

# Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

## Conservation

Gifford Pinchot, to whom christian endeavor means national conservation, is hailed as a "great statesman" by the Portland Journal which declares that because of his efforts "the American people still own a remnant of their forest wealth" and "still possess the coal in Alaska" and he is acclaimed for "his imperishable achievements as governor of Pennsylvania," though no one knows what he has accomplished. He is characterized "as the most useful man in the Republican party," and we are told that "thousands look to him to save what is left of the water power for the people."

"Conservation of national resources for the benefit of the people" has a high and lofty sound, almost as inspiring as that other panacea that was to cure all of our governmental ills, the purification of politics through the direct primary. Indeed so plausible were the arguments advanced by politicians seeking to ride to power through these beautiful theories that it took years of experience to convince the public that both were quack nostrums.

When title is left in the name of the people, it means that the people pay the taxes, instead of private owners. It means that the politicians administer at the expense of the people. It means that states and counties are deprived of voice in and control of and revenues from large portions of their taxable wealth and pauperized thereby. It means that progress and development are thereby thwarted and retarded, and the only beneficiary of this program of mythical salvation is the bureaucracy.

The national forests do not do the people who own them one bit of good. They are a constant expense and liability. The people have no say or voice in their control, but are barred from entry or put under red-tape restrictions by the administering officialdom. No private owner would dare impose the restrictions upon the public that obtains in the national forests. When the timber is sold, an infinitesimal portion is returned to the counties affected but the bulk goes into the insatiable maw of the bureaucracy.

"Saving what is left of the water power for the people" is also inspirational, as is the continued federal possession of coal in Alaska. Stripped of bunk it means that development is retarded by being hinged about with numerous restrictions and that a certain percentage of the earnings of the project must be turned over to support the bureau overlords. This expenditure is of course, added to the price the consumer must pay for light, power or fuel, and the people must pay higher rates to give the developer the same percentage of profit in his investment—so bureaucracy may prosper.

The benefits of conservation are revealed in the case of the Oregon and California railroad land grant. The most valuable of the land had long passed into private ownership as originally intended, but the railroad company still held large tracts of land, much of it isolated and worthless, upon which it paid state and local taxes in every county in western Oregon.

To save the unsold grant land to the people became the battle cry of politicians and through congress, legislature and courts, the lands were declared forfeited and returned to the federal government, where they still are, and likely to remain, too valueless for utilization. Some of the timber, there is little left, is being sold on a stumpage basis. A small percentage of land can be utilized by settlers, not as free home stands, but upon appraised valuations, but most of it is brush and scrub timber, not even good for grazing.

The lands have been saved as the "heritage of the people," the people are paying the job-holders who administer them, the railroad is saved from paying the taxes on them, and the consequent deficiency in tax receipts, caused by their loss, is made up in increased taxation upon property owners. It has not benefitted the settler, has not stimulated development, but has taken tax-paying property permanently off the tax rolls. That is the way conservation works in actual practice.

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

A NEW ALLY  
Cynthia had expected the worst of that evening. She had thought that probably she and Madame Leland would sit facing one another for a dreary hour or two, misunderstanding each other perfectly. But a surprise was in store for her. At half-past eight the doorbell jangled insistently; a moment later Louella Leland and her husband, Stanley Clark, were announced. Cynthia had met Stanley Clark only a few times, and hardly knew him. But that evening, as Mrs. Leland and her daughter retired to the library for a private conference, she turned to Cynthia with a boyish grin that she found delightful.

"First chance we've had to talk," he observed, seating himself beside her. "How do you like our town by this time? Does it seem awfully slow?"  
"Oh, not at all!" exclaimed Cynthia fervently. "Anything but that."  
"I hear that you rather started the community this noon by lunching with a handsome stranger who was immensely glad to see you," he commented. Cynthia would have been angry with him but his smile unarmored her. "I don't blame you. I should think you'd have been glad to see anyone you'd known before you landed here. Oh, I know what this town can do! I came here to represent my firm just a few months before I was married, and for awhile I thought it was the jumping off place. Then after I had said that when she returned

# Members of Pioneer Jones Family Hold Reunion Near Brooks

(By C. V. Ashbaugh.)

Brooks, Or., July 7.—In the shady oak grove of the "Noah Farm," the old home place of S. W. R. Jones, which lies just east of the pioneer church between Brooks and Gervais, there gathered July 4th, 125 people, just half of the living descendants of this pioneer.

They came from California, Washington and distant places within our own state for the first annual reunion coming back to the spot where this great family began its life in the new country; back to renew old bonds and to meet, some of the younger ones at least, for the first time. Although the distance traveled by some was far and the way rather weary, as Ralph Jones aptly stated in his response to the welcome, the modern motor car, when compared to the ox-drawn wagon and the paved highway to the long rocky trail, makes one ashamed to refuse the call to meet in honor of a man who risked all and underwent untold hardships to transplant his stock to this soil.

The four living children of S. W. R. Jones are M. L. Jones, well known rancher of this district and also the only one of the children living who crossed the plains with his father; Mrs. Emma Simmons of Woodburn, Mrs. Sarah Clarke of Portland and Scott Jones of Gervais.

