The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - Managing Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, Salmon Tower Bldg., 11 W. 42nd St.; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or $5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; $5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents

Honolulu "Goes Native"

HONOLULU, the pearl of the Pacific, has been losing much of her lustre in recent months. The city seems to have gone native, and a sudden and revolting flood of lust has gripped many of its inhabitants.

This crossroads of the Pacific is a melting pot of the races. From all corners of the Pacific they come. The native Hawaiian race is nearly submerged in the flood of Japanese, Chinese, and Malayans. The ruling race is white. The amorous air of the southern seas stirs passions which often break the least. Whites live loose lives. The seductive hula-hula dance reveals something of the atmosphere of this gem-city.

In recent months instead of whites being aggressors and the natives the consenting victims of their lust, native men have become attackers with white women their victims. Affairs have gone from bad to worse. The navy men who are there on duty, have declared their wives were unsafe ashore. As many as 40 women have been attacked in the past year, reports state. So tense did the feeling become that shore leave was denied the 20,000 men of the Pacific fleet during the February maneuvers for fear of violence.

The climax has come in recent weeks. The wife of a naval officer was attacked in September. Five men were tried for the offense but the jury disagreed. Last week one of the accused men was murdered and his body found in the automobile occupied by the husband and mother of the women who was the victim. The murdered man was Hawaiian. The mother, Mrs. Granville Fortescue is socially prominent in Honolulu and the husband, Thomas H. Massie is a lieutenant in the navy. They and an enlisted man have been charged with the murder.

The case while exciting a great stir in Honolulu, is but an incident. The fact of major significance is that society dares not unleash its moral standards even when it languishes in the soft, amorous air of the southern seas. Moral standards are not an outmoded puritanism; they are the lesson of centuries of experience, a part of the biological history of the race. Superior races dare not "go native". The seventh commandment holds south of the equator.

Dawes and "Damn Nonsense"

WITH profane expletive Charles G. Dawes instead of eliminating himself from consideration as a candidate for the republican nomination for president succeeded in focusing national attention upon himself. We think Charley Dawes is tired of knee breeches and a chained tongue, that he really wants to get back to private life, to his business of banking and to his Evanston home.

But that is not a sign that he will be permitted to do so. His Illinois admirers as well as his admirers over the nation will bestir themselves to gain permission to present his name at the convention, which by the way will meet in his own city of Chicago.

If Dawes were in favor with the mid-western insurgents there might be considerable chance of his being nominated. But in 1924 Sen. Brookhart denounced him as a candidate for vice president and called on him to get off the ticket. Dawes didn't mind that, but Brookhart never forgets and never forgives, so there will be no rally to Dawes from the great guerilla belt.

The party machine is presumed to be in the hands of the president. No matter how eagerly the members of the organization would like to shift to another candidate they are not going to do so until they see a reasonable chance for victory. Between the southern delegates and the federal brigade of office-holders nothing short of a revolution can defeat an incumbent from renomination.

In spite of the flare-up caused by the Dawes resignation, it still appears that Hoover will be nominated "by default".

Distress Signals from a Big Company

NEWS that the Long-Bell company is to have a bondholders' protective committee will come as no surprise to those familiar with the operating losses of this and most other lumber companies in the United States. When its southern timber holdings were nearing exhaustion the Long-Bell interests launched a vast project on the Columbia river, designing a model city, building it from the tideland up. While its venture was costly, the company could have made the grade all right had the lumber business not fallen into such desperate straits as it has the past two years.

With co-operation from the creditors the concern will probably be reorganized and with the inevitable revival of demand for lumber it will be able to go forward. The company has lightened ship in recent years and used the proceeds of numerous sales of capital assets to meet its bond obligations. A very good earner when times are normal, the company will certainly be held intact pending the time when its operations again become profitable. Meantime the bondholders will get no interest. The stockholders have gone without dividends for several years.

The financial affairs of the city of Chicago are an acute problem of concern not only to the city itself but to the state and nation. The rest of the country cannot look with unconcern on the desperate plight of a city of three and a half million people who face a complete breakdown in local government because of a breakdown in the system of assessment and taxation. The state must surely move quickly and come to the aid of the city through enactment of special legislation to enable the city government to function.

