The Oregon Statesman

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

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Small Powers Protest

THERE is reason why the smaller powers should take such a positive stand in demanding that Japan get out of China. They not only severely condemned Japan for invading China but insisted that the league of nations should use its resources to the utmost to end the controversy. They refused to eliminate the Manchurian question but asserted it too should be brought under the jurisdiction of the league in the settlement of the Sino-Japanese problem.

The small powers feel that their security lies in the league of nations or some such concert of powers. If the league goes they become subject to the greed of their larger neighbors. The old game of conquest is restored in Japan's moves in China and Manchuria. Perhaps that is why France for example has been reluctant to rebuke Japan; is even accused of having given encouragement to the raiders of the orient.

The small nations also have less of a game to play in international diplomacy. They can therefore speak more "from the heart" than the great powers whose utterances are measured first by the risks of diplomacy.

But while the delegates orate at Geneva the guns speak along the Yangtse. Japan is not moved by the threats even of the greater powers, but seems determined to consolidate her position of dominance not only in Manchuria but in the heart of China. Her great weakness will be financial. Japan cannot long sustain the heavy costs of military expeditions. She cannot borrow abroad, for world opinion is hostile to war loans. She must therefore soon bring an end to her junket into China, but she hopes to dig her teeth so deep into China's neck that the future may compensate her for present sacrifices.

Caution Signs

THE banks have come forward and offered to take $750,000 of state highway commission six months notes. Perhaps by the time the bids are opened on March 16th other interests will bid on the whole million. The notes are certainly gilt-edged, being repayable out of receipts in the summer from the motor vehicle license fees.

The lack of bids at the last meeting may well give the people of the states a pause. The lack of bids was not due so much to lack of investment money as perchance a doubt as to the wisdom of the policy here in Oregon of issuing further bonds for highway work. For a long time The Statesman has contended we should be reducing our bonds and not adding to them. The need for relief funds complicated the situation it is admitted; but the need continues to diminish and not to increase our highway debt.

The next point is that money-lenders will view with alarm very much tampering with the laws which provide money to meet these bond obligations. Our own opinion has been that as the highway system was nearing completion we could reduce the motor license fees and still have enough money for necessary work and for interest and principal of the bond debt, and that without any increase in the gas tax. As we have before stated, such a program should be carefully worked out and we are glad to see that the governor has appointed a committee to make such a study.

This is no time for rocking the boat in matters of highway finance. The credit of the state must be preserved; and nothing should be done which would throw the burden of the bond debt back on the farms, homes and factories and business houses of the state.

New Federal Taxes

A new federal tax law is in the making, and the raising of additional revenue is bound to hurt somebody. The core of the tax increase is a sales tax on manufacturers of 2¼ per cent which is expected to produce $625,000,000 a year. With profits now cut to the vanishing point most factories will groan under this new tax burden. Individuals will be hit two ways: exemptions on the income tax will be lowered and tax rates raised. The exemption for single persons is lowered from $1500 to $1000 and for married persons from $3500 to $2500. Rates are changed from 1½, 3 and 5 per cent to 2, 4 and 6%. Surtaxes will start as at present but will rise to 40% on incomes of $100,000 and more. Corporation income taxes are increased from 12 to 13 per cent. Estate taxes are increased and new gift taxes are levied.

These are provisions of the new tax bill drafted by the house ways and means committee. It will be subjected to amendment in the house and in the senate as well; so the final form cannot now be definitely stated. It is safe to predict though that the above will be the skeleton of the new law. While the medicine is hard to take the government budget must be balanced and the only way is by increased taxation.

The state of Oregon has lost a citizen of sterling worth in the death of Sen. B. W. Johnson of Monroe. His public services included the filling of numerous public and semi-public offices in his former home of Corvallis and in Benton county. At the time of his sudden death Sunday he was senator for the joint district of Polk and Benton counties, having served but half his term. Sen. Johnson was prominent among horticulturists of the northwest, being manager of the large orchards of the Oregon Apple company at Monroe, and officer of the Oregon Horticultural society. The state can ill afford to lose a man of Mr. Johnson's strong personal character, or a senator of his strong conviction and courage to face issues.

