

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## "Papa" Joffre

MARSHAL Joffre, following shortly after Marshal Foch, has answered the last call of the High Command. With something of the imperturbable calm which marked his attitude in those fearful days of August, 1914, when the French plan of campaign was crumbling all about him, Joffre clung to life. At last he is gone: "the captains and the kings depart."

"Papa" Joffre was for France and her allies long a symbol, even after his lack of military capacity was proven. As hero of the Marne, mythical though he was, he rendered effective decorative service in maintaining confidence in eventual victory. He goes to his grave still a popular hero; with thousands acclaiming him the savior of France at the crucial hour.

Joffre was heavy, dull; his silence was that of ignorance; his calm that of failure to perceive the significance of events. He was the false front for the clever minds of the French general staff whose war plans failed most decisively. Joffre became vice-president of the military council and chief of the general staff in 1910, in spite of his lack of experience in actual warfare, through the coup of an army clique. The plans of this group embraced an offensive rather than defensive program in the event of a war with Germany. When the war came, their offensive in Lorraine quickly crumpled up and so completely did they mistake the nature and plan of the German advance that the defeat of the French armies brought France to the brink of disaster.

It was Gallieni, governor of Paris, who saved the country, not Joffre. Gallieni first caught the meaning of the left turn of von Kluck's armies almost at the gates of the French capital, saw how it left the German flank exposed, urged on Joffre a counter-attack, moved troops to make possible the onslaught on the side-wheeling Germans, and at the critical moment commanded the taxicabs of Paris to carry reserves to the battlefield. France was saved; and so was Joffre for two years. But his errors at Verdun and the failure of the Somme offensive finally spelled his downfall. Thenceforth he was but a figurehead, as chiefly he was before, only wrongly placed, dangerously placed.

As Wolfe quoted before the battle of Quebec, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." So now Joffre has come to that path-end; one with the Caesars and Napoleons of the past. Foch, von Tirpitz, Haig, French, von Moltke, and now Joffre. Hindenberg and Ludendorff and Pershing remain. Of the civil leaders Poincare lingers, Lloyd George still bustles, and the Kaiser passes a vacuous existence. One by one the characters of the greatest drama the world has seen have stepped from the stage.

It is well. New leadership is needed for the problems of the new day; leadership disciplined in the fires of that conflict but free from the bitterness which it engendered.

## Sometimes It Happens

WHEN an aviator isn't heard from for 24 hours most people give him up for a goner. So complete is our system of communication that it is difficult to be out of touch by telephone or telegraph for more than that period. So when Russell Cunningham remained unheard of for over a day, it was generally thought that his body would be found somewhere in the wild fastnesses of the Umpqua region with the wreckage of his plane scattered about, silent testimony to the fidelity to duty of the intrepid aviator.

Not so. Cunningham's coolness, his experience, his scientific knowledge of flying preserved him; and all he had to do was walk back through the snow to civilization and a hearty welcome.

This is the kind of ending the news-men like to give to the stories that come to them. All too often the final chapter reports a tragedy. Sometimes it happens otherwise, however; and the Cunningham story proved to be one of them.

Always between Christmas and New Year's we have a heavy output of news of science and education. Teachers assemble in professional meetings during the holidays and scientists hold their annual conventions at that time. So great is the interest in science the public is genuinely interested in the reports of the new theories and conclusions which working scientists offer. There is this about the scientist; his views are always tentative; he is never dogmatic; he makes no pretense that ultimate truth has been revealed to him. That encourages the quest, and the folds of ignorance are pushed back steadily by the patient plodding labor and the brilliant thinking of our great men of science.

The newest thing we produce too many of is teachers. The association in Portland complained about too many being graduated for the jobs in sight. The teachers of course will solve the problem by jacking up the requirements, like the doctors, and making the poor pedagogues tack on a few more letters of the alphabet after their names.

The Portland Telegram which has thrown more fuel on the Bowles case fire than any other paper, discounts the story Mrs. Howard told. The Telegram is just peevish because some other paper got the yarn first. The ludicrous part is that the paper copyrighted the story.

