The Oregon Datatesman

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

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Oregon's Grand Old Man

OREGON'S grand old man is Congressman W. C. Hawley.

For 25 years he has represented the first district in concity. gress. He has grown old in the service of his state at the national capital. Unremitting toil has marked his career. The position of power he has won at Washington did not come through showy brilliance, but through consistent, diligent, long-continued work. Summer and winter Hawley has labored for his constituents.

He is in fact typical of Oregon. He represents something speeding at the rate of 31 miles of the solid worth which marks the people of the state. He an hour upon the Pacific highway is not flashy or mercurial, he is not erratic or galvanic. But he does get things done. His mind is a storehouse of definite information about government business. He knows the facts about his district; he knows facts about government vehicle operated in Salem by bakadministration. His sound, level sense coupled with his ing firms of other cities was in abundance of information gives him standing and power and troduced by Alderman Hal D. Patinfluence in the nation's councils.

Hawley is a man of character. There is no doubt where he stands on moral questions. He isn't given to using weasel words on decisive issues. He takes his stand on grounds which he thinks are for the best interests of the country and of his district and his great frame beats off the opposition of those who try to stampede him into ill-considered legisla-

These are days of uncertainty when the patent medicine fakirs are busy peddling bottles of new spring tonic bearing gaudily printed labels. Thoughtless voters may be tempted to buy a bottle Mott's Sarsaprilla or Hulet's Bitters or Howard Spring Tonic, all of which seem to contain a liberal percentage of alcohol, judging from the appeals of the vendors. But if the district wants able representation by a man who as ranking republican members of the ways and means committee of the house is one of the most powerful figures in congress, it will continue Willard C. Hawley in his office.

Low Cost Production

NOTHER reason for fifty cent wheat is revealed in the ming." plowing costs on the Weatherford ranch at Arlington where a new Diesel motor tractor was operated at a fuel oil cost of 5.7c per acre plowed. The outfit turned over 149.5 acres per day. While the total per acre costs were not report- about two reasons: I get time ed, it will be readily seen that they were phenomenally low. and it builds up the body so you Similar application of power to weeding, seeding and har- get coordination between mind vesting likewise have lowered production costs. Even where and body." operations are by horse power costs are far below what they were at 1920 peaks.

While comparatively few farms can be run at a profit on 50-cent wheat even in days of low production costs, the fact that there has been a margin of profit in late years has been responsible for extension of acreage in the plains states, and for continued large acreage in other states. Grim necessity has forced farm economy, until wheat-growing is probably the most efficient branch of farming the country now

Optimism prevails this year in the great inland wheat belt. Moisture conditions are excellent, the crop is showing up nicely. The northwest wheat surplus has been cleaned out. Radically reduced yields in the great southwest should give a better demand for the northwestern crop, with resulting higher prices. Above all farming costs are down to bedsock; and with a fair break from the various factors to the wheat equation, the wheat grower will make some money

White Man's Law

THITE man's law went with the flag to Hawaii. White man's law from of old took from the individual the right of personal vengeance. The state interposed as the punisher of crime. Now white man's law has been upheld in Hawaii. Those who resorted to lynch law, even though white and their victim of brown skin, are found guilty under white man's law.

The verdict too was rendered by a jury of mixed breeds. White and native and Chinese sat in the jury box and heard the testimony, heard the Massie case tried under white man's form of court procedure, and rendered a unanimous verdict according to the white man's law.

Yet we read in the Oregonian a mad deluge of words by Floyd Gibbons assailing this verdict as a mockery of justice. He claims it was justifiable manslaughter and solicits putting control of Hawaii in the hands of the military.

But white man's law long, long ago took from the individual the right of retributive justice. Nor was the victim of the lynch law one who had gone scot free of the courts. One trial jury had disagreed but the case was to be retired. Kahahawai was still at the bar of justice to answer for his

White patricians who go to the territories are still under white man's law; that is what the Massie jury's verdict

Greta Garbo denies she is to marry; says site will retire to s farm in Sweden. It is further alleged that she is worth over a million dollars. If Swedish farms are like those in America, that would seem to be the amount necessary.

We note the usually particular Baker Democrat-Herald has gotten to use the word "citizenry". Doesn't if know that this once fine word has been reserved for politicians, demagogues and luncheon club speakers?

