

Women In All Walks Are Featured In Columns of Daily Newspapers

We See by the Papers-- All Classes Written of

Huge Grist Mill of News Draws Characters From All Walks of Life; Heroes and Heroines Divide Headlines With Dregs of Nation's Walks

"Turn to the press--its teeming sheets survey, Big with the wonders of each passing day; Births, deaths and weddings, forgeries, fires, wrecks, Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks!"

Somewhere we ran across the above jingle and we are reminded of it every time we scan the daily paper, our favorite paper though it be, and a fairly conservative one at that.

Columns of catastrophe; corners in crime. Here and there and again a clear account of some event, a straight statement of fact, a statistical record--these calm and dispassionate, amid so much excitement, to give written proof that the world has not yet gone mad.

And who are the characters in the dramas of the hour? The Shades of our ancestors, could they repeat Rip Van Winkle's feat and return to be questioned, would likely and without hesitation declare:

"Men, of course, and by very virtue of their nature."

But the Shades, poor benighted things, would be jolly well mistaken!

1925 heroes divide the headline honors with heroines. Desperate Desmonds are indeed all but outtrivalled in both crime and numbers by Daring Desdemonas.

If you doubt it mark this evidence: Widow of a Financier Succeeds to His Seat in Congress--New California Member Reported to Be Good Wife and Mother.

Women Storm Albany to Aid Dry Measure--Envoys of Clubs, Churches and Civic Groups Seek to Win Wet Republican Senators.

Woman Lawyer Criticizes Transit Report--Says It Deals with Questions of the Future Exhaustively, but Touches Too Lightly on the Needs of the Day.

Girl Pianist, Just Sixteen, Devotes an Hour a Day to Thought--Declares It Helps Her the Better to Understand Life and to Develop Her Art.

So far so good, and to the credit of the fair sex. But--Read on!

Woman Bank Treasurer Goes to Jail in \$110,000 Shortage--Purchase of Stock with Funds of Farmers and Students Closes Trust Company 100 Years-Old.

Says Chum Slew in a Jealous Rage--Former Girl Friend Is Witness Against Young Married Woman on Trial for Murder.

Girl to Bare Slaying--Seventeen-year-old Dorothy, Accused of Shooting Her Sweetheart, to Tell Her Story to the Grand Jury.

Psychic Swindler in Toils--Former Vice President of Women's Foreign Missionary Society Alleged to Have Misrepresented Ownership of Property in an Attempt to Obtain \$5,000.

This on the debit side of the feminine account book. And all these tales of feminine effort and achievement, good, bad and indifferent, on the first two pages of one day's paper.

Whoever would have thought it! Certainly not stern Great Grandfather, who so ardently advocated home as woman's sphere. Nor little Great Grandmother, who agreed with him.

This new freedom! What does it really mean? For how much profit and how much loss must it make accounting to Womanhood?

We hazard no opinion, make no prophecy. Only one thing are we very sure of.

Woman, headliner in the news, tells the world the truth custom had so long forced her to conceal--that she is not in

(Continued on page 6.)

Indian Medicine Men to Chant for Needed Rains

Members From Six Tribes to Appeal to "God of Thunder" at Ceremony on Custer Field Day; Weird Dances Scheduled for Battle Anniversary

SHERIDAN, Wyo., June 5.--(By Associated Press.)--Medicine men of six Indian tribes of Montana, South Dakota and Wyoming will weave their charms and sound their chants trying to convince the "God of Thunder" to loose rain from the clouds in a feature event of the semi-centennial celebration of Custer's Last Stand to be held in June at the battlefield site of the Little Big Horn river.

They will contest to see who can make the "best medicine," on the last day of the celebration. The medicine men, each representing a tribe--the Cheyenne, Crow, Blackfeet, Assinibone, Flathead and Sioux--will be more than three score and ten years. The chief medicine man of an Indian tribe must be one of the oldest members of the tribe.

Their bodies covered with white clay, and faces and limbs painted with red, orange and yellow hues in weird designs, each Indian will carry a staff, tipped with brilliantly-colored feathers. With a whistle in his mouth he will ride through the Indian camp on the battlefield, blowing the whistle and chanting weird phrases. All the while his arms will be outstretched to the Great Spirit. Each medicine man will be allotted 30 minutes to "mix the medicine" that will precipitate rain.

In Bear Tail, oldest medicine man of their tribe, the Montana Crows of the Pryor reservation have a participant who is expected to "mix heap big medicine." Five years ago, Bear Tail warned the tribe that it would rain on a certain day when a rodeo was to be held. He was jeered by the younger members. But when rodeo day approached, he "mixed medicine" and had his squaw make the tepees fast warning her a big storm was coming.

