The Oregon Statesman

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

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Don't Get Scared

THE TELEGRAM from Harry L. Hopkins, federal relief administrator, calling on Oregon to provide $4,000,000 for relief work in Oregon, has caused some alarm at the state house. This state has been getting by so long by just using stage money that it is rather shocking to get a notice that four million dollars must be produced, or . . . This is more money than was spent on the higher educational system of the state for two years past; more than for the entire administrative departments plus the charitable and eleemosynary institutions for the biennium. Four million dollars, in other words, is a lot of money, for a state which counts its pennies, like Oregon.

Previously when such advices came from Washington Gov. Meier was able to get the demands whittled down, until Oregon actually contributed only 9.8 per cent.

Governor Martin should be similarly successful. One of the arguments urged in his support was that with his standing in Washington he could "bring home the bacon" for Oregon. This is his first opportunity to show the citizens of Oregon that he does have a drag in Washington; and we have every confidence the governor will make good!

The legislators should not be thrown into a panic by the Hopkins message.

Transportation Taxes

SOME one left on our desk a copy of a folder showing the volume of taxes collected on gasoline, etc. A table headed "What 15 years of taxes upon transportation have cost you" shows for motor registration fees about three and three-quarters billions; gasoline taxes three and a half billions; federal gas and excise taxes a billion and a half; personal property and municipal taxes nearly a billion; total on motor vehicles nine and a half billion to which may be added nearly five billion in railroad taxes. Such a table is supposed to shock the humble citizen into doing something about it. The table will have the opposite effect. The humble cit. will merely look at the totals and shrug his shoulders, just as he does over the appalling deficit in the federal treasury of four billions per annum.

People acquire a certain immunity against big figures. For instance every once in a while some zealous statistician brings in figures to show how much wealth the rats consume each year, until it appears that within a few years the rats, or the corn borer, or the cut-worm will eat up all the forage and leave man to starve. But nothing much happens. The rats keep on living and so do the humans.

So far as this 14 and a half billions in transportation taxes are concerned, the cure is very simple if one wishes to exercise it: just stay home.

Wet Strategy in the House

THE UNDERCOVER work of the organizers of the house appears to point directly toward attack on the Knox plan of liquor control now operating in this state. Representative Latourette, leader in the Multnomah delegation, was lobbyist for the hotel and restaurant people last session, and sought unsuccessfully to secure sale by the glass at such places of business. The Knox committee objected on the ground that it would create drinking saloons, which might provoke a return to prohibition. The present commission opposes such a move; but the issue promises to be one of the hot ones in this session. Latourette slated himself for chairman of the committee on alcoholic control; and not until house protests became voluble did Speaker Cooter reverse the assignment; but Latourette is still a member of the committee.

The political faction which has ganged up for house control is interested in the political end of things; but also concerned in putting over certain pet measures, one of the most important of which will be one to loosen alcohol control in the state. When the fight gets out in the open the line-up will be apparent.

Platoons of Sergeants-at-Arms

"Squads right, march."
"Company, halt!"
"Right dress!"

Such are the orders the state house habitues may be hearing as the platoons of "assistant sergeants-at-arms" for the house of representatives are mustered for non-existent duties and for the march on the treasury.

Never before was a house so well served with sergeants-at-arms. Time soon to come, each member may have his own assistant s-a-a just as he now has a steno. This session has seen eight assistants attach themselves to the payroll, in addition to two assistants to the two doorkeepers, and four pages instead of two.

True, Skipper Cooter announced he would make some of the s-a-a's walk the plank; but getting them off the list may be too difficult for the speaker, so great is the pressure for jobs among the deserving democrats.

This session is to be especially economical, it was announced. The house voted to raise wages of stenos $1 a day; and with eight assistant s-a-a's and two assistant drkprs the usual record for "economy" will be greatly outstripped.

There have been so many false starts on the expansion of the flax-linen industry in the valley that the public may be slow in getting enthusiastic at once over the fresh announcement of Will F. Lipman's that a $7,000,000 program is about to be launched by private capital. Some day, we hope soon, the valley will come into its own as a center of the flax-growing and linen-making enterprises. The road to success would appear to lie in proving the practicability of the business in a small way and then expanding rather than by adventuring large sums to start with. The move of the Champagne Paper company in experimenting with Willamette valley flax for cigarette papers is an encouraging indication.

