

WHO IS TO BLAME? BILLY? HIS PARENTS? OR JUST THIS 'JAZZ' AGE

WIRED INDIAN TOM-TOMS BEAT UNDER OCTOBER MOON'S MAGIC

In the Indistinctness, a Sleeping Woman Lay, Her Ankles and Toes Laden With Jewels; Her "Sari" Was Bright Red

(For clear English style, for pictures deftly drawn—retaining their atmosphere and detail though weeks have passed since these lines were hurriedly written in a mob surrounded Indian huts—this article has few superlatives. Read it for the moving romance, and the zeal it portrays.)

Bharosa Ghar, Mission, Bhagalpur, Gorakhpur Dist., U. P. India, Nov. 11, 1925. "Dear Friends in the Homeland, "I wish I could adequately describe to you the big 'mela' that has recently taken place in front of our compound on the Gogra river. It was one of the most wonderful sights we have ever seen, wonderful, sad, awe-inspiring and prayer-inspiring. A 'mela' is a gathering for worship. It is said that at this bathing place in ancient times, a holy woman came to bathe. An angel hovered over the spot and at one time a blind person was healed by bathing in its waters. Therefore it has become a sacred place.

"At the time of full moon in October occurs one of the two largest melas of the year. On Friday the 30th the crowds began to gather, forming groups here and there all over the open field. By dark the ground was literally covered and the 'notching' had begun.

"A 'notcher' is one who dances in a weird way, nearly naked, to the beat of 'tom-toms' and brass clappers. Each 'notcher' has a big crowd around him and these groups are here and there all over the ground. At the very heels of these crowds lie sleeping men and women, tired with the journey from perhaps some very distant village.

"Under a canvas canopy some bitter-faced men are gathering a crowd around them. They are the Arya Samaj, engaged chiefly in denouncing Christianity and warning people against it. If questioned, they would extol the merits of their 'guru' (teacher) whom they worship. But they do not spend their time trying to lift or help the poor ignorant masses but only in disputing.

"Over a large well scores of men are washing off the dust of travel. Everywhere women are mixing 'suttoo' (parched flour and water) for the evening meal. Some are singing the praises of their gods, others are having family reunions with loud wailing, all voices are pitched high to be heard making a great deafening commotion.

"About four p. m. we began preaching here and there among the seething throngs, the men gathering men around them and we women gathering the women. It is especially difficult, even at a mela, to which the 'zeenzars' women are allowed to come to get the gospel of these women.

"As soon as we sit down near

EUGENE SCOUTS SET RECORD WITH WORK

Claim Eleven New Troops Are Formed in Year, 126 Members Added

That a remarkable record had been made in the Boy Scout movement in Eugene and Lane county since the organization of a council of the first class last spring, was indicated by records on file at the office of the executive here yesterday.

The entire unit is far ahead of national qualification requirements, percentages reveal. There are more boys qualified in the various stages of scouting than the national headquarters fix for this district.

This entirely due to the fact that more than 100 men of the county are giving their time in one way or another toward the promotion of the movement. Especially is this true, it was said, of the members of various departments in the court of honor.

Recapitulation of the Boy Scout activities of the year, compared with the standing of 1924, give the following data:

Year	1924	1925
Troops	1	11
Registered scouts	24	150
Tenderfoot	19	104
Second class	14	60
First class	8	32
Merit badge scouts	0	35
Star scouts	0	24
Life scouts	0	10
Eagle scouts	0	8
Merit badges passed	20	355
Boy days in camp	57	1065
Boy days on hikes	99	700
Hours, com'y service	150	100
Men enlisted in work	10	100

JUNIOR CHRISTMAS STORY OF TODAY

How the Good News of the Coming of a King Reached Little David

(Editorial Note: This is the first of a series of short Sunday stories for children which will appear regularly on page one of this section every Sunday.)

Rev. E. H. Shanks Little David's father was the gate keeper of the little town of Bethlehem. Their house formed a part of the gateway. Though the home was small it was very comfortable. A small orchard and garden just outside the wall furnished work for David's father during the day, and his mother spent much of her time in combing and spinning wool. Just inside the gate, half underground, there was an old stable, used by caravans stopping over night on their way to Egypt or to the north. David loved to play about the stable, and often listened to the strange stories told by these traveling merchants.

David had an older brother, who, with two uncles, was a shepherd and tended the flocks on

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IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? THE QUESTION ANSWERED BY DANA

The Great Editor of the New York Sun in Its Pristine Glory Told the Children of the World About Santa

A little girl, once wrote Charles A. Dana, the then great editor of the New York Sun, inquiring if there is a Santa Claus. She said her little friends denied his existence. Dana's reply was as follows:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless amount of him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be like dreary as if there were no Virginia. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhoods fill the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there.

"Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You may tear apart the baby's

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HOLIDAY PROGRAM OUTLINED BY Y

Every Boy in City is Invited to Enjoy Full Membership Rights

Salem YMCA is planning to stage an elaborate program during Christmas vacation. Every boy in the city is invited to attend. During the vacation period, every boy will be admitted to the YMCA and will be given full privileges without cost.