"As the editor of The Statesman wears an English topcoat"—hold on there brother, not so fast. We just ran and looked at the label in the one topcoat we have and find it is Hart, Schaffner & Marx. We have no pedigree on the wool that is in it. Lots of menley pays the tariff tax why he's entitled to wear one too.

The Baker Democrat-Herald comments on the strong position of its banks and building and loan association, as reflecting careful management and the stable resources of the community. It might have added that Baker county showed the lowest percentage of delinquent taxes of any county in the state, in the recent compilation by the state treasurer.

The democrats are said to favor abolishing the short term of congress. While that is hardly adequate, it is a step in the right direction. Some party may later succeed in abolishing the long term too.

Sen. Moses says it is time for all Hoover men to stand up and be counted. The trouble is that when Moses stands up nobody gets up with him.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 12, 1907

Work on the Portland end of the Oregon Electric line has been started. Electric car travel to Portland soon will be possible.

The Illihee club, leading social organization in the city, will celebrate the opening of its room in the Elks' hall this evening.

The movement for selling eggs by the pound instead of by the dozen is receiving the consideration of Oregon poultrymen.

January 12, 1922

Dr. C. J. Smith of Portland yesterday was elected to succeed Dr. W. B. Morse of Salem as president of the state board of health.

Almost 300 acres of flax was contracted for at the big flax meeting at Aumsville yesterday. G. W. Eyre, president of the growers' association, A. C. Bohrnstedt and Robert Crawford of Salem assisted at the meeting.

McMINNVILLE — The name of McMinnville college yesterday was changed to Linfield college in honor of the late Rev. George Fisher Linfield, following the gift by his widow of Spokane, Wash., property valued at $250,000.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "What do you think about the outcome of the Lenz-Culbertson bridge tournament?"

J. H. Farrar, postmaster: "The systems don't mean much. It's a matter of the cards and good playing. Lenz suffered from lack of a good partner early in the contest."

Stanley Satchwell, leathergoods salesman: "I read part of it. It was all right. Do you play bridge much?"

Luella Callin, saleswoman: "I wasn't surprised. Were you?"

Cynthia Thomson, student: "I rather hoped Lenz would win."

Daily Thought

The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion."
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

QUILTING BEE HELD AT WEST STAYTON

WEST STAYTON, Jan. 11. — Some of Mrs. Asche's friends from Aumsville came in early Tuesday morning and held an all day quilting bee. Those enjoying the day were Mrs. Fred Steiner, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Roy Fuson, Mrs. T. C. Mountain, Mrs. Charles Martin. Prof. Mountain of the Aumsville school brought the women in the morning and returned for them in the evening.

The Birthday club met at the home of Mrs. Harry Stewart Wednesday afternoon. The occasion was also a shower given for Mrs. Seymour Stewart, the hostess's daughter-in-law. Women present were Mrs. Fred Dickman, Mrs. Benjamin Chamberlin, Mrs. Harold White, Mrs. Martha Beldon, Mrs. Arthur Forrette, Mrs. Robert Goss, Mrs. Frank Allen, Mrs. Edward Hankel, Mrs. J. B. Bowne, Mrs. Charles Darley, Mrs. Elmer Asche, Mrs. William Royse, Mrs. Bell Woosley, Mrs. Bill Woosley, Mrs. Raymond Wallace, Mrs. Edward Johnson, and Mrs. T. Y. McClellon; visitors were: Mrs. Paul McClellon, Mrs. Henry Snoddy and Mrs. Van Neyes.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Harold White on January 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Royse have returned to their home in Portland, after spending several weeks Mr. Royse's brother's home. Mr. Royse is a railroad brakeman and is employed a part of the time.

Mrs. Martha Beldone and sons Victory and Benjamin have returned to their home here after spending the winter in California.

Harvey and Clarence Woosley of Colorado have arrived at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Woosley. Clarence formerly lived in this vicinity, having gone back to Colorado two years ago but he is returning to make his home here, his wife and family will come later. Harvey has never been west before and is greatly pleased with what he has seen so far.

