

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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A Franco-Russian Treaty

FRANCE, which has recognized the government of the soviet republic for many years, is about to conclude a new treaty with Russia. The text which has been published in a Paris newspaper remarks that both countries engage to refrain from propaganda, each agrees to remain neutral in the event the other is attacked, and there may be no accord with a third power by which the products of either would be subject to embargo.

The treaty is silent about czarist debts which are owed to France in great volume. Pre-war Russia was an ally of France and Paris poured millions of good French francs into Petrograd for the support of the Romanoff government. Compared with these sums our own loans to Russia are quite insignificant. Yet the United States refuses to have any dealings with Russia, alleging that her repudiation of obligations has put her outside the pale of nations.

That position grows more and more untenable. The other nations with more to fear from Russian propaganda, and with more credits to be charged off as dead losses because of the czarist collapse, do not hesitate to resume dealings with the communist government at Moscow. We are the stand-outers. Russia seems to be going ahead in her own way without our help. We may as well bow to realities and grant recognition to the de facto government of Russia.

The nonchalance with which France has viewed the loss of the loans to pre-war Russia contrasts sharply with her reluctance to discuss any diminution of the German reparations. However, when Germany definitely repudiates further reparations France may blow her nose rather loudly and then acquiesce with more or less grumbling. She hasn't even grumbled over her losses on loans to the czar.

Tammany Still a Tiger

SAMUEL SEABURY, counsel for the investigating committee in New York city, has uncovered ten millions in graft among Tammany officials of the city. Various minor officials were revealed as banking hundreds of thousands of dollars when their salaries amounted to only a few thousands each year.

Sheriff Farley, with a salary of \$7,500 per year, banked \$60,660 since 1925. A deputy clerk, James J. McCormick, had bank deposits of \$385,000 in seven years. He couldn't remember at all where \$150,000 came from.

An undersheriff, Peter J. Curran, "assumed" that the \$662,311 he banked were profits from his "livery and undertaking business". The fattest melon of all was that of the law firm of Olvany, Eisner, and Donnelly, with deposits of over \$5,000,000 in seven years. Olvany was formerly chief of Tammany hall. The services of his firm were in special demand to get approval of plans for real estate development.

Mayor Walker's personal agent, Russell T. Sherwood, was able to bank over a million dollars.

The Tammany tiger never changes his stripes. Built up on graft and boodle, the only difference between the present and the Boss Croker days is that the grafting is a little more politely done now. Croker would probably look like a piker when his pile is compared with Olvany's for example.

Yet the democrats told us in 1928 that Tammany was a nice gentle kitty now.

Labor Loses Australia

AUSTRALIA had all the gimcrack ideas about bettering the lot of labor which addled brains could think of. She passed all manner of protective labor laws, then piled on tariffs to make the laws effective. The labor unions ran the government until they ran it into the ground. Now they have had an election and the labor party was badly defeated.

Government seems to vibrate between extremes. There are the Tory conservatives who just flick the dust off their broadcloth when they hear that labor is suffering. Then there are the socialistic laborites who think they can legislate prosperity. They can, but it fades fast in the early rains.

Now Australia has the unpleasant job of liquidating its debts, its fool notions, and its silly restrictions on labor and commerce.

Passing events give little hope for accomplishment at the coming Geneva conference on disarmament. In spite of all the petitions that have been signed urging the United States to "go the limit", it looks as though the limit would be near zero. France has gone militaristic. She occupies the place once held by Kaiser Bill. In addition Japan, steadily absorbing Manchuria by means of bombs and bayonets, has once again reduced treaties to scraps of paper. It is a world in which the necessity for universal reduction of armaments is recognized, but the individual nations cling to "safety first" and vote for bigger armies and navies.

They buried Jack "Legs" Diamond the other day. There was not the usual parade of gangsters defiantly offering tribute to a fallen "hero". There were many flowers however, including one beautiful piece in the form of a chair, labeled "vacant". It was from his wife, who seems not to have let that Jack went from his mistress to his death interfere with her grief. There might well have been another emblem there in the form of a chair of metal with a few straps and gadgets such as they have at Oelning. And the tag might well have read: "Cheated".