Better reports seem to be coming in from over the country. The epidemic of bank failures seems to have dried up probably mostly through new confidence instilled by the enactment of remedial legislation. Security markets have reflected quiet strength, and the bond market in particular indicates a returning confidence. The basis of modern business is credit, and the basis of credit is confidence. As confidence is restored business will go forward again. Consumption has been sub-normal for so many months that recovery may be rather rapid, instead of the long-drawn out process which some anticipate.

Lacomb Objects to Proposed Repeal of Bonus for Pickers

LARWOOD, March 7—People attending the community meeting at Lacomb Friday night were favored with an exceptionally fine program. Lenard Gilkey, who is associated with the Albany chamber of commerce brought a number of Albany men and women who proved to be able entertainers. The program consisted of singing, readings, music and sleight-of-hand performances.

Preceding the program a business meeting was held at which time Henry Pyle was appointed to act as delegate to the labor meeting held this week in Portland where the question of paying a bonus to employees will be voted on.

The Lacomb district, an important strawberry center, is not in favor of repealing the bonus.

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

March 8, 1907

Once more "M" company of Salem goes on record as a 100 per cent company, and the men are proud of their record as one of the best companies in the United States—proud of the remarks of the grizzled old war veteran, Colonel James Jackson, after inspection.

Owing to the fact that the Freeman pass bill did not have an emergency clause attached, all of the public officials will have to pay their railroad fares until the 90-day period has expired, when the new law goes into effect.

NEW YORK. — Arrangements are rapidly nearing completion for the National Peace congress which is to be held here next month. Among the foreign representatives to attend will be diplomats from France, Hungary and Germany.

March 8, 1922

An effort is being made to enlist interest of Salem merchants in re-establishing boat connections between Portland and Salem. Boat service has been available only fitfully during the past several years.

CHICAGO —Wheat pursued an irregular downward course here yesterday. The close in Chicago was unsettled, 1⅝ to 2 cents lower, with May selling at $1.41⅝, and July at $1.19⅞.

The total number of licenses issued for dogs in Marion county to date is 1300. Forty-five were issued yesterday.

New Views

"Can Fred Stelwer defeat A. E. Clark for the republican nomination for senator? Why or why not?" These were the questions asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Otto J. Wilson, automobile dealer: "I don't know much about it, but I think he will. He's been elected before and I think he stands about as good a chance as Clark, or better. The in's usually do."

L .M. Ramage, beverage manufacturer: "I doubt it. On account of present conditions. With conditions as they are, more people will vote against men in office. They hope a change will benefit them."

BAD CHECK ARTIST GETS JAIL PERIOD

SILVERTON, March 7—George W. Hamlin Jr., whose home is in Bloomington, Ill., but who has been here since early in December, drew $15 fine and 30 days in the county jail when he appeared before Justice P. L. Brown Monday morning on charge of passing worthless checks.

Hamlin passed five checks ranging from $1 to $2.50 for a total value of $14 on the Mt. Angel bank and Coolidge and McClain bank here. He had funds in neither.

Before Judge Brown he pleaded guilty and said he did it because he was out of work. The judge declared because of his youth and this being his first offense, he would parole him if he could raise the $14, but Hamlin could not do this.

The youth was arrested Saturday night.

Firms here accepting the checks included Olsen Pharmacy, George Steelhammer, Rainbow restaurant, Dickerson's and Campbell service station.

LADIES' AID WILL PRESENT PROGRAM

SILVERTON, March 7—Mrs. F. J. Houbal is directing an evening's entertainment for the Ladies 'Aid society of the Methodist church, the entertainment to be given Tuesday night. Mrs. F. A. Moore is business manager of the affair.

