The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Thinking Stage

SIGNS are increasing that this political campaign is reaching the thinking stage. A few weeks ago when the people seemed in the grip of an infectious fever, it appeared difficult to get them to stop and think. Meier hysteria was in the air; and without stopping to analyze issues voters were lapping up the glittering generalities warmed over from the Joseph campaign. Now they are discovering that they do not want (or already have) what Meier is trying to promise them.

1st. Freedom of speech. There is ample freedom of speech, guaranteed by the constitution in broadest possible language.

2nd. Abolition of public service commission. The people do not want that, even if they are dissatisfied with the commission. The utility companies would then be able to deal with separate communities which would be impotent in negotiating with the well-organized companies. The commission is a powerful agency for the protection of the people.

3rd. Power development "without cost to the taxpayers". For many, many years municipalities have possessed and many of them have exercised the power of engaging in the power business. They may either issue "utility certificates" "without cost to the taxpeyers," or general obligation bonds, which most of them have. Portland, where nine-tenths of the noise comes from, could launch municipal ownership tomorrow if it wanted to. The Telegram and the Journal, chief agitators for the freak independent platform, have never committed themselves to the definite project of Portland's going into the power business. If they are sincere why do they not do so? Electing Meier will not establish municipal ownership in Portland.

These are the three planks of the Meier-Joseph platform. Analyze them, and one sees quickly how shallow and fallacious the proposals are. Two-thirds of the platform we have already; one-third we do not want.

The Meier balloon was floating high a few weeks ago. As the days pass indications multiply that the balloon, which was filled merely with hot air, is now reaching the deflation stage. Whether or not it will cool off fast enough to crash on a hillside before November 4th remains to be seen. But hysteria evaporates fast when the time of disillusionment comes.

If the people will stop and think and reason out the issues of the campaign they will find that the Meier campaign is founded on obtaining office under false pretenses.

The Marines Tell Us

THE Lion's club of Salem is the only one in town entitled to be called a "service club". The others might be described as "ex-service" clubs if they had ever done anything beyond club chores. We have noticed in other towns, too, it is the Lion's club that does the work. The older clubs are made up mostly of men who have reached the stage where they want to "unlax" a little, while the Lions are younger and willing to work. This comment is provoked by the recent service rendered the community by the Lion's club in sponsoring the appearance of the United States Marine band in Salem.

It takes a lot of work to handle local plans for presenting an event of this character. But the members of the club, led by Newell Williams, president, Ralph Kletzing, secretary, and A. C. Haag, general chairman, got back of the job and put it over in wonderful shape. Not only did they make it a financial success, but they put the prices so low that most everyone who cared to could attend, and school children were specially favored.

The band itself is a wonderful organization, although its program Monday night did not seem to us anything extraordinarily good. The band has been on a tour of five weeks, playing every day, without rest, and it isn't surprising if they show signs of weariness. Personally we like more brass in a band. The marine band this time seemed to be more like an orchestra, with ten or more clarinets, several flutes and oboes; only four trombones and six or seven cornets. Perhaps the reason for this is that most performances are indoors in halls or theatres where too much brass splits the walls almost. The big horse show pavilion was different, however, and could have absorbed all the brass and tympani they might include.

What we like for a band is the stirring marches and the great mass effects in music—the kind that makes the blood rush faster through your veins and almost lifts you off your seat. The marine band gave us only fragments of such music in their concert here, like the Grand Scenes from "Andrea Chenier."

But the program the band gave was a very good one, and thoroughly enjoyed. They make a splendid appearance, run their programs through with celerity, are gracious in manner, and generous in their encores. We will remember two things from their visit here, their bright red jackets and "The Bells of St. Mary's".

Mel Daugherty Indicted

FEW tears will be shed over the fall of Mel S. Daugherty of Washington Court House, Ohio. Daugherty, brother of Harry, seems to have been the "fence" for Jesse Smith and the Ohio gang during the Harding administration. Certain bonds for "campaign funds" were traced to Daugherty's bank, but when brother Mel was called to testify regarding them, he plead that records were not available—they had been burned in the furnace at the bank—burned of course to conceal information from the senate committee and the public.