"Portland to become frigid center" headlines a Portland paper. That's nothing new, think the rest of us who live in the banana belt and have to visit the metropolis when that east wind is blowing.

Eugene's fire loss was \$24,045 in 1920 and in 1929 its loss was \$60,000. Salem's fire loss in 1930 was \$770,000. In all things we are bigger than Eugene. We let more burn up in the Archery fire than the whole year's loss in Eugene.

Another fine thing about being a poor little-boy or girl is that you will never be kidnapped from your papa and mamma and held for a ransom. But no one seems to try to stay poor on that account.

Those Wall street prognosticators of good times a year ago, who wound up the year with chills and wearing red flannels, have not been heard from this new year's. Good silence.

Oregon, home of many political freaks, would seem the natural place for a mule to have a colt. We are coming to rival Kansas in pop days.

What the board of trade needs is more long buying as well as less short selling.

Governor Norblad will not go to Holland and will pick Finland instead. He announces his return to Astoria.

Gordon Taylor of Molalla spent \$2.98 to get elected representative. Yes, but that is a whole day's salary for a member, with two cents for board.

## Disappearing Diseases

Any account of the disappearance of elimination of any disease might well be recorded a "romance" or perhaps a "drama." The elimination of some of the so-called scourges are often wrapped up in more or less dramatic histories of the endeavors of some individual scientist or group of men. Who has not heard of the work of Rode and his fellow-workers in finding the cause of yellow fever? More recently still we read about the death of the famous Japanese scientist, Nagascho, who lost his life while making a study of that disease.

Yellow fever was eliminated by the simple expedient of seeing that the mosquito responsible for transmission of the disease had no place to propagate. Unlike the malaria mosquito, the yellow fever mosquito lays its eggs in fresh water so the problem was naturally solved by all fresh water covering or being that water was not exposed.

Scurvy a few centuries ago was a scourge of the sailor who was compelled to be on board ship for long periods of time while crossing the oceans in sailing vessels. Due to the lack of fresh vegetables or fresh fruits he developed this disease. After it was found that the juice of fresh fruit cured or prevented scurvy, it was quickly eradicated among sailors.

Plague, whether bubonic or pneumonic, had the habit of attacking millions of the population, usually seaports. It was discovered that rats carried the disease from one port to another, traveling by passenger and freight boats. After this discovery was made the disease was quickly under control merely by killing the rats by means of cyanide gas. Other passengers and sailors if there was any suspicion of any of them being ill with this disease.

Trachoma was a common infection of the eyes in this country until a few years ago. A great deal of it was carried in by immigrants from Eastern Europe, and the Near East. By excluding all cases on entry to this country and energetic treatment, it has been brought under control so that it is a rare infection except among certain tribes of Indians. It is even being eradicated there.

Scrofula, until ten to twenty years ago, was quite common. It is a tuberculous infection of the glands about the neck. In many cases it is felt that the infection had its origin in milk from tuberculous cows. Pasteurization of milk and eliminating tuberculous cattle no doubt has been a very important factor in the present low incidence of the disease. Other factors, such as better sanitation and proper handling of tuberculous cases, has also reduced the number of patients suffering from scrofula.

Typhoid fever is another disease which has become comparatively uncommon. Two decades ago our hospitals were filled with these cases each summer. Now it is uncommon. The reason the incidence of typhoid fever is so low is because we are supplied with water that is free of contamination with the typhoid germ. Isolation of carriers, vaccination, and proper handling of typhoid fever patients has done much to almost eradicate the disease. The almost total absence of typhoid fever from the ranks of the American troops in the World War is a notable example of what can be done to prevent the disease.

Many of the diseases are disappearing and each generation sees more diseases added to the list. I. C. C. DAUER, M.D.

