

WILL SOON BEGIN

BUILDING FOR CREAMERY PLANT TO BE ENLARGED.

Machinery is Now En Route to Salem and Plant Will Be in Operation Before April 1st.

(From Daily, March 3d.) The building of the Crystal Ice Works on East State street, which have been leased for the Townsend creamery plant, are not adequately large for the institution. On Monday, James Maguire, who has supervision of local arrangements pertaining to the plant, will begin work on the construction of an addition to the main building. The addition will be 20x14 feet, and will not require any great length of time for its completion. Mr. Maguire went to Portland yesterday afternoon on business in this connection.

The machinery for the creamery plant is now en route to Salem from Nehalem and will be installed in the building as soon as it can be made ready for occupancy. Mr. Townsend is satisfied he can have the plant thoroughly installed and ready for operation before April 1st.

Mr. Maguire, who has charge of the business of a company handling cream separators, reports the sale during the past week of five of the machines. He says the interest among the farmers is on the increase and few will be contented until they possess a separator for his individual use.

LONG DRAW-OUT LITIGATION.

Brought to a Close by the Payment of an Escheated Estate, to the Rightful Heirs.

The suits, brought by the alleged heirs of the Fenstermacher estate, to secure the funds escheated to the state school fund years ago, have finally met with success, and the heirs are now about to receive the money due them from their deceased relative's estate. In the supreme court recently the heirs won their suit, and yesterday the state land office received the mandate of the court, ordering the payment, to the heirs, of the amount involved—\$12,705.75. Judge J. C. Moreland, attorney for the heirs, was in the city yesterday afternoon to secure the payments, but as the circuit court for Multnomah county, in making the order for the payment, in accordance with the mandate of the supreme court, had ordered the secretary of state to draw the warrants on the school fund, it was found necessary to have changed the order, substituting the chief clerk of the land board for the secretary of state. The amended order will be received today, when the warrants will be drawn on the principle of the common school fund, in favor of the heirs, as follows: J. C. Moreland, guardian of Mary and Elizabeth Osterman \$6,085.28; Susan Osterman 3,042.64; Anos T. Young 1,521.32; Charles W. Young 1,521.32.

Total \$12,170.57

SOME RAILROAD TALK.

Promoters of the Proposed Salem & Pacific Coast R. R. Soon to Visit the Capital City.

The proposed Salem & Pacific Coast Railroad line, the terminal points of which should be West Salem and Falls City, has not yet been constructed and the prospects for its early construction are not considered flattering.

There has been much delay in the preliminary work. The people of Dallas, it is reported, have grown cold towards the project and the promoters of the road are now in quest of the substantial parties who will endorse and support the scheme. It is reported Salem will be asked to take the initiative in the matter.

THEY ARE AWAITING DEATH.

Horrible Scenes in a Sod Hovel of Two Lepers.

Situated on the lonely prairie, sixteen miles north of Edinburg, Walsh county, N. D., is a small sod hovel that is seldom visited. The nearest house is on the outskirts of the town, and no regularly traveled road runs by the door. Travelers in a northerly direction give it a wide berth, for it is the home of two lepers, the only one situated in the entire Northwest. These two human beings, isolated from the world, are slowly but surely crumbling before the ravages of a loathsome disease. One is a Norwegian, aged 50 years, and the other a Swede of about 35. They are in a pitiful condition. Their sub-terra home has but one small window, through which a tiny stream of light penetrates and throws a beam across a crude cot on which it is said may be seen almost any hour of the day or night the old man in the last stages of the disease—blind, helpless, and with the flesh dropping from his bones. The younger is not so far advanced, though the same stage has begun to set in. Still he is able to wait on his companion.

United States Marshal Haggart, who arrived in Seattle with the forty-six Chinamen from Fargo last week, told, as best he knew, the facts of the miserable existence of the two quarantined men. The state authorities are considering plans to move the men to some other locality, where they will be treated more like human beings.

Dr. Engstad, of the state board of health, visited the place a few days before the marshal left home, and will make a report to Senator Hansbrough, asking him to use his influence to have one of the abandoned North Dakota military reservations set apart as a home for a leper colony. If this may not be done the state will probably take the matter in charge and establish a colony at some suitable place where the patients can have care until death ends their misery.