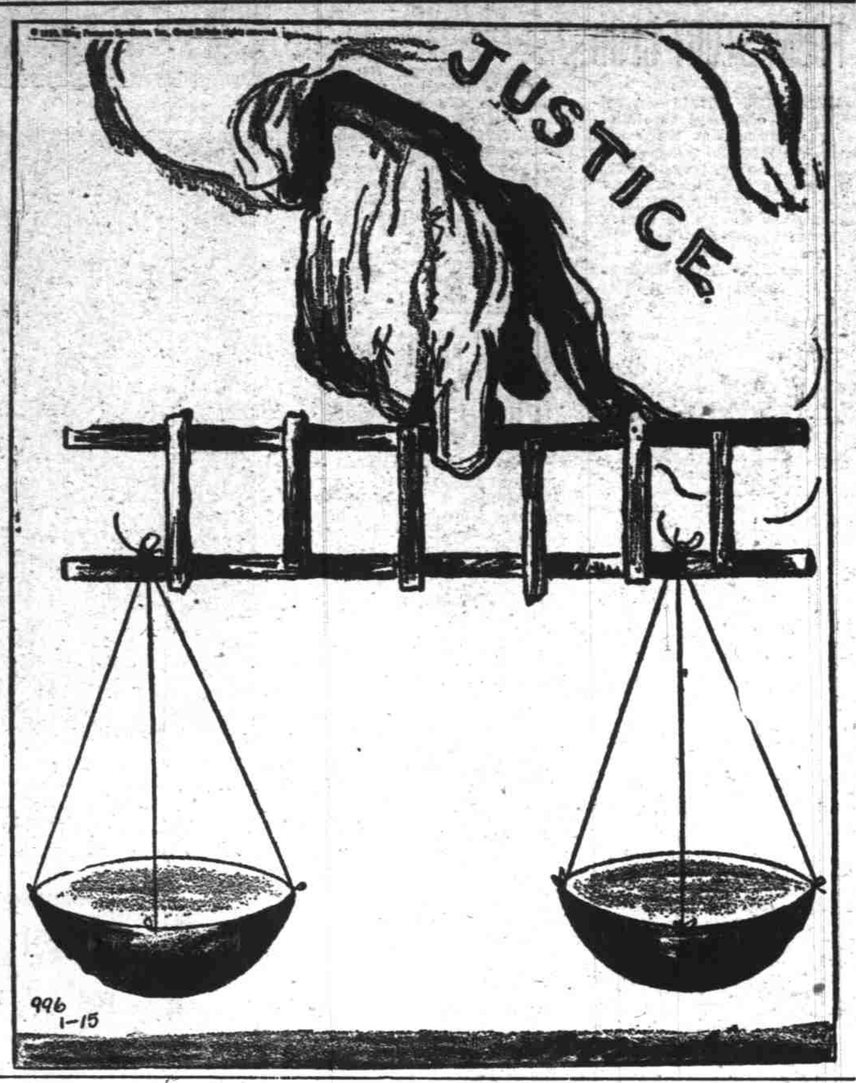
Doc Riley is going to give up publication of the Hubbard Enterprise, continuing it only until he can dispose of it. Doc gained fame as an able paragrapher, his pearls of wit frequently "making the line" in the Lit. Dig. He will be missed as a scintillating light in the editorial ranks.

Next time Haight and Hannah have a hair-pulling argument, advance announcement should be made so the public may fill the gallery. Such speeches can never be reported properly; because type doesn't carry the flash.

A friendly voice over the telephone suggested we pass the word along to feed the birds. Don't forget; our valley birds are not accustomed to snow, you know.

As faithful as a cigarette lighter are these cheap electric clocks.

The Scales at Flemington



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

HEMOPTYSIS, OR the presence of blood in the sputum, is a distressing symptom, especially if it is frequently repeated. Many persons become greatly alarmed over the first sight of blood. The public has come to believe that the presence of blood in the sputum is a sign of tuberculosis.

