers towards her supporters and her gig, that Wolfe again caught sight of Mr. Hector Turrell. He saw the man moving his horse around the circle of figures as though to meet Jess as she came through the crowd.

It was something more than an impulse that made Wolfe forestall Hector Turrell. If he had made an enemy of the father, his enmity might just as well include the son. Jess went to the gig with her hand resting on John Wolfe's arm. At the Moor Farm gate she would have had him come in, and join the farm hands at the state supper in the kitchen.
 "Just for half an hour."
 "I may be wanted down at Navestock. I have let Dr. Threadgold in for the surgery work, as it is."
 "It won't hurt him."
 "No, I must go—Jess."
 She gave him a quick look and said no more, but she watched him

ride across the paddock. Wolfe felt that the black mass of Turling Moor was behind him, and he saw the lights of Navestock shining in the valley. These lights had a quick and powerful effect upon him, blinking their message up out of the darkness, and recalling grimmer moments of responsibility and effort. For so many hours Wolfe had been—great, playful child, half-boy, half-man, Jess had called to him with the voice of her youth. Her infinite freshness and her laughter had made him laugh with her and forget. He had felt the sunlight upon the open moor, and those queer moments of solemnity that had turned the eyes of a child into the eyes of a woman.

Both Dr. Threadgold and his wife were out when Miss Priscilla Perferment's maid rang the bell at Prospect House. John Wolfe was in the surgery, and he was called upon to speak with Miss Perferment's maid, a lean woman with haughty eyebrows and a negligible bust.
 "Dr. Threadgold must come at once."
 "Dr. Threadgold is out."
 "Then he must be sent for."
 "Dr. Threadgold is out on a country round. He will not be back till dinner-time."

The maid looked Wolfe over, summed him up after her fashion, and decided that he was not a raw boy.
 "You're the assistant?"
 "I am."
 "Miss Perferment has one of her heart attacks."
 "I'll come at once."
 Miss Priscilla Perferment lived in a narrow, red-brick house that was squeezed between two of the stouter mansions on Mulberry Green. No male thing intruded here. The neat, drugged hall had no hat-stand, no cupboard, no weather glass to be rapped and abused. The lamp was held by a nymph in plaster set tripping upon a pedestal of imitation marble. But the nymph had been defrauded of her nakedness. She wore a sort of white night-dress that was changed monthly and sent to the wash.

"Doctor, dear doctor, I'm dying!"
 Where Death had stationed himself in the neat, stuffy, over-furnished room, was a matter of speculation. Wolfe saw a yellow-faced little woman in black alpaca, with grey side curls and a twittering face, propped against cushions in a plush-covered arm-chair. The heels of her shoes beat the carpet under the edge of her crinoline, and the crinoline itself had cocked itself forward with unseemly arrogance, giving glimpses of convulsed, white-stocking legs.
 "Dr. Threadgold is out, miss."
 "Oh, oh!"
 "I've brought the assistant."
 Miss Perferment shocked stare. Her limbs twitched like the limbs of a choreic child.
 "Oh dear, oh dear; Eliza, I'm dying!"

Wolfe looked at her very gravely, very judiciously, and understood with what sort of sentimental sickness she had to do. Here was a good lady whose troubles had been so many pinfalls in the closest selfishness of her little life, and who had been compelled to draw attention to herself by means of childish screams and tantrums. When Miss Perferment felt unimportant and neglected, she had a "heart attack," and her friends and a neighbours would see Dr. Threadgold's brought-a rattling over the cobble. These hysterical outbursts were essays in dissipation, and methods of attracting sympathy and notice.

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Men Like Gossip

The ladies' aid society has long been the butt of jokes over female chit-chat. We have observed however that men have just as long ears and loose tongues as a pair of hussies swapping scandal under adjoining clotheslines. Not only are the men eager to sweep up the latest bits of news and news-nears, but they even pay fancy prices when it is served up to them in printed form.

The magazine Time, which has gained great vogue, recognizes this innate curiosity in the human animal, so it garnishes its relation of significant events with gossipy details about the characters in the daily drama. And is the stuff readable? Well, pick up a copy and try to lay it down before you finish.

The development is in part a speeding up of the keyhole stuff that used to appear in book form, though of different content. The pertinent facts about any situation are amply and fully covered in the established news services whose material appears daily in every daily newspaper in the land. It is quite as safe to predict what congress will do on a given question from these responsible services as it is by lapping up the cloak-room twaddle at the capitol. What the bankers and others are getting for their money, if they could see through it, is a cleverly written letter which swells them with a sense of importance at getting the latest "inside dope," fresh from the Washington keyholes.