The program includes a humorous sketch "Cousin Jedediah" with Mrs. S. P. Ireland, Mrs. H. J. Iverson, and Mrs. E. R. Adams as the cast; a play "The Lamp Went Out", with Mrs. Lee Alfred as the young lady, Mrs. Edson Comstock, her mother; Mrs. Fred Baker, her hero, and Mrs. Robert Goetz, the villain; a reading by Jean McCleary, the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pearl McCleary.

Lodge Plans Party

The Tryphena lodge of Rebeka order is planning a St. Patrick's night party which the committee is calling "The Green Kid's Party". Miss Helvie Silver is general chairman of the party and Mrs. Mary Andrews is in charge of the refreshments. Mrs. F. E. Sylvester, Mrs. E. R. Adams, Theodore Hobart and Fred Baker will have charge of the games and studies for the evening.

DEMONSTRATION HELD

AUMSVILLE, March 7.—R. J. Ambos put on a health demonstration and dinner last week at the A. J. Richards home. Those partaking of the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gibson and daughter Carvel, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Gearhart, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Clark and daughter Adeline, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Garbe, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bradley, Mrs. Susie Ransom, Mrs. Bertha Powell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richards, Mrs. Means and the Misses Grace and Jessie Richards.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "Your Muscles are Full of Ice"

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Phil Sheridan in Oregon:

(Continued from Sunday:) Sheridan devoted a good deal of space in his two volume Memoirs to the period of his life spent in Oregon. He was born at Albany, New York, of Irish parentage March 6, 1831. As was said Sunday, he did not rise beyond the rank of second lieutenant until his service was completed here, in 1861, when he was ordered east to take his place in the Civil war. He arrived in New York that fall a captain. In a very short time, he was a brigadier general, his rank won in active fighting in the field; was authorized to wear his shoulder straps indicating that rank from July 1, 1862.

When he started for his new station at Fort Yamhill he had attained his 25th birthday only a little more than a month. He was graduated from West Point at 23; would have finished at 22, but for losing a year owing to an infraction of the rules by fighting — and he was generous enough to say in his Memoirs that he was to blame; he was the aggressor, young, hot headed.

He wrote in his Memoirs: "I started for my new station (Fort Yamhill) on April 21 (1856), and marching by way of Portland and Oregon City, arrived at Hazen's camp April 25. . . . . When I arrived I found that the Rogue River Indians had just been placed upon the reservation, and subsequently the Coquilles, Klamaths, Modocs and remnants of the Chinooks were collected there also. . . . The number all told amounted to some thousands, scattered over the entire Coast reservation, but about 1500 were located at the Grand Ronde under charge of an agent, Mr. (General) John F. Miller a sensible, practical man. . . . In those days the government did not provide very liberally for sheltering its soldiers; and officers and men were frequently forced to eke out parsimonious appropriations by toilsome work or go without shelter in most inhospitable regions. Of course this post was no exception to the general rule, and as all hands were occupied in its construction, and I the only officer present, I was kept busily employed in supervising matters, both as commandant and quartermaster. . . . At this time my little detachment parted from me, being ordered to join a company of the First Dragoons, commanded by Capt. Robert Williams, as it passed up the country from California by way of Yamhill.

I regretted exceedingly to see them go, for their faithful work and gallant service had endeared every man to me by the strongest ties. Since I relieved Lieut. Hood on Pit river, nearly a twelve month before, they had been my constant companions, and the zeal with which they had responded to every call I had made on them had inspired in my heart a deep affection that years have not removed.

"When I relieved Hood — a dragoon officer of their own regiment—they did not like the change, and I understood that they somewhat contemptuously expressed this in more ways than one, in order to try the temper of the new 'Leftenant,' but appreciative and unrelenting care, together with firm and just discipline, soon quieted all symptoms of dissatisfaction and overcame all prejudice. . . . In the last year they had made long and tiresome marches, forded swift mountain streams, constructed rafts of logs or bundles of dry reeds to ferry our baggage, swum deep rivers, marched on foot to save their worn out and exhausted animals, climbed mountains, fought Indians, and in all and everything had done the best they could for the service and their commander.