Following is the complete program scheduled:

Thursday, Dec. 24 Educational trip to Spaulding's saw mill, 10-12 a. m.

Saturday, Dec. 26 Regular schedule in the morning. 2 p. m.—Start high school ping pong tournament.

Monday, Dec. 28 10-12 a. m.—Visit penitentiary and state hospital. 2 p. m.—High school boys open basketball tournament.

Pioneer basketball tournament begins. Continue high school ping pong tournament. Start junior ping pong tournament.

SALEM'S INDUSTRIES PICTURED BY SIX FIRST PRIZE ESSAYISTS

Students Show Insight and Pride in Papers Submitted for Kiwanis Club Contest, Choice of Winners Hard

DRUG CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE IN THE SALEM DISTRICT. By Lila Louise Cattier, High School. "Oregon must eventually become the drug garden of the world," was a statement made by Professor Gilliland, assistant professor of pharmacy at the Oregon Agricultural college, over a year ago; and every day we are reaping that point which will mean millions to our community. We have, in Oregon, the wonderful combination of soil and climatic conditions which produce the best results in drug cultivation. There are some herbs of course, that cannot be grown here; but a great many drug plants are a native of this region, while others may be successfully introduced.

Some of the most important and common drug plants that are found around Salem are cascara, or chittum, Oregon grape, peppermint, foxglove or digitalis, spagnum moss, flax, and hops. Even the despised poison oak is used in a compound as an antitoxin against poison oak. This district is the native home of cascara, but, as a forest production, it will eventually run out. There is no suitable substitute, and the world must have it. Here, where it has grown wild, is the locality where it will flourish under cultivation. Oregon grape root, likewise, is a native of Oregon. For years cascara and Oregon grape have been shipped out in car lots.

The mint grown in the Salem district has the purest oil and the highest content of menthol of any production in the United States. With the steady increase of our peppermint acreage, it will not be long before we shall harvest a million dollar crop annually. Oregon's crude drugs helped win the World war for democracy. School children gathered vast quantities of foxglove, from which digitalis was made. There was also the spagnum moss which is found in our salt bogs. This, our people shipped to France during the war for surgical dressings.

Professor A. Ziefle, dean of the School of Pharmacy of the Oregon Agricultural college, says, "drugs can be grown here at one-tenth the expense and twice the yield that they can be in Michigan and Minnesota." The great drug gardens of the United States are located in these states. Large sums of money are expended annually for crude drugs imported from foreign countries where they are produced under soil and climatic conditions similar, in many cases, to ours. Therefore, on a business basis, the crude drug industry in Oregon would bring great wealth that is now going to waste in our woods and wilderness places.

The fact that Daniel J. Fry, the largest crude drug buyer in the state, is located in this city, grants Salem an advantage of claiming to be the crude drug center of Oregon. Besides conducting a market for drug plants in this vicinity, Mr. Fry's territory already extends along the whole of our coast, from Clatsop county down into northern California, in order to receive all

BILLY BORROWS AUTO, STARTS SOUTH; WHO'S TO BE BLAMED?

Something Deeper Than "This Jazz Age" Responsible for Boy's Break South, Without Money or Food

Swimming for all classes. Movies. Tuesday, Dec. 29 10-12 a. m.—Visit Valley Packing plant. 2 p. m.—Continue basketball tournaments.

Finish high school ping pong tournament. Continue junior ping pong tournament.

Swimming for all classes. Wednesday, Dec. 30 10-11:30 a. m.—Visit Linen mill. 2 p. m.—Continue basketball tournament.

Finish junior basketball tournament. Swimming for all classes. Movies. Thursday, Dec. 31 10-11:30 a. m.—Visit Woolen mill. 2 p. m.—Open ping pong tournament for all comers.

Open basketball tournaments for challenges. Friday, Jan. 1 New Year's day. Schedule to be announced.

Saturday, Jan. 2 Regular schedule in the morning. 2 p. m.—Schedule to be arranged. Watch announcements.

Billy, age 13, driving a Chevrolet touring he had stolen from Portland, was arrested Sunday by Officer Olson, on State and Liberty. Police found he had escaped from the state training school at Chehalis, Washington.

He was bound for California, where he was going to "start out new."

"How long did you plan on making the trip?" he was asked. "Bout a week." His talk came slow, nearly punctuated with tears.

"But how did you expect to eat?" A long silence; finally: "I never thought of that."

"Did you plan to rifle a store now and then?" "No, I wouldn't do that."

"You wouldn't do that?" asked the officer. "Why not?" "Because I might get caught."

"Might get caught? You stole a car. You were caught?" "Yes."

"Well, I knew some—some other boys who didn't get caught. Are you the only boy that ran away from the school?" the officer wanted to know.

"Naw, 'bout seven or eight of them ever once in awhile. 'Didn't you know you would be caught? Weren't the boys caught?" "N—not all of them."

The officer then asked Billy what nationality he was. "French," Billy replied. "French! And your name is Borden?"

"Yes sir. My grandfather was born in France. His name was Bordeaux."

