

THE GOOD LOSER

Everyone admires a good loser. This is particularly true of the American public. When Carpentier called back to France a few years ago, he took with him the esteem and good-will of the American people, because he accepted his defeat so gracefully. Conversely a certain excellent tennis player is not well thought of because she is suspicious of being a poor sport.

The training of a child to be a good loser is extremely important as the attitude he takes with regard to his losses will make or mar his disposition and will determine whether or not he can keep his friends. No one likes a whining, complaining person about. This training cannot be started too early as the older a child grows, the harder the lesson becomes.

My mother commenced with me when I was six years old. It appears that I attempted to play croquet for the first time. Not being able to drive the ball through the wicket after one of the attempts, I burst into tears, threw my mallet on the grass in a rage and screamed that I wouldn't play any more. My mother gently put the mallet back into my hands and told me to try again. Of course the ball went wilder than ever and I screamed loudly and wept, but it did not change my mother's decision. She kept at me until I had been through the wicket. The fact that I was blinded by tears which continued to flow during the entire game made no difference. My mother purposed to make me a good loser and did not hesitate to sacrifice her own afternoon's pleasure. Her experiment worked to my advantage as will be seen.

The crying habit I had inherited to some extent. Every time I tried to do something new and failed the first time, I wept and became so thoroughly discouraged that I gave up trying. This fault is absolutely fatal to the progress and advancement of any child or adult. It is impossible to get ahead if such an attitude of mind is permitted. My mother was fully alive to this fact and strove to reason with me and to encourage me never to cry, but to bite my lips and hold back the tears at all costs. She showed me what a hindrance this fault would be later on if I did not control it then. I gradually formed the habit of whistling when I felt myself on the verge of tears. I still find this helpful.

It took time and patience on my mother's part to break me of the crying habit. The tears gradually became less frequent.

By the time I had finished high school the results of this training were clearly seen. I could lose a game and smile with the best of them. Tears were a thing of the past. Under very trying circumstances, I competed for a scholarship. The odds were against me and the fact that I had not yet recovered from a case of "pink eye" did not deter me from straining every nerve to succeed. Success crowned my efforts. Had it not, I had already made complete arrangements to undertake a similar series of examinations the very next week at a different university. Who shall say that I had not learned to persevere!

A HINT TO MOTHERS

Well, it happened that I arrived early at Dora's card party that evening, and she ushered me stealthily into the presence of Great Expectations, who, all wrapped around with blankets and pillows lay fast asleep. We were ever so careful not to evoke any change of expression in the slumbering infant, while at the same time, I made a few contortions with my mouth acclaiming some charming childish characteristic, which act my guilty conscience otherwise called flattery. The mother satisfied, however, we left the cradle in the quiet of the house, to welcome the coming guests.

Our friends arrived with little delay and soon all were playing cards. The host put under the coverings subdued to the more natural tones of conversation. The theme, due to the majority of young parents present, centered on child life. Each mother enlarged upon the gifts of her baby and Dora was by no means backward in expressing herself: "Little Junior has the sweetest disposition—too cute when awakened in the middle of the night. He never so much as whimpers." Late in the evening during the bustle of leaving, Dora proved her claims by bringing the warm bundle of blankets from the serenity of dusk and dreams to the glare of electricity and reality. He was in the best of moods and smiled most generously at all who managed to tickle his spot under the cover. Then there came the exclamation: "The dear little fellow!" "How good he is!" "What a sweet smile" accompanied by the appropriate gesticulations and the peek-a-boo policy that is the habit among grown people. Finally the baby was taken back to his crib.

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BUDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY ROBERT L. DICKEY



and the guests departed.

The following night, arriving home late from a dance, I did what Dora called "a mean trick." "Was it mean?" I asked. "The idea of phoning me this hour in the morning just to see how I liked being awakened. I was sound asleep. Besides, yesterday the baby was peevish all day. I couldn't do a thing with him, and I'm all in."

I was surprised to hear Dora admit her error in her child's behavior but I knew this slip was due to her own ill humor.

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HOME EDUCATION Rule the Tongue Jack Wooten

As Sammie White passed the Reed home there came from his mouth phrases that would make even the most persistent swearer flinch. And Sammie was only 12 years old. His mother, together with Mrs. Turner, was visiting Mrs. Reed. They had called to knit and talk the summer afternoon away. The "dainties" and their even stronger accompaniments which Sammie threw to the wind were blown discordantly to the front porch so that the three women could plainly hear. Mrs. White hung her head but said nothing. The others, were silent, too. They discontinued knitting.

Sammie paced on down the street, tugging and cursing the old brindle cow that was his charge twice daily. His mother slumped down in her chair, her eyes fastened upon her needles. Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Turner were both conscious of the fact that the mother was condemning herself for the unbecoming outbursts of her boy.