"The disaffected feeling they entertained when I first assumed command soon wore away, and in its place came a confidence and respect which it gives me the greatest pleasure to remember, for small though it was, this was my first cavalry command. They little thought, when we were in the mountains of California and Oregon—NOR DID I MYSELF THEN DREAM—that but a few years were to elapse before it would be my lot again to command dragoons — this time in NUMBERS SO VAST as of themselves to compose almost an army."

Later along Sheridan wrote: "I continued on duty at the post of Yamhill, experiencing the usual routine of garrison life without any incidents of much interest, down to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in April, 1861." (During this time, the young second lieutenant attended the grand ball in Salem celebrating the opening of the first woolen mill on the Pacific coast, here. The dashing officer became a familiar figure. He was often seen by the mother of the Bits man, then living in Cooper hollow, between Monmouth and Dallas, and not far from Fort Yamhill; she saw him at times accompanied on horseback by Frances, Rogue River Indian girl "graceful as a deer, slender as a fawn," as some one has written.)

"The news of the firing on Fort Sumpter brought us an excitement which overshadowed all else, and though we had no officers at the post who sympathized with the rebellion, there were several in our regiment . . . who did. . . . In due time orders came for the regiment to go east, and my company went off, leaving me, however—a second lieutenant — in command of the post until I should be relieved by Capt. J. Archer, . . . whose company was to take the place of the old garrison. . . . But I had been notified that he intended to go south, and his conduct was such after reaching the post that I would not turn over the command to him for fear he might commit some rebellious act. . . . Finally the news came that he had tendered his resignation and been granted a leave of absence for 60 days. On July 17 he took his departure, but I continued to command till September 1, when Capt. Philip A. Owen . . . arrived and, taking charge, gave me my release.

"From the day we received the news of the firing on Sumpter until I started east, about Sept. 1, 1861, I was deeply solicitous as to the course of events. . . . Most of the time we were in the depths of ignorance as to the true condition of affairs. . . . We received our mail at Yamhill only once a week, and then had to bring it from Portland, by express. On the day of the week that our courier was expected to be back from Portland, I would go our early in the morning to a commanding point above the post, . . . and there I would watch with anxiety for his coming, longing for good news.

"I earnestly wished to be at the seat of war, and feared it might end before I could get east. In no sense did I anticipate what was to happen to me afterward, nor that I was to gain any distinction from it. I was ready to do my duty to the best of my ability wherever I might be called, and I was young, healthy, insensible to fatigue, and desired opportunity — but high rank was so distant in our service that no dream of its attainment had flitted through my brain."

(Continued tomorrow.)

COMMUNITY CLUB PROGRAM SUCCESS

QUEENER, March 7. — The Kingston community club held its regular meeting Friday night at Kingston. The program was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Numbers on the program were: Violin solo, Beulah Carter; vocal solo, Pauline Barry, with Mr. Ipswood at the organ; guitar and harmonica duet, Arthur Kelly and Clem Crane; accordion selections, Charles Schaefer, Mrs. Peters at the organ; vocal solo, Mr. Barry, accompanied by Mr. Ipswood; guitar solo, Ivan Mays; readings, Ivan Mays, Mrs. Susan Kearns, Leonard Titus and the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peters. The Barrys have moved to Salem, but came out to help with the program.

After supper, party games were played until midnight. The Kingston community club is now a member of the county forum.

Ray Harold has the flu and has not been able to attend school at Stayton the past few days. Glen Bowman has been driving the school bus during Ray's illness.

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kennedy, pretty secretary, becomes engaged to Buck Landers, wealthy sports promoter, who is much older. Later, Mary meets young Steve Moore, Landers' ward. They are attracted to one another immediately. Landers asks Steve to entertain Mary while he is out of town. The bond between the young couple grows but thoughts of Landers form a barrier. Mary tells Steve she does not want to marry Landers. One evening Steve takes Mary in his arms. Then, conscience stricken, he tells her they must not see each other again. Next day, Landers' former sweetheart calls on Mary and threatens her. Mary longs for Steve but days pass with no word from him. Finally he comes to say he is going west. She persuades him to stay.

