The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Hawley Day at Roseburg

ROSEBURG, nestling on the hills along the South Umpqua river, was host to all of Oregon last Saturday in a spontaneous celebration in honor of being chosen as the site for the veterans' home in the northwest. Thousands of people responded to the invitation and enjoyed the cordial hospitality of the Roseburg people. It was a gala day for that city, and while the time of preparation was short, an interesting program was arranged and the visitors were received with such cordiality that the day proved a great success.

Like skylarking children out for a good time, the Roseburgers had to dress up. And just as children array themselves in the garb of their grown-up elders, the Roseburgers reached back into dim closets and down into the depths of mothball-guarded trunks and came forth with the varied raiment of past generations. The dressing up had no connection with the veterans' home but it gave the residents and the visitors the thrill of knowing that the day was different from the ordinary, as indeed it was, for Roseburg.

The planning committee clicked right with the day, for while occasional clouds threatened, the rains did not come, and the famous Umpqua sunshine prevailed enough to convince the visitors of the delightfulness of the climate of the Douglas county capital. The outsiders were impressed most favorably with the suitability of the location for the home. Roseburg has a very pleasant year-round climate. It gets hot in the summer days, but is close enough to the mountains to cool off well at nights; and the winters are just about perfect. There is less snow and rain and more sunshine in the winter months than in the Willamette valley. It is beautiful for situation too, invested as it is by the circling hills.

The program of the afternoon and of the banquet at night was a parade of notables both local, state and national. Senator Steiwer, Congressman Hawley, Secretary of State Hoss, State Treasurer Holman, were among the distinguished speakers. Maj. Gen. George White found fishing bum on the North Umpqua so left his camp to come down for the banquet. But the real party was for Congressman W. C. Hawley. These knife-whetters in this end of the first congressional district would have had a stomach-upset to see the spontaneous tribute paid to Congressman Hawley both in the afternoon program and at the evening banquet. He was lauded highly for his part in securing legislation locating the home in the Northwest, and for his fidelity to Roseburg in standing by his pledge to support that city for the location. The climax came when in a skit by the Business and Professional Women of Roseburg at the banquet, Miss Roseburg, a pretty young lady, who had received the symbolic soldiers' home planted a kiss on the cheek of the veteran representative amid the applause of the banqueters.

It might be well for those busy writing the specifications for Hawley's political coffin to visit southwest Oregon before placing too high stakes for 1932. One prominent Douglas county democrat predicted Hawley would get every democratic vote in Douglas county, and that he would be re-elected by the biggest majority he ever had received. The ardor of course will cool off before a year rolls round, but there was no mistaking the sentiment manifest at Roseburg Saturday toward Cong. Hawley.

State Treasurer Holman was busy mixing poltical medicine too. He appeared as the personal representative of Gov. Meier, whose service to the people Holman lauded highly in his evening speech. He also pledged himself to the purchase of the bonds of the city of Roseburg, and indicated that while he would have to have the formal approval of the district attorney, he would look with an indulgent eye upon any "clouds in the title" and rely upon the good faith of the people of Roseburg. He closed with a layer of "brave men and fair women" but no babies were present so he couldn't kiss them. Holman, by the way, is developing the tremulo stop in his voice till he is getting most as good as Walter Pierce. However he can't prime the lachrymal pumps as easily as Walter. And he hasn't torn a tax receipt in two either.

Sen. Steiwer has put in a busy summer. He has been campaigning 100% for 1932. And he seems to be growing stronger too. He has mass and solidity about him, but he is as approachable as an old shoe, knows everybody, and has done a most industrious job of fence-building during this long open season between sessions.

Roseburg is going right ahead to buy the land and turn over the 400 acres to the government. The tract lies just west of Roseburg, and is just across the narrow South Umpqua from the present state soldiers' home which is to be turned over to the government, and will be part of the institution. The state home, it should be said, is very attractive; and the veterans would seem to be splendidly cared for. The home is a lovely spot, with spacious lawns and gorgeous flowers. As it turns over the property to the federal government the state may do so with the satisfaction that for nearly forty years it has provided well for the military veterans in its charge.