Mrs. Harry Rischel, who has been laid up with a broken toe is still hardly able to be around having injured the other limb some time ago.

ATTEND BRIDGE PARTY

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 11. — Mrs. O. D. Butler and guests, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. M. C. Williams and Mrs. J. G. McIntosh motored to Salem Friday afternoon to attend the bridge party at the Sacred Heart academy. They enjoyed a visit with Sister Mary Maxilinda of Marylhurst who was a teacher at the Sacred Heart academy when Mrs. O. D. Butler and Mrs. McIntosh were students there in '85 and '86. Sister Mary Maxilinda was a special guest at the bridge party.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT

MONMOUTH, Jan. 11. — Doris Riley, twelve year old daughter of Mrs. Raymond Tourtellotte suffered a painful injury to her right wrist, tearing the flesh nearly to the bone on a protruding nail. Six skin clamps were utilized by the attending physician to draw the cut surfaces together. She was able to attend school this week.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "Jess Willard Wins new Championship".

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Politics, ghosts, etcetera:

There was a meeting of the National Republican club in New York City on Saturday last, with the speeches broadcasted over the entire nation, that may in future months be considered as the pivotal event marking out the issues of the coming campaign preceding the election of president and other high officials.

If so, we are in for another 1896 campaign—and as great a victory for the republicans—in case the chairman of the national committee of that party shall be as able as was Mark Hanna. The reader may take that as a prophecy; remembering the if. The country has not produced many Mark Hannas.

The principal speakers at the New York meeting were Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the Minneapolis Tribune and "sponser of the so-called Minnesota plan for the diversification of agriculture applied in four northwestern states," also himself a large producer of wheat, and Herbert Kaufman, ex-assistant secretary of the interior.

They said plenty. Their theme was America for Americans. They not only advocated the keeping on the statute books of the Hawley-Smoot tariff law as is, but the raising of schedules wherever needed to better protect American labor, capital and enterprise. One of the high points of Kaufman's speech was that "majority welfare will be betrayed by shortening or pulling one spike of the barrier which alone defends the American factory and the American payroll from the cheaper merchandise and productive capacity of desperate, embittered and universal competition."

It was shown that about 93 per cent of what America has to sell is sold in our home markets—and that we have literally almost "lost our shirts"—gone broke trying to sell the 7 per cent in markets that cannot take the surplus, without being loaned the money with which to buy, or given long extended credits. And with good prospects of losing the loaned money or the book accounts.

And it was shown that if our 6,000,000 employed, representing, with four to the average family, 24,000,000 consumers, were given employment, we would need no foreign market. And the only sure way to give our 6,000,000 jobs is to protect their products against those of ruinous foreign competition.

The key-noters of the democratic party who have so far spoken, while not being in agreement, have mostly blamed the "iniquitious" Hawley-Smoot tariff law for most of our troubles; and they are near to unanimous as favoring stiffer immigration regulations. Of course, they may change before their national convention meets, but if this shall continue the trend, the ground work for another McKinley campaign and victory is laid.

It would be better to have a potential immigrant in our own country, with a job, spending his wages here, than to have him in a foreign land, with a job at lower wages, sending his products here, under favorable tariff rates, to shut out the handiwork of an American laborer, or keep an American workman in the hungry ranks of the jobless.

And no democrat, or at least not one in a million, is consistent in his mouthy abuse of the "iniquitious" Hawley-Smoot tariff law. To the last mother's son of them, every democratic member of congress voted for some of the tariff schedules, while pretending to oppose the whole bill. Your Virginia member, for instance, will vote for a tariff on peanuts, to protect his own constituents who grow peanuts. And so on through the whole list.

The loudest howler against Hawley and his bill, if he should by any accident be elected to congress, would, without question, be in favor of a stiff tariff on cherries, prunes, hops, etc., which his constituents grow.