## NEIGHBORS HAVE POT-LUCK DINNER

AUBURN, Jan. 2—A number of neighbors and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffith New Year's day. A beautiful pot luck dinner was served at noon. The afternoon was spent in visiting and music, being the dancing of the guests, those present joined in singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Earl of Salem, former residents of Auburn, Mrs. Willskill a relative of Mrs. Earl's who is visiting here from Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harnas and children, Lucille and Elaine of Salem, Mrs. C. H. Mallett and children, Willa Lee, Calvin, Glen and Andrew of Salem. The Mallett family were former neighbors of the host and hostess, but recently returned from a year spent in California. Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Griffith and Miss Lola Griffith of Portland, Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Conley and daughter Annabelle, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rodgers and daughters, Jean and Marjorie, Miss Grace Griffith, Duane Griffith, Miss Vada Griffith, Wileta Griffith and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffith, all of Auburn.

H. Elstrom has been in the St. General hospital a few days, suffering from an abscess in his throat.

The Auburn school board has completed a fence across the front of the school yard.

The Club, the Auburn Dramatic club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffith Tuesday evening, after the business meeting of the play was rehearsed, and cards were enjoyed, lunch was served and the guests departed at a late hour.

WACONDA, Jan. 3—A pleasant evening was spent New Year's eve at the Goffin home with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goffin and their daughter, Miss Constance Goffin as hostess. Candy-making, cards and conversation, formed the evening's entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Allyn Nusom were guests the last evening of the year 1930 at the Goffin home. New Year's day was observed

Heramosa Club Gives Benefit  
GERVAIS, Jan. 3—Twelve tables of 500 were in play Tuesday evening at the city hall at the gymnasium benefit given by the Heramosa club. After 20 hands of the game were played refreshments were served and an hour of dancing was enjoyed. Prizes for high scores in 500 went to Miss Rose Adelman and Otto Schwab and for low scores to Mrs. Otto Schwab and I. V. Moad. Between 925 and 940 was realized by this effort, which will be added to the more than \$200 the student body has made from the basket social and plays. It is hoped that building may be started during the summer or early fall.

Conversation Helps Year Die  
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## FACE TO FACE



## "FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Becoming cynical at her mother's wish to have her marry for wealth, Nancy Hollenbeck, young and beautiful, accepts the ardent attentions of Jack Beamer, who is married to a wealthy woman. On a mountain trip, Nancy, after a brief courtship, marries Roger Deatur, a ranger. Sickening of the loneliness, with Roger away, she returns home to resume her old life, still keeping her marriage a secret. When Roger, deeply in love with Nancy, comes to take her back, she tells him unless he makes his home in the city, she will divorce him, although she realizes her own love for him. She confides in her grandmother, who gives her financial aid. After Roger leaves, Nancy continues her clandestine affair with Beamer, whose wife refuses to free him. Louise, Nancy's sister, always second with men, now has a rich, though elderly, suitor. Beamer takes Nancy to his ranch on the coast. Mr. Beamer unexpectedly arrives and Nancy is bundled into the kitchen. Beamer decides to placate his wife to protect his own financial welfare. Nancy, though humiliated, forgives all when he phones.

CHAPTER XII  
Mama found her there when she came in a little billious from a lunch of cracked crab and hot chocolate at Aunt Ellie's. "I wish you wouldn't sit around the house all day," she said reproachfully. "If I can get out to see Ellie, with my poor health and all, I should think that you . . . oh, dear . . . I forgot . . . This is the night papa is bringing Mr. Lachman to dinner. You'll have to run down to the market; they don't deliver after 12. You'd better get caviar. Mr. Lachman is so fond of it. I want everything nice. It would be a wonderful thing for Louise if she'd just realize how charming he really is. And he isn't too old, really. Not for a gentleman. If you'd say

by many families here, many dinners having been planned in honor of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Patterson, hosts for Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Russell of South Bottom, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Cramer, recently returned from California, entertained at their home for their daughter and family. Mr. and Mrs. Carter Keene of Bridgeport, a family of four, Mrs. W. Pitts and children, Carl, Robert, Oral, Lee and Muel, motored to Claxton where they were guests at the home of Mrs. Pitts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Webb. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Patterson and their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hansen of Astoria, spent New Year's day with their daughter, Mrs. Robert Cole at Mission Bottom.