Mayor Baker refuses to resign and with the spirit of an old warhorse sniffs a battle for a showdown with apparent zest. His recall is a pure product of political racketeering led by marplots and instigators of political sabotage.

Former college athletes are now playing pingpong. The Elks club is holding a tournament and the YMCA courts are busy nightly as former tackles and rightfielders ping and pong. No report has come in yet that the sorority alumnae are sewing doll dresses.

Those who claimed that all that was needed was to get the Lindbergh case off the front pages and the baby would be returned pronte have another guess coming.

The senate voted to keep Tom Helfin out. It doubtless thought one braying jackass was enough seeing that Huer Long, Louisiana's political clown already had a seat.

At least folks are staying married while the depression is on, says the census bureau. Perhaps, after all, two can starve as cheaply as one.—Bend Bulletin.

. . . Of Old Salem Town Talks from The States-man of Earlier Days

May 1, 1907

The state executive board yesterday accepted the plans prepar-ed by Delos D. Neer, Portland architect, for remodeling the third story of the statehouse and arranging it into offices for the commissioners of the supreme court, the state library commission, and the attorney- general.

Outside capitalists are investing considerable sums in mining enterprises in Oregon, Among the new companies are the Ashland Coal Mining company, capital \$100,000 and the Mountain Treasure Mining company, capital

PORTLAND - A six-inch solid shot buried itself in the side of an empty house here yesterday, frightening nearby men and women. Investigation revealed that the shot came from a life-saving gun on the costal steamer, Costa Rica, on the Willamette river. While the quarterly tests of the gun was

May 1, 1922

J. A. Perdew, driver of a Salem-Albany stage, was arrested last night by State Traffic Inspector H. L. Griffith on a charge of

An ordinance bill providing for a license fee of \$600 a year for each ton at last night's council meeting.

Calls for recall elections against Fred A. Williams, chairman, and Fred G. Buchtel, Western Oregon representative on the public service commission were issued by Secretary of State Sam A. Kozer yesterday, in compliance with petitions filed.

New Views

"What will be your favorite vocation during the summer seaon? Why?" were the questions asked by Statesman reporters noon in the Withycombe adminiyesterday.

J. Saubert, O. S. C. Student:

Newton Sanders, school teacher: "I'd much rather fish than anything else. I like to do that for to think over problems of the day

W. H. Lorenz, restaurant man: Fishing. I used to fish for trout be seen and heard any day on in the middle west. I like to fish and hunt; I was raised in the mountains.

Charles Low, state highway department: "Golf, if the weather will ever stop catering to the

Mrs. Winnie Pettyjohn, realtor: "Stealing minutes for enjoying my favorife farm."

Daily Thought

"One constant element of luck Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.

Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip; But only crowbars loose the bulldog grip.

Same though he looks, the jaw that never yields arch of the fields."-Holmes | cerned.

It is important that parents gain some appreciation of the educational work essential to the control and eradication of tuberculosis. We are not dealing with a self-limited dis-

ells and tissues of the body.

Where the tendency of every other nfectious disease is to get well, the emand of untreated tuberculosis is or the life of the victim. Unless we

I must impress upon you the im-

A. L. E. Q.—Do you advise a tuescular patient to remain at home,
there the conditions are almost
ical, rather than to go to a same
rium? The patient in question has
sen ill over three months, in bed,
and his physician has suggested the
hange in question. Would the other
tembers of the family be apt to concact the disease under the circumtances?

A.—The systematic care and attention given such patients in hospitals and sanatariums will usually bring about results quicker than home treatment. I would suggest that you be guided by your factor's advices and judgment, If precautions are

M. L. Q .- Could a sev

By EDSON !



Tuesday: "Ladders for Fish!"

Once a Convict Always a Crook? Often, Perhaps, But Not Always

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Just beyond Twenty-fifth street at State stands the Oregon state prison, in convict marlance "the big house." Not so grim in its aspects as some state prisons. A cluster of gray buildings within sentried wall. Outside the wall little river winding through a andscape of trees and lawn and flowers.

The population of the big house changes in some degree constantly. New prisoners arrive. Others leave, and some of these do not come back. Now and then they are heard of as doing time in the prisons of other states. Now and then they go straight.