The new institution will be a big thing for Roseburg, lifting it into distinction among the cities of the northwest. The material advantages of the expenditures of money there will be great, and will be continuing; aside from that the city will assume importance regionally and nationally, lifting it above the lot of ordinary county seat trading points. When the city celebrates the dedication of the home it will probably have a bigger celebration, but it will not have the spontaneity and the joyful abandon of the affair of last Saturday.

On Again, Off Again

WHILE it may be admitted that the suspension of the gold standard in Great Britain is a backward step in the process of world readjustment, yet it should be recalled that it was only a few years ago that Britain went on a gold standard again. During and after the war exchange was "pegged" and there were no gold settlements with London. Then Winston Churchill thought the time had come when Great Britain could go on a gold standard again and the resumption of gold payments was announced.

At the time, Keynes, the British economist, condemned the move as premature; and declared there would have to be a readjustment of war debts and reparations before economic health could be restored so that England could operate on a gold basis. Time has justified his prophesy, mainly because France has let central Europe sink in the mire because of her own political ambitions.

The United States is concerned as to the effect here. All we can say is that this country got along pretty well before, when most all the European countries were off the gold standard, when Canadian currency was at substantial discount, when the German mark went to worthlessness, and when the French franc started to follow the mark. While it is no time for rocking the boat; neither is it time for becoming alarmed and throwing off your clothes. In fact the markets in New York last week seemed to discount the bad turn in London; and Monday they rallied well from the shock of early selling.

The Last of the Big Three

THE quadrennial open season for self-starters with a cerebral hair-lip is about to open. In fact we have one circular from one man who is trying to beat the gun to get into the race for president. He describes himself as: "The last survivor of the big three",—Washington, Lincoln and David Sherman Beach. He is no shrinking violet, is Mr. Beach, "inventor and world actuary", and self-styled "the most progresive man in the world". He is the founder of "the world's liquidating and refunding company of the world". That ought to qualify him for a job with the federal farm board. He propounds the "greatest financial system in the world, at Washington, turning out millions and billions for the U. S. treasury". However this financial genius whose company promises to lift financial slavery from the world, and who does not hesitate to announce,—"the financial problem of the world solved", seems unable to solve his own financial problem. For the bottom of his circular is the familiar "campaign contribution coupon" calling for contributions to "the people's national independent ticket". So all those who want four years of paradise ought to rally behind Beach, particularly the democrats who have been turning up their noses at Hoover prosperity.

History of Dentistry

By ESTILL L. BRUNK, D. M. D.
Marion County Department of Health

The modern era in surgery dawned early in the 16th century with the achievements of Pare (1510 - 1590). He was one of the first to describe the procedure for the transplantation of teeth. In the 17th century the general structure of the teeth was discovered. In the 18th century the outstanding event was a publication in 1728 by Feuchard of the first complete work on dentistry.

Dr. E. L. Brunk

Tooth brushes had come into vogue. Feuchard believed the bristles damaged the gums and advocated the use of a small sponge. He made full upper and lower sets of teeth held into place by metallic springs. The turmoil of the French revolution and of the ensuing wars interrupted the progress of dentistry in France and from that time on literature in the march of progress in dentistry passed to the dental profession in the United States.

Hairdressers Were Dentists

Throughout the colonial era there were few events in the record of American dentistry. Newspaper advertisements constitute the chief items of that record in which as a rule individual practitioners presented routine statements of their proficiency and readiness to apply their art. Some advertised as a hair dresser and maker of wigs. (New York 1768) Others as midwife, oculist and dentist from Europe (New York 1777).

Paul Revere (1735-1818) famous for his midnight ride, a gold smith and ivory turner by trade also engaged in copper plate engraving and in the practice of prosthetic dentistry.

Washington's Teeth Bother

It is common knowledge that George Washington had considerable difficulty with his artificial dentures or false teeth. John Greenwood dentist to George Washington in a reply to an implied complaint of the first president concerning the condition of his false teeth told him that their unsatisfactory condition was caused either by soaking them in port wine or by drinking it.

During the world war when we needed men like Theodore Roosevelt more than any thing else, he had trouble with his teeth which it has been stated caused his death. After the war General Pershing became an important factor in the diplomatic service and when discussion was at its height in Chile, the noted general was ordered home for dental treatment.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

New Views

"Do you think the British financial situation will prolong the depression in the United States?" was the question asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

Dr. S. B. Laughlin, professor of economics, Willamette university: "No, I don't. It seems to have a tendency to raise prices in some places."

