

The Oregon Statesman

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

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher

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Rebellion Within Rebellion

General Franco, leader of the nationalists in Spain who are revolting against the Madrid-Vencia-Barcelona government, has closed the French frontier and the Portuguese frontier of the portion in which his armies hold sway. Since Portugal has been an effective ally of Franco this closing is rather startling. London papers try to explain it with reports of a conspiracy of foreign elements in the nationalist army to assassinate Franco.

Other news from Spain is that Franco is suffering from internal troubles, with sporadic rebellions which weaken the rear of his armies. It is surprising if the foreign elements are also hostile to his leadership, because they have been the bulwark of his strength.

Rebellion against the rebellion ought not to be surprising if it is true that the majority of the common people of Spain were loyal to the government set up in the latest elections. Such revolts would inevitably follow unless Franco ruled with a rod of iron. It is hard to rule that way and keep up armies and wage aggressive war at the same time. Perhaps this accounts for the stalemate in military operations. It was anticipated after the wiping out of loyalist opposition in northwest Spain that Franco's troops would launch heavy attacks on the remaining loyalist armies. They did not come in early fall and now the rainy season prevents general field operations. Disaffection behind the lines may be the explanation of the failure to move.

Under the spell of great personalities like Mussolini or the mystic Hitler democratic resistance has broken down. Eventually any dictatorship will succumb to the borings of men driven by instincts of freedom. If Franco conquers all of Spain it simply means the revolution will be fought over again, as it will be in Italy and Germany when disaffected groups gain courage. The cycle of government constantly turns from democracy to dictatorship to oligarchy to democracy, with many variations in the intermediate phases. History offers no proof that the American democracy will survive indefinitely. Some think the cycle is turning now in this country.

Discipline on American Ships

Reports that members of the crew of the President Hoover got drunk and terrorized women and children passengers after the vessel ran aground near Formosa prompt the senate committee on maritime commerce to hold an investigation. Similar reports are coming from other vessels on other runs. The complaint is that men refuse to accept discipline from ships' officers. They get drunk, are surly and independent, breach an old rule of the sea, namely to leave passengers strictly alone. The new sense of power through victories over shipowners has gone to their heads so that proper ship discipline is gone, to the danger of the vessel and the irritation of the passengers. Owners feel helpless.

We heard of a couple who had made a recent trip to Alaska on an American boat. One of the crew had to be lifted aboard, he was so drunk, and they found he was assigned to their section of cabins. They protested and got him transferred; but the crew was so undisciplined that the couple returned very bitter against use of American vessels. Incidentally the man is head of a large American organization which has been planning an Alaskan cruise next summer. His wife said she was going to insist on use of a Canadian Pacific boat for the cruise.

Even soviet Russia has got over the idea of running ships by "committees." Discipline is the first requisite of safety at sea.

The "Robinsons" Mystery

"Ared" White, the non-de-plume of our own General George A. White, could get material for another spy story in the strange case of the couple now under arrest in Russia charged with complicity in conspiracy against the government. This pair got American passports and went to Moscow where they were living in a hotel. They used names of Donald Louis Robinson and Ruth Norma Robinson. Later the state department discovered the birth certificates they submitted were of persons who had died in childhood, but if they had lived would have been about the same age as these persons. This was not discovered until they disappeared and the department pressed Russia for news of their whereabouts.

What their real names are is not known, or whether they are man and wife. The Moscow assumption is that they are agents working in Russia against Stalin, hence "Trotskyists," which is enough to condemn them on. Certainly they must have gone to Russia with some evil purpose, to use some clever means of disguising their identities.

Now the American government can do little to save them, for they are falsifiers, and maybe not even American citizens.

So there are threads of a story which may be as thrilling as the plots of many set out in books of fiction. The fear is that the truth will never be fully published; they will be erased, their own true story never told, and of course their fellow-conspirators will make no revelations.