As the silence hovered about the front porch, Jimmie, Mrs. Reed's four-year-old son, romped out on the portico. Behind him came Don, an old collie dog. Tired of playing with the four-year-old, the canine dropped his bushy tail, spoke to the visitors with a slight switching of the same flexible appendage, and then flopped down by the side of Mrs. Reed's chair.

Jimmie called to the animal to "come on out in the front yard and play," but Don lay still. The boy gave a grunt of disgust and presently had the dog by the collar.

"Come on, Don," he entreated, but Don refused to budge. "Come on, Don," Jimmie tugged at the animal's neckpiece, but to no avail. "Darn old fool!" cried the child. "Come on!" "Jimmie!" Mrs. Reed's clear voice temporarily startled the boy, but not for long. Insistently he reached down again and caught Don by the collar. "Darn old fool!" he shouted. "Come on out and play!"

Mrs. Turner stopped her knitting and smiled intentionally. Mrs. White kept her eyes on her needles. Mrs. Reed was looking meaningfully at her son.

"Darn old fool, come on!" Mrs. Reed excused herself and taking her little son by the hand led him into the house. Mrs. White and Mrs. Turner listened intently but after the fading footsteps no sound was heard from them for fully five minutes. Then the

mother and child returned calm and serene.

Mrs. Reed began to talk about the Chautauqua, and Jimmie after gazing thoughtfully at Don said: "Want to play now, Don?"

Don winked without interest. Jimmie gazed a moment longer at him and said, "I'll play by myself then." He gave Don a parting pat and went out into the yard. After a minute, Don got up and followed him.

The visitors were interested. "How did you do it?" asked Mrs. Turner. Mrs. White looked more than ever self-condemned.

"I had a little quiet talk with him," answered the mother. "He is very fond of automobiles and he saw what happened once when a man tried to run a machine before he knew how. I showed him that it was quite as necessary to be able to rule the tongue. He said, 'If you don't, does it make you bump into things?' and I proved to him that it did."

Mrs. Turner was voluminous in her commendations. Mrs. White said nothing but in her heart was a ray of hope. "I could do something like that," she thought.

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RELIGIOUS WORK BEING INCREASED

University of Oregon Taking Additional Care of Student Needs

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Ore., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—Religious work on the University of Oregon campus this year is showing a marked increase according to a statement made today by Rev. Bruce J. Giffen, university pastor for the Presbyterian church.

One-fifth of the student body attend one church alone, while other churches also draw a large quota. Each church in this city makes some effort to reach the students and encourage church attendance.

An organization known as the United Christian work, carried on by Eugene churches, includes all religious activities on the campus including the YMCA. United work is supervised by Rev. H. W. Davis and is supported by the boards of education of various churches.

Growing work in the religious line has demanded the services of an additional staff member, a position which is being filled by the Methodist church which has employed a trained religious worker who is to arrive soon. The Presbyterian church on the campus is a branch of the Westminster Foundation and is the only organization with a building on the campus. The Westminster house, just opposite the campus, is a center of religious activities for students of that belief and others who wish to attend.

A workers' council, composed of all persons doing religious work in connection with the university, meets regularly to discuss plans. On coming to the University the student's first contact with the religious work is the "get-acquainted" party, usually held in the YMCA but on the campus. This year more than 500 new students attended. Individual church young people's societies hold a "church night" to which

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When Lincoln and Douglas were canvassing Illinois together as rivals for a vacancy in the United States Senate, Douglas, on a certain occasion, in the course of his speech, complacently remarked: "Twenty-five years ago, when we were young men, Mr. Lincoln and I resided in the same town. I taught school for a living. Mr. Lincoln sold whiskey for a living."

He referred to Lincoln's clerkship in a store where there was a bar. In his reply, Mr. Lincoln took up each point in its order and responded to it fully. When he came to the above charge, he deliberately repeated it, and added, "This is true, but," turning to Douglas, "I leave it to the Judge, himself, if he wasn't one of my very best customers!"

all new students are invited. Later in the term a luncheon is held at which about 100 representatives of the endeavor and league societies meet to plan a visitation campaign. Each new student is invited to affiliate.

"A plan to directly encourage regular church attendance is our main object at this time," says Rev. Giffen. "Classes in the Sunday schools of the city for university students draw satisfactory numbers, but we are not satisfied with the church attendance. The students themselves have recently suggested the need for some plan for interesting students in regular attendance at church services. We hold the hope that in the future a United School of Religion may be erected which will serve as a center for all student religious work."

Tabulation of cards filed by students at registration showing their church preference has not been completed, but Rev. Mr. Giffen said indications are that the number reached by religious organizations this year will exceed past years considerably.

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Cook County Collects Alimony for Dependents

CHICAGO—(AP)—To ease the destitution which so often follows divorce among Chicago's poor, Cook county is collecting alimony as a feature of its charitable work. A division of the county social service bureau, created in mid-July, already is gathering \$350 to \$500 a week in small alimony checks for wives and children dependent for support upon the few dollars of the husband's earnings which the decree has awarded the family. Many of these checks are for but \$5 a week, and none is for more than \$15.

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