Now Mel Daugherty's bank is busted and he is indicted on 58 counts charging violation of banking laws, abstraction of funds, and falsifying reports. He is a bankrupt owing one of the failed banks $77,000. Brother Harry seems a little better off, for he was able to furnish bail for Mel. The brothers will have plenty of time for reflection in the months and years ahead.

The most valuable and interesting chronicle of events of the Harding administration would be the journal of Harry Daugherty. The probability is that he never kept one; and whatever he writes now would be doubted as to truthfulness. Easy to moralize over the Daughertys and to comment on the retribution which has overtaken them. But the pains they have suffered do not cleanse the record of the Harding regime.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

DR COPELAND

We are living in the age of machinery, and in every home mechanical devices are in common use. Every hamlet can supply extra parts to replace damaged or broken ones for your machine.

Unless you are in an acciden that takes you to a police station, or the hospital, an automobile collilision does not amount to much. The repair shop will restore everything to working order.

Your feet are the main parts in the machinery for the locomotion of your précious body. They are essential to your happiness and welfare. There may be artificial substitutes, but in the real sense there are no spare parts for this mechanism of locomotion.

Except when they hurt and ruin the pleasure of living, how often do you think about your feet? You spend a hundred dollars a year to keep your finger steady pain, no matter where it looking well, but what do you do for your feet?

Many a person has made a wreck of himself by permitting sore feet to spoil his health and happiness. Nerves are put on edge and health undermined by steady pain, no matter where it is located. Take care of your feet.

Parents should see to it that their children are properly supervised when they begin to walk. It is essential that proper foot gear may be provided from earliest life. It is a good thing for grown children, as well as for adults to have their feet examined at least once each year.

These examinations should be made by orthopedists, podiatrists or trained chiropodists. They are as important as examination to safeguard the sight, the hearing and the organs of the body. This is the teaching of all those who believe that prevention is better than cure."

Don't Be a "Foot Cripple"

Surveys made by the staff of the Foot Clinics of New York and given publicity through the United States Public Health Service, show that 60 per cent of adolescent girls are more or less foot defective. It should be our aim to prevent troubles of this kind, and to correct them when they do exist. Then there will be fewer foot cripples. As a result our citizens will carry themselves better. They will have normal posture, thus helping the race practically as well as to better its appearance.

I marvel more and more that people buy whatever is offered in the way of shoes. They select their furniture, table linen, and evening garments with the greatest of care. But when it comes to shoes they are sadly indifferent.

If you prize your comfort and efficiency you will not neglect your feet. You will take care of them and clothe them only in the best fitting of shoes. Good shoes, properly adjusted, are infinitely more important than the kinds of shirts, skirts, vests or coats. Unless your feet are properly shod your usefulness is materially lessened.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss M. R. Q.—What can be one for corns?

2—What should a girl of 15, 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

2—She should weigh about 115 pounds.

Mrs. Clara G. Q.—What causes itching of the body?

A.—This may be due to constipation, auto-intoxication, intestinal disturbances, overeating or to some food poisoning. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Oct. 15, 1905

Marion county carried away some of the best awards at the Lewis and Clark exposition, receiving a total of 51 gold medals, 35 silver medals, 11 bronze one and 12 honorable mentions.

Assessment rolls for the county have been completed for 1905 and show a decrease of $118,752 in gross valuation in taxable property. Net valuation of taxable property is $9,824,774.

The Woman's club has secured services of Clara Louise Thompson of Minneapolis to direct her new play, "The Katzenjammer Picnic," which will be given soon for benefit of the public library. Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of C. L. Johnson of this city.

Miss Lois Byrd returned home from a few weeks' visit at Portland and Astoria.

Today's Thought..

