

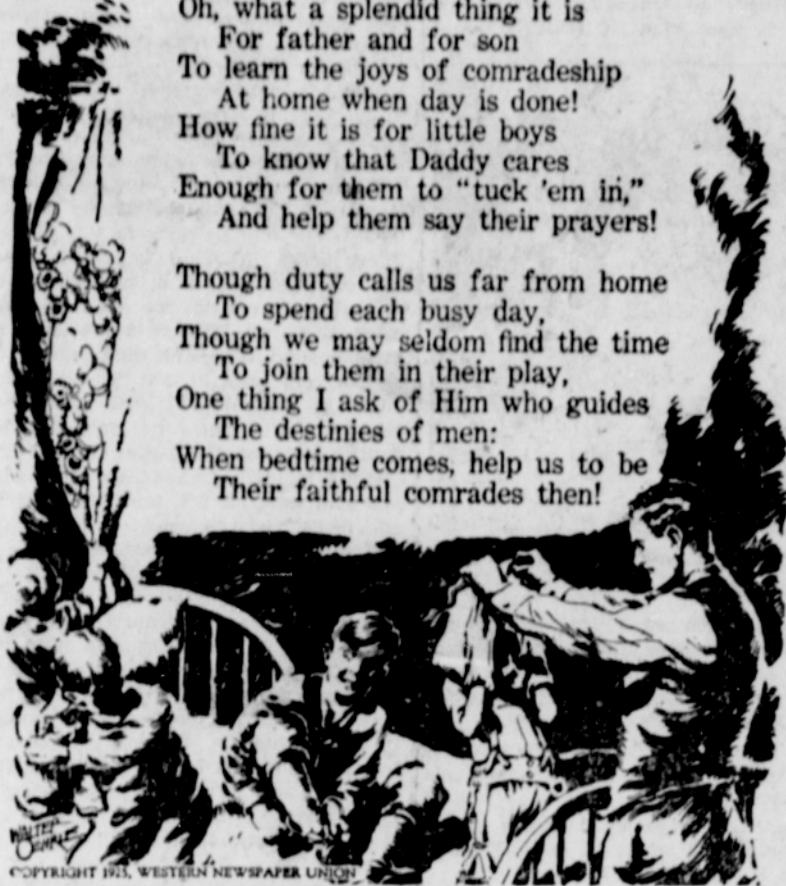


When Bedtime Comes

By O. Lawrence Hawthorne

Oh, what a splendid thing it is
For father and for son
To learn the joys of comradeship
At home when day is done!
How fine it is for little boys
To know that Daddy cares
Enough for them to "tuck 'em in,"
And help them say their prayers!

Though duty calls us far from home
To spend each busy day,
Though we may seldom find the time
To join them in their play,
One thing I ask of Him who guides
The destinies of men:
When bedtime comes, help us to be
Their faithful comrades then!



Armistice Day

Armistice Day was observed here yesterday in a quiet manner. Most of the business houses were closed, but when you are the whole force in a country print shop a holiday don't have much effect. You just simply have to work.

An Old Landmark Gone

With the removal of the old city council room from its location in the city park, to the Cooper lumber yard near the river, another old landmark passes. The building was erected along about 1880 and for a good many years was considered an asset but in more recent years more or less of an eye-sore, as it obstructed the view of the park. The hose cart house which stood beside it was also moved, but in a different direction. At any rate the removal of these buildings gives a clear view of the new band stand and the park.

Beet Sugar

Important Industry

"For last year's beets, the growers received \$7.61 per ton. If they can do that well this year, the tillers of the soil are going to be sitting pretty. There is very little of the produce of the farm but what is bringing fair prices and the farmers who work the productive soil of this country should have something to sell."

General economics have been introduced in the beet sugar factories, improved machinery adopted, short cuts affected, more favorable contracts on the average made to the growers and better use of the by products, the tops, the pulp and the molasses, so that the beet growers on the average ought to do about as well as last year even though sugar prices are slightly lower. Most of the contracts are now on the 50-50 basis between growers and manufacturers, with a \$5 to \$6 a ton advanced payment or guarantee.—Colorado Times.

This is an industry of great importance both from the standpoint of agriculture and national security in times of stress.

There has been a limited amount of sugar beets grown in the Willamette valley with success. It could be made a valuable asset to this town and vicinity. We have a vast acreage tributary to Dayton on which root crops thrive. Why not introduce sugar beets, build a beet sugar factory and have a pay roll?

Henry Chapman's 85th Birthday Sunday November Eighth

Last Sunday, November eighth Henry Chapman passed his eighty fifth mile stone on his journey through life. Mr. Chapman is quite strong for a man of his years. Comes up town nearly every day, and sprints right along. His daughter in-law, Mrs. L. S. Chapman and children came up from Portland to help those of the family who live here honor the occasion, at the Chapman home.