Lyle P. Bartholomew, architect: "No, I don't believe so. It may have a little effect out on the east coast but I don't think it will get out here."

Ernest W. Denning, Willamette senior: "The nations of the world are too closely allied in economic relations not to be affected."

John Bayne, lawyer: "Of course I'm not enough of a financier to know. But personally, I don't think the situation will be so serious, or that it will affect this country more than it would otherwise be affected."

Daily Thought

"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed."—Addison.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "Wrinkles Keep out the Cold."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Kincaid's reminiscences:

(Continuing from last Friday): "Sprague became jealous of his wife, and left her because she was unusually bright and attracted the attention of public men. She held brilliant receptions at the chief justice's house when he was trying to get the nomination for president in place of Grant. The gossips had Conkling's name mixed up with the affair. They also said he lived mostly on milk and crackers. After Conkling resigned his seat in the senate he practiced law in New York City. He got out in a deep snow in the streets and took cold and died.

"When Fenton was elected senator to succeed Senator Morgan, who had been the 'war governor' of New York, the same as Senator Morgan, who had been the 'war governor' of Indiana, I was in the gallery of the state house of New York at Albany, and saw and heard the voting when Fenton was elected. When Fenton came into the senate Conkling and the other administration senators looked upon him about the same as they did on Sumner.

"Russell Sage was the projector and builder of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. He was then a young man, a member of congress from the state of New York. Afterwards he became . . . a great power in Wall street. It was said that he was the only man in New York at that time who always kept $10,000,000 in bank ready to loan or be used in an emergency. When the senate was not in session I was frequently in New York and became acquainted with Sage. He visited at my house in Washington and I received many autograph letters from him. My reminiscences, covering a period of nearly 80 years, from which these few paragraphs are taken in a condensed form, contain some of Sage's letters, and letters from governors, senators, congressmen, judges, clergymen, authors, and others, taken from a collection of many thousand letters, and some of my editorials and newspaper comments. It would make a large book and whether it will ever be published I do not know. When an attempt was made to assassinate Sage I wrote a lengthy editorial, taking that for a text. He sent me a letter of thanks, and Senator Dolph sent a letter saying he wished the article could be read by every person in the United States. . . . He (Sage) left over $70,000,000, for the Sage foundation, a charitable institution.

"During the four years that I served as secretary of state of Oregon, along with Governor Lord, his wife was an enthusiastic advocate of making the growing of flax in Oregon an important industry. She was the pioneer of flax growing in Oregon and never lost an opportunity to talk about and explain her hobby. If Oregon ever becomes a flax growing state, as it probably will, she will be entitled to most of the credit. The governor was so much occupied with politics and the cares of state that he did not have the time nor patience to gove much attention to the flax industry at that time, however important it might become in the distant future. Like Huntington, who said posterity might build their own railroads, the governor perhaps thought that posterity might raise their own flax or do without flax.

"The governor was hard of hearing and did not hear all or much of his wife's eloquent appeals for flax in his presence, but he heard enough to know that flax came in somewhere. On one occasion, when the secretary of state and the attorney general were attending a dinner party with others at the governor's house, Mrs. Lord was explaining to the guests the great advantages that flax growing woud be to Oregon. The governor did not hear what she was saying but became suspicious that she had started on her hobby. He leaned over at the table and asked the attorney general in a low voice: 'Is Julia talking about that damn flax?'"

The balance of the "Reminiscenses" of Harrson R. Kincaid, from which the excerpts covering the past six issues and this one have been taken was devoted to an account of the defeat of Senator J. N. Dolph, in his candidacy for reelection to the United States senate by the legislature of 1895; and the election of Geo. W. McBride, who had served as secretary of state for eight years, and to a discussion of the free silver question.

Kincaid was strong for free silver. Here are some characteristic words of his statement: "Gold and silver are the only metals suitable for money, and, without silver, there is not enough gold in the world to pay ten cents on the dollar of the debts and carry on the business. Under this gold standard system all debts and all business is made payable in 'gold coin', a physical impossibility."

His stand-pat attitude on the free silver question cost Kincaid renomination and reelection as secretary of state. It also deprived him of a place on the roster of the board of regents of the University of Oregon, for which he had been named by his friend, Governor Lord. Kincaid claimed that he had not left the republican party, but that the republican party had left him, by abandoning free silver, which it had theretofore favored in its platforms. In fact, both parties had favored free silver in their platforms, flatly, or had straddled the issue, for a long time up to 1895.