A pair of Salem's 18-year-olds got into trouble in a neighboring county seat. One, driver of a car, was fined \$50 for reckless driving, and his companion \$10 for drunkenness. Maybe the driver was insulating against liquor, but it is a natural suspicion that the charge was reduced to reckless driving to make sure of a conviction. Just how much "reckless driving" has booze at the bottom of it?

The chief of Japanese aerial operations has been relieved of his post in consequence of the air bombing of the Panay. Thus far no one has conformed to the Japanese custom of falling on the point of his sword in contrition for his "terrible mistake"; and no fresh tests of eyesight are reported among Japanese pilots.

A lethal gas chamber has been imported clear from Denver for use on special occasions at the state penitentiary. (Do we all get blue cards again soon, Warden?) Many volunteers make an automobile with the engine running answer the same purpose.

For the first time histological proof has been shown that there are nerves in the dentin (the layer of tooth under the enamel). This will be no surprise to toothache sufferers who are unanimously of the opinion that a tooth is composed of nothing but nerves.

The first election in the Philippine commonwealth wound up with three killings and seven injuries. That is one proof they are ready for independence—they are sticking to the old American custom.

The papers say a "skeleton crew" returned to work Monday an Inman-Poulsen's. Out of work since mid-August the most of them probably feel like mere skeletons if they have to subsist on earnings. But the names carved upon the names carved upon his polished surface will not be forgotten; for God has engraved them deeply upon the hearts of the makers of Oregon, there to remain on and on as long as hearts endure, which is forever.

Approving Roosevelt's insistence that the Japanese emperor himself make an apology for the Panay incident, the Astorian Budget says "Japan must be taught a lesson." Quite true; but just how far does Uncle Sam expect to go in his school teaching?

The only friends of "production control" who seem to be getting nowhere at all are those who favor plowing under every third government bureau.

The Oregonian asks, in effect, what the Panay was doing up the river at Nanking. The same question, with even greater point, might be asked of Japanese air bombers, troops, warships.

Was the reason the Japanese air bombers hit the U. S. S. Panay and missed the H. M. S. Bee because the latter had more of a stinger?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who was the wife 12-17-37 of Job Powell, unique pioneer Oregon circuit rider and most successful evangelist?

The above question reaches the desk of the Bits man. Meaning, of course, who was she before she was Mrs. Powell?

She was Ann Beeler, called in the late years of her life in Oregon Aunt Ann or Aunt Anna. There is a book on Job Powell, Home-Run Missionary, published in 1935 by the Metropolitan Press, Portland, author M. Leona Nichols. From this book one finds:

Job Powell was born of Welsh ancestry in the hill country of Tennessee July 16, 1799. In the book one reads:

"Before he reached his majority Job was attracted to a ruddy checked fraulein (maiden) from a nearby settlement. . . . When he married Ann Beeler in 1818 he found a woman who was sympathetic to her husband's ambition to preach. Ann was of German parentage and spoke only a few words of English. . . . They cared on their courtship and were married before he had comprehended Job's vernacular." (Probably the name was originally in the German letters corresponding to Beeler; that is, a scaffold or ladder builder. All names once had a meaning.)

Job Powell and family and some neighbors moved to Missouri about 1830, and there, in the vicinity of Lonejack, not far from Independence, he soon began preaching. He had a 600 acre farm near Lonejack, and was a good farmer. He got and asked no salary for his preaching. He thought he was called to preach, and he drew large audiences wherever he went, riding his pony and carrying his blankets, prepared to sleep in barns if other accommodations were not available. He was ordained a Baptist preacher, and remained a liberal when that church was divided on unessential notions.

He preached 20 years in Missouri, made many converts, and came with his family to Oregon in 1852, two of his sons having been members of the 1850 Immigration. Job had sided with the Missouri branch of his church known as Missionary Baptists. He believed he was distinctly called by the words of the Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

He followed this out in Oregon. He took sides for the Union in this state; preached one of his greatest sermons in Salem, against slavery. Aunt Ann, Mother Powell, was a great helpmate of her husband; bore him 13 children; carried on the work of the home and farm while her preacher husband went far afield as a circuit rider. He converted 3000 people to the Christian religion in Oregon; was one of the real original founders of both Oregon State college and Linfield university at McMinnville.