something to her . . . admire him, you know it would help. Louise is so young for her years, I don't believe she even notices. . . . Nancy's eyes were fixed on her mother. She was not dreamy now. "Is this your idea entirely?" she asked with ominous courtesy. The glitter in Nancy's eye frightened mama. She fumbled at her high neck collar. The back of her neck began to ache. "No . . . that is . . . your father and I just thought—"

WHAM! The front door slammed behind Nancy, shaking the house. Tears of self-pit poured down mama's withered cheeks as she laid the silence cloth and unfolded the best damask, only used on great occasions. Here she was, working her fingers to the bone, for Peter and the girls. Getting up a great big, elaborate dinner for Mr. Lachman so that he would help Peter in business. Like as not, no one would notice all the trouble she had gone to. All Old Lady Hollenbeck in the kitchen had to say was that it was foolish to buy caviar and appetizers for a man who could buy them every day if he wanted them. Country bumpkin! Interfering old fool! But that wasn't the worst. It was Nancy who had ruined everything. Talking about Mr. Lachman's big, greasy nose and the dandruff on his collar! Mama pulped miserably about the extravagance of taxis. Nancy had hurled the chicken in its brown paper wrapping half the length of the kitchen and turned, blushing and choking, upon her.

This was a frozen pudding and chicken, because Mr. Lachman was coming to dinner. Such a lot of work! Louise should be setting the table now, and where was she? Nobody knew. "Expense! What's the expense in this house? What's a few more bills? Let the grocer wait. Tell him you're going to marry your oldest daughter, aged twenty-five, to Oliver T. Lachman, so that he'll pay off the mortgage on the farm! Wonderful match! He isn't a day over 60, and what is a greasy nose and dandruff on the collar where money is concerned!"

"Nancy!" Grandmother Hollenbeck had commanded. "Pull yourself together. Don't talk nonsense!" And Nancy, had pointed a shaking finger at mama and sobbed. "You see? She thinks it's nonsense! She won't believe it. And neither would I till you told me yourself."

"Nancy—mama won't have it! You mustn't talk like that!" Unexpectedly Nancy had stopped there. She had picked up the chicken and laid it on the table with the other things. "I'm sorry," she said, very low. "I just wanted one of us to stay because that's all it just got me . . . thinking of Lou. . . ."

And for the second time that day she had fled, slamming the door. Rehearsing it for the twentieth time, mama sighed and dabbed at her forget-me-not blue eyes. But since she was beginning to feel better. The table looked very pretty, with the best tablecloth and the Minton service plates, all that was left of the wedding china: A man like Mr. Lachman would recognize it at once, and know that Louise had the right sort of background, even if her father was only a bank clerk.

And as far as Nancy's ugly words about him . . . well, there were things more important than youth and good looks in marriage, as Nancy would know if she weren't so young and inexperienced. A mother knows best . . . by the time the table was set and the smell of roasting chicken and warm spice cake came stealing out from under the crack of the kitchen door, mama was ready to welcome Mr. Lachman with her best company smile, in the right state of mind.

Mr. Lachman was geniality itself. He bowed over mama's hand. He pushed papa into a chair, hospitably, as if he were the host. "Well, well!" he boomed, winking his large, damp hands. "Well, well! Certainly nice to be here amongst friends. A real privilege, Mrs. Hollenbeck. Yes, indeed!"

