

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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August 31, 1927 The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.

OUR GUESTS, THE DOCTORS AND NURSES

Salem is proud to entertain, this week, the physicians and nurses. They deserve our best.

Once a medical doctor, always a doctor of medicine, said, in a language fundamental to many modern tongues, the ancients.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, physician, poet, novelist, essayist, once said to a Harvard graduating class of physicians: "We reach the creator through his creatures."

The practice of medicine reaches back to the dawn of history. There was a doctor at the birth of the race.

And every present day practitioner worthy of his calling is ready to be the servant of servants in the cause of humanity.

And the leaders standing high in the profession stoop to offices which the white-gloved waiter would shrink from performing.

And the Healer of men, the pattern of the true physician, is not to be looked down upon from any pedestal of power or opulence in this world.

And the heroes of the medical world are as unselfish in this day as they have been at any other time in history.

And counting it a high privilege. The craft of the doctor and the nurse is one of the most progressive of all callings.

And we here in Marion county have reason to feel grateful for many things at the hands of the physicians and nurses.

And hospitals we have and are getting with facilities at the call of the humble as well as the able in purse that need not suffer from comparison with some of the greatest.

For all of which let us be duly thankful and fully appreciative, and make the honor of the conventions being held this week in Salem the occasion for offering the best we have in good wishes expressed in hospitality.

The Portland Journal of yesterday prints a picture of its new press, and underneath it the following words: "New straight unit octuple printing machine manufactured especially for the Oregon Journal by Walter Scott & Co., Plainfield, N. J., which is in service today for the first time."

Wheat is down a little in price. It may go lower. The market is reported weak at the big centers.

The slogan pages of tomorrow will try to prove that this is a good grain country. It is. As a rotation crop. We

need more rotation, and higher average yields of grain of the best quality. If you can help the Slogan man, today, please phone. Have you heard of any exceptional yields? If so, please send in the facts.

President Coolidge, at the Rapid City White House yesterday, was told of the \$100,000,000 Columbia Basin project. He promised to refer the matter to the experts. Wise decision. Herbert Hoover, in his place, would be his own expert.

Bits For Breakfast

Bloody old Polk again — But most Polkites are peaceable.

The hop yard triangle is as likely as any to lead to disaster.

There was a time, through no fault of the great majority of her citizens, when Polk county had a series of killings and hangings.

That was something over 30 years ago, when E. B. Piper, present managing editor of the Oregonian, was a reporter on and city editor of The Statesman.

As reporter and city editor, Mr. Piper attended a number of hangings at the Dallas court house.

There are some of the newspaper boys on duty here now, however, who have seen a great many more executions than Mr. Piper did.

Where do you buy your gas out on the road? We hope not where bird or beast is tethered to amuse the thoughtless.

"A hairy little man is at large in Marion county. That will beat the oligocene bones of Deschutes or the white metal mystery in Southern Oregon.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Table listing county commissioners and their terms, including names like Gan, Salem Deaconess Hosp., and various agricultural and industrial entries.

to me," said Evans. As soon as the deal was completed Oaks and his partner proceeded to place both Evans and Wincer under arrest.

EARLY SESSION MAY BE CALLED BY PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 1)

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"I don't think this is funny," said Hermione. "I'm rather hurt. May I go?"

"No, daughter, you may't. Come back here and sit down again. Help me to collect my wits. I've been talking with your mother about you and Orestes, and I'm rather done up.

"He's very thoughtful," said Hermione, "if anything, a bit too serious, but it's what you'd call a good fault."

"He worships his father," said Hermione. "Of course he grieves over his mother's conduct, but she is his mother, after all, and Agamemnon hasn't treated her any too through a great deal."

"What's the matter with his sister—what's her name—Electra?" asked Menelaos.

"He can't see her," said Hermione. "She's at home, in a very dangerous position, hoping to warn her father, or help him, when he gets back."

"But even if we grant that Orestes is in trouble not of his making, and that he knows his own mind, he still may be the wrong husband for you."

"I don't know what you've told me, but I don't agree that mother is growing old. Quite the reverse. She's so—what shall I call it—she's so vital, I'm glad I can feel her earnestness."

"Well, who wants you to?" "Mother suggested it, and I gather from your last words that you agree."