Mr. Kincaid was sincere in his belief that the adoption of the single gold standard was a great mistake. He said: "Gold and silver had been the standard of values at about 16 to 1 throughout the world for 2000 years, until England adopted the single gold standard in 1816. This was done because England had billions of dollars invested in bonds and other securities in the United States and other debtor nations. Germany and other creditor nations followed England. These creditor nations used their great financial power to force it upon the United States . . . . The striking out of silver, the greatest part of the money of the world, doubled the value of gold, and the value of billions of bonds and interest and of investments originally made on a basis of gold and silver, so that it will take for an indefinite time double the amount of the products of labor to pay the principal and interest on these 'investments.' . . . Now this vast increase of wealth in the hands of the already wealthy owners of stocks and bonds and accumulated money, by laws increasing the power of their accumulated capital, at the expense of the debtors and laborers, is reacting with terrible force against those who did it."

Such arguments were familiar in the days of the long "16 to 1" political struggle. Echoes of it are coming back now, because of the low price of silver bullion. We may see the whole world go through it again. Nobody can explain fully why gold became the standard money metal. But it seems to the Bits man that there must be a single standard of measure of values—as much so as a foot rule of 12 inches for measure of size; that the world cannot have two rules of measure, any more than you can say two plus two makes five, or some other number.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

READ THIS FIRST

The famous and sinister Czarina Rubies belong rightfully to Katharine Faring, granddaughter of a Russian prince. Her friend, Frank Severn, recovers them for her in Russia and sends Paul Federoff to England with them. Federoff is murdered at Monksilver, an empty country house owned by Severn but the killers fail to find the gems.

Severn is kidnaped and carried unconscious to Monksilver, too, and there his friend, Jim Wynter, finds Creyke, Severn's servant, stabbed to death. Wynter enters the house, is injured in a fight and then drugged and taken to the home of a Dr. Martell, who revives him. Wynter returns to Monksilver with his friend, Sant, and the police. Creyke's body has been carried away. Wynter takes Katharine to dinner.

NOW GO ON

CHAPTER XXIV

"You were very mysterious when you rang me up this afternoon. You spoke of queer developments' at Monksilver—and left my curiosity unsatisfied," she said.

"Oh, I got mixed up in hectic adventures after leaving you last night," he told her. "And this afternoon I woke up in the house of a complete stranger miles away from Monksilver — where my last recollection was of crashing down a flight of stairs!"

"Then you were hurt?" she cried in quick, startled concern.

"Oh, nothing to make my life insurance people worry. That's the best of these solid bone skulls! And I carried the necklace safe through it all. Milly was no end bucked to get it back. Oh, and she sent you her love and thanks. The very mention of Malin's name is enough to make her see red now!" he laughed.

Gratitude

"I shall never forget your wonderful kindness," she said.

"You should have heard me bragging to Milly about that sock I gave Malin!" he said lightly. "Life holds too few moments like that!"

All too soon the taxi drew up at the restaurant on the fringe of Soho with its painted sign of a golden gander.

"I'm expecting a telephone call during dinner," Wynter told the waiter as they walked to their reserved table, "or, rather, this lady is. Miss Faring—don't forget the name."

"Very good, M'sieur."

"But who could be telephoning to me?" cried Katharine bewildered.

He laughed.

"Well, you see, Milly Grayson was frightfully thrilled to know that you and I had met in New York, and were great pals. (That's so, isn't it, Katharine?) And I told her too she'd like you immensely—and she knows my judgment is invariably sound! You don't know her very well?"

"No. Only through meeting her at the Hildrens."

"I think Milly's keen to alter all that—and that's why she wants to ring you up. She and Bill Grayson are two of my oldest friends, you know. Time you knew each other better."

"But what an overwhelming sort of person you are—Jim!"

It was the first time she had called him by that name. Quite a commonplace everyday sort of name — he had never before known how delightful it could sound.

"But I'm impatient to hear what happened last night at Monksilver," Katharine added.