CHAPTER XVI

"WE can be by ourselves Steve!" Her voice throbbed. "Listen — we can go back to the hotel. There's a suite on the fourteenth floor and the man who has it by the month is out of town for a week. I can get the master key from my office. We can have dinner up there. Nobody will know but the waiter and he won't think anything about it. It will be perfectly all right, Steve."

He crushed her hand in his muscular palms. "Right," he said, his eyes glistening.

"Steve, isn't it wonderful?" she said exultantly with a little catching in her voice. "You see—we're happy already! Isn't it silly to be broken-hearted, Steve? All you have to do is to wait at the bottom of the elevator. I'll go up first and then you come up. Fourteen-o-six is the number. We'll talk everything over, won't we?"

His eyebrows raised. "What's all the conversation going to be about?"

"You help me plan to get out of this business with Mr. Landers."

"I thought we were going to forget all about Landers and everybody else?"

"Then we won't talk about him at all. We won't even mention him if it irritates you, Steve?"

"I'm only interested in you, Mary——"

"I'm that way about you, too, Steve."

At the hotel, Mary walked up the stairs to the mezzanine floor where the private offices were, and got the key that would open the unoccupied suite. From the second floor she took the elevator. Her mouth was dry. Her knees trembled with the excitement of the adventure that was upon her. She stepped inside the doorway and lit the room. It was hot and dry but when she raised the windows a breeze rippled the curtains. Looking out, there was a golden haze against the sky from millions of electric lights. The hum from the streets reached her obscurely with but a drowsy murmuring.

"Steve will be here in a few minutes," she told herself. "Then . . . it will be wonderful. We'll have the whole evening to ourselves. Nobody can reach us or bother us. I've never been this happy before. I always wanted to be this happy, but I never had the chance. There was never anybody like Steve before. This must be love . . . he simply makes my brain swim. Nobody else ever did that. Maybe I am a fool to show it so much, but I can't help being honest with him. I want him to know it . . ."

She began walking around the place. There was a living room and, beyond, a bedroom. It was just like all the other suites in this hotel, but it had an especial niceness. An odd magic. Steve would be here in a minute or two now, but she was disturbed by the thought that he might have misunderstood the number. She waited but he did not come. Had he changed his mind? No — that would be too wretched. "Oh, hurry up, Steve! We don't want to waste even a few minutes." She moved a little table out in the center of the room. They would have dinner served on it. It was a pretty good dinner, too, the hotel served for a dollar and a half. Funny how she could be hungry like this—but she was.

The door opened and Steve closed it behind him. He threw his hat with a wild gesture into a chair across the room. His cheeks glowed and his hair was rumpled. She stood there smiling at him and he came to her with his arms flung wide.

She hesitated a moment, enjoyed breathlessly the delicious last minute postponement of the embrace.

"Steve, aren't you glad we're here?"

"It's heaven."

His arms were out wide. She smiled at him for a moment, and then came closer to him; they were locked in a golden embrace; she felt his mouth covering her own with kisses. The pressure of his lips made her head swim—a curious weakness ran through her veins, but, at the same time, a new current of life welled up through her with a strong happy beat. He held her with a grip as though he would never let her go. It was all strange, yet it was precisely as she knew it would be—as it had to be. Their words were muffled and broken; she ran one of her hands through his dark hair. He held her apart and gazed with widened eyes at her flushed face.

"Are you happy now, Steve?"

"Yes." His eyes were glowing pools of life. "But there's going to be more, Mary, and still more."

She was in his arms again. He bent his head and kissed her with stronger, closer contact.

Mary, lost in Steve's embrace, was brought back to reality by a knock at the door. They released each other, their faces flushed.

"It's the waiter with the menu," she said.

They sat down side by side on the sofa and gayly selected the dishes. The waiter, squat and impassive, wrote down the order with Teutonic stolidity. Between his departure and his return laden with the weight of the dinner on the portable table, Mary and Steve discovered, oddly, that they could find nothing to say. For the moment, the transport of their affection had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of a common-place of existence—food. Lamb chops and kisses did not blend.

