

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Mellon's Art Offer

ANDREW MELLON, who since being described as the greatest secretary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton has been about the worst maligned ex-secretary since Alex, has offered his great art collection which is valued at nearly \$20,000,000 to the national government, and has offered to erect a building in Washington costing eight or nine million dollars to house the collection. Our corns commence to ache when we think of those miles of gallery corridors to be tramped to view the collection; yet the offer should be accepted by the federal government. It is hard for a person educated on Foster & Keiser art to see why a picture sells for a half million dollars or so, with its paint all checked; but so long as the work brings that in the open market it must have value. Some of the stuff we wouldn't be willing to give warehouse space to, but other works are of such sincere beauty that even the rude layman must pause in admiration before it.

Speaking of art the Oregon state capitol will be very beautifully embellished. For one of the rare times in capitol building the commission has been able to save enough money from the concrete work to ornament the structure and give it the finish which a monumental public building requires. The great rotunda will have magnificent murals depicting the history of Oregon and characteristic scenes of the state. In front will be massive sculptured plaques also historical in character. The names of the artists who will do the work have not been announced, but we are sure competent men have been engaged.

There has been quite a craze for murals in recent years. The government project for artists provided a lot of money which enabled artists to eat during the hard times. Some of their work has merited placing on permanent buildings; other work was probably just above sign painting grade. Murals got good advertising when the Mexican communist Diego Rivera had his paintings destroyed in the Rockefeller hall in Radio city, because he worked in Lenin's picture. He was propagandizing with his art. Oregon's murals, it may be predicted, will contain no propaganda, and will not be done after the manner of the extremist schools who now infect the artist trade. Mr. Kelly is too conservative in his temper for that, and the state commission will not be inclined to favor a Grant Wood barnyard scene over the main staircase.

Mr. Mellon is making a grand offer to this country, which will put a collection of the finest paintings in the world in public ownership open for public inspection. Mr. Morgan has been selling off some of his pieces to pick up some ready cash. Uncle Andy didn't get pinched so bad with poor loans; and so is able to make the offer. He will probably be criticised by politicians though for trying to escape inheritance tax on the amount invested in the pictures.

Orphan Jobs

A recent furor over lack of audit of the constable's office in Salem brought to public attention the orphan character of jobs like justice of the peace and constable. They are pretty much holdovers from primitive rural conditions which prevailed in early day America. In some localities they remain just that. In others they have blossomed into important offices handling annually a large volume of business. Yet for the most part they have gone unaudited and unchecked. Honest justices and constables handle the funds honestly; dishonest persons do not; and careless persons are careless with funds. The offices are not state or county offices but district offices responsible to the people but unsupervised.

Checks made in recent years in various justice offices showed cases where justices failed to turn over fine money, in one case even entering the line "remanded to jail" where in fact a fine was collected (and pocketed) and no jail term was served. In the majority of cases the public has no knowledge of what the annual income of the justice is. Here in Salem the office is on a salary basis, and conducted in a very efficient manner. In most of the cases the justice and constable are paid by fees; and there have been cases where traffic arrests were pretty much of a fee racket for the officers.

There should be some state agency, preferably the bureau of audit, charged with the regular audit of books of justices and constables,—if the system of maintaining these offices is to be retained. The jobs in the smaller cities are too important to go unchecked. So here is a task for the new legislature.

Out Again; In Again

OUT of the penitentiary only a few hours after serving out his second sentence there, a young man stole an automobile, wrecked it, quickly stole another and, pursued by an officer, streaked through Salem's busiest downtown intersection at 80 miles an hour, endangering lives as he went, finally colliding with another machine with damage to both.

The judge gave him a year in prison. A judge in Coos county had given him two years for the second offense, which also was car theft and committed, it is safe to say, under no less aggravated circumstances. The two year term, and the one that preceded it, evidently had not resulted in any reform.

This case is, if nothing else, an emphatic reminder of the inequality of penalties meted out by various circuit judges, a condition which parole board members propose to correct through enactment of an indeterminate sentence law in Oregon. The board, in actual touch with the prison problems, knows that a brief period in prison will reform some men whereas others will always be criminals and should be incarcerated as long and as frequently as the laws will permit.

Burden on Weak Companies

THE new tax on undistributed surplus of corporations is proving a handicap for financially weak railroads. This was disclosed in a hearing some weeks ago of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad reorganization plan where it was shown how if money were saved from dividends and put back into the property for paying off funded debt or purchasing new equipment the company would be severely penalized by confiscatory taxes. Now the interstate commerce commission in its report observes that the tax will work a hardship on the weak railroad companies, while the strong, by paying out their earnings in dividends will escape the penalty.

