The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

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

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Japan Outrages World Opinion

BEHIND the mask of injured innocence Japan has carried forward one of the most carefully planned and executed military coups in history. Now there is no mistaking the intent of the Japanese rulers nor the scope of their objectives. They are seizing the moment for asserting dominance in China. At first their effort seemed limited to the seizure of important places in Manchuria, ostensibly because of the failure of local authorities to extend adequate protection to Japanese nationals. In response to inquiries made by other powers Japan made every assurance of honest motive, declared their forces were attacked at night, that they merely sought to protect their property rights and safety of their citizens.

But Japan went on. She consolidated her position in Manchuria, extended her authority beyond the Chinese & Eastern railway into what had long been regarded as the zone of Russian influence. Now she has attacked Shanghai virtually without warning, and after the local authorities had conceded virtually all the demands of the Japanese.

Austria smote Serbia after Serbia had accepted most of the provisions of the Austrian ultimatum; and Austria drew upon her head the opporbirum of the world. Germany called her treaty with Belgium a scrap of paper, and her invasion of little Belgium provoked the resentment of the world. Now Japan assaults China which is practically powerless, makes humiliating demands, then drives the daggers of her armies into the vitals of China.

What shall we do? We should not go to war on account of Japan's violation of treaties and peace pacts. So long as our own rights are not invaded and nationals are not attacked we must stand aloof from participation in the strife. But Japan should be made to feel the force of world opinion. Her action, particularly in seizing Shanghai, has been wholly unjustifiable. Now she stands discredited before the bar of world opinion as a nation which like Germany treats her pledges as a scrap of paper.

When the world war broke out in 1914 no one thought that the United States would become involved. It seems very improbable that this country will become mixed up in the Chinese troubles now. But the action of Japan comes as a body blow to those who had thought progress was being made toward international peace and goodwill.

The University Budget

IT will come as rather surprising that the university may have to discontinue some of its functions after January 1st next. The people were given to understand that in spite of the referendum on the legislative appropriation, the budgets of the higher institutions were modified so they would carry the schools through the biennium. This was accomplished, so it was reported, without reductions in salaries although staff vacancies were not all filled, and work was increased on remaining members.

The state should await the report of the finance committee of the board of higher education to determine just where it is that calculations went away. We see no chance for the schools to get more money for an indefinite period. The voters will undoubtedly approve the referendum and cancel the legislative graft. That will make the 1933 legislature fearful about making any appropriation beyond the millage taxes.

What will the future be? Some answer, consolidation of the institutions. Others propose curtailment of some functions and consolidation of departments to avoid duplication. The limitations of revenues give promise of forcing action of some kind, and it may be extremely drastic.

The people of the state will have to follow developments in the field of higher education very closely, because these schools are designed to serve the people and the type of their organization and the amount of their support determine to a large degree their capacity to render the service the state demands.

The editorial page of the Medford Mail-Tribune, which is one of the sprightliest in the state, underwent a transformation this week when the editor, Robert Ruhl, left town on a roadster tour to California and the "Smudge Pot" colyum of Arthur Perry was turned over to "Communications." Ruhl kept his double column interesting however by travelogue correspondence. The Perry mystery has been cleared up by the following:

IN RESPONSE TO INQUIRIES, YOUR CORR. HAS THE FLU. HOSTILITIES WILL BE RESUMED SUNDAY MORNING.
A. P.

Democrats are puzzling a bit over whether to be known as original Roosevelt men or original Garner-Ritchie-Baker men.

It is still too early to have torch-light parades of First Voters who will cast their ballots for G. O. Prosperity.

Honolulu had a hard time indicting the social register, and chances of convicition are nil.

Yesterdays
. . . Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 30, 1907

Members of the Indian War Veterans asked the legislature to grant to their membership an increase in pensions from $8 to $12 a month. Men affected are those who fought in the Cayuse, Rogue river and Yakima wars of 1845-46 and 1855-56.

Eggs are a scarce article in Salem and are selling at retail at from 25 to 32c a dozen. Smelts are retailing at three pounds for 25c.