With the exception of Dr. Engstad, not a soul, it is said, has ever visited the sod home of the unfortunates in months. Day after day they attend to

their own wants, the younger man doing what little work is absolutely necessary. It was a most miserable sight, and beggars description. A portion of the flesh on the old man's face was gone, leaving the jaw bare. His body is in a no less pitiable condition, yet he makes no complaint. Occasionally he is assisted to a chair, where he will sit for a few hours and then be transferred back to bed. Feeling has left his body. The sense of smell is gone, and sight has forsaken his eyes forever. He has left of his five senses a fast fading power of taste, while the organs of hearing are as good as at any time in his life.

On a little farm twenty miles from the hovel live the old man's wife and five children. He contracted the disease five years ago, but where has never been learned, and the stricken man himself professes ignorance. The younger man is unmarried, and went to the hovel two years ago. Walsh county bears the expense of supplying food and clothing to the two unfortunates. This is delivered once every month, and deposited on the prairie a hundred yards from the hovel, to which it is taken by the younger man.

WHY HUMAN BEINGS LAUGH.

Cackination is a Faculty We Acquire With Increase of Wit.

Anthropologists say that the ability to laugh comes to the child as it grows older. The first smile is observed when the child is about 40 to 60 days old, but it does not begin to laugh until some time after that. According to Mantegazza and others, the power of laughing has to be acquired, just as a child learns how to talk or walk. Laughter at the earliest is observed in infants only after they are 3 months old.

Children and women laugh more than men, not because the cares of life lie less heavily upon them, but because the former are more excitable and because the moderating power of the cerebral hemisphere is less in them than among men generally.

Profound study makes men serious, and so foolish people are sometimes noted for laughing immoderately. Yet laughter is not so much an index to intelligence as it is to the condition of health. Healthy, vigorous people are proverbially of good-humored, joyous, laughing natures, while the "sallow, gloomy-eyed dyspeptic" is a description scientifically accurate, although it has its origin from the brain of a poet. The envious, wicked and malevolent rarely laugh, because, phrenologists say, they are impregnated with bile and are, therefore, morose. The haughty, the vain and the awkward also laugh very little for fear of losing their dignity. The Spanish people, who are proverbially grave, are a good example. People who have lines extending downward from the angle of the mouth toward the chin well marked rarely laugh, and, moreover, show a tendency to pensiveness in youth and melancholy in after life. Those who have lines raying outward from the eyes are, on the contrary, people who laugh a good deal, especially when the upper lip is framed by two deep furrows running down to the mouth.

Lavater, the noted Swiss physiognomist, says that frank, easy, copious laughter indicates "a good soul devoid of vanity." Such people often have a great many wrinkles running obliquely outward and downward from the eyes. They also have full, open lips and a round, large forehead.—New York Herald.

THE ENGLISH GRUNTING HABIT.

An observant philosopher, who has lately been devoting considerable attention to the study of modern manners, has been much struck with the habit of grunting and pseudo coughing which is growing among both sexes, and threatens to become a public nuisance wherever two or three men or women are gathered together. When nobody has anything to say, some one begins an affected cough, which is merely the indication of a mind with nothing in it, or makes a guttural grunt, to prove that its author is still alive. The correspondent continues: "If people do not exercise a little self-restraint and check this pernicious habit we shall soon be called a nation of snorters and grunters. On Sunday last I was at church and immediately behind me sat a woman with her young children, and during the sermon, to which I was listening intently, my thoughts were distracted by the woman behind me constantly grunting—possibly the doctrine hit her too hard. Her children followed suit. When asked on the way home why they grunted, the chief of the youngsters replied: 'Mummy grunts, so do I.' Recently I was traveling in a first-class railway carriage with five other men. The one in the car corner back seat set up his peculiar grunt, the man opposite him followed, then the man next to me in the center, and then the man opposite him, and then the man opposite me, and they all seemed to take it up again in their turn, and to think, much more to read, was out of the question, and I felt inclined to jump out of the carriage, but as we were in a Southwestern, which is famous for the pace they travel, this was quite out of the question, and I had to endure the persecution until the first stoppage, when I left the occupants to grunt at each other to their hearts' content."—London Telegraph.

WHEN YOU PUT ON YOUR GLOVES.

Open and turn back the gloves to the thumb and powder lightly. Put the fingers in their places, roll the thumb, and carefully work them on with the first finger and thumb of the other hand until they are quite down; never press between the fingers. Pass the thumb into its place with care and work on as the fingers. Turn back the glove and slide it over the hand and wrist, never pinching the kid, and work the glove into proper place by means of the lightest pressure, always allowing the kid to slide between the fingers. In finishing care should be taken in fastening the first button.