While there have been statements that no change would be made in the tax at the present session of congress, there will be strong pressure for its modification, particularly for the relief of corporations heavily involved, which need to apply most of their earnings to meeting their obligations. Surely the general prosperity of the company will not be furthered by clubbing the companies already in financial distress.

Corpus Delicti

IT is a weird story that came out of South Dakota, told by a young married woman, who says that gangsters touched off a magazine filled with explosives in order to kill her and a man whom they had turned against. She managed to escape. The certain thing is that there was a powerful explosion, which shattered \$20,000 worth of window glass in nearby Sioux Falls. The woman was picked up, having crawled away from the powder keep. A piece of flesh was picked up, the only trace of the alleged victim of the plot.

Police are on the trail of the perpetrators of the monstrous deed. If they capture them the attorneys may find it hard to convict them. Will the single piece of flesh be enough

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Greetings to A. F. Brown, Oregon pioneer, in his 71st year, healthy and happy:

C. M. Lee, who has long been with the Willamette Grocery company, the capital city's leading wholesale house in its line, left his home at 1840 North C. O. S. street, Salem, on the last day of the old year, for a trip to southern California on a tour devoted to business and pleasure.

He took with him greetings and a small Christmas present from the Bits man to his old time friend, A. F. Brown, and congratulation to Mr. Brown upon entering his 71st year since felicitation were last exchanged through the same mutual friend.

Old time readers of this column will recall in his series from Feb. 1 to 7, 1937, inclusive, a story from a life sketch of Mr. Brown, then "going on" 100, but with quite a stretch of time yet to go, being in his 97th year.

He reached the century mark on the last day of last August.

Mr. Lee reports him as quite spry, attending to his own business affairs, having excellent eyesight, and being a great reader.

He sent 1936 holiday greetings to Mr. Lee, written in his own hand, firm and legible.

That is quite remarkable, for a man who will come to milepost 101 in his earthly pilgrimage on the last day of August this year, and especially for one who has done a great deal of pioneering, stood many hard knocks, had up and down in plenty, and endured exposure, hunger and cold.

He was born at Stratford, N. H., August 21, 1836, on the farm taken up and reclaimed from the wilderness by his grandfather—the land still occupied by a nephew of his, making only five generations from the unbroken prairie and forest.

A. F. (Alonso) Brown's father died when he was six months old, and he lived at home and worked on the farm until he was 14, when he went to Boston, his worldly goods tied in a handkerchief.

There he got work in a club house of which the great Daniel Webster, then in the last years of his life, was an honorary member, and his son Col. Fletcher Webster was an active member. Col. Webster was killed at Antietam.

The pay of the boy was \$20 a month, and he waited on table at a hotel for his board. Next he got work in a shoe store at \$1.50 a week, still waiting on table for his keep.

He was also delivery boy on foot, working from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m., and on Saturdays to 12 midnight. After a year he got a raise to \$3 a week, but had to lodge \$2.75 a week for his board and lodging.

Then he got work with his brother in his gent's furnishing store at \$5 a week. The brother cut out gent's shirts in the back of his carriage and sent them out to be made up by women in their homes. That was customary. It was hand work, the sewing machine not then invented.

The brother became sick and unable to carry on, and the boy, then 15, found a man with \$600 for a partner and with \$100 he himself had saved bought out the brother, the balance of the purchase price to be paid in monthly installments. At the end of the year he sold out to his partner, retiring with \$100 in cash and a gold watch, at 17.

Next he bought a half interest in a similar business at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., then a leading summer resort city, where came E. President Mills, the circus kid, William H. Seward, statesman, Col. May, hero of the Mexican war, Commodore Vanderbilt, many rich Cubans, etc., etc.

Brown installed in a corner of the store the first telegraph office in Saratoga Springs; and the dispatches then, of course, taken in the Morse alphabet on a tape.

Being 18 and settled in business, Alonso went to Boston and, Nov. 9, 1854, married Miss Ada M. Lambert. The next year they erected a home in which they lived until they came to Oregon.

The year of his marriage, Brown joined the New York militia, was chosen a quartermaster with the rank of lieutenant, and made the trip to California with the equipment. The colonel boasted they had the finest in the state.

Their brigadier general, Edward Frisby, raised a regiment and was killed in the Crimea.