"There are only two real cities in Oregon, Portland and Pendleton, because no other one has paved streets," says the East Oregonian of Pendleton. Salem soon will get into this class.

January 30, 1922

PORTLAND—George L. Baker of Portland, prominently mentioned as candidate for the republican nomination for governor in the forthcoming May primaries, last night announced he would not run for the office.

Twenty-eight Salem residents have purchased an interest in the island of Palmito del Verde, off the coast of Mexico, as an investment. Nineteen Salem persons are preparing to take up residence there. Three already are living on the island.

Company F of Salem last night lost a basketball game with Company I of Silverton by a score of 31 to 21.

Daily Thought

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."—Shakespeare.

HEALTH
By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

BEFORE you can get an insurance policy, you must take the required physical examination. Among other tests, there is a urinalysis.

Dr. Copeland

In this test it is common to find a slight amount of albumin. Much unnecessary alarm may be caused by this discovery. Of course, if there is an excessive quantity of albumin, it is a sign of definite damage to the kidneys. In that event it shows the need of careful attention, both as to the diet and the manner of living.

There are many cases described as "simple albuminuria." Only a faint trace of albumin is discovered. Particularly when found in a young individual, this is not alarming. It should not cause worry. Doubtless there are thousands of people who have this condition, but, fortunately, are not aware of it. I say "fortunately" because the anxiety it causes is far greater than the condition deserves.

Faint traces of albumin in a young individual who shows no other symptoms are of little consequence. No treatment is demanded, and change in diet is unnecessary. Life is not endangered, and, contrary to a common belief, the condition does not lead to Bright's disease.

The standards adopted by some large institutions classify the presence of even a faint trace of albumin in the urine as abnormal. The applicant for admission to Annapolis or West Point would doubtless be rejected, even though he passed all of his other examinations with flying colors. A trace of albumin would probably keep one off the police or fire force.

If albumin is continuously found in the urine, the fact should not be ignored. The condition indicates some definite damage to the kidneys and it should be carefully investigated.

Often Caused by Proteins

The sort of cases to which I refer today are those where the albumin is not always present and when found is very small in amount. In many such instances there has been a high protein diet, the eating abundantly of meats, fish and eggs, resulting in a showing of albumin. When the diet is adjusted and there is no longer an excess of proteins, the trace of albumin disappears.

Albumin is found in the urine of individuals who follow certain occupations. The nature of their work is such that they sit or stand in the same posture every day. When they change these occupations and no longer assume a definite position, the albumin disappears.

As a rule, underweight people, as well as those who are very active, are more subject to this condition than stout individuals. It is found in athletes, and appears to involve certain families.

Please remember that a faint trace of albumin in the urine does not necessarily mean any serious or alarming disease. Consult with your physician about it. He will advise you.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss C. M. Q.—What do you advise for pimples and blackheads?

A.—Correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particlars and repeat your question.

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New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "How does Japan's action at Shanghai strike you?"

C. F. Kurtz, painter: "I think we're slated for another great big scrap. There is a deep purpose in this war business. I think the object is to get Russia involved that different heads may be placed over the government there".

Rev. P. W. Eriksen, pastor American Luthern church: "I think it is anything but commendable. I'm afraid it will drag us in before the scrap is finished. Japan's action in breaking its agreement looks very bad."

Emmons, attorney: "They ought to quit fooling and make 'em do something; I refer to the league's attitude toward the Japanese."

Murray Wade, publicist: "We can't be pacifists any more."

James Smith, county commissioner: "It looks bad. I don't think we should have anything to do with the situation, however."

Mrs. Elizabeth Adair, 87 year old mother: "I saw the boys of 1865 march away, and I saw the boys of 1917 march away, now it looks as though there might be more boys marching—but could they not do something about this? Why can't enough of the countries get together and demand that this fighting stop?"

Mrs. Mabel Lockwood, state American War Mother president: "Things look very serious in the Orient. It is hard to tell what will happen."

Harry R. Minton, city engineer's assistant: "Are they thinking what they are doing? If they don't stop soon, they'll be fighting for food instead of new land."