She was hardly prepared for such startling news, as he told her of that glimpse in the street of Frank Severn, followed swiftly by his coming upon the murder of Creyke, who had driven the missing man to Monksilver. Katharine listened in silence with a white- thrilled face. Wynter went on to tell of his fruitless renewed visit that afternoon to the house with its cobwebbed doorway—something very significant about those cobwebs—to find the dead man gone and no trace of Severn or his capture.

"A second murder at Monksilver—and poor Frank helpless in those unknown evil hands—and the cause of it all those rubies that seem only to carry tragedy in their wake!" Katharine broke out. "And you found nothing at Monksilver, no clue to follow up?"

"Not quite so bad as that," Wynter said. And her eyes bent on him suddenly eager. "Never mind details yet—but I'm hopeful that I've picked up one end of a thread at Monksilver today, a clue I'm following up that may mean everything! I may be all wrong—but I don't think I'm wrong. And Bill Grayson don't think so, either. We're following it up together, working out a plan now."

Since leaving Monksilver Jim Wynter had decided to take Bill into his confidence. He had half expected his friend to ridicule that idea of his. But Bill hadn't ridiculed it.

"Oh, how splendid!" Katharine cried eagerly, when Wynter mentioned it. "But what clue?"

"Afraid you'd ask that, he laughed. "Sorry to be disappointing, but I'd rather not tell even you just yet, Katharine. I'll tell you just this, though, and pretty mad you'll think it sounds: It was some cobwebs in the porch at Monksilver that first gave me my brain wave."

She stared at him in surprise as if she thought he must be joking.

"Of course those jewels are at the bottom of all this mischief—that's more certain than ever," Wynter went on.

And he told her of the panelling they had found wrenched from the walls at Monksilver, evidence of a determined search for the Murinov heirlooms hidden somewhere in that old house.

"Only there's pretty good reason for assuming that these shadows of men—Sant's phrase, and a good one—haven't found them, and what's more, won't find 'em," he added cheerfully. "It's us—or should it be we?—who are going to find those lost rubies before we're through with this job."

Hope

A sudden eagerness had crept into Katharine's eyes. If those jewels from Russia could be found! How much would that not mean to her! It was suddenly back in her mind again, all that she had resolutely tried to forget for this hour or two of pleasant companionship that had lifted her for the time out of herself—the remembrance of that desperate state of affairs she was facing.

Life had been so increasingly hard since fate had dealt her that knock-down blow. For a year or so on the crest of the wave she had made money by handfuls—and she had been prodigal of it, prodigally generous, because that had always been Katharine's way, spending lavishly on others far more than on herself. And of course she had never saved, had never given a thought in those brief, smiling, sunny hours to a possible rainy day—how was she to dream how tragically soon her glittering career was to be cut short? And now, with her earning power snatched from her, she was facing the future with frightened eyes.

It had seemed almost too wonderful to be true when weeks ago Frank Severn had written telling her that the Murinov jewels, hers now by right, were already in England, soon to be in her possession . . . and then this terrible thing had intervened. A mysterious hand had snatched Frank away from the ken of all his friends, to what unknown fate? And with his disappearance the jewels had been lost to her—though of these two swift blows the loss of the rubies had come but second to her troubled fears for Frank.

But if Jim could find those lost Czarina rubies!

She met his eyes across the table with a new eager hope lighting up her own.

Assurance

"Oh, we're going to bring it off somehow!" he assured her. "But I wanted to ask you about those jewels, Katharine. When they come into your hands, I suppose you'll dispose of some of them at any rate? I have a reason for asking," he added quickly.

"Oh, but what else could I do? Beggar's can't be choosers, you know!" with a little smile. "I could not afford not to part with some of them at least. Besides they are linked now with such tragic memories—I am not sure I should wish to keep them even if I could.

"Katharine," he said suddenly, "there's a business proposal I want to make on behalf of Milly Grayson, Bill and myself. (He's a real good chap, Bill—you'll like him.) We've planned a little gamble. You see, we have a hunch you'll find your jewels all right—and we're out to back our belief by betting on it."

"But I don't understand, Katharine cried, puzzled.

"Well, it's like this: We, our syndicate of three, want to make a modest bet—stake two-fifty on the chance of those jewels turning up. Katharine. Well, suppose you take the bet, and make us a sporting offer, of say, odds at three to one, he went on lightly. "That means that, if your jewels are recovered, we win a share of 'em to the value of three times our stake. If they are not found—well, we've lost our two-fifty. Just a simple ordinary little gambling flutter, and Milly and Bill are as keen on it as I."