Basket Ball

The double header basket ball game between the high school girls and boys and the alumni girls and boys last Friday night resulted in a victory for the high school in both games, but they had to work for it.

Annual Homecoming

The people of the Wellfoot community are making big plans for their annual Thanksgiving dinner, and homecoming. A good program will be given and all old timers and aged members will be special guests of honor.

A Leading Question

A Middle West farmer who does not claim to be a road engineer, recently asked a leading question. For 20 years he had been paying taxes to haul rock onto his county road. Road engineers decided to tear up this solidly packed foundation in order to build a "new foundation" on which to lay a 6-inch concrete pavement.

The farmer taxpayer objected and said: "Why waste that foundation when a 2 inch waterproof wearing surface will preserve it and carry all the traffic that this road will be obliged to handle for years to come?"

In the long run it is the foundation that must support the pavement. If a 2-inch resilient wearing surface of an asphaltic character will protect the old base, keep out water and absorb the shock of traffic, why tear out the old base and then spend two or three times as much money for an entirely new road? As the road tax bill increases, the public demands economy along these lines.

Hogs and Corn

This part of the Willamette valley promises to be the home of hogs and corn as evidenced by the fact that the farmers who have started this line of business on the farm are realizing a nice profit on their corn by letting hogs harvest it. Geo. H. Jackman has just disposed of 28 head of spring pigs, most of them only six months old, that averaged about 200 pounds per head, and figures that he got at least \$1.25 per bu. for his corn without having the expense of husking and handling it, and several others have handled their crop in the same manner. One man had 50 head of fine ones according to the hog buyer.

G. B. Abdill 80 Years Old

Tuesday Nov. 10th G. B. Abdill was carrying around a big smile that would not come off, caused by him celebrating his 80th birthday. He received a number of congratulatory messages.

The old home paper makes a welcome visitor to your friends 52 times for only \$1.50. Just hand us the \$1.50 and we will do the rest.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends who so ably assisted during the sickness and death of our dear wife and daughter, and we especially wish to express our thank the choir and for the beautiful floral offerings.

F. E. Berry and son
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mellinger
and family.

Mr. Spaulding of Salem, owner of the Spaulding Ranch south of town, was here last Thursday. He operates a large saw mill and building material plant in Salem, and in conversation with him he said: If a man comes into the office to buy some small article, such as a sack of cement or something else of about that value, most of the clerks will swell up and say, "I can't be bothered with such small deals," but he takes such customers in hand, waits on them the same as tho they were buying a large order and thinks it pays. Too many times the clerks are "bigger" than the boss. Did you ever think of that.

C. A. Rockhill and family of Grand Island left last Thursday for Kansas City, Kans., where they will visit friends and relatives. They drove their car to some point in California, and from there will go by train.

Wreaths on Statues

Barred in London

One of the little-known forbidden things in London is to lay a wreath before a statue. Five Americans of Scottish descent brought a wreath of bay leaves to lay before the statue of Robert Burns in the Embankment gardens, the occasion being the 129th anniversary of his death and they being Americans who keep note of such things.

A park ranger caught them at it and soon stopped this rash attempt to add to the decoration of the Embankment gardens. He ascertained at once (as he suspected) that they had no official and properly sealed permission to lay a wreath on Robert Burns memorial.

The Americans asked him what he would have done if they had laid their wreath before Burns without being seen. The ranger replied honestly enough that in that case he would have taken it off when he did see it. So the Americans took their wreath away sorrowfully and laid it before the bust of Lincoln at the Savoy hotel. But why should it be necessary to get permission to do so innocent and pleasing a thing as to lay a wreath before a statue?

Danger to the Eyes

in Major Industries

That there is hardly an industrial occupation in America which does not add each year to the steadily increasing number of the blind and near blind is the announcement made by the national committee for the prevention of blindness, following an extensive study of eye hazards in industry. Referring to the records of a single insurance company which in three and a half years settled claims involving 1,049 cases of permanent disability resulting from eye injuries, the committee found that 82 eyes were lost in the presumably safe occupations of merchandising, farming and textile manufacture.

"This is further proof," the committee reports, "that serious eye accidents are likely to occur wherever men, women and children are employed. There is no such thing as a really nonhazardous occupation."

The report shows that the greatest number of serious eye injuries for the entire country occur in the metal manufacturing industries. But in Pennsylvania the coal mining industry ranks first as a cause of industrial blindness, and in Wisconsin hand tools are the greatest single cause of injuries to eyesight. One large ship-building company had more than 4,300 eye cases treated in its dispensary in one year. The committee recommends the keeping of detailed and accurate records of the nature, causes and costs of eye injuries as the first step in any campaign for the prevention of eye accidents in an industrial plant or in an entire industry.