E. T. Barnes, retired: "I think it's a violation of their understandings with other countries, a breach of all faith."

Jefferson Teacher Sustains Fracture

JEFFERSON, Jan. 29 — Miss Frances Pierce, fifth and sixth grade teacher, sustained a compound fracture of her left arm just above the wrist Thursday just after the lunch hour. She was going from the house to get into her car when she slipped on the slick board walk and fell.

She was taken to Albany where the fracture was looked after. She makes her home with Miss Addie Libby.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Sunday: "Silk Dresses From Junk"

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Across the plains in '43:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "We headed the Sweetwater river and camped at a lake on the divide. There James White struck his wife. Bob Smith wanted to whip him, but Olinger thought he served her right for abusing his little girls. I will have to go back to the other side of the Platte where three of us went hunting, Hiram Straight, Jo Hess and myself. We killed a fine buffalo. I was riding Patterson's young skittish horse by his request, nobody could manage him. I got one load on, and in getting on another I made a blunder, the horse jumped and broke the girth. He was held with the end of a long rope. He kept jumping till he got loose, then went off with rope and bridle for good and always. Hess carried my saddle to camp, so I was out nothing but rope and bridle. The next day I wanted to go back with the boys to look for him but the company would not agree. I was a good hand in the water. We always thought if I had gone I would have got the horse. While I was helping get the goods over the river, the wagons crossed and lost my rifle, but I had another left.

"We went from the lake on the summit to Sandy; there we had an increase of an infant by Mrs. Hembree. From there to Green river. Green river was deep fording. We propped up the wagon boxes and got over dry. Not much occurred from there to Fort Hall. There we found the wagons of the emigrants of 1842. Mr. Kaiser got a wagon Vardmand (Vandaman) Bennett had left. I left my horse-wagon, put my goods in Ben Young's old wagon, and drove his ox team to The Dalles.

"Applegate got a boat to carry their goods down through the dalles with McClenden (McClelland) to steer the boat. He got scared, made for the shore, capsized the boat, and three were drowned, McClenden (McClelland), and the two Applegate boys. Bill Wilson saved one boy, got him on the boat oars and swam to shore. Corry (Cornelius M.) Stringer was in a canoe, got scared, jumped out and drowned. That made four drowned at the dalles. (A son of Jesse Applegate was drowned, a son of Charles Applegate crippled for life, and Elisha ("Lish"), son of Lindsay Applegate, and William Doke, narrowly escaped. Thus three were drowned there. The fourth person drowned was Miles Eyres, in the Snake river, at Salmon Falls.)

"The Methodists had a mission at the dalles, and were very clever to the emigrants. I stopped with them a while and they gave me work. I was very near destitute. John Ford and I got a boat and went down the Columbia river to (Fort) Vancouver. Dave Weston met us with a boat and helped us to Oregon City. We all got together below the city. Nimrod Ford saw two deer as he came up with the cattle close to camp. We got our guns. I had an old flint lock gun and put in new powder. I espied the deer and shot one down in his tracks; nothing ever came in better play.

"I got a little work for a few days, then Joseph Hess and I got a large Indian canoe and with our families went up the Willamette to the mouth of the Yamhill river and got claims in the Chehalem valley."

The names mentioned by Penter are all found in the famous "roll call" of former United States Senator J. W. Nesmith at the Oregon Pioneer association meeting of 1875 at the state fair grounds—all, with the exception of the Ben Young and Dave Weston of Penter's story. Nesmith was orderly sergeant of the 1843 wagon train, and he had as one of his duties the enrolling of the names of the men able to bear arms.

The way Nesmith enrolled the men mentioned in the Penter account follows: John Ford, Daniel Waldo, Bennett O'Neil, Wm. H. Wilson, John McHaley, James White, Robert Smith, A. Olinger, Hiram Straight, Joe Hess, J. R. Patterson, F. McClelland,—McClelland, C. W. Stringer and Nimrod Ford. Nesmith did not guarantee correctness in spelling the names. He had Samuel Penter enrolled as Samuel Paynter.