Every duty which is bidden to wait

ON A HEAVY TRACK MANY HOPS RUINED

The Fifth Burns Handicap of the California Turf. Blue Mold the Most Serious Problem Yet Made.

ROWELL WINS THE SECOND TIME

The Horse Won the Same Race in 1898, and Was Second Once—The Stake Is Valuable.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 3.—On a heavy track, in a drizzling rain, Dr. H. E. Rowell's bay gelding Imperious, by Morello, dam Helen Scratch won the fifth Burns handicap, the classic event of California turf, at Oakland today. This is the second time Rowell has captured the rich stake, having won with Satsuma in 1898, and finished second with the same horse last year. Rowell's stable, Imperious and Malay, were well played by the smaller betters. The opening odds of four to one fluctuated slightly and closed at the same figures. Others were backed at odds ranging all the way from five to one, to fifty to one. Rosinaute was second, and Fomero third; time 2:10. The stake is worth \$10,000.

BEHAVIOR OF THE WOUNDED.

A lady living at Surbiton has received an account of the battle of Colenso from her son, an officer in one of the Irish regiments. In the course of his letter the writer states: At the start a shell from our own artillery, with a fuse badly timed, burst in the middle of my company, wounding about five men. I was knocked down by the explosion, and a portion of the shell struck the ground at the side of my boot. We went on and got behind a mound, with bullets flying within a few inches, and shells bursting over us. A bullet from a shrapnel hit my side without hurting me, and I kept it as a memento. We lay as flat as possible, waiting to be killed, as no one thought we could escape. We were under fire from 5:30 a. m. until 2:30 p. m. Soon the Red Cross people appeared and we were relieved from an awkward position. While lying on the ground I felt a bullet skim along my back and found that it had made a hole in my jacket. Our men were wonderfully plucky. One man near me got a bullet through him, and said, 'Ah, and if the bastards haven't hit me, that's one ter them.' Immediately the words were out of his mouth he got another and said as coolly as ever, 'Be jabbers, if they haven't struck me the second time.' Another bullet struck him just after, and he said, 'Well, that's number three. I do think the blackguards might let a feller alone after they've hit him wance.' Others were laughing and joking continually. I actually slept as I lay on the ground, and was awakened by bullets going 'ping' into the ground at the side of my head. One Boer was very kind. He galloped more than once to the river with half a dozen water bottles for our men and seemed very distressed. He said they were all tired of the war, and asked what we were fighting about. He thought the English were jolly good fellows. Other Boers looted the dead and wounded, and one officer was found with a finger cut off to get a gold ring.—The Pall Mall Gazette.

SAMUEL GOMPERS HOME.

President of the American Federation of Labor Returns from Cuba.

Among the passengers on the Ward line steamship Mexico, arriving yesterday from Havana, was Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who had been in Cuba for his health. He was injured in a trolley car collision in Washington several weeks ago. Mr. Gompers said his trip was in no sense an official one, but while he was in Havana and Matanzas he made a study of the labor condition, and conferred with the representatives of organized labor and employers of labor. Mr. Gompers declared that he had settled a strike of fourteen thousand Cuban and Spanish cigarmakers to the satisfaction of the men and their employers while in Cuba. He will return to his home in Washington in a few days.—N. Y. Herald.

DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS.

Diamonds have been discovered during the last few years in the neighborhood of the great lakes, principally in the state of Wisconsin, and the first discovery recorded was at Eagle, Waukesha county, in 1876. Since that time seventeen well-identified diamonds weighing from one-half carat to 21 1/4 carats have been found about the great lakes, and their discovery has given rise to considerable speculation and the formulating of theories.—New York Post.

A CASE OF TRUST.

Mrs. Blinkers—What! Going away! Why? Servant—Yes, mum; when I came yesterday you gave me the keys to your trunks, and drawers, and chests, and jewel boxes to keep for you. Mrs. Blinkers—Yes; I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter? Servant—There don't one of 'em fit.—London Tit-Bits.

A WOMAN WITH TWO HEARTS.