Now they are proposing to limit campaign expenses in electing a president to five million dollars. On the basis of a hundred and fifty thousand to win the governorship of Oregon, just what would that allow for presidential campaign funds? Do they propose to apply Oregon's corrupt practices act and thus make sure that national elections will be pure in the future?

Maybe Pres. Hoover wishes our government was shaped like the cabinet system of other lands,—when the going gets tough the executive can just step aside. China, for instance, has been having its troubles, so the president and the cabinet have resigned and now we will see whether their successors can do a better job or not.

Give Mrs. Plachot a hand. She is willing to run for congress against Louis McFadden and declared: "Everyone must prevent an unsubstantiated accusation of treason against the president." Well said.

Gen. George A. White gets the chafing because he has the offer of a locomotive and no tracks to run it on. He might offer it to Ared White to use for fiction coloring.

Still time to do your Christmas shopping early.—In the morning.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Yester Days

December 24, 1906
NEW YORK—When the intercollegiate football rules committee meets today for its final session, the question of allowing four instead of three downs to gain 10 yards will be considered. The institution of the forward pass and the inside kick last year did not solve the yardage problem, with the old grinding, smashing now eliminated.

Salem's latest form of recreation, roller skating, will begin tonight, when the new Auditorium rink opens at Front and Center streets.

SAN FRANCISCO—That the controversy over the segregation of the Japanese school children may be settled without bringing about a clash between the federal and municipal governments is the hope of federal authorities.

December 24, 1921
State senators came to flatulents last night over a resolution submitted by Dennis for a committee to examine the condition of state finances.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Charging that prices were too high and that in some instances profits of retailers were "unconscionable", Attorney General Daugherty yesterday instituted a federal investigation of the prices prevailing for food, fuel, shoes and clothing.

On a motion for reconsideration, Senator Norblad's bill providing for transportation of school pupils was passed in the senate.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

ABOUT MR. HAWLEY'S NEW COAT

It may be Mr. Hawley sent what money to England he did send so that English wool growers and tailors might have money to send to Oregon for loganberries and prunes.

JACK SIMS.
1164 Third Salem, Oregon Dec. 18, 1931.

New Views

"What are you most thankful for this Christmas season?" was the question asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

Myron Butler, florist assistant: "I'll be mighty thankful when it is over. Yes, I'm thankful I have a job."

Mrs. Elizabeth Gallaher, Y. W. C. A. secretary: "Oh, I don't know. I have so very much to be thankful for that it would be difficult to particularize."

Clarence L. Poor, Willamette university senior: "I don't know. I hadn't thought about it."

Daily Thought

"When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON
DOUBLE RAINBOWS?

WHEN FLYING ABOVE STORMS, AVIATORS OFTEN SEE A COMPLETE RAINBOW CIRCLE SPREAD ON THE BLOWING CLOUDS BELOW THEM. ALWAYS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CIRCLE APPEARS THE SHADOW OF THE OBSERVER'S AIRPLANE



THIS LITTLE PIG MAY GIVE YOUR CHILDREN EARLY TRAINING IN FEEDING THEMSELVES. FEWERS IN NUMBER RED-HEADED GIRLS HAVE HAIR MUCH COARSER THAN THAT OF BLOWN AND BUNNETTES AND FEWER IN NUMBER

Tomorrow—She answers 5000 Phone Calls an Hour

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Minto pass; its history;

(Continuing from yesterday): "A short consultation resulted in the 'order' that Mr. Minto take two comrades and proceed up the valley of the North Santiam until he was satisfied whether it made such a natural cut into the range or not.

"After an absence of 12 days, the party returned, and Minto reported a deep valley apparently almost dividing the range, and so sheltered that several varieties of wild flowers were found in bloom on the 18th of November.

"Upon this representation a petition for the survey of a road was presented to the board of county commissioners early in 1874, and the viewing out and survey of such a road ordered, Porter Jack, Geo. S. Downing and John Minto to act as viewers, and T. W. Davenport as surveyor.

"The survey was made and the viewers' report in favor of an excellent roadway was made to the county commissioners of Marion county, August, 1874.