Nesmith enrolled four men under the Hembre name, J. J., A. J., James and Andrew, leaving off the final e. The one who became the most prominent was A. J. Hembree, who settled in Yamhill county and was active in official and community life. The baby born on the plains likely came to A. J. Hembree and wife.

The Miss M. C. Kaiser whom Samuel Penter married was evidently a sister of Thomas D. Kaiser, for the ages of the two came close together. Thomas D. Kaiser was the patriarch of the family that settled below Salem, in what has always been known as Kaiser bottom, excepting for the fact that during the world war some people attempted to change the name to Keizer, and that stands for the school there. It is an abortion of a name. There is no excuse at all for that spelling. Kaiser means Caesar, the Roman name for emperor. Because the Germans had Kaiser William during the war, some "100 per cent Americans" down in Kaiser bottom evidently thought it was their duty to change the spelling to the historical abomination, Keizer. The Bits man has known many prominent men and women of the pioneer Kaiser family, and none of them ever spelled the name any other way. Even now, all their descendants appear on the directory and property lists as Kaiser. There are some Keisers on these lists, but the writer has not found a single Keizer. Nesmith made the name Keyser on his roll.

Kaiser, which means merely emperor, seems to the Bits man an honorable name. The fact that there was a foolish German who held the title by accident of birth, a degenerate with a moron mind and a shriveled arm, does not disgrace it. There are a lot of Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons in penitentiaries, asylums for the insane and institutions for the feeble minded—and perhaps many at large who ought to be. But this is no discredit to the millions bearing those names who are among the good and great and useful of the world.

William Kaiser was a cousin of Tilmon Ford, and for a generation they were the most prominent attorneys in Salem.

What books might be written concerning the lives of the men on the Nesmith roll call! Or the lives of the ones mentioned by Mr. Penter. They made up the first great company of settlers. They turned the tide of American sovereignty. They were our state builders—the men who laid the foundations that led to the carving out of all the states west of the Rockies.

They were the blazers of the trail leading the way for all the troops of empire builders who followed.

Two 4-H Clubs Are Organized by Girls Of Training School

MONMOUTH, Jan. 29 — Two 4-H clubs have been organized in the training department of the Oregon Normal school this term for girls above the fourth grade. Miss Hazel Koellermeier, a normal school student from Oregon City, is leader of the sewing club which meets each alternate Saturday afternoon in the domestic science rooms of the training school. Officers of the club are: Thelma Pollan, president; Wanda Ross, vice president; Ernestine Teter, secretary-treasurer.

The cooking club meets also in the domestic science rooms of the training school. Miss Grace Aylesworth of Monroe, a Normal school student is leader. Club officers are Dorcas Pollan, president; June Meyers, vice president; and Dorothy Sheldon, secretary-treasurer.

Ford Promoted By Swift Firm

E. L. Ford, who has been the local representative for Swift & Co. for the past two years, has been advanced to the sales promotion department and will move to Portland tomorrow. W. L. Russell will take his place. He will move his family here in a few days.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Bob Harkness, one of the most respected ranchers on the Mexican border, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit, who has avenged the wrongs inflicted upon the peons by Paco Morales. Ted Radcliffe, the son of Bob's dead friend, Ann Reed, an entertainer at a disreputable resort, and Dr. Price are the only ones who know "El Coyote's" identity. Morales would pay well for this information and, not knowing that Ann loves "El Coyote" and is his spy, asks her to secure it. He also employs her to entangle Ted and kill his beautiful niece, Adela's, love for the American. Ann goes to warn Bob and brings Ted the news that a large tract of land controlled by Morales rightfully belongs to him. Back in her room, as Ann informs Ted of Morales' proposed trap for him, the door opens and the Spaniard enters with Adela. His purpose accomplished, he apologizes and leaves with his disillusioned niece. Downstairs, Ted receives an insinuating message from Jito, Morales' ward, who is insanely jealous of him. The inevitable clash has come and Ted accepts the challenge.