This is the story of one who went straight, and it goes back in its begining to a summer afterstration when a reporter for a Salem newspaper, with a view to having a bit of talk with a boy patient from Wasco county at the tuberculosis sanitarium, phoned D. C. Craig, laborer: "Swim- to the uperintendent of that institution for information regarding means for going out and coming As a result of this phoning, a

car and driver appeared within an hour, and the driver was a trusty from the prison, over from somewhere in the east and of the state, serving a term for burglary. He was rather a handsome boy

that burglar, with no more menace in his face or voice than may State street. And he and the reporter chanced to be congenial (which may, perhaps, have indicated that it was only by the grace of God that the reporter, also, was not a burglar), and as they journeyed leisurely to their destination they talked. A good talk, with something in it of humor and of heart's confidence, the burglar doing most of it, the reporter listening as sympathetically as he might, believing everything and nothing.

At the sanitarium the reporter went in for his visit with the sunshiny little boy from Wasco county, who was sure that when the T. B. had been chased down long afterwards-poor little chap. a somewhat gulpy piece of business for the reporter, who had never been hardened as a reporter should be, and never will be Drags down the bellowing mon- so far as such things are con-



back to Salem with the burglar, changed already. . . . and the story of a girl whom he had wanted to give things that he gry enough. Not very complimen- over the recipe book that went with knew she would like to have, al- tary to me. But Ken broke with it. "I'd make all kinds of frozen though she had never put him up them when they tried to separate desserts if I had one. I could fix to getting them for her-things us ..." that honest wages would not permit. An old story.

burglar,. "started on the down- stead, she added another para- pigskin dressing case with the dark ward path, a life of crime begun. graph: Once they bring you here you're "Bunk!" said the reporter.

"What about the girl?" "She says I'm foolish but a darling, and she'll wait for me-if it's necessary, which she's pretty sure it won't be-till her golden hair has turned to silver."

"Sweet," murmured the report-

"Yeah, but she may change her mind, and her hair isn't golden, into one leg and the leg cut off he and the parole board is slow, and should be well again (he died not I don't enjoy sleeping in a stee cell, and I'm wasting a lot of good so brave, so confident!) and it was time doing errands and driving twelve-dollar newspaper men-"Fifteen." The reporter corrected him sternly.

"Well, there ain't much difference. Anyway, I'm driving 'em

"You're fortunate, it seems to me." The reporter glanced significantly across the fields to a spot where a gang of men were laboring under supervision of a guard who caried a rifle in the crook of an arm.

"Oh, of course I know. I'm not kicking, only-"

"Well, be a sport, That girl of yours is all right. I'd preach to you, only I've no more license to preach to you than you have to preach to me. We all make mistakes. This jolt you've had isn't going to spoil your life if you don't allow it to spoil it. It's up to you.'

They talked all the way into Salem, the burgiar and the reporter. Then they shook hands and parted as if they were old friends. They never met again. But at Christmas time in 1916

the reporter received a letter from somewhere in France. A scrawl on a soiled and wrinkled sheet of "Everything O. K. With the

Canadian troops. Wife and baby with friends at Montreal.—Your friend, Trusty." Since then, silence. Another story to be finished as one would

wish it to be finished-all wrong, perhaps. Just the same, the boy went straight.

It has been a tough spring on vinter oversoats. I listened to a dial phone a day

or two ago on which service had been discontinued. The bee-like hum was missing. In it's stead was sound faintly suggestive of a harp—a faraway murmer such as might be the utterance of a lost

Somebody is always glad to see

Words are not always necessary.

The services commenced at 11

How clearly he pointed out the everybody — meaning that free this is written on a chill morning.

O'clock, by which time the house connection between a Christian was well filled both below and in church, and the intelligence were quently the person you step around. The office fix is sitting on a nail was well filled both below and in church, and the intelligence, sogladly.

"EMBERS of LOVE" BY HAZEL ININGSTON

Lily Lou Lansing, young and Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic eareer to marry wealthy Ken Sargent, Ken's mother wanted him to marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threatens to have the marriage annulled. Ken and Lily Lou are stranded, but she assures him she

CHAPTER NINETEEN

sian Hill. At night they could sit in their window and look out all over the bay, see the lights on the other side . . . pick out Lake Merritt . . . watch the flash of the light oven. "What did he have to say?" on Alcatras. . . .