They made a tentative effort to recapture the glamorous spell by holding hands as they talked with shy politeness. Steve mentioned about his college life—something about a course in economics. It was no good, this hand-holding, and Mary got up to put on the lights in the room—not the big light, just the soft one in the standing lamp with its discreet silk shade. It made the room subdued and intimate. But there was no background to the room; it lacked the trivial femininities that Mary could have given it. Its elegance was manufactured and harsh, public by nature. Yet it was enchanted because Steve was here with her, and they were alone.

The waiter came and arranged the warm, sauced food for them. He was wholly concentrated with his task; Steve paid cash instead of signing the check. Now that the food was before them, their hunger disappeared. Excitement, repressed purposely, set up a nervousness as though a flock of humming-birds was in Mary's interior; Steve, too, merely dabbled at his food. Yet there was a new delight over the meal—a confidential, adventurous spirit of privacy. They were both in the grasp of mysterious anticipations . . .

They assembled the dishes on the portable table and Steve put it outside into the corridor. There would be no further interruption from the waiter. There would be no relics of the meal to remind them of ugliness. In the midst of humanity they were, at last, completely isolated.

Steve came over and sat down beside her on the sofa. She drew a little away, and there was a quick hurt in his gray eyes.

"Wait, Steve," she protested. She went to the open window and leaned toward the cool night air. Doubt disturbed her faintly—did he understand that she was not, really, cheaply flirtatious? Whatever happened, she had to retain dignity in his eyes; she had been sincere, even though she had seemed to behave lightly. He must not think of her without respect—must never have cause to laugh at her behind her back. It was a sharp little worry . . .

"What's going on in that little head of yours?" he asked swiftly. "Are you beginning to be sorry already?"

"You mustn't think worse of me, Steve—not ever—"

"You know I won't, Mary. You'll be adorable to me forever."

As he spoke, she realized with a sense of prophecy that this was the beginning — tonight—of a strange unexplored path. Tonight she was leaving her past behind. It was the end—and the beginning. Filled with helplessness and fear and trembling happiness she turned to Steve. But, it changed, he was not looking at her; he was bending over lighting a cigarette. She studied his clear-featured face, the shape of his head with its thickly smooth brown hair. He was so flexible, so strong.

A detached part of her mind marvelled at her adoration of him. It had developed so suddenly, without warning. Only a few days ago she had never even dreamed of a person like Steve Moore; she had belonged exclusively to herself. Now, she was part of him; he was a part of her. They were alike—the same feeling was in both of them. It was a kind of delirium. A beautiful, feverish dream that made all else unreal and unimportant.

(To Be Continued)

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STUDENTS' CLUBS WORK ON PROJECTS

HAYESVILLE, Mar. 7—The "Busy Bee" sewing club held its regular meeting at the school house Saturday afternoon. Miss Marcelle Fry was the hostess and was assisted by her mother.

An impromptu program was given.

Members present were: Iris Mason, Beatrice Stamen, Berniece Stamen, Sachico Furuyama, Alma Earrow, Mary Ito, Mrs. Marshall and the hostess, Marcelle Frey. Mrs. Frey, Adella Frey, and Aldine Frey were guests.

The next meeting will be held March 19 at the home of the club leader, Mrs. F. Marshall, 425 N. 18th, Salem.

The Happy Jack sewing club met at the school house Saturday afternoon.

After the business meeting conducted by the president, Richard Batdorf, was concluded, the boys sewed on carpenter aprons or tool kits, according to the project outlined. Members present were: Edwin Davis, Ernest Shroder, Sam Shishido, Eugene, George and Richard Batdorf.

The next meeting will be held next Saturday at 10 o'clock. The weather permitting the boys will have a wiener roast after the business meeting.

The Modern Teachers club will hold its regular meeting at the Hayesville school Tuesday night, March 8. Besides the study of geography, plans will be made for the joint meeting to be held at the school house, March 29.