CHAPTER XLIV

"You do us much honor, señores, much honor." The words came a little thickly. The voice was not quite steady, but the black eyes blazed with unmistakable hatred. "I had not thought to see you so honor a band of simple vaqueros. I thought such talents as yours, señores, were more suitable for the company of women."

The grip on Ted's arm tightened. "Not yet," the quiet voice warned.

Jito watched them. He stood, legs slightly crouching, as if awaiting a blow. The unmoved silence of those two lashed him to fury. They were so utterly alone, so completely surrounded by his waiting horde, and yet they seemed so wholly unafraid. Sliding his riding boot forward on the smooth floor, Jito moved a pace nearer.

The memory of this American, and of the night that he had spent out on the desert with Adela, the memory of Adela drawing down the face of this man and kissing his lips—suddenly all this blazed like fire within Jito, so that the black eyes had become pin-points of hatred, and the slow voice had sunk to a growl. He spoke directly to Ted now.

"Do you remember, señor, that once I told you some day we might test our strength and lay all the foolish rules of the game aside? That we might fight as men fight who fight for life itself? Well, what time could be better than now to amuse ourselves, señor, and to entertain these comrades of mine? Or"—his voice rose and he spat the words contemptuously at the man before him—"or would you prefer less dangerous games, such as losing a girl on the desert that you might boast to the world you are her lover?"

The restraining hand had dropped from Ted's sleeve. The faint sobbing of a violin in the patio was the only sound throughout the room. No one breathed. Ted took one step forward. With his open hand he struck the dark, scowling face with a force that shot the Mexican's mighty neck back. Then, while the sound of that blow still filled the room, Ted spoke.

"You lying rat." The low-voiced words carried to the far-off corners of the silent room.

Jito's breath came with a gasp of uncontrollable rage. His hand slipped to the knife at his side and froze there, for now he was looking into the barrel of Don Bob's .45 automatic.

In rapid Spanish came Don Bob's words. "Let no one make a move." His eyes swept the crowd, and swarthy hands that had sought their belts stiffened and dropped. Two steps backward brought Bob to the bar, and with a little spring he seated himself upon it. He was looking down, now, upon those upturned faces. A sea of tense, hostile faces all turned toward him—all except Ted's who still stood watching the menacing form of Jito.

"You have gone somewhat out of your way to force this fight, Jito mio," Don Bob began, and he laid the automatic beside him on the bar. "Well, there is no place better than this, no time better than now if this must come, since you, Jito, would have it so." His voice rose a little. "Meanwhile, whatever happens, let no man take any part. The first who interferes with knife or gun or fist dies quickly." He smiled in his friendly, quiet fashion down on the vaqueros. "I hope in this I am quite clear, amigos."

Jito laughed. He whipped off the belt that held the long knife and threw it to Don Bob. He kicked off his spurs and hurled them with his sombrero and chaps across the room, and now he stood, his great form unencumbered, his eyes happy with the coming conflict.

"You fool," he called up to Don Bob. "You fool, to think this boy can live against me. We play no game tonight. Tonight we fight for life and not to push each other's shoulders in the dust." He raised both bearlike paws on high. "Tonight I know no rules, and with these two hands, Señor Don Bob, I tear to pieces your Eastern boy who comes among us with his woman's face and with a woman's ways."

Ted had stripped off his coat. As he laid it beside Bob the older man whispered: "On your guard for every low trick in the game, and if you get him, don't let up. There's the hate of death itself in his eyes."

Ted nodded. "I know," he said, and turned toward his adversary. In the face of danger Radcliffe had become calm again. Once more he was the cool, watchful fighter, alert and unafraid.

The room was still with the silence of death, and beyond the cleared circle before the bar every man stood motionless and tense, their breathless gaze fastened on those two figures who held each other's eyes beneath the blazing lights. Their shadows lay huddled beneath them as they stood now, barely an arm's length apart, watchful and deadly. They seemed greater than human, crouching there. They seemed not human at all. More like two primeval forces, two storm gods out of some legend of past heroic days. Jito spoke in his low, growling voice.

"Cuidado, Americano. We fight now in a game where all is fair, and I think this time I tear you apart. Are you ready?"

Ted smiled.