A postmortem examination has just revealed that Miss Ella Gates, who died last week at her home near Ontario, N. Y., had two perfectly developed hearts. Miss Gates was in her twenty-fifth year. She never enjoyed robust health, and since her early teens had been an invalid. The slightest overexertion brought on complete prostration. She died while writing a note to her brother, leaving a sentence unfinished.

MANY HOPS RUINED

Blue Mold the Most Serious Problem Yet Made.

VALOR OF STOCKS IS SHRINKING

Damp Warehouses the Cause of the Blight—Method of Cleaning and Saving the Stock.

The blue mold in the Oregon hops is a more serious matter than has been generally realized. It is so serious as to render all the hops left in the state, which have not been stored in properly constructed warehouses—every bale of them—merely nominal value. This is the testimony of men who ought to know. It is a new experience for Oregon. Nothing of the kind has been known before in all the history of the industry, covering about 30 years. But since the conditions are as stated, there is no advantage in any one attempting to convince himself that it cannot be true, simply because he wishes it were otherwise. How large a proportion of the hops left unsold have been kept in improperly constructed warehouses, it is impossible to estimate. It is said there are 25,000 bales of Oregon hops yet in the state and unsold. This calculation can not be far wrong. Most of these 25,000 bales are in the warehouses on the farms.

There has been a general attempt among the leaders and many of the growers to prevent the further spread of the blue mold by stripping the cloth from the bales and scraping off the outside coating that was affected, then replacing the cloth and sewing up the bales. It was thought that by shipping them out immediately, into the dryer climate of the Eastern states, this would prevent the spread of the mold. But the word from the brokers and consumers does not indicate that this process has proven effective. The mold has gone on spreading and there is loud complaint coming back over the wires.

One dealer says hundreds of bales of Oregon hops, sold and sent East, and now in the hands of the consumers, will never be used, and many others will have to be rehandled, and the affected parts thrown away. He declares that the only effective way to prevent the further spread of the mold, and render any part of an affected bale of hops of use, is to strip off the moldy part entirely, then dry thoroughly the unaffected part, and re-bale the saved product, using new burlap, or at least the old burlap after a thorough cleaning and drying process. It will not do, he says, to simply scrape off the moldy part, sew up the same burlap, and trust to luck. The dampness is there yet, and the process of molding is set in, and it will not stop, even after shipment to another climate. It will not do, either, he says, to simply dry the hops in the bales. This process would make every bale musty clear through. What has caused this heretofore unheard of condition of things? Some contend it is in the hop—that, no matter how much a hop is dried, all the moisture is not entirely dried out of it; and the wet picking season filled the burs so full of water that no grower thoroughly dried his hops. The season has been damp, and the inside and outside dampness have combined to make the conditions now confronted.

Others say it is entirely owing to the damp season; that it is noticed that everything hung up in rooms where there has been no fire has molded more or less, on account of the foggy, musky weather, with very little wind. The air has been thick and conducive to mold. Anyway, the mold is here, and every day sees it increases, and it affects hops of all grades; and there is no virtue in denying the fact.

Of course, a great proportion of the 25,000 bales yet unsold has been properly housed, and these are safe. The dealers are now offering to contract the coming crop at 8 cents, and it is intimated that this offer has been increased to 9 cents, though no contracts are reported closed. The fact that the visible supply of good hops unsold in the United States, is growing very small makes the outlook somewhat brighter than it appeared a few weeks ago.

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEDGER.

"I will cause the name of France to be remembered with terror throughout foreign lands!" cried the excited Parisian. "What will you do—join the army?" "No." "Write articles for the papers?" "No. I will open a hotel during the exposition, and make out the bills myself."—Washington Star.

QUO VADIS CHURCH IN ROME.

There is a church in Rome called the Domine Quo Vadis. The tradition runs that St. Peter, in fleeing from the holy city, was here met by the Savior and cried out, "Lord, whither goest thou?" or "Domine, Quo Vadis?" The reply was that Christ was going to Rome to be crucified afresh. Peter turned back and the church was built on the spot.

KATE FIELD'S LOVER.

A Sensational Romance Which Was Written by Eugene Field. Editor Kohlsaat, of the Chicago Times-Herald, related a funny story, when in town recently, of the delight

Gene Field took in teasing Kate Field, and how vexed she would be at the pranks he was continually playing upon her.

"But the story that broke Kate Field's heart was written by Gene when she was in Spain writing up the Spanish in 1895. It was one of the most ingenious and sensational fakes ever sprung on the public," said Mr. Kohlsaat.