If we are to have such a campaign, and the republicans should have such a leader as Mark Hanna in charge of their campaign, and thus achieve victory, the upstanding members of that party ought to have honesty enough to take the tariff question out of politics forever and a day. It is not a political question in any other country. It is a business question, along the simple rules of common, horse sense. In every other county, most of the schedules aimed at protection are higher than ours. In France, for instance, when they build a tariff wall to protect their grain growers, they build it high enough to shut out any grain at all from another country. So on, clear down the list.

In England, they leave it to a "committee in council," and there is no extended discussion. The committee meets and puts into force, over night, a rate to meet competition. The United States should copy this idea.

We have now, for instance, a duty on flax straw of $3 a ton, and on unhackled flax a cent and a half a pound, and on hackled flax, or "dressed line," 3 cents a pound. Our Oregon flax farmers will need a duty of $15 a ton on flax straw, and 10 cents a pound on unhackled or hackled flax, to overcome Russian competition. Congress, in common sense, ought to provide the machinery for imposing such duties, not leaving it to political discussion and logrolling, taking years. The present course is rank idiocy. And this goes for the whole list. The question of the tariff came into politics in this country through slave labor, in a time that is gone and ought to be forgotten, and forgiven. It never had a rightful place in politics, has not now, and never can have.

Oliver Jory of South Salem remembers the ghost story that was referred to by "Cy" Woodworth in his article in this column in last Friday's paper. Edwin Potter lived with his family on the corner of Saginaw and Owen streets. Potter, in his last sickness, told members of his family that, if he died, his shade would come back and "hant" their house. He died. The house was "hanted." But it was, after a time, found that a prowling cat had become fastened between the studding in the wall of the house, which was rudely built, and not plastered or fully finished. After the cat was found, and released from its prison, the house was no longer "hanted." That house was long since torn down, and replaced by a better one.

The H. S. Jory boys who were drowned in the slough were Alfred, near 10 years old, and Ralph, near 5. Obviously they were not twins. The date was June 19, 1879. The boys were brothers of Oliver Jory.

COMMUNITY CLUB PLANS ORCHESTRA

WEST STAYTON, Jan. 11—The annual New Year's day community club meeting was held at the school house Friday. The meeting night was changed to Friday. It was also decided to have a community orchestra. Those appointed on the committee to see about an orchestra were Joan Bowne, Dorothy Asche, Raymond Wallace, Bill Woosley and Henry Bowne. On the next program committe are Mrs. O. O. Lacy and Mrs. V. L. Irish.

The next meeting will be held at the school house Friday night, February 5.

TURN TABLES

WEST SALEM, Jan. 11.—When Mrs. Dale Lemon entertained at luncheon on a recent afternoon she was not aware that her guests knew the date was her birthday and was surprised at being presented several nice gifts. Mrs. Alta Gilliam assisted the hostess in serving. Guests were Mrs. Ralph Sebern and daughters, Helen, Juanita and Donna Janette and Mrs. Waldo Baker, all of Salem. Mrs. S. Pfeifauf, Mrs. Edgar L. Miller, Mrs. J. M. Fisher, Miss Lottie McAdams, Mrs. Gilliam and the hostess, Mrs. Lemon.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Under the leadership of "El Coyote," the masked bandit, the Mexican ranchers plan to overthrow the wealthy Paco Morales, who has confiscated their property for years. All search for "El Coyote" has been in vain. Ted Radcliffe, a young American whose father Morales ruined, loves the Spaniard's beautiful niece, Adela. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous. Bob Harkness, a friend of Ted's late father, urges Ted not to quarrel with Morales, as he has other plans. Following a raid on the village by Jito's vaqueros, one of his men is killed by Anton, an Indian. Morales, fearing the vengeance of the tribe, releases Anton. Out riding, Adela tells Ted she disapproves of her uncle's treatment of the peons. Ted considers Adela's wealth a barrier between them, but she tells him to let nothing interfere when he falls in love. Ted is forced to shoot his horse after a fall. He and Adela get lost and spend the night in the desert. Next morning, Adela tells Ted the bond between them must hold, come what may. They meet Anton, who lends Ted his horse.