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life, like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

GOING AGANST OUR GRAIN

"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

SYNOPSIS

Ardeth works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a snooping girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "swell" riding a horse. Neil chides Ardeth jealously. The next day Ardeth sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the rotogravure section and her heart thumps. But Ardeth comes to earth with the usual bickering with Bet about stockings. Jeanette Parker calls at the store where Ardeth works and offers the latter a job in the "swell" shop she is starting. Ardeth accepts. Neil objects to Ardeth's plans and they have a row. Ardeth meets Ken when he visits the shop. Shortly after, knowing that Jeanette has left for the day, Ken calls at the shop, feigning that he had planned to drive Jeanette home. He asks Ardeth to go instead. Next day, Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeanette, his friend, Tom Colbett, and himself. Jeanette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeth. They picnic together, their hearts racing with each other's nearness. Unable to resist, Ken kisses Ardeth. When she mentions Cecile, his face darkens. Life to pretty Ardeth Carroll meant working in a shop, an unhappy home with her aunt, and the courtship of Neil. When days go by with no word from Ken, Ardeth feels she was just another flirtation. Cecile calls at the shop and when Ardeth overhears her talking of Ken, her heart drops. That night, she is overjoyed to find Ken waiting for her. After a very happy evening together, Ken tells her he couldn't stay away any longer. He comes to the shop with Tom Corbett and joins Cecile in the tea-room. Ardeth is consumed with jealousy. Looking up from her work, she is surprised to find Tom leaning across the case, gazing at her. One morning, scanning through society's scandal sheet, "The Spy," Ardeth sees a reference to Ken's engagement to Cecile. Then she understood that ominous something which had come between them at the mention of Cecile. Returning home, she finds Ken waiting with his car. He begs her to let him explain.

CHAPTER 22

She flashed a merry glance up at him. "Just you try to get out of taking me to dinner! Before you, sir, you see that almost obsolete species which once flourished on the stage and screen—the innocent gur-rl who has been flung out of a home in a snowstorm. Snow is a little difficult to manage in August, but use your imagination. And if you could manage to whistle 'Hearts and Flowers' we might get a very pretty effect.

But when she told him of the happenings of last night his face grew grave. The blue eyes rested on her with a contemplative air, slightly troubled.

"Just the same, Moth, it makes me feel like a bum getting you thrown out of the place like that. I feel—sort of responsible—as though I'd cost you your home."

She had laughed at him but a warm gladness stole through her. Oh, let Ken feel responsible—and protective. It bound him the more surely to her. Made him more truly hers.

The summer passed as a time of youthful dreams and laughter. A time which took on the irresponsible tinge of a dream when Ardeth came to look back upon it in the days to come.

Ardeth had given herself over completely to her love idyll. Just to be living was adventure enough.

Waking each day to the warm airiness of her skytop room. Seeing the sun warm on the chimney tops outside her window. Hearing the sparrows—little feathered gamins of the city—chirping and fighting on the gravel roof.

Walking to work while the early sunshine gilded the streets her heart so brimming with love and gladness that she wanted to share it with all she passed.

The days going by—a joyous rush of excitement under the business.

The smokerie grew more crowded as its patrons returned from their vacations, tanned from the sun of Del Monte or Pebble Beach, Of Coronado, Tahoe. Yachting trips to the islands.

They met with animated greetings. Brimming with personal gossip. Detached fragments of their talk drifted out into the outer shop where Ardeth worked and dreamed, a faint warm smile in her golden eyes.

Ugly rumors—delicately murmured. The real reason the de Courceys left town. The whereabouts of the youngest Harcourt girl when she was supposed to be visiting her grandmother in Hilo. What Mrs. Hammond had called Mrs. Ellis and what Mr. Ellis was going to do about it. If it were true young Sinclair Cross really jilted Katherine Garnie before he eloped with the Herron girl—

Something leaped in Ardeth's heart at that last, choking her so that she hated Cyril Underwood as his sliky drawl floated through to her.

"But then Katherine was always one of those romantic fools who had the quaint notion that a pretty face could win out with a fat checking account. Cross was in debt to half the town and the Herron girl is an heiress. What else could she expect?"

Ardeth could imagine him shrugging delicately as he skillfully balanced his teacup.

"I hate a door-mat woman," came Cecile's crisp voice. "If I wanted a man I would get him—without any tears or broken hearts, either!"