Missionary Group To Meet Wednesday To Work on Quilt

FRUITLAND, March 7—The Woman's Missionary society requests all members, also those interested in helping with material or making the woolen quilt, to meet at the home of Mrs. Albert Harmon Wednesday, March 9, at 10 a. m. and bring a covered dish filled with her favorite recipe to contribute to the luncheon. The colors required are dark blue, red, and tan. Any woolen goods of these colors will be gladly received.

Mrs. Chris Gruenfelder and Fred Gerig are quite ill with flu.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Millhouse welcome them back to this neighborhood. Their two boys, Boyd and Kesling, are happily received by their old schoolmates.

Mrs. H. R. Smith returned to her home Sunday, after several weeks spent in a hospital in Salem.

LIBERTY, March 7—Regular meeting of the Red Hills grange will be held at Liberty hall Tuesday night, March 8. There will be a pot luck dinner at 6:30.

TEACHER VISITS

LIBERTY, March 7—Miss Lelia Hammersly, a teacher in the Dallas schools was a weekend visitor at the home of Miss Sabina Schmidt.

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

PNEUMONIA is one of the most fatal of diseases. Although cases may occur at any time of the year, by far the largest number are found in the months of December, January, February and March. Then it is not so much the cold of Winter as it is the sudden changes of temperature that serve as causative factors.

Dr. Copeland

Anything that lowers vitality, such as undue fatigue, anxiety, intemperance, poor sanitary surroundings or overcrowding, renders the individual susceptible to the infection. As a matter of fact, these are the underlying causes of many forms of human mysery.

Pneumonia, known sometimes as "inflammation of the lungs," is due to infection by a germ known as the "pneumococcus." That is a big name, but it is no bigger than the trouble it causes.

The disease is commonly ushered in by a chill and fever. When the trouble is located in the lower part of the lung, there is usually pain in the region of the nipple of the affected side. The pain is severe, of a stabbing character, and is made worse by deep breathing or by coughing. The cough is always distressing, short and painful. The expectoration for the first few days is largely of mucus, but later it becomes tinged with blood.

Pneumonia is a self-limiting disease, running a pretty definite course. It usually terminates in a "crisis" on the fifth or seventh day. In some cases the crisis is delayed until the fourteenth, or even the twenty-first day.

The symptoms of crisis are a sudden fall of temperature and profuse perspiration. At this particular time, the turning point of the illness, there may be failure of the heart, and the utmost care must be exercised to prevent a collapse.

After the crisis, in favorable cases, the patient becomes slowly but progressively better. At the end of a few weeks he is restored to health.

Nursing Is Important

In the lung itself there is at first a congestion in the parts affected; then an effusion of blood renders the involved area of the lung solid and incapable of doing its work. After the disease has run its course the blood is gradually absorbed, and the lung is once more able to function normally.

During an attack of pneumonia, nursing is of the utmost importance. The patient must be watched closely for any sign of heart failure or exhaustion. Light, sustaining food must be given at regular intervals. This is necessary to keep up the strength of the patient, and no exertion must be permitted on his part.

Pleurisy is a complication frequently encountered. There may be a collection of pus in the pleural cavity—the space between the lungs and the lining of the ribs. This is not uncommon, and it foretells that recovery will be very slow.

The medical treatment of pneumonia is dependent upon the symptoms of the individual case. Sometimes a serum has been used with favorable results, but in other cases this treatment is of no avail.

Plenty of fresh air in the sick room is absolutely essential. To close the windows and keep out the air is a mistake.

Pneumonia is mildly infectious. The nurse and members of the family should see that the patient's sputum is destroyed. The cloths or gauze used as handkerchiefs are burned.

Answers to Health Queries

MISS F. S. Q.—I would like your advice relative to the operation for the correction of cross-eyes. Is this really effective? What is the nature of the operation and where should it be done?

A.—See an eye specialist who will give you full information and advice after he has examined the patient and has determined the degree of vision. Such operation does not involve the seeing part of the eye and there is no possibility of losing the sight as a result.

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