He had no education except what he picked up; but he knew his Bible almost by heart, and had a rugged way of presenting it to his hearers that stirred them and made converts.

In April, 1853, Job Powell leading, Providence Baptist church was started six miles southeast of Albany, on the Santiam road. The building was of logs, with punch-on floor and places all around for tall candles; three in the pulpits. He had a great mastery of the Bible; he knew his texts by heart.

Aunt Ann died May 31, 1872. From that day Job Powell was a lonely old man. Thereafter the laughing preacher, one of his sons testified, he never smiled again. Slavery was his devotion to his partner. And, languishing disconsolately, in less than a eight months he joined her on the other shore—January 25, 1873.

Prof. J. E. Horner, Oregon historian, proposed a monument to Job Powell, July 29, 1909 present. It was dedicated Sunday, June 15, 1924. Many of the most prominent people of Oregon were there. Among them was Mrs. Anna Carmical, 82, Prineville, a daughter of Job Powell, the only surviving one of the 20 original members; that is, of the 20 who organized Providence church; 19 besides their leader. The 20 names were (and are) carved on the monument that day dedicated. Many memorable speakers paid eloquent tribute. Lack of a space forbids quotations, excepting these, from the speech of Prof. J. E. Horner: "The committee . . . selected this granite boulder which has been hewn into its present form to typify the substantial, sterling character of this great man in his Oregon career. . . . This one thing I do wish in Oregon as he went a boat baptizing 3000 souls. . . . The committee . . . instructed the sculptor to chisel every side of the monument, but to polish one side only . . . yet to give that side a Phidian finish and on the polished side to carve his name with the names of his little flock at Providence that subsequently grew to 400 members. . . ."

"The names of the charter members of Providence church, along with the name of their loving pastor, have long been engraved upon the records; but the sculptor has carved them upon this monument, erected by loving hands, as a reminder to the living and to future generations of the price that was paid by these pioneers for the establishment of their religious faith on the western frontier. . . . In time their names will be effaced from the stone . . . and the stone will crumble and turn to dust. . . . But . . . the names carved upon his polished surface will not be forgotten; for God has engraved them deeply upon the hearts of the makers of Oregon, there to remain on and on as long as hearts endure, which is forever."

(At some later time, more space will be devoted in this column to the unique career of Job Powell, pioneer circuit rider.)



Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Take It Easy
Why should folks impatient be?
This world they are not knowing
That the wood's most useless tree
Is fastest in its growing;
Things of slow growth are the best,
Grain of o'er hasty sowing
Often fails to stand the test
When comes the harvest showing;
Rivers racing on their way
Small benefits are showing—
Fit for neither work nor play—
Can't visit—must be going.

"I'd just love to stay and have a good visit, but I really must be going." And sometimes they go and sometimes they don't. You have heard folks say things like that. Everybody has. The record, so far as my experience goes, is held by a woman who dropped in at a friend's home one afternoon at 2 o'clock. She remained until 4:30. During the time she was there she made the statement 18 times.

"When found the man had a broken arm, the cause of which is a mystery." This item appears in a valley news story. Perhaps the fracture resulted from an effort of the man to restrain himself from writing to a friend at Buffalo, describing the weather we are having here.

The heartiest laughers are usually the loudest lamenters. I don't know why this should be, but I reckon there's a reason for it. The same emotional boiler doing its stuff under pressure of different buttons mobby.

I knew a couple, a man and his wife, over in north Idaho years ago, who were thought by the neighbors to be ideally mated. He addressed her as "honey" and she addressed him as "dear." And it did seem to be pretty ideal. But their "honey" and "dear" were not always the same. I heard her address him as "dear" one day in a tone of voice that might be thought affectionate, but which must have cuddled his blood.

A loving teacher of mine once told me for my own good (she never told me anything that was not for my own good, and perhaps it was for my own good, but there were times when I doubted it) that I was unduly susceptible to external impressions. Just the same, I insisted that I'd rather be licked with a feather duster than with a rubber ruler.