Love on Battlefields Is Used as Theme of Story

Bill Ransom Proved His Love to His Sweetheart by Demonstrating Real Love Towards Fellowman; Whole-some Story Written by Rev. E. H. Shanks

Ernest H. Shanks "Pilliwink! Pilliwink! Rub-a-dub-dub-dub!" Fife screaming; drums beating; flags flying! Men enlisting; women crying; boys running! Excitement everywhere! War, terrible war has been declared! What a time of trial, hasty preparation, and the separation of families! Husbands and brothers off to the front! Wives, sweethearts and children left behind to pray and weep and pray again.

Among those enlisting Bill Ransom was one of the first. Bill, a great big, good-natured chap hardly 21, entered as a private soldier and was soon raised to an officer in the ranks. Bill was the only son of the Ransoms, and it was a heavy blow to his parents to have him go. But when the country called they could not say no.

There was one other who felt the separation even more. Effie Wilson was Bill's sweetheart. It was well known in the community that they were to be married before long, though the day had not been set. Now Bill's going away to war spoiled all their plans. Effie would have married him before he left, but he said, "No, Effie, it will be better to wait. May be I'll not get back. Who knows? Or maybe I'll be injured or broken down and it would not be fair to you." So the wedding was postponed. Perhaps that made Bill only more determined and eager to make a great record, which he did.

It was a long, fierce struggle, running into months and then years. The fortunes of war are very uncertain. Bill Ransom was raised from one rank to another until by the end of the war he was a colonel in command of a regiment. All this did not come easy. Several times he was wounded; once very seriously and he spent weeks in a hospital. There never was a hard place but Bill was ready to fill. There was never a position of danger that he would not ask his men to go unless he was willing to lead them himself. His men loved him and trusted him. The other officers knew they could count on him. His wisdom was sought in consultation. All the time there was one thing that held him true to the best and highest ideals even in time of battle. It was the thought of his loved ones at home. He could never forget the prayers of his mother and father, the tears and embraces of his loved ones. Most of all there was one face forever before him. He carried her picture in his pocket over his heart and her smile seemed to be always right there before his eyes. It may be

(Continued on page 6.)

Rufe's Ravings



NOW IS THE TIME... FOR THE TIME-WORN query "IS IT HOT enough for you?" WELL, is it?

PITY THE poor "back-easters" who don't know what it is to live in a country where the summer climate is never too hot and never too cool and an hour's drive takes you where the mountain breezes blow. Gosh! It's great to live in Oregon.

WHO REMEMBERS when the men wore shirts that buttoned in the back?

TROUBLE WITH WIVES. A northern editor says that a man down south got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A southern editor replied assuring his contemporary that a good many in that section had done the same thing by marrying one.

An eastern editor reports that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble by merely promising to marry, without going any further. Inasmuch as the West has not been heard from I rise to remark that a friend of mine was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

NOW THAT the tourist season is in full swing and the sign covered flivver is abroad in the land it may not be out of place to offer a few suggestions for suitable "epitaphs" to be inscribed on the backs of the much maligned flivver. The following list was compiled from personal observation and may be of assistance to those contemplating a tour via the flivver route: Sick Cylinders, Four Wheels, All Three Shiftless, But Not Laxy, Pierce Arrow, With a Quiver-Chicken, Here's Your Coupe.

(Continued on page 6.)

Olden Days Recalled As Golden City Celebrates

Twentieth Birthday Finds San Francisco a City With Little of Its Pre-Fire Flavor; Old Joints and Dives Are Now Things of the Past

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.--(By Associated Press.)--The new San Francisco is approaching its majority. It is 20 years old.

Before April 18, 1906, it was a collection of international settlements. There was almost as much of China, Italy and Ireland about it as there was of America. Square riggers, loaded to the Plimsell mark with copra from the South Seas, lumber from the Great Northwest or nitrates from Chile came into the harbor with ballooning sails binding the town to the earlier period when the "lime-juicers" went down the Japanese current on the blustering trade winds, and every incoming craft brought it happy, eager company of treasure seekers.

The Barbary coast blared from twilight until dawn, and the sailormen from every land danced with the blowsy beauties there. Corks popped from the champagne, little of it real, that was served at Bottle Koenigs and Bottle Meyers, and which oiled the joints of the dancers at the Montana and other old time Coast resorts.

The trapdoor saloon on the Embarcadero called to other adventures, although it had been more than a generation since the shanghai crews used these trapdoors to impress the bibulous way-farer into sea duty.

Chinatown was a transplanted Canton, and blossomed as luxuriantly. Gambling flourished in garish dens, with the sound of the clicking chips, kept from the ears of the police by a banging, bleating, hardworking orchestra. Highbinders, their pigtailed wound under their caps, followed their slinking game of death in old St. Louis Alley and in Sullivan Alley hardby. The theatres, filled from pit to dome, put on their sing-song drama, an act a night, with the white guests sitting on the stage.