L. P. Brown, a brother, went to California by vessel in 1849; returned and planned to cross the plains westward in 1859. Alonso sold his business to his cutter, disposed of his house and furniture except what he shipped around "the horn," a chance to San Francisco and Scottsburg on the Umpqua, and, in March, 1859, the Brown families were on their long journey to the ultimate west.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Holy Name Men to Come In Body For Communion

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 1.—Next Sunday the Holy Name men of this parish will receive holy communion in a body. After the 8 o'clock mass the men will meet to elect new members for the finance committee.

to establish the "corpus delicti", necessary in all murder trials as well as in good detective stories? Will the testimony of the woman stand up under examination? Here indeed is a happening as grotesque as it is gruesome and macabre. The inventive mind of Edgar Allen Poe hardly devised a more fantastic means of wiping out a person. The demands of human interest as well as justice call for the full unravelling of the story.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Retrospect

Along in January the memories go swam. Of past nights when we went to bed in order to get warm. Back yonder in the good old days when we burned subscription wood.

Which did not generate the heat as freely as wood should. Bed gave relief to all our chills, dispelled our every woe. Brought sweet forgetfulness to us of bitter winds and snow. And folks smiled understanding, with noddings of their heads.

When Pastor Perkins said, "O Lord we thank thee for our beds!" What'er the burdens of the day, if restful be the night, We're pretty sure to bear the load and carry through all right.

And this truth holds in regions mild as well as regions cold— But of those old-time winter months what stories may be told.

Mankind is not of course, naturally pigheaded. Just the same, how you feel about things and I know how I feel about things. We get our way about as often as not by insisting on certain methods which secretly we consider plumb foolish.

A lady sat in a booth in a certain popular Salem cafe reading a book and eating a salad. Presently she finished the salad, but still sat reading the book. "She will be through soon," whispered a waitress to a gentleman who was waiting. The gentleman edged towards the booth and glanced at the book form which was reading. It was "Anthony Adverse," page 13. But he knew what the waitress meant.

"Shucks" in print is a harmless little expletive, but spoken it may be equivalent to a right smart burst of profanity.

Quite some discussion is going on to the best individual screen performance of the past year, as seen at Salem showhouses. There were a dozen or 15, perhaps more, really excellent individual performances seen here during the year. So far as I am concerned, five stand out above the others at this moment—Louise Rainer in "The Great Ziegfeld," Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Nine Days a Queen," Ronald Colman in "The Tail of Two Cities," Leslie Howard in "Petrified Forest," and Adolphe Menjou in "Sing Baby Sing." But we have not yet seen all the 1936 pictures.

The first preliminary to picking one's favorite screen actor is to forget "Donald Duck" and "Mickey Mouse." That duo cramps one's judgement as to the higher things in cinema dramatic art.

Gurgles From one of Stefan's most discriminating and faithful patrons of theatrical amusement, Sex, feminine, Age and general description, fff (fair, fat and fifty):

"I can hardly wait to hear Jeannie Macdonald and Nelson Eddy sing 'Carolina' in the new picture, 'The Girl in the 'Mystic' picture.'"

"Franchot Tone, I see, has designed a morning jacket. He looks to me like the sort of a guy who would invent a morning jacket—or some thing."

"Sonia Henie on skates in the 'One in a Million' picture at the Grand theater—man, man! It's poetry, that's what it is! Good show otherwise, too."

"I get a kick out of the vaudeville bills at the State theater. Folks don't always agree as to the merit of an act, and that's part of the kick. But you never know, because the performers themselves don't always know, when something unexpected will turn up that'll put everybody in snickers. Movie vaudeville isn't that."

"Goel! I hadn't heard a blue note from an orchestra for so long! I was becoming positively ravenous to hear one. Funny, isn't it?"

"An item in the daily news says Norma Shearer has been recuperating in Phoenix, Arizona, and she isn't she! Still, I don't know she is much darlinger than Claudette Colbert. Of course I mean from a theatrical standpoint of view."

"Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. They are simply swell, that's all."

"I always have to be rubbed with liniment after I've seen the Ritz brothers."

"Don't you think Dick Powell should get him a new set of gestures?"

"I guess it's a tossup between Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Bier as to who is the most cordial and graceful greeter and good-nighter connected with Salem show houses. But Mr. Lewis does pretty well, too."

"A writer, one of the smart ones, calls Gene Withers an 'idiot' by ducking. It would be true if she were ugly and a duckling, but she is neither. I suppose the writer means to be complimentary, the sap! Jane is like a cool breeze on a hot day, if you know what I mean."

lived here, and I am answering it in spite of the doubt about the accuracy of the rule that all communications must bear the name of the writer. "Some of us," says the contents of the envelope, along with best wishes for a merry Christmas, which I reckon I'll consider to be the first greeting for Christmas 1937, "saw 'Love On The Run' at Salem during the week-end, and we can't seem to agree whether the picture is an imitation of 'It Happened One Night' or whether it isn't. Wish you'd tell us what you think." I have heard similar criticism of "Love On The Run" in Salem and from rather hard-headed theater patrons too, who think they know what's what about motion pictures. Personally I can see little or nothing to warrant the "imitation" charge, but the fact that the story has a runaway heiress and a newspaper reporter in it, it is not so enjoyable a story as "It Happened One Night" partly because of its London-Paris setting, but it is a nevertheless a good enough story and sufficiently well done by a cast of players headed by Joan Crawford to hold its own on its own merits.