"Where did you come from before you lived in Spokane?" "Montana."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer. "That explains it. You were a sheep herder!"

"No sir!" said Billy in not uncertain voice. "We had a ranch but we raised cows."

"Mm!" the officer said. "First ranch I ever heard of in Montana where they didn't grow sheep. Where were you born?" "Minnesota."

"Come, come, Billy! Now I know you are trying to slip it over on me! Who ever heard of a Frenchman ever being born in Minnesota? You are Swedish, aren't you?"

"No sir!" Billy objected. "I am French!"

"How fast could the Chevrolet you stole travel?" the officer asked.

"Forty-five miles an hour," Billy answered promptly.

"Go on, now, are you sure that's all the faster it could go?" "Yessir!" Billy's answer was positive. The officer asked him if he wanted to go back to the reform school.

"No sir, I want to get a job on a farm. I can milk cows, or things like that."

A Portland officer arrived in the afternoon and escorted Billy back to Portland where he will be questioned concerning the theft of the Portland car.

"The boy's all right," remarked another officer. "Trouble is, he is fifteen years ahead of himself."

LOST IN THE MAN-MADE JUNGLE

The low, heart-broken sobs of an exhausted woman, and the steady tramp, tramp of a distraught man broke the midnight quiet of the police station. For a day and a half Alice and Jane Paul, the two little daughters of the couple, had been missing—lost somewhere in the great jungle of the largest city in the world.

Half a mile away, at the same hour, Patrolman McQuire was turning into a dimly lighted street where he saw stretching away from him on his right, a long line of newly constructed and yet vacant houses. Could the little girls wandering into one of these houses, have locked themselves in so that they could not get out? The idea flashed through the patrolman's mind and was acted upon on the instant.

What the Flashlight Showed Into one house after the other went Patrolman McQuire and the watchman on the premises. In the fifth house McQuire paused before a locked closet while the watchman fumbled with his keys and finally swung open the door. The electric current had not yet been turned on. Room and closet were as dark as the bottomless pit. There was no sound from the black recess before them.

But when the long finger of light from the patrolman's flashlight probed its way through the closet's cave-like darkness the two searchers saw a still breathing mass in the far corner. There, clasped in each other's arms, just as they had cried themselves to sleep, lay Alice and Jane Paul. Half an hour later the two children, still dazed with sleep, and the terror of their long ordeal, were carried into the police station in the arms of Patrolman McQuire and restored to their parents.

A Busy Guardian According to Commissioner Enright of the New York police department, the policemen in New York and in other large cities of the country, has many functions to perform which are quite aside from his duties as the maintainer of law and order. One of the most important of these functions is the restoration of lost children to their homes and parents. The policeman is the official and though largely unrecognized guardian of all the children of the city.



Some Are Run-Aways It happens not infrequently, according to the commissioner, that children reported as lost have really run away from home, and in such cases the policeman's difficulties are doubled. In the early summer of the present year the parents of Phillip Black, an eleven year old boy, came to the police with a story that their son had become separated from them during the rush hour in the subway and had not been seen or heard of for twenty-four hours.

For two weeks, in spite of the diligent search instituted by the police the boy remained "lost." Then complaints began to come in from the people living in the neighborhood of the boy's home that their milk and bread were

being stolen. A policeman was set to watch the doorstep. In the dim light of the early morning he saw a small boy stealthily climb a flight of nearby steps, scoop up the bread and milk, and then run up a narrow alley. The policeman followed the boy up the alley, up the fire escape of the ten-story building and across the roof to a large water tank raised upon iron supports. Underneath the water tank he found the boy huddled in a shelter of blankets, clutching the bread and milk under his arm, while the forefinger of his right hand was held ready to press the trigger of an air- rifle.

Five Thousand a Year The thrill of adventure seduced Phil Black from his home. The treacherous lock of a closet door was to blame for the plight in such cases the policeman's difficulties are doubled. In the early summer of the present year the parents of Phillip Black, an eleven year old boy, came to the police with a story that their son had become separated from them during the rush hour in the subway and had not been seen or heard of for twenty-four hours.

SCHOOLS TO TEST MEMORY OF MUSIC

Stories of Three Selections Are Printed Every Sunday Here

MINUET IN G Beethoven, Ludwig Van (1770-1827) b Bonn, Germany

Probably no other composition is better known or better loved than Beethoven's "Minuet in G." It is one of a set of six minuets published by the composer in 1796, but while it has the name, it is an idealized minuet rather than a true dance form. It has the characteristic meter, accent, and form of the dance, but its movement is slow and its rhythm not marked enough for the actual dance. It is a delightful classic whose greatest charm comes through its melody.

There are really two minuets in this composition, the first, then a contrasting minuet, the trio, and a return to the first again. The trio—so called because it was originally played by three instruments seemingly chasing one another through the weaving scale passages. The first minuet returns as at the beginning and the composition ends.

BERCEUSE FROM "JOCELYN" Godard, Benjamin (1848-1895) Paris, France

Godard's opera of "Jocelyn" (Continued on page 2)