Little Ireland built up the district "south of the slot," while the Italians occupied Telegraph Hill, overlooking the bay, and spread out fanlike toward North Beach and Chinatown. Russia planted a silent, somber little colony on and around Russian Hill. The American colony down from the heights of Nob Hill, and in the earlier periods, Ricord Hill.

For many years a little steam train ran around Land's End, one noted western extremity of the Continent, and terminated at the Cliff House, a castle-like structure on the ocean shore, and Sutro Heights, close by. Cable cars were

(Continued on page 6.)

Electric Typewriter Is Used on Newspaper Wire

Associated Press Installs Automatic Printers on Many Circuits Throughout Country; "Glorified Typewriter" Averages Sixty Words Per Minute

NEW YORK, June 6.--One of the greatest factors in the development of new avenues of communication throughout the earth is the Associated Press of America, the largest news-gathering and distributing organization in the world.

The latest invention for rapid communication is the automatic printing telegraph machine, a device which was first used by the Associated Press for the transmission of news.

It has a carrying capacity of sixty words a minute and with its corollary Morse wire, manned by operators, will deliver to member newspapers the greatest volume of state, country and world news that can be carried over a single circuit. The automatic printer used by the Associated Press is one of the most noteworthy developments in the field of telegraphic transmission in many years.

A single printer circuit will carry into a newspaper office more than 30,000 words of news in eight hours. Perfection of the automatic circuit has grown from experiments which the Associated Press began many years ago. From the rather crude mechanism that was used at that time has been developed a machine that resembles an ordinary typewriter. It is controlled by electrical impulses which are set in motion by an operator at the distant filing point. The impulses form letters which become pages and then reams of news dispatches from which the newspaper selects many thousands of words to publish for its readers. The installation of the automatic printer machines in the offices of member newspapers is in charge of specially trained employes of The Associated Press.

Five hundred of these machines are now in operation to the large member newspapers in New York City, New York state, New Jersey, New England, Pennsylvania, the northwestern states, the southwestern states, the southern states, Michigan, the Pacific coast, Ohio, and from Kansas City to San Francisco.

Today the Associated Press is the largest user of automatic printers for the transmission of news. Notwithstanding this, it is now employing more Morse operators than in the history of the organization. This is because printers are used only on double and triple circuits where a flexible Morse circuit is at hand for the exchange of regional news.

In 1914 The Associated Press established the first successful printer circuit. This was in the metropolitan area of New York. Two years later it put into operation the first long-distance circuit to function efficiently between New York and Boston. The early equipment was rather crude and complicated, but was rapidly improved until today, it is a compact, and relatively small mechanism.

In effect the machine is a standard typewriter slightly modified to meet the requirements of automatic operation, and mounted in a pair, with both transmitting and copying machines on a steel table twenty-nine by forty-five inches.

Since its practicability was proven, the use of automatic printers by The Associated Press has expanded rapidly. At present the trunk circuits in all parts of the country are so equipped. A circuit connecting New York and Kansas City with the larger cities in Ohio was recently opened.

Earlier in the year, operation was begun on circuits from Kansas City to the coast, from Kansas City to the southwest, from Louisville to the south, from San Diego to Spokane, and in the states of Florida and Pennsylvania. In addition to circuits in operation from Chicago to the northwest, New York to Buffalo, New York to Portland, Maine, and in the states of Connecticut, Michigan, and New Jersey.

The printer circuit has a capacity of 70,000 words in twenty-four hours, because it operates steadily at a uniform

Martyr to X-Ray Fights War for Modern Surgery

Dr. Frederick Baetjer Has Lost Eight Fingers in Attempting to Conquer Demon That Has Slain Many of His Co-Workers in Field of Roentgen Rays

BALTIMORE, June 5.--(By Associated Press.)--Dr. Frederick Henry Baetjer, professor of Roentgenology at Johns Hopkins Medical school, is back at his big game of tag with the vengeful slave he is taming.