In the matter of young love between the sexes some of the picture directors at Hollywood appear to lean strongly towards the "contiguity" theory, as opposed to the more sweetly sentimental "affinity" idea. I reckon if some darling person were to suggest to certain Hollywood directors—or to certain Hollywood scenario writers, the possibility that a soul on one side of the world could respond to the call of its mate on the other side of the world the directors would say "nerfs" or some other elegant movie expression. It would be once in a blue moon, a seizure of apoplexy. Love in many of the modern stories written for the movies develops with great rapidity. It is not far remote from the truth to state that cases have been known of lovers meeting as complete strangers on one street corner, who develop a kissing and embracing acquaintance before coming to the next corner, and a courtship lasting a week is a long and tortuous experience. It seems somewhat ridiculous to me, but perhaps it accords with the spirit of the times.

There's a heap of desirable things in the world that are easy of attainment. It is a grand thing and rich in peace for the human heart to be able to seriously desire and attain. It is fine to look forward each day to something which not only may come with the morrow, but is almost certain to do so.

Still, there was Lafe Tordewer back at Turkey River. Lafe attributed his great age (he was upwards of 90) to the fact that he wanted a certain something that cost a lot of money and that he did not really need, and he was determined he would not die till he got it. An ornery, disagreeable frame of mind in which to spend a lifetime. He died finally, of course. Even his own folks were glad he had snarled his last snarl and had become unalarmed. They didn't say so, but when they uttered the customary lamentations they had much the same expression on their faces the cat had after it swallowed the canary.

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Ten Years Ago

January 6, 1927
W. J. H. Clark until a year ago superintendent of state employment, institution for blind and deaf, was reinstated as recovered now from recent illness.

Governor Pierce favors segregation of boys and girls in state blind school, new dormitory is needed.

Officer Lee Wintersteen was host at a stag party to all members of night police force on occasion of his birthday.

Twenty Years Ago

January 6, 1917
Mary Miles Minter wears \$20 shoes. Minter pays only \$1.75 to \$2 a pair for the shoes she wears. Two and a half size and gets 50 per cent off for cash.

Willamette big basketball schedule will open tonight when varsity squad will play the alumni team.

Eugene Hancock of Seattle arrived in the capital yesterday to take the chair of English at Willamette university which was made vacant by Professor Wallace MacMurtry.

1000 Gather For Holiday Dinner

RICKLEAF, Jan. 5.—Approximately 1000 persons enjoyed New Year's dinner at the local hall Friday. The remainder of the day was spent in a social way, with dancing in the evening.

Special guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Voth, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Shelton of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lakness and Doris of Portland, Miss Lucille Wilken of Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. James Robbe of Independence and M. A. Burch. A large crowd was present in the evening as the alumni team.

M. J. Teter is in the Dallas hospital recovering from a major operation.

Miss Margaret Gillis, county health nurse spent Monday here examining the pupils of the grade school.

The Season's Sandwich Man



"Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XIX

"But Adele loves you, Donald!"
"I hope not."
"But she did—she does!"
"She says not, and I choose to believe her, Christie."

"But Donald, any girl would say—"

They argued about that for hours. Flooded with the warmth of knowing he cared for her, she could be generous to Adele. Even to the point of giving him up to her. That old trick of wanting to sacrifice herself. Maybe he was correct to say that wasn't right and it wasn't even kind. That the mistake he had made was not in finally breaking with Adele, but in letting things slide on for so long.

"It was because it was so indefinite that it was so ridiculously hard to break," he said. "If we had been engaged I could have nerved myself to go to her, and ask her to break it. But we weren't engaged. I'd never really said a word about love or marriage. It was just that we had drifted along."

"And so I didn't know what to say, or what to do. But when I saw that I was going to lose you if I didn't do something, I just had to. So I went to her and put all the cards on the table, the situation, and she was very sweet about it—I'll always like her for that."

She had to ask him how long he'd loved her and when he first knew, and what made him do it.

"Always, I think. But I knew it that night that you were ill, and you talked to me about—that fellow—"

That fellow... Gene... She'd almost forgotten about him. Funny how she could forget it all so completely for a little while, and then how it would all come back with sickening clarity. His long dark eyes. His new blue suit he was so proud of. Even the necktie he wore on that last day—light blue, with a dark blue figure, and little specks of red.