"You can afford to think so, dearest lady—" Ardeth could imagine the mocking bow which accompanied this. "You who have both the pretty face and the—pardon me for mentioning such a thing—fat checking account!"

A tinkle of appreciative laughter came from the smokerie at this but the eyes of the girl in the outer shop flashed with anger. For a moment her heart burned with the fanatical rage of Neil. Oh, these sleek silken ladies who didn't know what it was to work for their bread! Who saw all the good things of life as their natural due! But under the anger lay the sharp edge of fear. After all . . . After all!

Cecile, sleek and elegant, in her new fall ensemble which cost more than Ardeth's year's salary. Beautiful, secure—almost insolent in her assuredness. Did Cecile always get what she wanted?

That night, as they sat in the cozy intimacy of the car eating chicken sandwiches he had fetched from a highway sandwich stand, she had wanted to ask Ken about it. Questions rushed impulsively to her lips. Had he hinted of his love to his mother? Was he still seeing Cecile, the nights he was not with her? When did he plan that they should marry?

But shyness placed a barrier on the words. She could not get them past her lips—perhaps because she feared the answers—or feared more the wary, baffled look which would slip into his eyes. Times now, when she suspected a moodiness in him. Looking up quickly in their long drives, she would see his lips tightly compressed, the fighting blue eyes narrowed as though his private thoughts were not all pleasant.

And that mysticism which formed the deeper part of her nature warned her to stillness, all unconsciously. Oh, handle it softly, this delicate curtain of dreams and kisses, whispered her heart, for behind it lay that which would draw her tears.

Sometimes she would wake in the night, stifled. Her heart thumping against her ribs until it shook her tense body. Unbearable depression dragging her down, drowning her in depths of aching dreariness. There was no hope or joy in the world; there was not even Ken.

Was it dream which brought this mood, she wondered wildly. Or was some watching power her?

But in the morning, when the sun gilded the chimney tops and the sparrows wrangled happily on the roof, it was gone. Curtains blowing in the morning breeze. Another golden day leading to Ken. Oh, life was sweet!

One Saturday night toward the end of October she waited for him in the empty shop. Jeanette had left early in day for a week end party. Ah Ling had gathered the last round of teacups, emptied the last ash tray and had departed for her Chinatown home, a jauntily incongruous little figure with green silk trousers flapping under her smart American sport coat.

As she waited Ardeth slipped into a mood of pensive happiness. Always sensitive to beauty, she noticed how the low rays of the Autumn sun striking through the window held a copper tone. It fell richly on the lustrous silks of Mandarin coats—set a pigeon-blood cloiseonne to glowing like a ruby—made a glory out of an amber-sticked fan. The room breathed of incense and perfume. And suddenly there was something about this inanimate beauty which stifled the girl. Intolerable sadness creeping over her so that she put on her wraps and went outside to stand in the dying sunlight, sniffing the live salt wind.

An hour later the outlines of the high buildings were blurred with twilight. The crowds of workers had departed from Grant avenue, but Ardeth still lingered in the doorway of the shop, fear and anger battling in her heart.

(To be continued)

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:

The school children of Salem, including the parents (who are the real culprits), owe an apology to the U. S. Marine band, the president's own band, and to the governor of Oregon or Lions club for the rowdy and indecent way they greeted our visitors from our national capital.

The destruction of programs began immediately they were in the hands of the children (big and little) and continued throughout the concert. The aid of the police was needed to subdue some of the confusion in order that those who came to hear, might hear. Are there no houses in Salem where are to be found cultured and high-minded parents, with ideals of character requisit for the bringing up of future citizens that are worthwhile in passing on to their children. If so now is the time to get busy. Why cast pearls before swine.

Correspondent.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE GREAT CITY MAN AND THE COUNTRY LAWYER

Thursday night we heard Julius Meier, the great Portland multi-millionaire merchant, address himself to the local voters in behalf of his candidacy for governor. The next night we went out to hear Edward Bailey, the democratic candidate, a village lawyer and a rather young one for he is not yet 40.