Lily Lou knew every nook and corner of her apartment. She had the rented linen and silver by heart. She thought the rooms were beau-tiful, and certainly they were nicer than any she had lived in before. "Can we afford it?" she asked, a

little frightened "Sure, it's much cheaper than the

They had been staying at the St Francis, Ken had insisted. He said it would be just for a few days and they might as well start out right. Tried to go on eating. It was thrilling for Lily Lou. The Then Ken came over to her, put crowded lobbies, the long dining his arms around her, loved her. The rooms with the scurrying waiters, the snowy tables, the people who all seemed rich and well dressed. Their room was nice, too, so large so luxurious . . . Lily Lou would have been very happy, if she hadn't

She wrote long letters on the hotel stationery . . . to her mother, to Bess, to May . . . to the boys, John "That puts the responsibility up and Earl . . . think of it! The to me. youngest Lansing, sitting in her own room in a hotel like that, writing letters headed "Hotel St. Fran- Afraid it couldn't last, and she cis"-as if it were nothing at all! But the answers from the family depressed her . . . they were so ment herself, went out and bought careful, so restrained. All but flowers from the venders on the

"I'm sure I hope you'll be happy," Bess wrote, "and don't you mind ing with happy care. Red gladiolas what anybody says. You've got your on the library table in the brass own life to live, and you've got just opium bowl, great double-flowered as much right to a home and hus- white stock on the highboy in the band and babies as any of us, so little square hall, spicy white pinks the family can just shut up about with threads of purple in the Hol-

ily says, either. They may think the large rose and walnut bedthey are the last word, but you room. can't tell me that any big business man is as good and kind as dad, ner on Saturday night. and as for mother, we wouldn't trade her for any society woman. mond said, trying out the deepest Don't you let them lord it over you. armchair. You're just as good as they are. I He lit one of Ken's cigars. Since only hope that Kentfield is all you their marriage Ken had taken to him cry," she thought miserably, think he is. You deserve a real smoking cigars. Lily Lou knew, cutting the grapefruit, measuring man, Lily Lou, and I only hope he turns out to be one!"

Lily Lou winced at that. She thought they made him seem older. couldn't just make some polite an- ... Queer how much of his boyish-Then another leisurely ride swer. Bess would think she was ness was slipping away from him.

candor: "Yes, Ken's famliy was an- | She loved the little cubes, pored

"So here I am," gloomed the she couldn't quite do that. In- clothes, not many, but nice. The

"You don't have to worry about me. It is true that Ken lost his job with his father, but the very day he

Putting that into writing made her feel safer, somehow. She has tened out to mail it. That would show Bess the sort of husband she

"He really is old for his age," she thought, determinedly, listening to his accounts of the office, at night. He really did seem interested and enthusiastic. She was foolish to worry that it wouldn't last... will stick by him regardless of what

They had been in the apartment about a week when Ken came home a little late one evening. "Dad came in to see me," he said guardedly.

she asked, when Ken just leaned against the kitchen door, watching. Ken yawned. "Want me to do anything, Lily Lou? Oh, he didn't have much to say. He's trying to

talk me out of it, of course." The dish with the mashed potatoes leaped in her hands. "Trying to talk you out of what?"
"Oh, out of marriage, I guess."
He laughed nervously.
Lily Lou was silent.

A little pulse over her eye began to throb. She put her hand over it.

chops congealed on the plate. The coffee cooled in the cups.

"Lily Lou, nothing in the whole world could make me leave you-" "Or be sorry you married me?" "No, honey, nothing-" She laid her cheek next to his. "I

believe you, Ken." And afterward she

They were so happy. So happy that sometimes she was afraid. couldn't bear it if it didn't.

She took care of the little apart streets. Came back and arranged them carefully, sorting and choosland glass bowl on the table be-"Don't you care what Ken's fam- tween their two silk draped beds in

> May and Raymond came to din-"This is something like." Ray-

throat, that it was because he hands,

"Some day I'm going to have an So she wrote, with something like electric icebox," May was saying. own over-sensitive ears.

them in the mornings-"Tried to annul our marriage" Lily Lou showed her everything was what she ought to write, but with proud pleasure. Her new red fittings, that Ken had given her. . . .