Dr. Copeland

It is true that the victim of tuberculosis usually has this symptom. But not by any means does it follow that all who expectorate blood or have blood in the sputum are victims of tuberculosis.

Blood in the sputum may be the result of some minor inflammation or slight scratch of the throat. It is a common occurrence in sore throat, inflamed tonsils or bronchitis. No doubt, at some time or other, you have suffered from a severe hacking cough and perhaps expectorated some blood-tinged sputum. I hope you did not become alarmed and think you were suffering from tuberculosis.

There Are Many Causes

At times faulty bridge work in the mouth, or defective teeth, especially a rough tooth cutting against the gum, may be the real cause of bloody expectoration. It may be due to some nasal deformity or slight nasal bleeding dripping into the throat and discoloring the saliva on coughing. In all cases the exact cause can only be determined by careful examination of the nose and throat.

In what I have said, I do not mean to imply that hemoptysis is a trivial matter and one that can be ignored. The presence of blood in the sputum is sufficient reason to warrant a visit to your doctor. It is a sign of some disorder and its exact nature must be determined.

Hemoptysis must not be confused with "hematemesis". In hematemesis the victim vomits blood. The blood usually comes from some portion of the intestinal tract, particularly the stomach. It is usually a sign of ulcer, but may also be the result of some minor inflammation. But since it may be more serious, it should never be ignored. It is imperative to seek immediate medical attention.

Bear in mind that early recognition of even the serious disturbances may mean complete cure or satisfactory recovery. If neglected and allowed to reach the advanced stage, cure may be impossible. Neglect of the minor disturbances may lead to chronic disorders and annoying complications that are difficult to cure.

Answers to Health Queries

W. A. A. Q.—What do you advise for fiery red, scaly spots on the scalp? Some of these spots are small, others larger. They itch intensely.

A.—This condition is probably due to "seborrhea". The general health is apt to be a factor. Keep the system clear. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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Shelburn Reports Five Inches Snow

SHELBURN, Jan. 19. — This section was visited Wednesday evening by a snow storm. There is now about 5 inches on the level.

The Westoics club met last week with Mrs. Lucy Hall. At noon a potluck dinner was served to eight members and one visitor. The afternoon was spent in visiting and piecing blocks. Mrs. Tom Quigley will entertain the club January 24.

Due to the death of Mrs. Inman's sister-in-law, Mrs. Hettie Delano, the Inmans were called to Portland Tuesday.

It's Great to Be a Nobody, Not Somebody Pestered by Everybody

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The young are going to the dogs,
Looks like—hell bent;
The older ones? Well, never mind
'Bout us—we've went.

And it hain't done us no particular harm that I know of. "Going to the dogs" don't mean much except that a few naturally despondent individuals are compelled to let off frigid air now and then to prevent their pipes from bustin'.

Just by way of a sociable inquiry, who is putting up the money for the Hauptmann defense?

Attention A. L. A. (American Liars' Association)!

Charlie Duval of the local Pay'n Takit tells this story, and it is he who must verify it should any skeptical reader require verification.

Mr. Duval, so the story goes, once worked on a ranch in North Dakota, where high winds accompanied by snow have been known to occur. The storm with which this story has to do lasted six days.

For three days the cows on the ranch where Mr. Duval worked remained in the barn without water. Their tongues were protuding because of thirst.

On the morning of the fourth day it was decided to force the animals into the storm and drive them to the water trough. Previous coercive efforts had failed. And this attempt was almost a failure. But one cow went out.

A minute of struggle and the gal- caught the animal, throwing her up against the side of the barn. The wind held her there for three days.

During these three days she was milked from a stepladder.

I don't aim to waste any sympathy on the man who gets burned shuttin' the door of a hot stove with his bare fingers. It is all right if he wants to bet himself he can do it without gettin' burned, but he should be enough of a sport to grin and bear it if he loses, instead of losing his temper.

Some folks say they just love to have the ground covered with snow. Not me. Snow is the thing I don't yearn for most.

Ed Tiller says the man who's always complainin' that the folks around him make so much noise he can't hear himself think has got one thing to console himself with—prob'ly he ain't missin' much.