After the dinner which was served from a table that stretched its length through the grove and contained almost everything that a famished person could wish and an epicure demand, a program, in-

cluding both elders and children, was given. "America," was sung by all, followed by the "Lord's Prayer." The welcome was given by Mrs. Clarke, and the response by M. R. Jones of Oakland, Cal. "One Happy Day," written by Grace Austin, was read by her daughter, Julia Bell Austin; "The Old Haymow," by Betty Jones; "Mistake Bird," by Veda Harris, and "Ma and the Auto," by Velma May.

Many interesting things were told by M. L. Jones in his reminiscences. Although he was only past four years old when he started on this long, long trip, he says that certain of the events stand out clearly in his memory. He got the title of "the old man" from the amount of advice that he gave during the journey and he claims to have retained that title to the present day. There were five wagons in the train—four drawn by four-ox teams and one drawn by a four-horse team. In the latter the family rode. One wagon was loaded with crackers. This was to serve as bread, for without suitable means of making, to furnish loaves enough for a family of ten hungry children, to say nothing of the help that was taken to care for the stock en route, would be most discouraging for a cook, however able.

In bidding her many friends and relatives farewell, Mrs. Jones visited with one of her younger children, a neighbor whose children had measles unbeknown to either. The disease did not break out until they were well on their way, and although it added much to the trials and discomforts, did little harm.

At the last post, Mrs. Jones bought herself a black silk dress, how the watch dog, Lion, kept the marauding Indians away from the stock. Once when the men were away the entire herd of 100 cattle was run off by some young bucks. His father and the others scattered to find the missing herd. While riding alone, upon toppling a rise, he saw on the opposite slope the Indians and cattle. Warning his father he shouted across for them to bring the stock back at once. Evidently they understood for they quickly complied. Their only wash boiler bounded out of the wagon at the rough crossing at Green river, Wyoming, and although unable to swim the father plunged his horse after it. Lion, the dog, got some feet during the long journey and although coaxed to share the wagon, would ride no place but under the bed on the rounds of the running gear. Hills were often encountered, dangerously steep. In going down, trees were cut and tied behind as drags. He told of his brother, Joseph's attempt to train as a guard, using the old pepper box pistol and how, during the process, it left him with one finger on his left hand, short.

Their only fuel on the broad prairies was buffalo chips and as soon as a stop was made for camp, it was the younger ones duty to gather a good pile of them. Francis Elizabeth, six months old and a pretty blond baby, attracted much attention from the Indians. Many bargained for her, one chief offering seven ponies, but for some reason her parents did not care to sell.

Lion was never allowed to enter the house and never seemed to care to, but one evening after he was a very old dog, while the family were sitting in the big living room, he walked boldly in and to each member he offered his paw as was his wont in greeting. After going the rounds he marched quietly out of the door and was never seen again.

A much treasured letter, the property of Mrs. Emma Simmons, which was written by her father, bidding his brothers and sisters good-bye just prior to his start for the wilds of Oregon, was read. It bore the date of January 2, 1854. In it this old pioneer told of his intended journey and his reason for taking it, the amount of stock and other movables he intended to transport. He expressed a parting wish that some means might later come to visit him, but that he never expected to see them again. Time proved that he was mistaken as he himself got to return to the old home town of Kokoma, Indiana, where he spent the remaining years of his life. He was 97 when he went to his rest.

Scott Jones then read a paper containing statistics and accomplishments of the family since its transplanting. Practically all trades and professions are represented. When the call came for volunteers, 18 responded from this family to fight in the World war. In the earlier days their occupations were various—freightmen, sheepherders, timber men, millmen, miners and developers of land.

S. W. R. Jones was of the rugged type, about 5 feet 7 inches in height. He was 39 years old when he left Indiana and was six months in crossing, arriving in September of 1853.

The ten children who came with him were James Thomas, Joseph P. Rachel, William H. Susano, Silas A., Jesse B., Madison L., Samuel W., and Frances Elizabeth.

M. L. Jones was made president of the organization with Mrs. Grace Austin, secretary. A committee, was formed to assist the president composed of Mrs. Sarah Clarke, Mrs. M. L. Jones and Mrs. Grace Austin. The day for the annual meeting was set for the fourth day of July, tentatively, subject to change at the pleasure of the committee.

## OREGON FLAG GIVEN POSTAL DEPARTMENT

Washington, July 7.—(AP)—Oregon and Mississippi state flags were accepted by Postmaster General New today for the postoffice department's collection, which now lacks only the flags of Kansas, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota and Wyoming to make it complete. The Oregon flag, the gift of Portland postoffice employees was presented by Senator Stanfield's secretary, Mrs. William G. Burhead, Jr.

## New Corporations

Capital City Loan association, Salem.  
Spence Investment company, Salem.  
Contract Purchasing company, Portland.  
Clenhove Rest Home, Portland.  
American Toll Bridge company, Portland, to sell stock in the sum of \$100,000.  
Blyth-Witter & company, Portland, to sell bonds in the sum of \$200,000.

By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Not the Answer Barney Expected

By Billy de Beck



## KRAZY KAT

A Condescending Snob

By Herriman



## MUTT AND JEFF

Speeding Up They Visit Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Grand Junction in One Day.

By Bud Fisher