CHAPTER XXVIII

At a fast canter she led the way out across the brown sand. The sun rose higher. Far out toward the horizon a thousand heat waves shimmered, and once to the east the mirage of a lake arose, beckoned, and faded. For a time they rested, then pressed on down the long slope. Near the bottom they reined their horses to a halt, and in the same instant both made out the swaying trees behind the hacienda, barely ten miles away.

The girl looked back at the circuitous way they had come. She shook her head, and a look of chagrin came into her eyes.

Ted laughed. "As a pathfinder——" he began.

"Don't. We must have come miles out of our way. I'm thinking of uncle. What a night he must have spent—and what he's going to say."

"But what can he say? What is there to say? We went riding and got lost for a night in the foothills. He'll probably joke about your woodcraft and drop it."

Adela made no reply. She was looking down toward a dry watercourse where, in a clump of oak brush, a dark object moved. She shaded her eyes against the desert's glare, then nodded.

"It's Jito. He's been hunting us." She waved her hand, but the far-off rider made no sign.

"This will do it," Ted said, and fired twice in the air.

A moment later the distant rider stopped in his tracks, wheeled and came at full gallop toward them.

"That young man's face," said Adela, "would seem to mean a tempestuous welcome. Wait here. I want to deal with him myself. No, wait, please, for me." She spurred her horse ahead as Jito's black, foam-flecked stallion thundered up to them. The Mexican's eyes were blazing. Ted watched quietly.

Disregarding the girl, Jito urged his panting horse to where Radcliffe stood. It seemed a mighty effort for him to speak calmly.

"What happened?" he demanded. His voice was strangely tight.

"We were lost," Adela quietly answered.

"Lost!" He lashed the word back at her, and his eyes went red. "One does not get lost on a desert that one has known always. But it is not with you that I talk. Perhaps you too will tell me you were lost, señor, and then I can answer you as a man to a man." He leaned threateningly forward, but with the flash of a quirt Adela forced her horse between the two men, who towered above her, silent and ominous.

"Jito!" Adela's voice had taken on a quality that made even the maddened Mexican draw back. With her quirt she pointed out across the desert. "This very moment you will turn your horse and go back to the hacienda. Tell my uncle we are coming. You are going to say no word either to Señor Radcliffe or to me. If you do, I swear by Our Lady that from now on you will be nothing more to me than one of your vaqueros. For me you will not exist. Now go, before I forget we are friends."

Sullenly Jito looked into her eyes. Once he started to dismount. Once he half turned toward the man who sat his horse so quietly. Again he looked fully into the girl's face. No mistaking the message there.

"Su servidor," he murmured, and drove the spurs into his horse.

Ted saw that her hand trembled a little as again she took up the reins and tried to smile.

"It's just a little wearing to be surrounded by men all one's life and by men's standards." Her voice had gone suddenly weary. "Your sex is not very clever or very subtle. For we have spent a night on the desert, you and I. Civilized people would laugh at our dilemma and forget, but Jito and my uncle, they will never forget. They will never trust. It will either be a plot of yours to seduce me, or a deliberate insult to tradition." In sudden impatience she struck the mare and galloped forward.

"I want to get this over with," she called back to him, and led the way out over the desert. Ted urged the Indian pony after her. The pace increased. He wiped the moisture from his forehead. How that girl could ride! Sitting lightly in the saddle she followed every motion of he mare as she galloped and swerved among the cactus, her long slender legs clasping the animal's sides. Once the mare stumbled, but Adela only laughed and urged her to greater speed. "Who cares for uncles?" she called back, in that sudden disconcerting leap of hers from sadness to gaiety. Ted smiled grimly.

"If Morales pounces on her too abruptly, he'll probably learn a lot in a short space of time," thought Radcliffe.

At the end of an hour they were cantering between the great iron gates and up the stone drive to the hacienda. Two peons ran out to take the horses, and as Ted dismounted he moved his legs with a little grimace.

"This bedding out among desert sands might become wearisome in time."

As he reached up to lift Adela to the ground, they both caught sight of Don Bob looking amusedly down from the balcony. For some reason Bob seemed vastly pleased. Elaborately ignoring them, he directed his remarks to the horses.