Uncle Ike, back on the Iowa farm, used to say at haying time "Blessed be them that mowern, even if the rain catches 'em with their—er—hay down." But Uncle Ike kept one eye constantly on the weather and the indications thereof, and there were times when he drove the boys almost to death getting the crop into the barn ahead of a threatened storm. Faith in the Lord, he said, ain't no excuse for laziness.

The Salem engagement of the Arizona Wrangler 'KNX radio feature, on the road since early in 1933) was perhaps of greater interest to the Jesse McNeal family than to any of the rest of us. The McNeals knew the boys in Texas, and the reunion was marked by a number of happy demonstrations, including a real old south'n chicken dinner prepared at the McNeal home by "Sleepy" of the Wranglers, and th public dedication to Mr. and Mrs. McNeal of a waltz, composed by a certain much-loved "Shorty", now deceased. The two-day engagement of the Wranglers at the Grand theatre was a pleasant and profitable one.

D. H. TALMADGE

Caught in the "Forsaking All Others" picture at the Elsinore: Query by Charlie Butterworth, on an auto trip to the Adirondacks, "What is that funny smell, fresh air?"

The owners of Harry & Don's Lunch on Liberty street, recent comers from Watertown, S. D., have had particulars of the latest spell of weather in the old home district—a sand and dust blizzard with a 50-degree drop of temperature. The customary snow blizzards are not at present being had in that section. No snow. Great material for grandfather stories in the future.

Title suggestion for the next "greatest" motion picture: The Last of the Morehic'ns.

Among other things which I am not greatly worried about is sunspots. They may or may not have all the significance attributed to them by the scientists, but what of it? I am a heap more concerned with syrupspots on my Christmas necktie.

We nobodies have a heap to be thankful for. It is pretty fine to be just a plain nobody and not a somebody pestered by everybody.

It is just as well, I think, not to take outward aspects too seriously. Life holds fully as many happy disappointments as unhappy ones.

One of the purringest, cuddlingest cats I ever knew had upon him more scars than a pressroom towel has soiled spots. He was an ardent lover of peace, that cat, but he was no coward.

When it is stated in the report of a society affair that "delicious refreshments were served" it sometimes means, children, that most of the men went home hungry.

Barrie's story, "The Little Minister," was first published in 1891. Upwards of 1,000,000 copies have been sold. The story was dramatized by the author in 1897. Charles Froham bought the American rights and the play was immediately produced on Broadway with Maude Adams as "Babbie." Miss Adams appeared in 300 consecutive performances.

"Little Men," Miss Alcott's sequel to "Little Women," is announced among coming screen attractions.

Pretty well everything and everybody are given a comparative rating in these days, and these ratings as given in various publications should not be accepted too seriously. In motion plays, for instance, some excellent pictures have been accorded low ratings and some poor pictures have been rated highly. Which is not difficult to account for. I note the comparative rating complex in other things than pictures. As an example, a young woman voices her endorsement of one thing or another with an O. K. OO. K. is a warmer endorsement, OOO.K. is still warmer. And OOOO.K. is positively ooxy with praise. Stars or Oes, the principle remains the same.

Governor Martin does not look to me like a man who has taken on the duties as governor for no better reason than that it is a job. Nor does he look like a man who merely wishes to round out a career. Frankly, I like the looks of Governor Martin. Given the breaks, he will prove himself one of the best governors Oregon has had.

Thanks for a dozen or more responses to matter appearing under this heading in the Statesman of last Sunday. There are certainly some grand people in Salem and up and down the valley.

New Hothouse is Ready for Service

HAZEL GREEN, Jan. 19.—James Yada is starting plants in the hothouse just completed. The building is 14 by 35 feet, heated by stove and electricity, the latter automatically regulating the heat. Mr. Yada has two other green houses in which lettuce and beet plants are large enough to transplant. The celery is being sown by all the gardeners. Some have celery plants large enough to transplant. Mr. Yada is to try a new summer broccoli of a green variety. Gardeners elsewhere have grown this variety successfully and found it profitable. Mr. Yada has an acre of peas. The farmers are glad that a blanket of snow is protecting the grain and strawberries.