"The results were got by following up the north bank of the Santiam river, generally within sight or sound of its waters, from the point where it enters the Wil-

lammite valley to its most easterly springs.

"Starting from the bank of the Willamette river at Salem, where its course is east and north parallel with the Cascade range, the survey leads up its Santiam branch 83 miles, to the true summit of the Cascades, here found in a narrow cut or pass lying across the summit ridge, the general course of the survey being southeast by east.

"From the summit thus found it is an estimated distance of only five miles down to the Matoles branch of the Deschutes river, with the range, the same course as the Willamette on the west side; but taking down the eastern declivity with an easy grade for a wagon road the plain of the Deschutes would be reached in about seven miles, and the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountains Road, where it skirts the base of the Black butte, three miles into the Deschutes plain, in about 10 miles.

"In making this view and survey an old and deeply worn trail was frequently crossed, and such a trail, less deep, was found leading over the pass eastward. The first observed trail gives some support to the Indian tradition of a former native thoroughfare down the valley.

"The trail out of the pass is not so much worn, neither is the Strong trail leading off towards the west from a point about seven miles eastward, used by Lieutenant Fremont as he passed the Minto pass in 1843. The trail so noted reaches first the Minto springs of Matoles, where a full grown river rises from under the northeast base of Black butte, into which the salmon ascend in July and August for spawning purposes, at that date and since making a valuable fishery for the Indians, and scarcely less valuable as fisheries were the numerous lakes to the westward, which, taken in connection with abundant game of the entire region, make it a hunter's paradise.

"Had Minto in 1845 been informed of the particulars of the march in 1843 of Fremont, he would almost certainly have succeeded in getting the people he led into the Willamette valley by that way easier than they reached the Dalles after he abandoned them.

"After the viewing out and survey of the wagon road as before related, parties incorporated or filed articles of incorporation for a projected railroad through the pass to Willamette. It was a mere speculation on the part of persons who had neither money nor credit of any kind. It had the effect of weakening the public interest in having a common road constructed, so that after the lapse of the legal hold on the pass was attained, there was little disposition to spend money on the opening of a common road which was liable to be destroyed at any time by a railroad interest.

"An association was formed, however, and a stock trail was opened at a cost of \$1800, in labor. As much more spent at that time would have enabled wagon to pass. For lack of this small sum, the trail constructed did not attract the public use, except, in a small measure, for horses.

"In 1880 Hon. John B. Waldo, while enjoying a summer recreation trip along the summit ridge, came to a point some seven or eight miles south of the point at which the survey had been made, and over which a trail had been opened, which he felt confident was lower than it.

"He spoke of it to Mr. Minto, who, the next spring, had a small party of men to his disposal by Marion county in order to remove obstructions which had fallen in during the previous four years, Mr. Minto had \$111 of the money left, which he had the board of commissioners to use in viewing out and surveying the most southern of the two main branches of the Upper North Santiam.

"The suggestion was made that this arm of the stream tread so

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Ted Radcliffe is called to Verd, a small village on the Mexican border, by Bob Harkness, his late father's friend. Radcliffe Senior had lost a fortune in Mexico years before. At a party given by Major Blount of the U. S. Army, Ted meets Faco Morales, a rolling power in Mexico, and his beautiful niece, Adela. Morales tells how El Coyote, the mysterious bandit, killed a man about to reveal his hideaway. El Coyote reveals from the rich, particularly Morales, and gives to the poor. Major Blount announces that the U. S. cavalry will join in the search for the bandit. A wounded Mexican, believed to be one of El Coyote's band, is captured. Ted is stunned to learn his father died penniless. Bob attributes the failure of Ted's father's Mexican irrigation project to Morales, whose reign would have ended with its success. Late that night, Bob goes out. Next morning Major Blount reports that the wounded Mexican has escaped. Bob asks Ted to become his foreman. Ted resents Bob's saying it would be fitting for Adela to marry Jito, Morales' bully foreman.

CHAPTER XIII

"Why should it be fitting for a girl like Adela to marry a hired bully?"