Wynter spoke as if in the most casual matter-of-fact tones . . . . this plan of his to help her without hurting her sensitive pride, since he knew that, desperate as her straits were, she would not have accepted a gift of money from him.

"Of course it may seem rather cheek, my arranging this without consulting you first. But pals have privileges—or take 'em! And we propose to hand our stake over to you straight away—oh, the usual thing absolutely, Katharine," he assured her smilingly. "Then if when the rubies come into your possession, you settle up. All quite simple. And I won't hear of your turning the proposal down!"

Wealth

He took from his pocket a check already made out in her name. Smilingly he pushed it across the table to her.

Katharine looked at the check. Two hundred and fifty pounds ($1,250). What would such a sum not mean to her just now!

But as she looked up from it and met his eyes, she shook her head.

"But I can't take it," she said. "Oh, I do appreciate the kindness behind it, far more than I can say—but I don't feel it would be fair it's so remote a chance—"

(To be continued)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

AIMEE PASSES BY

Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton passes through Eugene with her huge new consort. All the world loves a lover, they say, and there must be something in it, for Aimee still goes over great. At any rate, all the world is curious. So we send down to the station our best reporters and a crew of photographers to gather the gleanings of evangelism, scandal and romance.

But we are doomed to disappointment in the matter of photographs. In the rapid changing of hats, a suitcase falls. It strikes the evangelistic eyebrow. It raises a red welt. No, one simply cannot be photographed like that. And what will Mayor Baker think? Hubby offers to take the blame as a sort of elephantine jest. Oh, dearest!

The train makes ready to move on. It must not be late. The saving of souls in Portland must begin with a banquet. Out of the dim shadows of the Pullman corridor comes one who has been forgotten and shoved aside in the press of the curious. One to whom this skittish matron-bride with the blondined hair is not just another amusing character but a haloed saint.

Nearly twenty miles she has come, most of them on foot just to see this dazzling "Sister," just to hear her voice and touch her garments. She is so moved she is incoherent. She clings to this vision of hers. It is impossible to minister to the red welt. The train moves out, and it must be stopped specially to let the intruding pilgrim off.

Aimee passes by. The jazz age adds its chapter of the grotesque to the history of religions. Sometimes we marvel at the arts of that Byzanine princess whose manipulations of superstition created the fiction of a female pope. But we have our own Gaudy Shepherdess. Fat baritones bask in the comforts which Ballyhoo has brought to Salvation, Inc. And a suffering world still produces lean Pilgrims to grasp for the great consolation of Faith. The memory which lingers is that of a dazed child walking back up the track.—Eugene Register-Guard.

PRINCE

Studying American military methods here, Prince Svasti Pradisch, brother of Siam's Queen, is shown at Camp Humphreys, Va., doing field duty. The soldier Prince prefers the camp to the attempts of Washington society to honize him.

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 22, 1906

A dispatch from London says that Sir Thomas Lipton sailed for New York today. While business is the object of his trip to the United States, the America's cup matters undoubtedly will receive his attention. It is believed he is as keen as ever on the matter of a challenge.

Little Miss Harriet Claggett was knocked down and run over by a bicycle on North Commercial street yesterday afternoon and seriously injured. Reckless bicycle riding on the public streets is becoming too common and it is time a stop was put to it.

A sure sign of the approach of the football season is the activity among the "kids" of the town. Almost every night there is a game on the field in front of the Southern Pacific depot, participated in by boys waiting for their papers.

September 22, 1921

Night racing is now assured at the state fair. Yesterday the Portland Light and Power company installed poles and lights for the entire track.

The Salem street car company in shipping four extra cars to Salem for state fair week. Last year during fair week the street car system handled 135,000.

Negotiations are under way for the purchase of the present Salem Elke's temple by the Woodman of the World of Salem, according to an announcement made yesterday by L. S. Gber, secretary of the latter.

SON TO SMITHS

RICKEY, Sept. 21—Mr. and Mrs. Arnett Smith are the parents of a son, born at the Salem General hospital Thursday. He has been named Arnet Junior. The young man arrived on his father's birthday.

Mrs. Smith was Doris Richardson, daughter of Mrs. A. B. Richardson.