'THE LADY DANCES'

By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS

In search of adventure, Mark Talbot sails on the S.S. "Orient" for Honolulu. On board, he meets beautiful Vanya Prokovna, professional dancer. Vanya ignores Mark, but he cannot forget her. In Honolulu, on a round of the night clubs, he searches for her in vain. Next morning, while standing on a wharf, he watches a boat steaming by and is stunned to see Vanya on deck. He learns the vessel belongs to Pearly Shene and is undoubtedly heading south for Tonga in "The Friendly Islands." Anxious to get away from Honolulu, Mark books passage on the "Colin" sailing west. Mark cannot resist inquiring about Vanya's destination. He learns that "The Friendly Isles" were once cannibal islands now inhabited with the scum of the South Seas a disreputable place for any girl. All night Mark is haunted by Vanya's image. Despite his resolve to forget Vanya, Mark finally arrives in Tonga. He feels that if he can find Vanya and learn more about her, he will be disappointed and the obsession will vanish. Vanya is not at Tonga so Mark heads for Tongatabu where Pearly Shene lives. Mark is content and strangely happy.

CHAPTER X

An hour passed and another. Nuku had long dropped out of sight, they were rounding the south tip of the island. A long straight stretch of beach appeared beyond the point; at its far extremity, a low reef jutted straight out into the sea. Beyond the reef Mark could just descry the masts and halyards of a ship riding at anchor.

The native directly ahead of Mark turned to him with a grin.

"Shene's Cove," he said, with a wave of his hand at the coral spit.

Instantly Mark's lethargy departed. He sat erect, and found himself fuming with impatience. The motion of the prau, which a moment before had seemed so pleasantly swift now appeared to be no more than a snail-like crawl. He urged the natives on

"Faster!" he said, then, relapsing into the trade English of the islands "Plenty quick!"

Nevertheless, the sun was low before them when they turned to the point of the reef. Mark glanced instantly at the anchored ship; it was indeed a schooner. The name, faded by sun and rain and salt water was still legible—*Porpoise!*

Shene's Cove could hardly be termed a town, or even a village. Three or four native huts, a planter's dwelling a hundred yards down shore, and in the very center of the bend of the beach, a long, dirty-white two-storied wooden building whose swinging sign bore in large red letters, "Pearly Shene's Diver's Helmet."

Mark gazed from the sign to the deck of the schooner—that same deck on which he had watched Vanya standing as she sailed out of far away Honolulu Bay. The picture rose again to his mind. Had she smiled, or was it another trick of that untrustworthy imagination of his?

The prau grounded with a rasp of sand. The natives leaped out, drawing the craft higher on the beach, and Mark stepped out on the shore of Tongatabu.

A white man, unshaven, barefooted, in incredibly dirty white trousers, stood indifferently watching the natives discharging Mark's luggage on the beach. Mark looked him over critically; no, he decided, this couldn't be Pearly Shene—undoubtedly a beach-comber, one of the derelicts of the islands, a man ruined by the tropics and trade-rum.

A native ran down from the door of the Diver's Helmet and appropriated Mark's bags. His erstwhile paddlers stretched themselves on the warm sand and fell to chattering among themselves. Mark followed the boy toward the decrepit building that served, apparently, as saloon, dance-hall, hotel, and doubtless other purposes.

He climbed the several steps to the door with a curious agitation stirring in him. What the devil was the matter with him, anyway?

"Don't make too much of a fool of yourself, Mark Talbot," he grunted, "if that advice isn't a bit late!"

As he entered the door, two girls looked up from a conversation at one of the tables. Neither was the object of his quest; they were typical of girls he had seen and known in ports all over the island world. Behind the bar stood an unbelievably fat Chinaman; the flesh of his cheeks completely covered a neck that must itself have been immense. Mark stopped at the bar, and the other stared at him with a serene smile that for all its actual expression might have been carven on his face, like a Buddha.

"Got a room — alone?" asked Mark, reflecting that even should his inquiries prove fruitless, it was already too late to go back to Nuku.

"Can do," said the massive individual, with a billowing of flesh.

Mark signed to the boy to remove his bags to the chamber. He turned back to the bar, and ordered a "whisky-and."