There are different methods for determining the extent to which culture has entered into an individual's being. One method, quite simple one (and the simple things are best, as Blecker Caraway said when the family sat down to eat a goose) is to take note of those who have a tooth drawn, and those who have it yanked out.

And, a goose having been mentioned, I recall that the Crachits had such a bird for their Christmas dinner. Perhaps it would be as well were we to give an occasional thought to the Crachits during the next few days.

Old Mr. Gimmage is girding up the unique career of Job Powell, pioneer circuit rider.

Explosion Fumes Overcome Seven

HILLSBORO, Dec. 16.—(7)—Seven children were overcome by fumes today when 30 tons of powder were exploded to blast 150,000 tons of rock from the Jackson quarry, 10 miles north of here.

The children, who were unidentified, watched the spectacle with older persons, J. W. Barney, county roadmaster, said.

Radio Programs

- KSM—FRIDAY—1370 Kc.**
7:15—News.
7:30—Surrealist aeromnette.
7:45—American Family Robinson.
8:00—Reminiscence, MBS.
8:15—This Side of Twenty, MBS.
8:30—Today's tunes.
8:45—The Johnson Family, MBS.
9:00—The Pastor's Call.
9:15—The Friendly Circle.
9:30—Coral Strands.
10:00—Oddities in the news.
10:15—Cassidy Robinson Buckeroos, MBS.
10:30—Myra Kinsey, astrologer, MBS.
10:45—The variety show.
11:00—News.
11:30—STATESMAN OF THE AIR—Home economics talk, Miss Maxine Egan.
11:45—Vocal varieties.
12:00—Beatrice Fairfax, MBS.
12:15—The value parade.
12:30—Musical memories.
12:45—Streamline Swing, MBS.
1:00—The better business man, MBS.
1:15—Lucky Girl, MBS.
1:30—Frank Soriano's orch., MBS.
1:45—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:15—Indianapolis Symphony orch., MBS.
2:30—Spirit of Life.
3:00—Feminine Gram Swing, MBS.
3:30—News.
4:00—Raymond Grant Wieg, news, MBS.
4:15—Christmas seals.
4:30—Northwestern Christmas program, MBS.
4:45—Palmer House orch., MBS.
5:00—Radio Camp, MBS.
5:15—King's Trumpeters, MBS.
5:30—The Charlaters, MBS.
5:45—The Freshest Thing in Town.
6:00—Swingtime.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Sports Bulletin, MBS.
6:45—News.
7:00—The Broer Family at Home.
7:15—Waltztime.
7:30—Harmony hall.
7:45—Arthur Godfrey sings, MBS.
8:00—Waltztime.
8:15—Hits of today.
8:30—The better business man, MBS.
8:45—Popcorn variety.
9:00—Herbie Kay's orch., MBS.
9:15—Donna In-Lava, MBS.
9:30—Orate Nelson's orch., MBS.
9:45—Kay Kay's orch., MBS.
10:00—Step Field's orch., MBS.
10:15—Frank Soriano's orch., MBS.
10:30—The Star.
KEX—FRIDAY—1180 Kc.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—Family Alier Hour.
7:30—Over the Breakfast Table.
7:45—Viennese Ensemble.
8:00—Finnish Service.
8:15—Josh Higgins.
8:30—Dr. Brock.
8:45—Home Institute.
9:15—Edward Gamage.
9:30—National Farm and Home.
9:45—Lost and Found Items.
10:00—Crosscut.
10:30—News.
10:45—Jack and Loretta.
11:00—Current Events.
11:15—Radio Show Window.
11:30—Western Farm and Home.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:00—Talk by O. M. Plummer.
1:00—Little Concert.
1:30—Club Matinee.
2:00—Neighbors in the News.
2:15—Irma Glen, Organist.
2:30—Don Winslow.
2:45—Financial and Grain Reports.
3:00—Rakor's Orchestra.
3:15—Glass Hat Rock Orchestra.
3:30—Education in the News.
3:45—Did You Like That?
3:50—Press Radio News.
4:00—Clark Dennis, Tenor.
4:15—Gladie Harmonies.
4:30—Mary Small.
4:45—Sweet Gibson.
5:00—Sports Bulletin to KOE.
5:15—Land of the Whaitist.
5:30—Lum and Abner.
5:45—Charles Hayes.
6:00—The Night Watchman.
6:15—News.
6:30—Ambassador Hotel Orchestra.
6:45—Sports by Bill Mack.
7:00—Vogue Ballroom Orchestra.
7:15—Rio Del Mar Club Orchestra.
7:30—Western Varieties.
7:45—Biltmore Hotel Orchestra.
8:00—News.
8:15—Charles Bryan, Organist.
8:30—Weather and Police Reports.
KGW—FRIDAY—650 Kc.
7:00—Just About Time.
7:30—Keeping Time.
8:00—The Morning Views the News.
8:30—Stars of Today.
9:00—The World Goes By.
9:30—Virginia Lee and Sunbeam.
9:45—Gospel Quartet.
10:00—Charles Hayes.
10:15—Latus Gardens Orchestra.
10:30—Tillamook Kitchen.
- 10:30—Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch.**
10:45—John's Other Wife.
10:55—Just This Bill.
11:00—Grace and Eddie.
11:05—Musical Interlude.
11:10—Hollywood News Flash.
11:15—Stringing Along.
11:20—How to Be Charming.
11:25—Edna Fisher, Pianist.
11:30—Pepper Young's Family.
11:35—Ma Perkins.
11:40—Vic and Sade.
11:45—The O'Neil.
1:00—Sweet Rhythms.
1:15—Guiding Light.
1:30—Vic and Marlin.
1:45—Refreshment Time, Singin' Sam.
2:00—Wife vs. Secretary.
2:15—Star Struck.
2:30—Martha Meade.
2:45—Gloria Gale.
2:55—Rhythm.
3:00—Woman's Magazine of the Air.
3:00—Lady of Millions.
3:05—Star Struck.
3:30—Easy Aces.
3:45—Easy Aces.
3:50—Musical Interlude.
3:55—Cocktail Hour.
4:00—Stars of Today.
4:05—Variety Show.
4:10—Stringing Along.
4:15—First Nighter.
4:20—Jimmy Fidler.
4:25—Helen Houston.
4:30—Amos 'n' Andy.
4:35—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station.
4:40—The Star Struck.
4:45—Glimore Circus.
4:50—Firebird Hour.
4:55—The Star Struck.
5:00—Glimore Circus.
5:05—Firebird Hour.
5:10—Glimore Circus.
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STORIES OF Master Painters