She couldn't let anyone like Donald marry a girl who had been so cheap. And because she couldn't come right out and say that, she said a lot of silly things she didn't mean, and for a little while it looked as though she'd succeed in doing what she had come to do—send him away—get rid of him forever—

But she must have put it on a bit too thick, for after a while he stopped looking hurt and bewildered, and he said:

"Look here, are you turning me down for my good? Am I really too old and decrepit at 31, and do you really want to have a career and be a famous woman, or is it some darn fool idea that you are too good enough for me? Because if it is—"

"It's not because it's you. Anybody! I've just made up my mind never to marry, that's all, and—"

So he'd taken her in his arms, laughing at her and scolding her, said a lot of silly things she didn't mean, and for a little while it looked as though she'd succeed in doing what she had come to do—send him away—get rid of him forever—

"Of course you are going to be a lot of trouble to me," he had gone on, half laughing, half serious. "My mother, who is a very sweet, self-sacrificing person, with a calculating streak in her, has set her heart on her only son's marriage to some likely gal with a mint of money."

She needs it to pay the taxes on the old homestead, and she needs a new fur coat, and diamond bracelets and lord only knows what else. She's going to be good and nasty, as only a loving mother with an only son to marry off, can be. She'll make you miserable!

"No, she won't. I couldn't be miserable, if I had you. Oh, Donald, you're so comforting. Just to put my head on your shoulder and snuggle down and just forget everything—"

"That's it. I'm going to be a great disappointment to you, too. I'll go out on calls in the middle of the night, and I'll forget to come home to dinner—"



"Look here, are you turning me down for my good?"

"Swell! I'll forget to cook dinner!"

"And we won't have any money to go out and buy it—we'll just have to go hungry—"

"I'm hungry now. I'm starved. I forgot to eat lunch. I was so thrilled getting myself into the hospital. Oh, Donald, what will they say, when I don't come! Oh, shall I train for a while first, and then—"

"No, what would be the use? We love each other—that's all that matters, isn't it?"

Where had she heard that before... Back home on a summer day, and a boy asking her to go away with him... Must she be reminded her whole life long of all that she wanted to forget?

"Why wait, darling?"

That would fall in spite of everything. Smiled because this time someone was asking her to marry him—now—right away, without waiting—

"Donald, this very minute if I want to know that I've found out that I do love you—and oh, I do, I love you so much—kiss me again! And hold your head still a minute, I want to get a good look at you. I never did really look at you till today, you know, and I really ought to know what you look like. Why, you're really quite handsome! Your mouth is a shade large, and your nose isn't quite classic, but still—"

They were shouting with laughter when Aunt Nettie opened the door, walked in, identified and disapproving.

"I'm sorry, I thought you had gone. Christine only expected to keep you a moment."

And while Christine struggled for the right answer, the laughter dying on her lips, she spoke.

"I'm so hungry. A steak sandwich, darling. With tried onions on the side!"

"Certainly not. I'll have what you wish sent upstairs to you!"

"We won't be gone long. I'll bring her right back." Not even Aunt Nettie could deny it to him. And so they went out together, that night of their engagement, she with her eyelashes still stuck together in little points from her recent tears and her mouth scarlet and laughing, and ate thick, smothered hot sandwiches at a lunch counter, forgetful of all the sorrow that had been, of all that night still come.

When she was with Donald everything seemed inevitable and right, and natural.

"We'll be married right away," he had said.

And she, who had thought that such a thing could never be, had agreed light-heartedly, happily, like a child.

But when he was gone, and Aunt Nettie spoke to her with patient kindness, the hard, resentful glitter still in her eye, of things that must be done, she wondered how she had ever thought it could be simple.

Clothes. Announcements. Minister. Wedding. Even such things as getting the marriage license, and choosing a wedding ring. It was no use saying that they didn't want a wedding with a lot of people, and they didn't care about announcements and she had enough clothes already.

Slowly, patiently, as if she were explaining something to a half-wit, Nettie made it clear that she must have a wedding whether she wanted it or not.

"If you yourself don't care, then think of Adele, and her position!" (To Be Continued)

Kansas Relatives Visit At Konekman Residence

AMITY, Jan. 5.—Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Konekman were Miss Ida L. Vinton of Lyndon, Kansas, a cousin of Mrs. Konekman, Mr. and Mrs. Will Loop and family and Mrs. Vivian Brooks and three sons all of McMinville.

Miss Shirley Umphrette is attending business college in Portland this winter.