"One difficulty with the younger generation," he told the inattentive horses, "or perhaps I should say still another difficulty is that they always confirm your worst suspicions."

"The worst suspicions of an old hardened sinner like you must be pretty black," Ted countered.

"Oh they're beyond polite expression. All night I had hoped this poverty-stricken youth would have sense enough to elope with the wealthiest girl in Mexico, and here he comes gravely back. I suppose he will tell us he was lost."

"We were."

From his perch above, Don Bob nodded sadly. "They always are. Always. One would think that as each generation comes of age it would think of something new. But they don't. It's always 'we were lost'." He sighed.

Adela pulled off her riding hat and whipped the dust from about her shoulders.

"I suppose uncle is simmering," she called up.

"Simmering, my dear girl? He is long past that. Toward dusk last night he was simmering. Today he has reached the stage of superheated steam."

Turning to Ted, the girl said gloomily, "Let's go in and get it over with."

But as Radcliffe stepped forward a gesture from Don Bob called him back. "Whatever Morales says," he whispered, "don't let him pick a quarrel. I have a particular reason."

Ted nodded and followed the girl into the house.

In the patio sat Morales and Jito, and as Adela entered, the vaquero rose. The older man watched them for a moment with haggard eyes. Quietly the girl stepped forward and knelt beside his chair. She took his hand and laid it against her cheek.

"I am sorry, my uncle, so very sorry. Did you worry much?"

"Tell me exactly what happened," he answered coldly.

"We loitered, we were late in leaving the spring, and I tried a shorter way down over the limestone cliffs. Then the roan fell and broke his leg, so we killed him. Night came on before we reached the desert. We camped until daylight."

"The mare could have shown you the way."

"But Ted couldn't walk all night through the desert."

"Couldn't you have ridden double?"

She turned with a vexed laugh and pointed at Radcliffe. "Look at him, uncle. Over two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. Do you think my little mare could carry both of us?"

But the implacable eyes never left her face.

"Would it have been extremely dangerous for Señor Radcliffe to remain on the desert until we could have sent horses to him?"

"It would have been difficult, perhaps, to find him the next day. Remember, I had no idea where we were. Besides, why should I leave him alone? I got him into it."

The black eyebrows raised on his pale forehead. "You ask why you should have left him? Are you some peon woman not to consider the place you have as my niece and mistress of this hacienda?"

"But what has that——"

His fist crashed down on the arm of his chair. "Do not dare to ask that stupid question. Would you make my name a thing to laugh at? In my day a girl would not even ride alone with a man."

The girl was fighting to keep her anger from rising, but now her eyes flashed dangerously.

"I know they wouldn't. And why? They weren't allowed because they couldn't be trusted. You raised them like irresponsible animals, and they were what you made them. But I'm not! I'm not an animal, neither am I something that needs to be guarded. I guard myself. Here, or in the desert, or wherever I find myself."

"You call it guarding yourself to cast suspicion on your own sanctity."

"Oh, damn suspicion—yes, damn suspicion and everyone who dares hint of the things you dare not say. Let's be frank for once. You think of virtue as something so difficult for us women to keep that you men must protect us, and so you guard us until you are ready to sell that highly valued commodity to the right buyer. And I tell you that you are not fit to protect me. I alone can do that. Don't you think I can see the insult that lies behind your evasions? It is the same insult that lay in Jito's eyes. You are both thinking: 'What are they to each other? Is he her lover?'"

(To Be Continued)

NEW BOOKS ADDED TO TOWN LIBRARY

JEFFERSON, Jan. 11. — The Jefferson library has added the following new books on its shelves: "Mr. Fortune Speaking"—Bailey; "Magnificent Obsession" — Douglas; "Angus and Ducks"—Flack; "Job's Niece — Hill; "Smith Susan Spray" — Kaye; "Gringo Privateer"—Kyne; "Good Bye Summer"–Lea; "Cock and Mouse"–Lefevre; "All Kneeling"—Parrish; "Tom Kitten" — Potter; "Little French Girl" — Sedgewick; "Desert Moon Mystery" — Strahan; "Daddy Long Legs." "Dear Enemy." "Mother Goose"—Webster.