The contrast between the two men was so glaring that we haven't recovered yet from the shock of it. Meier is always granted even by his worst enemies to be a very able man. His career shows that he is. Yet Meier didn't offer a single constructive idea for improving the public service. If he has any more than a very casual knowledge of the requirements of the office or any real vision of service he carried it away with him. He complained contantly of unfair attacks upon himself, yet he made attacks upon his opponents that were certainly as unfair as anything said about him. He appealed to passion every few minutes.

Bailey on the other hand delivered a constructive address, describing the duties of the governorship with real understanding, making clear his position upon the principal issues, never appealing to mob passion and making no statement that to our knowledge, and we listened critically, could be definitely disproved, though many opinions expressed could be honestly questioned by supporters of other candidates.

If we had been hearing the two men without previous knowledge of who or what they were we should have said with positive conviction that Bailey was the most sensible, the most business-like and less of an opportunist politician. We do not say this, mind you, but we do insist that a perfectly unbiased listener without any previous knowledge of the two men would in all probability have reached this conclusion.

Yet the one is a great metropolitan merchant of unquestioned business success while the other is or was until recently a rather obscure young country lawyer.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Wallace prairie:

Where was it? It was where the first building for the Oregon Institute that, by change of name, became Willamette university, was erected. It was where the first house built by white people in the Willamette valley stood. It was next to and a half mile south of the claim of the first and oldest actual settler in the Willamette valley.

R. J. Hendricks

Those three facts make of Wallace prairie a historic spot. It surely deserves a monument. Where was it? It was on the present Bush farm, northeast of the land of the Oregon school for the deaf—east of Painters' woods.

The Bits man has a great many voluntary helpers. He hears from one or more of them almost every time a historic fact is mentioned or inquiry sent forth in this column.

Walter T. Stolz of Salem is the friend who inspired this inquiry, that will require the space of this column for several days. The average Salem man thinks of Walter T. Stolz as a successful manufacturer, with his father, Gideon Stolz, and their helpers, of vinegar and soft drinks, and grower of walnuts and filberts and prunes, and interested largely in Salem property and enterprises. And all round good and loyal citizen, neighbor and friend.

But Walter Stolz is more than that, as one may find of almost any busy and successful man. Nearly all such have hobbies—ought to have. The hobby of Mr. Stolz is history. All history. He knows more about the battles and battle fields of the war of the states than 999 men in 1000 who fought over them did, or who have visited them. Noting something in this column of yesterday's issue about Wallace prairie, he called the attention of the Bits man to the first volume of the "History of the Willamette Valley, Oregon," of Robert Carlton Clark—which contains a lot of reliable historical information; though the biographical second and third volumes drew much hot criticism, after their publication a short while ago. Mr. Clark wrote:

"During this period of uncertain beginnings (when Astoria was being founded, in 1811 to 1813), much was learned about the Willamette valley. Robert Stuart, a partner in the Pacific Fur company (Astor's company), led a party up the Willamette river in December, 1811; the energetic leader, Donald McKenzie, made an extensive trip into the valley in April of the next year and is thought to have penetrated as far as the river that bears his name. In November William Wallace and J. C. Halsey, clerks, in another tour, were said to have penetrated nearly 500 miles to the sources of the Willamette river, and in 1813 Reed and Seton, clerks, in another tour, led a party to the valley. The extent of the territory within the valley that was explored by Americans is uncertain, having been obviously over estimated by contemporaries who thought the Willamette valley much larger than it is, having been, perhaps, under estimated by a modern student who doubts a clear statement by Franchere, Pacific Fur company clerk, that Wallace and Halsey established a house 150 miles up the Willamette valley."

(It is now known that Franchere meant Columbia where he wrote Willamette, and that the house Wallace and Halsey established was on Wallace prairie, the historic spot mentioned above.) As to the first actual settler, a half mile north of Wallace prairie, he was clearly Baptiste DeLoar, who arrived with the Lewis and Clark party in 1805, and was living there (likely having an Indian wife) when the first building of the Oregon Institute was erected, in 1842.