by HOWARD SIMON

In the whole history of art it would be difficult to find a more thorough-going scoundrel and a more skillful painter than Michael-Angelo de Merisi, known as Caravaggio. He was violent and painted violence. He was the first of the great realists. Even the greater Rembrandt was to feel his influence.

Caravaggio was born in Lombardy in 1569. In his early days he had been a plasterer, the son of a stone mason, and had no training in art. He learned naturally to painting. Before he was 20 he had painted The Martyrdom of a Female Saint. It is his earliest known canvas and hangs at Milan, where most of his youth was spent. When he came to Venice at the age of 20 he was already a famous painter.

Life and music and gaiety surrounded him in this liveliest of cities. He took a fancy to the musical instruments he now saw, and was to use them in canvasses again and again. Taverns and noisy street scenes and beautiful women caught his eye as well. He moved on to Rome and discovered that brawling provided excitement and excitement was exactly to his taste. There was a passerbly who, he fancied, had offended him. He struck him and to make sure he would not cry out whacked him into unconsciousness with his sword. He hid in a cellar to avoid capture, and went on painting. Shortly thereafter he wounded a guard. Violence bred violence.

He enjoyed quarreling and scuffling. He fell on people of every sort. When thought a water in an inn had neglected some nicety of behavior he seized a plate and threw it in his face. From some strategic point he and a companion dropped rocks at passerbly, injuring several. Before long he was cast into the Tor di Nona prison on the charges of one "Laura and her daughter, Isabelle."