"The thing purported to be a special from a correspondent in Madrid. Having first, in delicate fashion, announced that the Duke of Matano had offered his hand to Miss Field and had been accepted, Gene proceeded with the thrilling episode he had dreamed out. The marquis of Lorne has been writing to the press to advocate collie dogs being worked to find out hidden intruders. As no scrub or cover could deceive collies there seems some sense in proposing that they should be trained to show a concealed enemy's neighborhood.

"Miss Field one day arrayed herself brilliantly in a lovely silk costume to which red and yellow, Spain's colors, largely predominated. She was to attend the bull fight with her lover. The arrival of Matano and his dual equipage, splendid attire and ceremonious attentions to his fiancée were elaborately set forth. Miss Field in her gorgeous robes accompanied the duke to the Plaza del Toros.

"Arrived at the plaza the duke found the assemblage so large that he would not deign to mingle with the crowd that poured in at the main entrance, but bribed those in charge of the arena to let him pass through it with his bride-to-be.

"It was an innovation that took the people by storm. The haughty courier escorting the lovely girl, the mingled glitter and gleam of his gilded trappings and her silken draperies enraptured the great multitude that sat on tier above the vast amphitheater. "In this imposing manner the duke, his innamorata and his retinue traversed the entire diameter of the arena. The first bull had not yet been brought in, and Miss Field and the duke were, for the time being, the whole attraction.

"Just as the duke made ready to assist his lady over the barricade a wild cry rang out from the throng, a shout of terror, not of applause. Through some mistake a bull had been admitted to the arena too soon, and, glimpsing Miss Field's dress, rushed for her in headlong rage.

"Miss Field shrieked and fainted with terror, but the strong arms of the duke thrust her quickly over the barrier, where a hundred hands stretched upward to receive her limp figure, but her lover had no time to save himself, and in the next instant the horns of the infuriated bull were buried in his vital parts.

"Well," said Mr. Kohlsaat, "this story was copied everywhere, and the sympathy of the world went out to the lovely American, who lost her lover in this tragic manner.

"Only the other day," said Miss Field to me a short time before her death, "a young lady came to me and said: 'Oh, Miss Field, I have longed to meet you and tell you how deeply I sympathized with you in the loss of your lover over in Spain, that splendid fellow who—' and she was much frozzen with astonishment when I cut her off and said 'Rats!'—Denver Post.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

In 1838 Francis Douce, the antiquary bequeathed a sealed box to the British museum on condition that it was not to be opened until January 1, 1900. Some literary people in England are now clamoring for information as to its contents, but it is unlikely that their curiosity will be gratified for a long time, as a great many formalities have to be gone through first.

Siberian Exiling to Be Prohibited.

The thought of exiled Russian criminals clinging their way over the snows of the Siberian plains to a life of terrible desolation is one of horror. It is now rumored that this barbarous custom is to be abolished, and that Siberia, which is really a fertile country, is to be cultivated. This news will be welcomed as joyfully by the far away convicts as is the fact by exiles of health, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters claim to cure. That is all. The Bitters not only claim to cure, but has done so for fifty years. It cures indigestion, constipation, malaria, fever and ague, liver and kidney troubles. It is the best medicine in the world for this time of the year.

ELECTED DELEGATES.

The Salem and Woodburn Granges held a joint meeting in this city yesterday. An enthusiastic meeting was held and W. M. Wagner, of Turner, and J. M. Bonney, of Woodburn, were elected representatives to attend the meeting of the State Grange at Independence on May 22d.

A pleasant reminder of the past comes from the action of the Pennsylvania legislature in arranging to restore the lost, disintegrated or buried monuments that marked Mason and Dixon line. Two English engineers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, drew this line a few years before the revolution. Some years ago it signified the bloody chasm between north and south, but today, through the blessing of time and the wave of national feeling set in motion by the Spanish war, it is only what it was originally, the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

News from Cape Nome up to December 15th has been received in this city, and the reports confirm the previous opinions as to the district's richness. The creeks are producing heavily, and there are stories of wonderful cleanups. The prospects at Cape York are also very flattering, and the impression seems to be that important discoveries will be found along the entire coast. Allowing for the exaggeration which so often characterizes Alaskan reports, it is safe to conclude that the Nome district has turned out to be one of the most marvelous that has been exploited for years.—Seattle P-I.

Defer not till tomorrow to be wise. Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise.—Congreve.