"You do Jito an injustice, old son," Bob answered. "He's much more than that. Jito is a born leader, even if his methods are crude. He is a man absolutely without fear, glorying in his great strength. As a matter of fact, it is the utter dread these border people have for Jito that is old Morales' trump card."

For a moment Ted was silent, his eyes fixed on the desert sky. "Then one of the ways to strike at Morales would be through Jito," he answered thoughtfully.

Price had been watching Radcliffe. He saw the long line of Ted's chin tighten and the eyes grow hard. The doctor rose. "Whoever strikes at Jito, or Morales either, must be prepared for everything from persecution to cold, relentless murder. Those two could turn all hell loose on an enemy."

Then once more he looked at the big, brooding man before him and reached for his hat. "But I'd wish him luck," the doctor added. "By the Lord, he'd need it."

Unrest, like a formless cloud, had been spreading throughout the border country. None knew what plans and counterplans lay behind it. None knew when the storm would break, or where, but throughout the last winter the name of El Coyote had never been far from the minds of the border ranchers. At Mendon's cantina, that clearing house for all news of the desert, rumors came and went. Lean, silent horsemen rode in from the ranches, talked awhile, drank, and silently mounted their horses again. Tanned men of the ranges passed each other with a nod of understanding, but only their eyes spoke, of things their lips found too dangerous to say. Meanwhile from Verd to the foothills and west to the little village of Agua Dulce went the whispered word, "Prepares."

For days Morales' vaqueros had worn anxious looks. They were less eager of late to kick the displaced peons from their paths. In the villages and at the cantinas they kept apart, gathering in little groups, and riding the range in threes and fours instead of singly. And all this because of those persistent rumors that whispered El Coyote was organizing the Mexican ranchers, that armed resistance was coming, and that the power of Morales was drawing to an end.

Wilder rumors still there were, that rose and died. Most of those whispered fantastic tales were based

on fact, but they all served one purpose. They were making the desert ranchers intonant of the domination of Morales. "Those once patient peons—a wave of unrest had swept across their hearts, had changed them and left them looking with new eyes out over the far horizon and thoughtfully fingering the knives at their belts.

Already, here and there, in little villages, a few leaders spoke more boldly, men who all but said they were under the protection of El Coyote and were ready to follow him in any test of strength against the power of Morales. Even in Verd there were those who hinted that this man or that was a leader believed to be one of El Coyote's band, is captured. Ted is stunned to learn his father died penniless. Bob attributes the failure of Ted's father's Mexican irrigation project to Morales, whose reign would have ended with its success. Late that night, Bob goes out. Next morning Major Blount reports that the wounded Mexican has escaped. Bob asks Ted to become his foreman. Ted resents Bob's saying it would be fitting for Adela to marry Jito, Morales' bully foreman.

At length, among a few of these leaders, and among the ranchers who could be trusted, word went out of a meeting to be held at the Cantina Azul, a little tavern by the crossroads south of Verd.

None knew when. But a week later, just before sunset, horsemen galloped up to certain desert and foothill ranches and, calling softly, "Tonight, amigos," rode swiftly away. At the summons men armed themselves and added their swiftest horses to the silent, watchful alert. Many of them in a sense were already El Coyote's men, for they had hidden with his band, had helped them, although no one of those who rode southward that night beneath the stars had ever looked upon the leader's face.

Not for long years had the border country seen such an array as that that evening at the Cantina Azul. Their numbers were not impressive, for barely a hundred men had gathered there, but each grim-faced one of them was well chosen. Each had good reason to hate the dominance of Morales' men. Each had sworn to follow any leader who would end it. A varied throng. Swarthy, thick-set Mexicans, with here and there a wind-tanned American rancher—men from the foothills, the border, and the desert, all of them held by a common bond, and in the eyes of each the steady gaze of steadfast purpose.

Crowding into the patio of the cantina, they squatted about or leaned against the adobe walls, and as they waited in the darkness, the tips of their cigarettes glowed red. Perhaps for half an hour they waited, then from down the hard-packed road came the sound of horses' feet, and a masked rider forced his way among them.

A rancher standing on tiptoe strained forward. "Is it he, is it El Coyote?" he whispered.