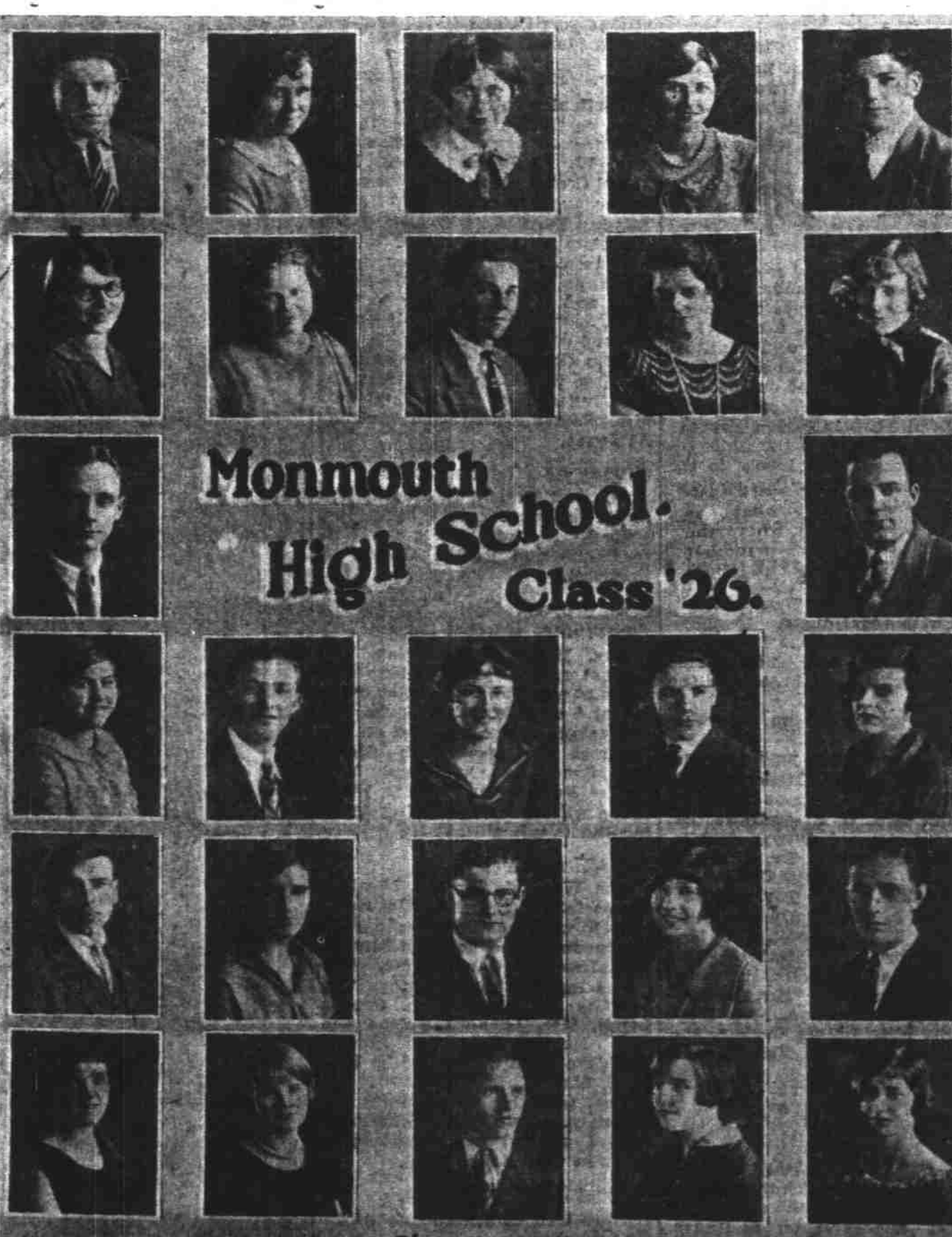
"The 'Last of the Old Guard'--with the scars of the latest of more than three score and ten amputations and skin grafting operations scarcely healed--is rounding out a quarter century of duelling with the dragon that lurks in Roentgen's ray. He plans to stay in the fight until the ray's searing thrusts finally break down the defense of modern surgery.

Insidious X-ray burns slowly are eating his body away. They have taken seven of his fingers and one of his thumbs, and the glands from his right arm and shoulder. Seventy-two times he has been burned and as many times has Dr. Baetjer's medical colleagues succeeded in staying the attack. But each burn has left its mark.

Dr. Baetjer is daring a demon that has slain many of his early co-workers in Roentgenology. One of the last to die was Prof. J. Bergonie, an outstanding authority whose work had been contemporary with Dr. Baetjer's. Surgeons see a like fate awaiting the Johns Hopkins professor,--but he goes on, displaying his contempt for the X-ray's death threat in writing whimsical rhymes and jingles.

In common with his associates, Dr. Baetjer engaged in Roentgenological research when knowledge of the ray and its potency was in its infancy. It was some time after the discovery of the X-ray that its effect on the human body began to be understood, and in those pioneer days neither the screens which today protect X-ray operators, nor the need for them, was known. While a patient undergoing X-ray treatment would be exposed to the ray for only a fraction of a second, the early day operators were subjected to the ray's full power for long periods. They suffered severely or paid

Monmouth High School Graduates



Sheldon Cody entered Monmouth high school as a freshman. He was on the football team of '25 and '26, and on the baseball team of '25 and '26. He was in the student body play both the years '25 and '26. Neva Gilliam entered Monmouth high school as a freshman. She was on the girls' basketball team of '25. Alma Tittle entered as a senior. Olive Calif entered as a freshman. She was secretary of the student body of '26, and she was in the student body play of '25. Edgar Smith entered as a freshman. He was on the football team

(Continued on page 8.)