"Your mother wants you to marry Damastor?" "Now, now, say that, father—she suggested him, and said I might do worse, but I doubt if she likes him, and I thought her tone rather satiric."

"I don't either," said Menelaos, "but of one meaning I'm sure—it isn't Damastor she means you to marry!"

"Who, then?" "She intends to marry you to Pyrrhus."

"But I don't know the man! I don't want him! He probably doesn't want me!"

"It's curious," said Menelaos, "but those very ideas occurred to me when she proposed it."

"Then why does she persist in desiring to marry Orestes?" "Yes, I do," said Hermione.

"That answers it. You haven't the love of life." "I don't see how that proves it," said Hermione.

"Nor I," said Menelaos, "but it proves it to your mother, who knows more than we do about such matters."

"Father, I wish you wouldn't tease me about what I consider—any one would consider—a serious thing, marriage!"

"That is serious," said her father, "but I hadn't got to that yet. I was finding out whether you had the love of life, because if you have it, you can marry any time, even if it's the wrong man, but if you haven't you must postpone the wedding, even if it's the right one."

"I wish you'd tell me what you are talking about," said Hermione. "All in good season," said Menelaos. "I must first ask you another question. Is there any one you would like to elope with?"

"I don't want to elope! I want to marry Orestes."

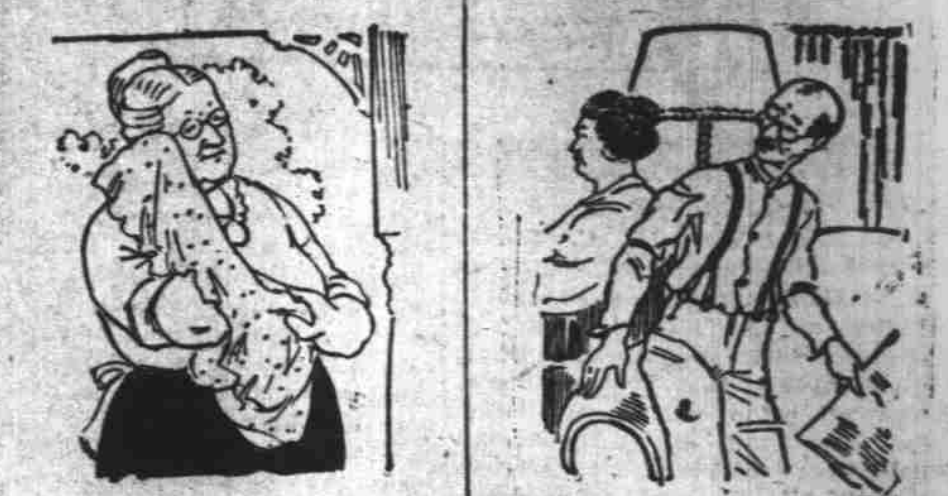
"Hasty again," said Menelaos. "You should elope first. Your mother says you should, though she fears you won't."

"My mother wants me to elope," said Hermione. "Why?" "I believe the idea is that sooner or later one elopes, and your mother, having tried it later, thinks it had better be sooner. Enough of that. Would you like to see Pyrrhus for a few days?"

"Who's Pyrrhus?" "You know—Achilles' son. Pyrrhus is the cure for your shellered life. If our high opinion of you is justified, you would fall in love with him. Then you might elope with Pyrrhus, discover your mistake, and marry Orestes afterward."

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen POOR PA By Claude Callan



"I despise these dinky little lace aprons. I want one that's big enough to wipe sweat with."

"Wher Ma sighs that long, hopeless sigh of hers I know it's time to do all I can to comfort her, so I get up an' leave."

"Better ask why she schemes at all," said Menelaos. "I rather think your mother is getting old. She doesn't look it, I'll admit, but she's in her forties and she's been through a great deal."

"What's the matter with his sister—what's her name—Electra?" asked Menelaos.

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The Oregon Statesman's Big Radio Prize Contest for Boys and Girls Good for 25 Votes

CHICHESTERS PILLS IF YOU MUST GAMBLE TRY YOUR LUCK SHOOTING SEVEN WITH THE HORSES

Blanks That Are Legal We carry in stock over 115 legal blanks suited to most any business transactions.