And all the while his eyes were roving around, looking for something, something that wasn't there. "Where is the Lady Louise?" he asked at last. "Yes, where is Louise?" The little worry wrinkles came out on each side of papa's mouth. Louise should be here. Mr. Lachman wouldn't enjoy the evening at all without her. "Oh, she'll be in any minute," mama said sweetly. She glanced at the clock. Quarter to six! What ailed the girl! She'd probably arrived all out of breath and her hair straggly . . . At six Nancy came downstairs, red-eyed and sulky. "How's the little queen?" Mr. Lachman rose and pumped her hand, beaming. "If you mean me," Nancy said, indifferently. "I'm terrible. My head aches." She sat down at the old square piano and began to strum tunelessly. "Have a cigar," papa offered hastily, selecting one from the row he always kept in his vest pocket, but Mr. Lachman refused and sat on his own. Silence, except for Nancy's irritating strumming. Nancy's irritation could smell the chicken burning. The dinner would be ruined, and they couldn't start without Lou.

Louise, who had had two years of college before mama made up her mind that brilliant matches seldom come out of uneducated and she needed her at home anyway, was attending a sorority luncheon that promised to drag on all afternoon. It was really an alumni affair, but some of the younger girls were there, giggling and whispering in little groups, making the alumni feel old and settled. With two brides on one side of her and three young mothers discussing baby specialists on the other, Louise felt like a fish out of water. Almost everyone she knew was married, all the girls in her class, even most of Nancy's friends. And she, at twenty-five, had her first beau! "Yes, we're mad about each other," a blue-eyed freshman was confiding at the top of her lungs to a pert little sophomore across the table. "But we're not going to be married. Not now, anyway. My dear! There ARE limits—"

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The name Oregon: Still continuing from Hancock: "The first American writer, after Carver, to make use of the word Oregon seems to have been the poet Bryant, in 1817. Struck with the poetical images suggested to his youthful mind by reading Carver's narrative, and knowing just enough of the country, from reports of ship masters and rumors of the hasty government expedition of 1804-6, to fire his imagination, he seized upon the word that fitted best his metre, and in his *Thanatopsis* made that word immortal. The popularity of Bryant's verse at home and abroad fixed it in the public mind."

"Its adoption as the name of the territory drained by the River Oregon I am inclined to ascribe to the man who claims it; Hall J. Kelley, the evidence being in his favor, and to adverse claimant appearing. As stated in his *History of the Settlement of Oregon*, he was the first to make that application familiar to the public mind, while previous to his writings and correspondence the country was known as the 'Northwest Territory,' 'Columbia River,' or 'River Oregon.'"

"About the time that Kelley was laboring to raise a company for Oregon, and importuning Congress and the cabinet members for aid, there are frequent allusions to the subject in Niles' Register, xl. 407, xl. 285, and xl. 82 and 88. He, too, was looking for its origin, and says: 'Oregon, the Indian name of this river, was traced by me to a large river called Orjion in Chinese Tartary, whose latitude corresponds with that of Oregon in America. The word Killamucks, the name of the tribe a little south of the outlet of the Oregon, was also traced to a people called Killmuchs, who anciently lived near the mouth of the Orjion in Asia.'"

"This coincidence, however, does not account for the manner in which Carver obtained it; for he did not obtain it upon the shores of the Pacific, but about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Kelley, in his anxiety to prove his assertions, states, without other evidence than a reference to the 'Marine Archives of Madrid,' that Cuadra, a Spanish captain in the service of the viceroy of Mexico in 1792, and who in that year was at Nootka with Captain Vancouver of the British exploring squadron, and Captains Gray and Ingraham of the American sailing fleet in the Pacific, 'called this river Oregon.' This reference to a manuscript in the archives of Madrid must have been for display, since neither Kelley nor his readers could have had access to it without journeying across the Atlantic, and it is extremely doubtful if he had ever seen anything like it; though he may have believed, in the confused state of his intellect, that such a fact had been communicated to him."

"In another place he remarks: 'After surveying the mouth of the Columbia I supposed the word Oregon to be of Portuguese derivation—Oregon, a fort. It seemed an appropriate name, the entrance of the river being fortified by nature.' He also refers to the fact that Humboldt speaks of 'le mot Indian Origan,' and Gray and Ingraham of the American observer and correct writer, and would not have called this word Indian without good authority.' But this is a statement as disingenuous as the first."