Nothing but Justice

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad-foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law and judgment for an unjust thing sternly delayed, dost thou think therefore that there is no justice? It is what the fool had said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they desired and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice; one strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true thing. * * * If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded, though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bell-rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes—an abolished and annihilated thing.—Thomas Carlyle.

The Notorious Line

Hale Holden, the railroad magnate, told a railroad story at a banquet in New York. "Once upon a time," he said, "there was a railroad line about 12 miles long that was notorious for its discomfort, bumps and dirt. "A train on this line pulled into the terminus one morning, late as usual, and a man said, as he rose and brushed off the coal and dust and soot: "Well, thank goodness, the worst part of my journey is over." "Goin' far?" said the conductor. "Madagascar," said the man.

Home Brew of Abyssinia

A great quantity of beeswax is exported from Abyssinia, but the honey from which the wax is obtained is entirely consumed at home. They make a drink of it called "tej." The Abyssinian beehive is a long cylindrical basket which is suspended from the trees. A little honey is placed in it in the first place and soon the bees take possession of it and proceed to fill the basket. The honey is squeezed from the comb and allowed to ferment in goat skin containers. It is a home-brew, but it has all the necessary "kick."

Old Festival Rites

in Honor of Ceres

The sacred rites with which the annual festival of Ceres was celebrated at Eleusis were called the Eleusinian mysteries.

Many traditions were afloat in ancient time, says Chambers, as to the origin of this festival. Of these, the most generally accepted was the effect that Ceres, wandering about the earth in search of Proserpine, her lost daughter, arrived at Eleusis, where she rested on the famous "Sorrowful Stone" beside the well of Callichoirs. In return for some small act of kindness and in order to commemorate her visit she taught Triptolemus the use of corn and other cereals on the plain of Ikharion, near the city, and instituted the mystic rites peculiarly known as belonging to this goddess of agriculture.

The festival which she inaugurated consisted of two parts—the greater and the lesser mysteries, the less important feast serving as but an introduction or prelude to the greater. The celebration began on the fifteenth day of Broedromion, but history finds no exact record of the proceedings. That they were most important in the mystic life of the time is evident from the prominence given to them.—R. H. Tingley, in Chicago Journal.

Many and Various Are "Graveyards" of Books

When a book languishes, unread, unlooked at and unasked for on the shelves of a library, one phase of its life has passed and it is destined soon to enter on a new one. But what is the next stage in its career? That, to the man in the street, is one of the mysteries of literature.

Most libraries have a sort of sanctuary for unwanted books—a chamber of the forgotten—where they are kept for a time and then disposed of. Sometimes they find their way to second-hand book barrows; sometimes they are repurposed to supply paper for other books with all the world before them.

Luckiest of all are those which the London library decides to discard. It was recently revealed that they are sent out to the Seychelles islands, where one book is as good as another, and the date of a volume's publication has no influence on its chances of popularity.

Adventurous books, these, that go voyaging out to the Indian ocean. But there is a price to pay for adventure. Sooner or later the ants will get them, and when these voracious devourers of literature are done with them there will be nothing left for ordinary readers!—London Mail.

Eyes of the Great

After consulting various records we find, says the Washington Star, that although in the eyes of famous people all colors are represented, the majority appear to have had eyes either of blue, gray or blue-gray. Dante's eyes were brown, as were also those of Julius Caesar, Paganini, Goethe, Leigh Hunt, Voltaire, Gladstone, Pope Leo XIII, Beethoven, Raphael and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Persons with gray eyes include Byron, Coleridge, Chatterton, Napoleon, Bismarck and Nansen, the explorer. Audubon, the duke of Wellington, Richard Coeur de Lion, Wolsey, Dickens, Ruskin, Moltke, the duke of Marlborough, Swift and Edison all had blue eyes. Many persons have eyes that are at times gray and at times blue, generally described as blue-gray. Famous persons having this type of eyes include Frederick the Great, J. Russell Lowell, Rossetti and George Washington. Most portraits of Shakespeare indicate that he had blue eyes.

Stopped in Time

The defendants were all certain that they had not been overspeeding. "We may have been putting on speed when we got to the hill, but we could be down to 20 miles an hour within two car-lengths," said the first one. "I'm sure," said the next man, "that we weren't doing more than 15 miles an hour, and at the crossroads we were down to ten." The third merely put it: "We were practically at a standstill when the policeman came up." "If I hear any more witnesses, I shall have the car backing into some one," said the justice of the peace. "I'd better stop the thing now. Ten dollars fine."

"Bloody Sweat"

The skin of the hippopotamus, which in some places is two inches thick, contains a large quantity of oily substance which exudes from the pores. When the hippopotamus is excited or in pain this oily substance flows more freely and is tinted reddish in color. This is the "bloody sweat" for which the animal is famous. Scientists say that the color of the oily substance is not caused by blood.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Armistice Day



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