"Quiet, amigos," another answered. "El Coyote does not come tonight. This man brings his message. For the love of Our Lady be quiet there."

The masked rider circled about the patio, bending a careful scrutiny upon all he passed. At the farther end he stopped and faced them. In the dim light men saw that the jaw was square and clean shaven and that beneath the sombrero clustered a thick mat of grizzled hair. Several among the crowd nodded. "It is the lieutenant of El Coyote"—and for a moment the little patio rang with an eager shout of welcome to this man of the border outlaw's band.

When he spoke his clear voice, in contrast to the grizzled hair, held something of the quality of youth, and the fearlessness of youth.

"Compadres," he began, "you whom El Coyote trusts he has called together. There are many among you who are already of our band. We have ridden together and together we have held back the va-

queros of Morales. Many of you I know well. We have shared dangers. But it is better that tonight we be strangers all. It may be that among you are also men of Morales' band. If there be, take back our message of defiance to your master. And remember that with such as you comes a reckoning.

"Tonight to all of you I bring a message from El Coyote. Men of the border, you came here to lead free, happy lives. You came to build homes and to live in peace and in peace to see your children grow up among you. What has that hope of yours been worth? How much has life itself been worth since the horsemen of Morales have made dogs of us? Throughout the border there are many piles of ashes that once were homes. There are graves that cover men who were once our friends. And all because Morales would have this land. Today the government itself obeys Morales. It sends troops against El Coyote and brands him an outlaw. But names are nothing, for if all the countryside arises and stands behind El Coyote and fights for him, he will no longer be an outlaw in the eyes of the Mexican government; he will become what today he really is—a liberator and a friend. Already many have joined him.

"He waits now only a little while before he strikes. Compadres, if you have red blood, you who listen here tonight will follow him in this last great fight of all. Too long we have struck back feebly. We have fought half-heartedly. We have only resisted where we should have attacked. We have been weak where we should have been strong. We have been divided where we should have been one."

"Bueno," cried one from the crowd. "You speak straight words, amigo. Tell us now what we should do."

"Fight," called the clear, unhesitating voice. "At a certain time El Coyote gathers together all his band and rides against the power of Morales. On that ride whoever is not with him is against him. It is the people of the border against Morales and his vaqueros."

"Pass that word among you to those who are trustworthy. Be ready. Look to your rifles and the knives at your belts. You must be leaders among the people. Tell the strong men to be ready. It may be tomorrow; it may be a year from tomorrow. Quiet, amigos! It will be when El Coyote thinks best, but that night we strike, and the next morning either Morales is lord of all this land, or we will have won peace and freedom for us and for our people."

Gathering volume in the darkness the clear voice made its last appeal. "What is life worth, in a land where we exist by permission only, where our homes are burned and our women taken from us? For me, compadres, it is not worth this cigarette that I throw away. But I see a different life. I see this valley dotted with farms. I see it as a land of men who hold up their heads as free men should. We can have that at a price, amigos. It is the price of armed resistance. For some it may be the price of death. Which among you will not pay it?"

Silence followed. Then from across the patio a voice in the darkness asked, "The Americano cavalry, must we fight them?"

"Once the Americanos learn a united people are behind El Coyote, they will withdraw, for they have no quarrel with the people of Mexico. And now, look you. One is come among us that you know. He has come to learn if you are worth fighting for. He comes to learn if you are ready. Amigos, the voice rang out, "what answer do you give now to El Coyote?"

(To Be Continued)

far southward that it would probably be found to reach the summit by a greater meander and consequently afford a more gradual approach to this supposed lower point of the summit, and therefore be more favorable for railroad purposes.

"The order was made in accordance with the suggestion, and Capt. L. S. Scott, Geo. S. Downing and John Minto were appointed viewers and T. W. Davenport surveyor.

"After some loss of time by efforts to locate a line of communication, Minto took on a mule and went eastward through the old pass, taking the altitude of it as he went, and finding it, according to an ordinary barometer, such as is used by railroad surveyors, to be 5336 feet above the sea; and proceeding southward and then westward on the same day found the instrument to read at the point indicated by Judge Waldo, 4911 feet above the sea.