"How's business?" he queried, by way of opening the conversation.

"No business. No boats in. All dive until wet time."

"There's a boat in the cove," said Mark.

"B'long here. Native crew. No business."

"Is Mr. Shene in?" asked Mark.

"Not here."

"Where is he?"

"Nuku. Not here tonight."

"Did you ever hear of a girl named Vanya Prokovna? Did she ever dance here?"

"Not here."

"Do you mean you don't know her, or that she's gone?"

"Not here."

"Do you know her, though?" persisted Mark.

The Chinaman grinned blandly.

"Not here," he said. "One shilling."

"What?"

"Drink one shilling."

Mark gave it up, paid for his drink, and walked outside. The sun was grazing the horizon; in its reddening light he saw the beach-comber still lounging at the water's edge. He walked over to him.

The derelict looked up at his approach, and smiled. Something about the smile affected Mark, he felt a liking for the fellow.

"Cooler, for a change," he said.

The beachcomber nodded.

"The nights on Tongatabu often are."

Mark was startled by the man's voice; the tones were those of a cultured Englishman.

"English?" he queried.

"Right. You're American."

"Mark Talbot," volunteered Mark, "of Spring Brook, Connecticut, U. S. A."

"I'm Loring—Percy Loring," said the wreck. "Of the Abbeycroft Lorings—in the words of one of your famous Americans, '*Believe it or not!*" The smile had lost its humorous quirk, and taken on a tinge of bitterness.

Mark sensed the other's self-directed sneer, and detected in himself a tinge of sympathy.

"On the beach?" he asked.

Loring nodded.

"Good and on!"

"Drink or women?"

"Neither. The War."

The statement struck Mark like a blow. The War! The same disruptive catastrophe that had made it impossible for Mark himself to suffer the dullness of civilization. Save for the grace of God and the accidental possession of a sufficient income, there, he reflected, stood Mark Talbot! The discovery seemed to create an added sympathy between him and this unshaven, emaciated wreck beside him.

"The War!" he echoed thoughtfully. "That's curious. I think I can sympathize. You see, in a way, I had what I suppose is a similar experience. Perhaps not as extreme, but similar. That's more or less the reason I'm here too."

He offered Loring a cigarette, which the other accepted avidly.

"Mind telling me?"

"I've told it before for a drink," said Loring. "But not right now—not to you. You see," he continued, "you're the first—the first gentleman I've spoken to in three years."

"Right!" said Mark. He stared speculatively over the bay, where darkness had fallen with tropical suddenness. He was thinking of the queer character at his side, and for the moment his quest was forgotten. The sheen of starlight on the water reminded him. He turned again to Loring.

"Did you ever know a girl, a dancer, named Vanya Prokovna?"

A smile broke over the beach-comber's erstwhile serious face.

"Is *that* information worth a drink to you?" he asked.

"It is."

"Come along, then." The beach-comber started toward the Diver's Helmet, but Mark stood unmoved. "My word's good," he remarked curtly.

"You're right. Sorry," apologized Loring. "I've forgotten how to deal with gentlemen."

He came closer to Mark.

"She's here," he said.

"Here!" exclaimed Mark.

He was thoroughly agitated by Percy Loring's statement. A rush of indistinguishable emotions surged through him; he could not identify his feelings. He didn't know whether he was delighted, disappointed, relieved, or angered by the beachcomber's news of Vanya's presence. Had Vanya herself appeared before him, he wouldn't have known whether to ignore her, kiss her, or choke her.

"Here?" he repeated stupidly.

"Not literally *here*," said Loring. "She's not in Shene's Cove at the moment. I mean she works here, dances at Pearly's place there."

"Where is she now?"

"Couldn't say," the beachcomber shrugged. "Maybe in Taulanga. Maybe back country. No ships in, you see, and therefore no business, and no need for entertainment."

"Or maybe visiting a planter," said Mark viciously.

"Maybe. But not likely."

"Why not?"

"Planters don't patronize Pearly Shene's, for one reason. They're a bit too toffy; they go to the Residency dances at Taulanga, and if they want other amusements, they go to Suva. And besides—" He paused.