Quietly Jito stepped sidewise, with his great torso bent forward and the big arms swaying loosely in front of him, like the arms of a gorilla. Alert and without a sound he began that sidewise, slouching walk of his, making a kind of shuffling circle about Ted, watching him, waiting his chance. A quarter of a circle he had made, while Ted never moved, except to turn a little. Unheeded, the cigarette in Don Bob's mouth had gone out. Not a vaquero breathed. The very soul of every man was out there in that silent circle of waiting death.

Then, without warning, Ted leaped. There was a quick inrush of breath from the spectators. None expected it. All had thought the first move would come from Jito. With the leap of a panther, the man's heavy body hurled itself through the air, his arms shot forward, and like pistol shots his fists rang out against Jito's jaw. The Mexican stumbled back, and now the lights gleamed on a long, cruel gash below his mouth. Ted darted back, but like lightning Jito's right hand had closed over his wrist, and with a lunge and a growl the Mexican closed. His free arm wrapped about Ted's neck, and the short, powerful fingers gripped Ted's throat. They tightened, and the corded veins of the vaquero's arm told of the punishing vise that had begun cutting the life from his adversary.

"Dios," whispered a vaquero. "He will tear the Americano's throat out." They were too close now for blows. In the bearlike hug of the Mexican, Ted's chest pressed against Jito's shoulder. The tearing pain at his throat blinded him, blood was pounding in his head for want of air, and always those gripping fingers tightened. The lights seemed to flicker and grow dull. His agonized lungs were bursting. Desperately Ted reached down and twisted his own arms low about the vaquero's waist, then heaved with all his might. Slowly the Mexican's weight left the ground, and Ted swung the great body outward, then lunged forward.

With a crash they struck the floor, Jito beneath. As the vaquero's head hit the boards, Ted felt that killing grip loosen. With all his might he pulled back and away and struggled to his knees. His head throbbed dully, his breath came in painful gasps, but almost in the same moment that implacable foe was again upon him.

Out of the shadow beyond the circle of light, Ted saw Jito rise and again hurl himself forward. Like lightning Ted jumped aside, and the Mexican's hand caught only his shirt, ripping it from his body. He turned as if in the air, and in another second they were linked together again, clawing, snarling like maddened beasts, striking out where there was room to strike, locked in entwining arms that ever and again rose and fell with bruising thuds or with the rip of torn flesh. Sweat dripped from their bodies, their clothes hung in rags about their waists, their breathing had become a gasping, sobbing thing. But ever they fought on.

Once they fell and rolled, shaking the room with the impact. Once Jito, pulling himself free, climbed astride the other and raised his hand for one annihilating stroke, only to fall back before the whiplike lashes of Ted's fists.

Men ached from the strained positions they had taken, yet they could not move. Hours seemed to pass while these two crushed and tore each other's bodies. Jito's lip hung open and bleeding, and his cheeks were puffed so that the black eyes seemed to blaze out of two deep caverns. That long scar above his eyes glowed an angry red. Ted's throat was matted with blood, and his head torn by the Mexican's claws.

They stood now, toe to toe, driving pistonlike blows into each other's bodies, then again Jito lunged forward and closed. This time he flung both arms about Ted and hurled him across the room. Ted struck a table, crashed through it, and fell face downward against the wall. In a second Jito was on him, eager this time to end it all, but as the Mexican's hand slipped over the American's shoulder, Ted reached up and seized his wrist in the viselike grasp of his own two hands. Aided by the impetus of the Mexican's rush he swung Jito about, then thrust upward, and now the vaquero's hand was being forced up between his shoulder-blades in the dreaded hammerlock. Still keeping his hold with one hand, Ted wrapped his right arm about the Mexican's neck, then pushed with all his might. Slowly Jito's arm rose Frantically he whipped about him to seize some vulnerable part of the boy, but his clawing hand found no hold. Second by second his arm was being thrust upward until the great muscles creaked and Jito's mouth opened in a groan of pain and rage.