A LEASE GRANTED

STATE LAND AT CASCADES TO BE UTILIZED.

Loans Approved by the Land Board and Numerous Sales Made—Insurance Tax Paid.

(From Daily, March 4th.) At the capitol yesterday, the day was extremely quiet, there being very little business transacted, although the offices were constantly crowded with callers.

The state land board held a brief meeting for the purpose of receiving and opening bids for the lease of a small tract of land, owned by the state on the Columbia river at Cascades, suitable for warehouses and docks. Two bids were received for the use of the land, Clark & Hoff, of Escalante, offering \$30 per month, and the Cascade Construction Company (Col. I. N. Day), \$12.50 per month. The board awarded the lease to Clark & Hoff, for a term ending with the next session of the legislature. The tract of land contains a few acres, but has a water front of 400 feet.

The land board has approved, during the week, twelve applications for loans from the state school fund, aggregating \$13,220, and rejected five applications with a total of \$8100.

The land board has sold, during the month of February, a large amount of land, nearly all of it being disposed of at \$1.25 an acre, while a few tracts brought \$2. Nearly all the sales were made on certificates, though a few were cash transactions.

In the treasury department three insurance companies paid their state tax on the business transacted during the year, 1899, as follows:

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia—Gross premiums, \$53,789.11; premiums returned, \$552,890; losses paid, \$5500; net receipts, \$42,836.25; tax paid, \$856.73.

Phoenix Assurance Company, of London—Gross, \$16,200.15; premiums returned, \$205,555; losses paid, \$3402.10; net receipts, \$10,682.50; tax, \$213.65.

Aachen & Munich Fire Insurance Company of Germany—Gross, \$23,790.28; premiums returned, \$4150.11; losses paid, \$11,313.60; net receipts, \$8,236.57; tax, \$166.53.

REPORTS NOT TRUE

PORTLAND PARTIES DO HOP GROWERS ASSOCIATION INJUSTICE.

Are Circulating Fallacious Rumors Concerning the Management—Statements Are Denied.

(From Daily, March 4th.)

The Portland Telegram has during the past month contained a number of articles of a local character, that by reason of the unreliability of the allegations, does the Oregon Hop Growers Association, and more particularly the official management of the organization, an injustice.

This metropolitan paper, on last Friday evening, contained an article in which it seeks to represent that there is much dissension among the members of the executive committee of the association, which it alleges is on the verge of dissolution. The following excerpts from the article give a general idea of its character:

"As is not moving smoothly with the Oregon Hopgrowers' Association, and it is even said by outside dealers that dissolution of the combine is near. The consolidation of the Portland office with the Salem office is said to be one of the preliminary moves. The reasons given are bad management, strife among officers of the combine, and blue mold in pooled hops, which, it is claimed, is causing growers to 'sell from under' the association, however, there are bubbles on the surface which speak of interior disturbances. It is an open secret among those interested that there was rivalry and jealousy among certain of the executive members, and that several attempts have been made to oust one of these members. The closing of the Portland office is said to be for the purpose of tying the hands of one member who has furnished a great deal of the brains for keeping the association on its feet. But these preliminary shocks, it is hinted, will be nothing as compared with the final earthquake, which will jar things loose when the time of settlement and the dividing of commissions arrives. Then, it is claimed, there will be such a shaking up that if the association is not wrecked outright, it will be badly shattered, and require a strong effort to pull it through."

James Winstanley, who has charge of the association's office in this city, was seen yesterday afternoon. He did not consider the malicious reports deserving of much consideration, claiming that the falsity of the accusations was too apparent from the record that has been made by the association, to receive any attention. To a Statesman reporter, however, Mr. Winstanley said:

"The matter of the consolidation of the Salem and Portland offices and the establishing of the association's head office in the Capital City, was purely a business proposition. The expense of maintaining the Portland office was greater than the business of that office justified. The association receives only a half cent commission for the hops it handles, which does not warrant the contraction of any unnecessary expense.

"There is absolutely no disruption among the officers of the association and the business is being conducted most harmoniously. The only dissatisfaction that exists is with a few of the members of the association who have become restless awaiting the sale of their hops that they may realize something from their crop. This is a matter over which the association has no control. The association has the hops and the same will be sold when satisfactory prices can be obtained. An offer from a Portland firm was today received for 700 bales and the same is now under consideration by the sales committee."