"Besides what?"

"Well, she might be a lady, mightn't she?"

"Yeah?" said Mark cynically. "She's a dancer in a dive, isn't she?"

He wanted badly to hear Loring deny his insinuation, but the other's answer gave him no satisfaction.

"I suppose that's true, and you might add—Pearly Shene's dive. I don't know. *I* never tried—for a reason. In England one takes it for granted that a girl's a lady until proved otherwise; here one takes the opposite view, and it's practically a hundred per cent correct. But say! How about that drink?"

Mark acceded, and they entered the oil-lamp illumination of the Diver's Helmet. The carven smile on the Chinese bartender's fat face disappeared at the sight of Loring.

"Quite all right, Hong. The drink's on Mr. Talbot!"

Mark turned toward the bar, but the unkempt Loring indicated a table.

"Like gentlemen!" he said, and a trace of bitterness edged his voice.

"Anyway," he continued in a perfectly audible tone, "I like to see that fat swine Hong waiting on me. It's a small recompense for the times he's turned me down or kicked me out."

Mark looked at the corpulent Chinaman who was impassively bearing their drinks on a tray.

"Understand English?" he murmured.

"Every word!" said Loring, as Hong deposited the glasses and retired to the bar.

(To Be Continued)

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who owns the Marion county court house?

(Continuing from yesterday:)

An abstractor tells the writer that there is a rule of law which gives a piece of land platted as a public square to the smallest subdivision of government.

Thus the city of Salem might have had the court house square, but there was no city of Salem until 10 years later, when it was incorporated (chartered) by the legislature. The town was not definitely named until the plats were filed.

There were originally three plattings of the town of Salem. The first was North Salem, Feb. 15, 1850. Then Salem, by Willson, March 22, 1850, and, third, the Salem of J. B. McClane on "Boon's Island," Jan. 8, 1851. McClane claimed his Salem was the rightful one—where the first buildings were erected, which was a fact; that is, the first buildings were erected there.

Perhaps the time will come, before long, as it should, when Salem and Marion county will be under one government. Then it will make no difference about the owner ship of the court house.

The Salem of Dr. W. H. Willson's platting, according to the recorded words describing it, has streets 150 links wide; all of them except two. As a surveyor's link is 7.92 inches, any high school freshman will see that our principal streets are 99 feet wide. In other words, they are a surveyor's chain and a half wide, that kind of a chain being 66 feet in length.

On the plat showing the northeast corner of Court and Capitol streets there is indicated "Mrs. Willson's house." That meant the big rambling, frame, two story house belonging to Chloe A. Willson, wife of Dr. W. H. Willson. She had been Chloe A. Clark, Jason Lee mission teacher for white children, coming with the Lausanne party in 1840, who was married to Dr. Willson some time after her arrival. He had come in May, 1837, and was the mission carpenter, studied medicine, and became a doctor. Chloe A. Clark Willson opened the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university, being president and faculty in one person —with five students on the opening day, August 13, 1844.

"Mrs. Willson's house" became "the bee hive," accommodating a number of families, among them that of Col. E. D. Baker, who went to the U. S. senate from Oregon and was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff. Thereafter it became the women's college for Willamette university, the forerunner of Lausanne hall.

The recorded matter describing the "plan of the town of Salem" of Dr. Willson contained these words: "Block 84 is a reserved by the said William H. Wilson."

Block 84 is the state house block containing Oregon's capitol.

"For $1 and other sufficient considerations" this block was deeded to the Territory of Oregon. It was described in the deed as "Block 84, lying immediately east of the public avenue (Willson avenue) designated on the plat of said town of Salem. Being the same on which the state house in Salem is erected." This deed was made Dec. 3, 1855, recorded on the 18th, signed by Dr. Willson and Chloe A. Willson his wife, witnessed by Chester N. Terry and Milton Shannon, and the acknowledgment taken by Terry, notary.

The "state house in Salem" at that time was the territorial capitol, that stood where the state capitol stands. But the territorial "state house" did not last the month out. It lacked one day.

It was burned to the ground after midnight on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 30, 1855. It was like the case of spontaneous combustion caused by the rub-

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