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George C. Mason for their regular business meeting, and to plan for their cooked food sale to be held Saturday at Smith and Fontaine's store.

The Jefferson Woman's club will meet Wednesday afternoon, January 13, at the home of Miss Marguerite Looney Sr., with Mrs. D. H. Looney as assisting hostess. At this meeting a speaker from the Oregon State College Home Economics department will take part in the program.

George B. Howard Head of Telephone Line From Stayton

NORTH SANTIAM, Jan. 11. — At the annual meeting of the Stayton Mutual Telephone Co., Line No. 60, officers for the year were elected as follows: George B. Howard, president; Glenn E. McClellan, secretary; A. F. Keithley, director.

Mrs. Lew Spies is quite ill at her home here.

The Woman's Sewing club held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Geo. B. Howard's. The afternoon was spent in quilting. Those present were Mina Keithley, Grace Rhoades, Elizabeth Van Nuys, Lillian Perkins, Della Keithley, Virginia Hammer, Frances McLaughlin.

Literary Club Has a Program of Interest

LIBERTY, Jan. 11.—The Literary club met Wednesday night at the F. E. Judd home. Several interesting topics were discussed and an especially interesting feature was the review of the book "City of the Sacred Well." There were several very interesting contributions to the club paper.

Those present were: Miss Winona Williams, Miss Lena Hummell, Miss Laverne Oakman, P. G. and Harlan Judd, Miss Florence Berndt and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Judd. The next meeting will be in two weeks.

SHOW AT HAYESVILLE

HAYESVILLE, Jan. 11.—Wednesday night a picture company gave a moving picture show at the schoolhouse. The show consisted of one humorous picture, scenes from the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone park, and "The Life of Christ."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WHEN the first permanent teeth are due to appear in the mouth, it is the "six year molar" that comes first. This tooth is often neglected. The negligence is unintentional, of course, but very often great harm results from it.

Dr. Copeland

Since this tooth is the first of the permanent ones, the parents are likely to regard it as another of the temporary set, and too many children at this age are not taught the importance of properly cleaning the mouth and teeth. Due to such carelessness, this tooth is usually diseased before the child is taken to a dentist.

Nature intended the first of the big teeth, the molars, to fit together in such a way that when the teeth are closed they hold the lower jaw firmly in place. That is why there are two molar teeth on each side of both the upper and lower jaws. As a result of this perfect arrangement, too, you may grind and crush your food when it is chewed.

If one of these teeth is lost, the whole side of the mouth may be thrown out of line. That is what results from losing the temporary teeth too soon and neglecting the early permanent teeth.

The molars differ from the other teeth in that they require a little extra care. The other permanent teeth have more time to develop before they come through the gum. Dental care is of the greatest possible value if begun before the permanent teeth appear. It takes time for the grooves of the teeth to harden completely, and they present ideal places for food to lodge and for decay to take place.

It may be smaller than a pinpoint, but any cavity is sufficiently large for food to enter and for germs to thrive. When once a cavity breaks through the enamel of a tooth it will gradually get larger. More and more enamel is broken down by the action of acid foods, as well as by the germs.

Too many school children are suffering from dental decay. It is important that all children visit the dentist periodically for a careful examination of the teeth. This care is just as important for the child with the temporary teeth as it is for the child with permanent teeth.

When the temporary teeth are carefully taken care of, you may be assured that your child will have stronger and healthier permanent teeth when they appear.

I want to emphasize the importance of caring for the six-year molars. Of all the teeth, these are most likely to be defective. It is estimated that more than 60 per cent of all children in the United States below the age of fourteen years have one or more defective first molars.

If this condition is neglected it will lead to further infection, often to deep-rooted abscess. When this occurs, it is too late to go to a dentist for repair. He must then remove the tooth, causing a loss that cannot be replaced.

If your child has not already visited a dentist, have him do so at once. As soon as the first molars appear through the gum, take your child to the dentist. If there is any defect in the formation of the enamel or in the direction the teeth are taking, he will be able to correct it.