"From this point a line was struck and surveyed, which, by way of the southeast branch of the North Santiam, connects with the original survey by an easy grade for railroad purposes, and of which the projectors of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad were immediately informed."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Monday evening. The schoolhouse was decorated with greenery and lovely Christmas tree. Mrs. George Early, the president, presided at a short business meeting. A splendid Christmas program,

arranged by the teacher, Matilda Gillis, was enjoyed by a crowded house. There were special numbers from Woodburn. Treats were given the children after the program.

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If You Cannot Call, Phone 4109

Collections Bother Telephone Directors

TURNER, Dec. 23.—The Turner Telephone company board of directors, had a called meeting Monday night to talk over their financial situation, as bills are due and collections slow.

Members of the board are: Frank Shampier, Leonard Walker, Thomas Little, C. A. Bear, E. S. Prather, secretary-treasurer, H. R. Peets, telephone lineman.

Community Circle Holds Yule Affair

HUBBARD, Dec. 23.—The community circle of White's district met at the schoolhouse

Hawkins & Roberts, Inc.

Second Floor, Oregon Building, Salem
Phone 4109

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FOR many years the subject of rheumatism bewildered and baffled the medical profession. We are doing better now. Although the actual cause of the disease has not been determined, much helpful knowledge has been accumulated.

At one time rheumatism was believed to afflict only the aged, and to be caused by exposure to wet and cold. Now it is known to afflict the young as well as the old, and is considered to be an infectious disease. Its real nature has caused it to be called "acute rheumatic fever."

The disease manifests itself by an inflammation of the muscles or joints of the body. It is indeed an uncomfortable ailment, sometimes so painful that it demands complete rest in bed. It has been seen cases where even the slight vibration caused by the nurse walking near the bed would cause great pain to the patient.

Acute rheumatic fever in a child creates a serious problem, that requires careful attention. The danger of this disease in children, particularly in neglected cases, is that there may be left behind some impairment of the valves of the heart. Because of this danger, the victim of acute rheumatic fever should be placed in bed at once and kept there until all signs of the disease have disappeared.

The pains in the joints and muscles of growing children were called "growing pains." There is no such thing as a growing pain. Whenever a child complains of pain, either in the joints or muscles, you may rest assured there is an infection somewhere which requires immediate attention.

For a long time the doctors thought the cases of rheumatic fever were caused by enlarged tonsils. In a recent survey of a group of 34,000 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, it was found that in spite of tonsil removal, cases of acute rheumatic fever still occurred. It is a well-recognized fact that when tonsils are actually diseased and enlarged they should be removed. Infected teeth and infected sinuses must be given attention. Exposure to cold and wet, lack of proper food and clothing, unhygienic home conditions, particularly lack of adequate sunlight, are factors which must not be overlooked.

There Are No "Growing Pains" As a rule, acute rheumatic fever is ushered in with high fever and pain. The pain may begin in one joint and later travel to other joints. As a rule, the involved joint becomes inflamed and reddened. Your part in combating this disease is important. Exposure to cold and wet should always be avoided. Children should not be allowed to play in damp and unhygienic surroundings.

Adequate rest, abundant nourishing food and plenty of sunshine, both in the winter and summer months, are essential. During winter, see that you and your children are well protected against cold and chilling winds.

The home should always be warm, and properly ventilated. Infections should have immediate attention. Please remember that there is no such thing as a growing pain. It is most important that the infection be accurately and quickly recognized. If it is rheumatic fever, early and proper treatment insures a quick convalescence.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. L. M. Q.—I am 54 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, what should I weigh?
1.—How can I reduce without injuring my health?
2.—Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. Gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise will work wonders in most cases.

pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance.

—Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. Gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise will work wonders in most cases.

—The home should always be warm, and properly ventilated. Infections should have immediate attention.

—Please remember that there is no such thing as a growing pain. It is most important that the infection be accurately and quickly recognized.

—If it is rheumatic fever, early and proper treatment insures a quick convalescence.

—Adequate rest, abundant nourishing food and plenty of sunshine, both in the winter and summer months, are essential.

—Your part in combating this disease is important. Exposure to cold and wet should always be avoided.