A serious biographer has ventured the opinion that Caravaggio's love affairs were not of the most excited sort. But he was often to be found fighting for the honor of a lady's name.

And between brawls he painted as vigorously as he fought—with brilliant originality. There was the masterpiece of "The Death of the Virgin," boldly naturalistic. There were other, less works, no less original in conception. Tavern scenes and murders, pictures of gypsies and vagabonds, and occasionally the tenderly painted nape of a woman's neck in a scene with a musical setting.

Before long there was a tennis game that turned into a mortal combat. Caravaggio broke his racket over the head of Ranuccio Tommasoni who with no more ado fell dead. Caravaggio was arrested but being badly hurt himself was held under bond of 500 gold pieces before being taken to prison. Again he fled and several months later was working, as painter, as his nature allowed, in Naples.

Here there appeared a fanatical admirer of his in the person of Leoneello Spada who attached himself to Caravaggio, "imitating his mannerisms in painting and personal charm." Spada from what is known shared all Caravaggio's faults of character and none of his painting genius. They painted and made merry while negotiations went on in Rome for Caravaggio's pardon. The pardon failed to arrive. The two friends took themselves off to the island of Malta.

The Order of St. John, Knights Templar of Malta, warmly welcomed the celebrated Caravaggio. Its Grand Master, Alof de Wignacourt, commissioned portrait after portrait of himself in his robes as a Knight of Justice. The Louvre possesses an excellent example today. For the cathedral Caravaggio painted the magnificent "Beholding of St. John, the Baptist." It is his greatest work. He had hardly finished his masterpiece when a local and notorious fighter and bully had the notion that he would like himself painted. The robes of the Grand Master still lay in his studio. Caravaggio was called for the plan of painting this ill-favored client as a Knight of Justice also. The Grand Master, furiously angry, "gave reason to the Knights of Justice and had Caravaggio thrown into jail." Meantime the faithful and enterprising Spada made off with a Moorish slave and was nowhere to be found. Caravaggio did not linger either. He climbed the prison walls one night, boarded a ship and set off for Sicily. In Sicily with the Knights of Malta hot on his trail he was obliged to hide. When the search became less intense, he wrote off in Syracuse and Messina. And his reputation grew to startling proportions.

Peace Not Desirable
Perhaps he could have lived in peace here. But peace was not desirable to him. He quarreled with a schoolmaster, gravely wounded a man and once more had to fly for his life. He stopped at Palermo, then returned to Naples hoping for permission to return to Rome. Before it had reached him, however, he was again involved in a brawl at an inn. His aggressors beat him unmercifully. Again he boarded a boat but it was grounded and he was forced to disembark. Sentries on the watch for another criminal, arrested him, being misled by his disreputable and disfigured appearance. When they at last released him, the boat had long since disappeared, taking with it all of Caravaggio's possessions. He dragged himself slowly to Pont-Ercule. But a fever and his wounds proved fatal. He died a few days later—in 1609, at the age of forty.

All Rome was shocked at the news of his death, and verses were composed in his honor. One poet wrote grandiloquently, "Death and nature would not be outdone by Caravaggio whose bold pictures put them to shame."

The above painter is among 48 great Masters represented whose pictures are offered in reproduction form by this newspaper—48 Masters of Art in original colors.

They are divided into 12 sets of four, one set for only 50c and a coupon from this newspaper. Each week's set contains a lesson in Art Appreciation and persons who obtain all 12 weekly sets will get a free collector's portfolio.

Clip the first coupon on page 2 now.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administratrix of the estate of John W. Stanton, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned at 413 Masonic Building, Salem, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

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EUNICE A. CHUTE
Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN W. STANTON, Deceased.
CARL T. POPE
413 Masonic Building
Salem, Oregon
Attorney for Administratrix. N 28 D 3-10-37-24.



CARAVAGGIO (SELF PORTRAIT) 1569-1609