It was a lovely evening. After they had gone, Lily Lou left his father's office he got a job, realized, with a little shock of pain!

way May and Raymond lived. . . . A little timidly she asked Ken if there wasn't someone he wanted to have for dinner and bridge.

"Sure. Maybe some night next "Who, Ken? Who shall we have?"

"I don't know, honey. I'll think "Let's have it the first part of

next week!" She planned happily. Filet steak and green peas. Or was filet too expensive? But long before she had made up her mind, something happened, something that filled her with foreboding of tragedy to come. Ken was late again. He hardly touched the beefsteak pie she had gone to so much trouble to make. Headache?" she asked, anxiously.

"A little. Yes—it does—" She sang to him softly after disner. Little love songs, folk songs that he liked. She thought he seemed happier.

Some time during the night she woke. She heard a queer, choking, strangling noise.

"Ken-Ken-is that you?" He did not answer. She went to his bed, reached out to him in the darkness. She felt her hand wet with his tears. Ken

. Ken was crying. Lily Lou grasped the head of the bed, for support. The floor seemed to be giving way under her. She was afraid she was falling, falling through space, with the wind rushing by her closed eyes. . . But she knew she wasn't . . She wasn't the kind who faints, or finds comfortable ways out. She was just standing there, grasping the bedpost for a moment because she felt dizzy. There was no gaping dark hole to swallow her up, the way she

wished it would. And Ken was lying face downward on his pillow, probably hating her because she'd waked up and

knew he had sobbed. . . She didn't know what to do. Minutes passed. Long, miserable minutes. The funny, strangling sound had ceased.

She was suddenly desperate with

oneliness. Anything but this terrible shut-out feeling . . . anything but that, . . . "Ken!" Her voice was hardly more than a breath, "Ken-it's Lily Lou. . . . Are you . . . awake?"

She waited, and there was no answer. Presently she crept back to bed. They were a little furtive and unnatural in the morning. She felt

his awkwardness, and he felt hers, "He knows . . . he knows I heard with a queer little lump in her the coffee with curiously capable "Breakfast is almost ready,

Ken!" she called in a voice that was meant to be natural and gay, and sounded loud and tin-canny to her

"Ready in a minute, honey," he answered in the same tone. Lily Lou straightened the strip of embroidered linen on the built-in table of the breakfast nook. Rearranged the sugar and cream pitcher. For a moment she leaned against the wall, the backs of her

hands pressed tight against her hot

cheeks. She felt that she was chok-

(To Be Continued)
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cently printed, reviewed in this column the past two days, contains a news article from The gon Institute, that became by Statesman on the dedication of the first church building in Salem, that of the First Methodist

Jason Lee stepped over the Rockies and thus entered his field, the old Oregon country, June 15, 1834—the first Protestant missionary and minister on the Pa-

Sermons were preached by Jason Lee at the place where Fort Hall was built, at other points on the Old Oregon Trail, at Fort Vancouver, at the old mission 10 miles below the site of Salem, at the house of Joseph Gervais, where the famous "wolf meeting" was held, and throughout this field. And members of the Methodist church were taken in and baptized at the old mission and other points.

win this season.

Men and women can accomplish mits. Like horseradish.

" 'Reverend Sir: Permit me in behalf of the Sabbath school in a charter member, she soon joined. Rev. David Leslie was the in this pulpit this Bible and hymn place was the chapel of the Ore-

The first Protestant church building on this coast was erect- heaven. These hymns, which are ed at Oregon City in 1843 (ded- only surpassed by angelic choirs, icated early in 188), under the both encourage and gladden our direction of Rev. A. F. Waller. Methodist missionary pastor bright world. there, who secured the subscriptions therefore Dec. 21, 1842. Jason Lee subscribed \$50, as did that in the pulpit meditations in most of the prominent missionaries, and Governor Abernethy and | will be cared for in all future John Force gave \$100 each. John | time; and that while the flock of Force was the man who sold the Christ is here folded and fed, you Wallace Prairie (Painter's wood) place to Hon. A. Bush-and that 640 acre donation claim is still in the ownership of the Bush famfly. That was the only transfer ever made, excepting the squatters' right of the Oregon Institute to Force-and excepting thoughts of the Sabbath school some right of way deeds by A.