In his famous address of 1875, at the third annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer association, and the first one at the state fair grounds, former United States Senator James W. Nesmith said of DeLoar that he "was one of Lewis and Clark's party that came to Oregon in 1804 (started that year), and subsequently returned here in the Hudson's Bay company's service, and for many years enjoyed the appellation, 'oldest inhabitant.' "

Willard H. Rees, in his annual address at the meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association in 1879, at the same place, called Baptiste DeLoar Philip DeGie (probably a typographical error) and said he was born at Sorel, Canada, in 1739, and died in the Willamette valley February 27, 1847, aged 108 years, and that "this 'oldest inhabitant' first crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark party settled in the Willamette valley, Francis Rivet, who lived to be 95, and William Cannon (the man of the famous bear story of Washington Irving's "Astoria" who, according to Rees, lived to be 99, passing away in 1854. Nesmith also mentioned Cannon.

But there are many more particulars concerning the first (and the second) house in the Willamette valley, in an article in "The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society" for December, 1824, written by Fred S. Perrine of Oregon City, manager of the chamber of commerce there, and supervisor of the census for the first Oregon district this year. Commencing at the top of page 300 of that number of the quarterly, after describing the discovery of the Multnomah river by the Lewis and Clark party, Mr. Perrine wrote:

"It has been a popular tale that Lewis and Clark discovered the falls of the Multnomah, but their records, as above, disprove this fallacy. With the passing of Lewis and Clark, the name of the river changed from Multnomah to Willamette, for the next authorities, Gabriel Franchere, Alexander Ross and Ross Cox (of the Astor party), call it the Willamette. (Franchere was a Canadian, born in Montreal; Ross was Scotch, and Cox was Irish; "the little Irishman" of the Astor party.)

"In his 'Narrative,' published in Moutreal in 1820, Franchere gives us the best and earliest record of the activities of the Pacific Fur company (of Astor) on the Willamette. Ross Cox follows with his "Adventures on the Columbia" in 1831, while Alexander Ross 'Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River' was not published until 1849."

(This story of Wallace prairie will be continued tomorrow.)

Conspiracy of Mayor With rum Ring is Proved

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 14—(AP)—Conviction in federal court here Monday on charge of conspiracy to violate the national prohibition law climaxed thirty stormy months during which Thomas H. Gideon has been mayor of Springfield.

After deliberating more than nine hours, a jury found Mayor Gideon had conspired with the underworld of Springfield to break the law he had sworn to uphold. Four others, jointly accused, one of them a former deputy sheriff, two of them bootleggers and the other a former saloon keeper, also were convicted.

Peru's Oldest Bank Suspends Its Payments

LIMA, Peru, Oct. 14—(AP)—The Bank of Peru and London, old in the courtry, Monday was permitted by governmental decree to suspend payments until October 19, because of heavy runs on its accounts.

The decree stated that because of the abnormal amounts drawn out by depositors in the last few days the bank soon would have been unable to pay further drafts. Since the bank was linked to the country's economic welfare by its long life, the government wished to avoid any crisis which would cause uneasiness in the republic.

Couzens, Ford Both Pungle up To Help Chest

DETROIT, Oct. 14—(AP)—Senator James Couzens and Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford Monday increased substantially their contributions of last year to the Detroit community chest.

Senator Couzens' contribution was $120,000 representing his last year's donation of $100,000 plus a $20,000 "emergency gift."

Mr. and Mrs. Ford gave $130,444 an increase of $15,000 over their last year donations of $115,000.

New Seminary At Seattle is Formally Begun

SEATTLE, Oct. 14—(AP)—The most Rev. Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic delegate to the United States, blessed and laid the cornerstone of the new St. Edwards seminary here Monday in presence of high church dignitaries and some 200 members of the Catholic laity.

The very Rev. John Fenlon, S. J., provincial of all the sulpicians in the United States announced the seminary, being built at a cost of $3,000,000 would be completed in time for the opening of classes next September.

COW RETURNS

HUBBARD, Oct. 14.—George Leffler was surprised a few evenings ago by the return of his cow which he had reported as being stolen. The cow brought her young calf back to the barn after an absence of several days.