"In referring to Gray's discovery of the Columbia river in 1792, Humboldt adds a note, wherein he mentions a doubt thrown by Malte-Brun upon the identity of the Columbia with the Tacoutche-Tesse, or Oregon of Mackenzie, which illustrates how far great men may sometimes wander from the truth. Mackenzie, in 1793, after the discovery and naming of the Columbia, having come overland from Canada, discovered a river, the Fraser, which he hoped and believed was the Columbia, and which in his narrative he called by that name, alternately using 'Tacoutche-Tesse' and 'Great River' in his book; and having 'Tacoutche-Tesse, or his Columbia River,' engraved on his

map. But that Mackenzie calls any river the Origan, or Oregon, is not true. "Humboldt's criticism on an unknown geographer, however, furnishes a key to the manner in which a merely speculative idea became perpetuated through a mistake in map engraving, when he goes on to say that he does not know whether the Origan enters into the lake placed in 83 to 41 north latitude, or pierces the mountain chain to enter some little bay between Bodega and Cape Orford; but that he objects to the attempt of a geographer, ordinarily learned and prudent, to identify Oregon with Origan, a name which the above mentioned geographer erroneously believed had been placed on the map of Antonio Alzate, Geog. Math. et Physique et Politique, tom. xv. 116-17; and he further explains that Alzate had placed the words 'cuyo origan se ignora' near the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, and that the words being separated by the engraver, the geographer whom he is criticizing, not understanding the Spanish language, and seeing the word Origan, and probably having read Carver's book, jumps to the conclusion that this is the Origan, and so represents it, to which Humboldt very properly takes exception, in the language so disingenuously quoted by Kelley."

"He has confounded the Spanish word Origan with 'le mot Indian Origan.' But Humboldt calls it an Indian word because he has been so told by Carver and those who copied him; hence his mistake; the Indian word resembling 'Origan' in the language spoken by Humboldt being, as already mentioned, 'huracan.' On a map contained in Cooke's *Universal Geography*, printed in London, without date, but from the names upon it not existing before Vancouver's surveys, we may infer the time of its publication, the Columbia is represented as rising near the Mississippi, and running nearly due west to the Pacific ocean; it is called River of the West near its mouth, and River Oregon where it rises. In a similar work by John Payne, New York, 1799, the River of the West is made to descend into the strait of Juan de Fuca, while the name Oregon appears on the head, which is far east of the head of the Missouri. Both are evidently borrowed from Carver."

"Greenhow thinks the word was invented by Carver. He says: 'On leaving the river, Gray gave it the name of his ship, the Columbia, in the language of the Indians, though attempts are made to fix upon it that of Oregon, on the strength of accounts which Carver pretended to have collected, in 1786, among the Indians of the upper Mississippi, respecting a River Oregon, rising near Lake Superior, and emptying into the Strait of Anian.'"

(To be concluded in Tuesday's issue.)

## DEMOS FAR IN HOLE; RASKOB HOLDS SACK

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3—(AP)—The democratic national committee began the new year with a \$629,756 deficit. House staff expenditures during the year aggregated \$612,647 and that \$64,662 remained in the treasury. However, the committee owed John J. Raskob, national chairman, \$225,250 and \$403,368 to the County Trust company of New York.

The republican senatorial campaign committee reported expenses of \$144,730. Eastern expenditures were \$94,627 and disbursements in the west totaled \$50,103.

Another organization to spend more than it received was the republican congressional committee. It received \$249,482 and spent \$264,995.

The anti-saloon league of New Jersey reported its disbursements at \$6,611 and the anti-saloon league of America said it spent \$6,672.

INJURES KNEE BADLY  
JEFFERSON, Jan. 3—Mrs. W. H. Sherman injured her knee quite badly, Tuesday afternoon, when she slipped and fell on the concrete walk in front of the A. E. Phelps residence.

**SPECIAL Free Examination AND CLINIC FOR Two Days—Monday and Tuesday Jan. 5 and 6**

Each forenoon, beginning at Nine, will be given over to consideration of all Diseases and general conditions. Free examination no matter what your trouble.

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