A. F. ("Father") Waller also had charge of the construction of holy formtain of knowledge and the first church building in Sa- blessedness. It is always with lem, for the First Methodist church. He was then the pastor here. It stood where the edifice of the First Methodist church stands now. To make room for the later structure, it was moved across the street, State and Church streets, to where the Wm. Brown home is now. Later it was moved to Liberty, near State, where for two generations it housed many activities, Salvation by the Rev. T. H. Pearne, from Army, commercial, etc., and fin- Ps. 65th, 4th v.: 'We shall be satally, before it was torn down, was the Col. Olmstead laundry. (It house, even of thy holy temple." should be added that the mother After an appropriate introduction. of the First Methodist church the reverend speaker announced Sunday school was the one or- the following as his proposition: ganized Sunday, April 5. 1835, at | That a church is a great blessing the old mission, by Cyrus Shep- to a community. Those who know ard.) . Following is the news art- him need not be told that this poicle from The Statesman on the sition was most ably and interestdedication referred to above:

the school upon the occasion, and accompanied the offering with the following beautiful and appropri-

Salem to present you for the use book, an expression of the deep interest we feel on the present oc-" 'In doing this we would ackchange of name Willamette uni- knowledge our high appreciation of the blessings we enjoy in the possession of such a treasure. This blessed book is our guide to

> hearts on our pathway to that 'To you we confide our humble offering, happy in the belief this house, the Sabbath school

will fold and feed His lambs." "Rev. T. H. Pearne replied as follows: 'I accept this very appropriate gift-a Bible and hymn book-in behalf of the trustees for the use of this pulpit. It is not at all strange to me that the were directed to these sacred books, as the most suitable offering they could bring. How early do they learn to drink from this emotion that I recall to mind the days, of my connection with the Sabbath school as a scholar. I devoutly pray heaven's choicest blessing upon your holy cause. Accept, yourself, and convey to the school, our sincerest thanks."

"After singing and prayer by

Rev. D. Leslie, and reading of the Scriptures of Rev. F. S. Hoyt, the dedication sermon was preached isfied with the goodness of thy ingly supported and illustrated. "The services commenced at 11 How clearly he pointed out the ness of those in its vicinity!

Daily Health Talks By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. TOT long ago I told you about | definitely excluded; but to carry on tuberculosis and how it attacks children. Since then and patience. She must be well mothers have asked what to grounded in the whys and wheremany mothers have asked what to grounded in the whys and where-

do about it. It all depends on the case. If the disease is active and the home conditions are favor-able the child may be kept with the family. Your doctor will advise you about this.
But if the case shows ac-tive signs, ad-mission to an

Dr. Copeland

institution is desirable, because here is strict supervision. Here the necessary attention is given to food and rest, life in the open air is maintained and breathing exercises are taught. Under favorable conditions tuberculosis is a curable disease in the beginning. This is true both in adults and in children.

Home treatment for the child may be successful if the surroundings are good. It is proper if the existence of lung trouble in the other members of the family can be

Answers to Health Queries

ease, like pneumonia or scarlet fever or typhoid. We must fight an all-ment that is restless and sleepless, ever alert to attack and destroy the

can defeat the disease in its first stage, the outlook becomes increasingly grave.

We are governed largely by prejudice, personal likes and dis-likes. I suspect that I shall again wasted as much time in being bath school for the use of the pul-pit. Miss Mary Leslie represented (Continued on page 9)

BITS for BREAKFAST

First church dedication: * * * The Ladd & Bush Annual re- first pastor, and the meeting

church, also a halftone cut of the structure, showing the congregation in front. The date of the dedication was Sunday, January 23, 1853. The First Methodist church of Salem really had its beginning the day

cifie coast.

But the Salem First Methodist church was formally organized in 1841, with these members: Rev. Jason Lee and wife, Rev. L. H. Judson and wife, Rev. H. C. Campbell and wife, Rev. James Olley and wife, Jeseph Holman and wife, Rev. Gustavus Hines and wife, and Webley Hauxhurst, "the first white man converted through the labors of the first missionaries," and the wife of Hauxhurst, who was an Indian woman; if she did not come in as

no more than their strength per-

is thinking.

ing a thing, but I know what he tion of the church to the trustees by the Reverend A. F. Waller, "This discussion was followed a very handsome Bible and hymn immediately (the congregation