(To Be Continued)

BENEFIT LUNCHEON IS EVENT AT ZENA

Lowell Purvine Injured in Portland on eve of School Graduation

ZENA, Jan. 29—The first of a series of Washington benefit luncheons which are to be given by members of the Spring Valley Missionary society, was an event of Wednesday when Mrs. W. W. Henry and Mrs. S. D. Crawford entertained a group at the former's home.

The luncheon preceded a pleasant social afternoon. Each guest gave a stated sum toward the missionary fund. Included in the guest group were Mrs. V. Lee Gibson and Mrs. Charles McCarter of Brush College, Mrs. L. M. Purvine, Salem, Mrs. W. Frank Crawford, Mrs. Roy E. Barker, Mrs. C. M. Purvine, Mrs. Walker Purvine of Zena, and Mrs. Frank Windsor, Mrs. Hugh Craig, and Mrs. L. Frank Matthews of Spring Valley and the hostesses, Mrs. W. W. Henry and Mrs. S. D. Crawford.

The hostess committee for the February meeting society held a meeting recently at the home of Mrs. Jesse Walling of Zena to discuss arrangements for the next regular meeting, February 3, at the home of Mrs. John Childers. Mrs. Alvin Madsen is chairman of this committee and Mrs. Jesse Walling and Mrs. John Childers.

Lowell Purvine Hurt

J. Frederick Purvine of Zena was called to Portland Thursday when he received word that his son, Lowell Purvine, was injured in an accident. Colonel and Mrs. Percy Willis of Portland, brother-in-law and sister of Mr. Purvine, came for him. Lowell was driving an automobile in the downtown district of Portland and a motorcycle ran into the car which was demolished.

Lowell was injured about the head and hip but a last report was that he is not seriously hurt. Lowell is a member of the graduating class of Grant high school. He intended to motor to Salem to take his father to commencement exercises Friday.

Donation of Onions Has Wolf at Bay

LAKE LABISH, Jan. 29 — Through the generosity of Hayes Labish farms, a number of local unemployed have been making enough to keep the wolf at bay. When onions are topped, the tops go under the machine and are carried away on a large canvas at regular intervals. There are always a few onions which escape and are lost in the tops. The unemployed search through the discarded tops. In the course of a day two men often find two or three sacks. With onions at the present price, this amounts to good wages.

This is no invitation, as there are more than enough here already to take care of the lost onions.

Local growers are still holding their remaining onions for $4.00. There is some hope for a rise after the first of February.

Awarded for Church Attendance by Theft

BRUSH CREEK—Martin Maurer, who attended a special church service at Portland this week, had the unusual misfortune of having his topcoat, hat and gloves stolen from the vestibule of the church while he was at the services.

Young Maurer, with other members of the family, had motored up to attend the services. He left his outer wearing apparel in the vestibule of the church.

At the close of the servies he returned to find them gone. Whether or not other members of the church lost anything was not learned.

DONALD BLAKE IS NEARER RECOVERY

KEIZER, Jan. 29.—Donald Blake, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Blake here, is holding his own, according to latest word received by his parents from Washington, D. C., where Donald is still in the hospital following an emergency operation performed about a month ago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thomas, whose daughter, Mrs. John Fritz, passed away in Oregon City last week, received word today their small grandson would have to be taken to the hospital for treatment for burns received while his mother, Mrs. Fritz, was so seriously ill. The lad was standing in front of the stove, an accident happening which burned his leg badly.

Mrs. Charles Weathers who was seriously burned some weeks ago and who was brought home little over two weeks ago, is getting along nicely, although not yet able to get about and to help herself.

Slayer of Girl Is Held Insane

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 29 — (AP) — Charles Bischoff, confessed kidnaper-slayer of 6-year-old Marion McLean, was declared iinsane here by three alienists.

Judge C. S. Bell previously announced he would send Bischoff to Lima state hospital for criminal insane if alienists found him of unsound mind.

Pair Fined on Drunk Charges

James Johnson and Frank Sullivan, who were arrested on December 30 on charges of being drunk, yesterday each paid a $5 fine. They were released early in the month when they left a watch with Municipal Judge Poulsen as security for the fines, which they could not then pay.