Hacksaw Surgery

THE real competition at the legislature is over economy. The ways and means committee is sitting nightly trying its best to raise Hanzen's ante. Instead of submitting a budget with a moderate pruning, Gov. Meier turned in the Hanzen product which cut well below what many informed persons thought was the minimum standard for the state establishment. That of course put the legislature in the hole. What glory was there left for legislators to take back home with them? Since glory they must have, the ways and means committee proceeded to raise (or lower) Hanzen's bid by making further cuts. Whatever they do, the governor plays the last card and so gets a chance to trump via the veto. This is the race, and for once at least the poor taxpayer is getting the break.

In the zeal over seeing which can make the longer ski jump down hill the ways and means committee developed a formidable salary reduction schedule, running up to 50%. This will result in reducing the incomes of public servants very drastically. Considering the responsibility they carry the cut in many cases seems excessive; and will open the way to obtaining or retaining the services of less competent men for responsible positions.

The hack-saw type of surgery is further indicated in the wholesale application of the rule. Instead of merely ordering certain reductions leaving to executive heads the responsibility of making specific application of the reductions, the ways and means committee reaches over into proper administrative functions to detail the cuts. In many cases, particularly in the case of the higher institutions of learning, it would be much safer to give to the governing board the authority to determine just where the reductions should be made. Thus the board of education may find it better to top off whole departments of lesser importance. The ways and means plan is merely a scale down of items. It would be better practice to reduce the total by the sum agreed on, and let the controlling body make the required readjustment.

One editor in this state makes more news than he writes. That is L. A. Banks of the Medford News. He has been throwing fat on the fire of discontent in Jackson county and heading the wrecking crew that has been busy there. Falling out with his attorney over the latter's bill for services, Banks accused him of extortion, whereupon the attorney swore out a warrant charging Banks with criminal libel. Meantime as money suits pile up against him Banks exorcises the "illegal legal trust" of southern Oregon and refuses to acknowledge the authority of the courts. This fun gives Jackson county folk two things to talk about; and Lord pity those who do not get a great laugh out of the contortions of the feudists.

Linn county's famous debating duo of Hector Macpherson and Thomas D. Potwin appeared at the state house Thursday night. These eminent protagonists with considerable sentiment for the "children, the hope of America," and had more dirt farmers on their side than the foes of transportation. Mrs. Alexander Thompson made her usual moving plea, which would have been better if she had stopped with the second "Thank God" for . . .

The defenders of bus transportation had their campaign well organized the other night. They had some high-powered orators, softened the statistics with considerable sentiment for the "children, the hope of America," and had more dirt farmers on their side than the foes of transportation. Mrs. Alexander Thompson made her usual moving plea, which would have been better if she had stopped with the second "Thank God" for . . .

The publishing business of the United States has no reason to regret the passing of Frederick C. Bonville, publisher of the Denver Post. While the Post conducted many drives in the interest of commoners, usually the purpose was tainted with the selfish interest of the proprietor of the paper. Unscrupulous and aggressive, Bonville was an example of the abuse of the power of the press. His personal career was a record of the power of the press. His personal career was a record of the power of the press. His personal career was a record of the power of the press.

"Hoover talks on taxation," screams a headline. That makes it unanimous.

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.

I RECEIVE many letters from persons who suffer from arthritis. They ask for information about this disabling disease and are eager to know whether it can be cured.

I am glad to say that arthritis is curable. It is a difficult and stubborn disease to cure, but modern science has gone far to conquer this affliction.

Many persons use the term "arthritis" when in reality they are referring to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis or some other disorder that resembles arthritis. Arthritis is an inflammation of a single joint or of numerous joints of the body. The inflammation can be traced to an infection which may exist in the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, gall bladder or some other organ of the body.

Find Center of Infection
 To cure arthritis, the center of infection must first be discovered and then removed. The inflammation can only be healed when the source of the trouble is determined. If the poisoning can be traced to infected tonsils, for example, they should be removed. It may require months of care and attention to locate the source of infection, but when it is found the ultimate outcome is good. Do not become discouraged if you do not obtain immediate relief.

Correction of body posture, overcoming faulty elimination, improving systemic conditions and care of the diet are factors of great importance in the treatment of arthritis. Cases of arthritis have been traced to constipation. When this was overcome,

Modern American Patriots (The Technocrat)

Another Section Of Mill Property Falls; Fear Flood

VALSETZ, Feb. 3.—Another part of the mill fell in Monday, the green chain department in the planer shed, a crew of men have been busy every day cleaning the roof.

The carpenters started shingling the dormitory Tuesday. Some one has said that in the near future the dormitory may serve as the main office of Cobbs and Mitchell. Only one foot of snow remains.

Rain and warm winds have prevailed the last few days and some fear the rapid melting of the snow may cause a flood in these parts.

DENTISTS GIVE TIME
SILVERTON, Feb. 3.—Two local dentists donated their services for the examination of teeth at the dental clinics held Tuesday and Wednesday. Dr. William MacNeill examined the grade school children Tuesday and Dr. C. E. Wilson was in charge of the high school students Wednesday.