

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Good Legislative Timber

CHARLE ABRAMS ought to make a very competent legislator. He served one term in the house; and was for many years secretary of the board of control so that he has more inside knowledge of state government than any candidate. He ought to be elected and ought to be made a member of the ways and means committee because there he would be so much better informed than the common garden variety of legislator. Carle is level-headed, not a cheap politician, knows public men and legislators from all over the state; and if elected would at once move into a position of influence in the house. Marion county's interests would be well cared for by him.

Two years ago quite a bevy of young lawyers were running for representative. Not so many this year. But one of the group who made an excellent showing is a candidate again, Otto K. Paulus. Paulus is a clean-cut, aggressive fellow, with a good background of experience in business before he took up law. He was in the auto business a long time and stands strong for reduction of motor license fees, but is sensible in not wanting to do anything to endanger the credit of the state on the highway bonds it has sold. He is ambitious and hard-working; and we wouldn't put him down for a fellow who would make a cheap tradeout. We like him and so we will vote for him.

The Ticket Itch

THE time is about ripe for the usual outbreak of ticket itch. The last week before an election is usually devoted to green, yellow and blue tickets issued by various minority groups of one brand or another. Some are known and continuing organizations; but most of the groups are self-constituted for the particular occasion. Behind some imposing front of high-sounding nomenclature a little group connives to stampede the electorate into voting its way.

Frequently the list may have a number of good names on it. These are the bait to catch the fish. The barb is there in the person of some individual for a particular office who is boosted to put over some particular deal. It is good sense to beware of special "tickets" boosted by nobodies. Usually there is some "ketch in it".

The Variables

ONE never escapes from the element of chance. For over two months hundreds of people have been vigilant on land, on sea, in the air, to recover a stolen child. Then one drizzly afternoon a negro, an unknown, pushed aside a branch in a wood bordering a rutted hill-road, and there before him lay the remains of the infant. Organized and persistent search had failed; beneficent accident intervened and the mystery of the babe's whereabouts was solved. And a poor negro was lifted into sudden fame. Kismet; Fate; Destiny; or Calvinistic Foreordination?

Well, life is like that; the unexpected occurring with startling suddenness. You can never get away from the factors of mystery, of surprise and of chance. They are the great variables in life's equations.

Their Master's Voice (Falsetto)

THE following is taken from the news columns of the Woodburn Independent, reporting a speech by the Hon. Rufus C. Holman at the Woodburn Grange:
"Do you see, then, why I am opposed? Do you see why the opposition to me has large sums of money at its command?"
"Remember, that any man who takes up the cudgel against these special interests is a marked man."
He mentioned the press of the state in general as being subsidized by the special interests and therefore opposed to him, and mentioned Salem's two dailies in particular. Referring to attacks they have made on him, he declared, "Their master, that gives them advertising, tells them to do it."

The Steiwer headquarters sends out a reply by A. R. Shumway president of the North Pacific grain growers, to the charges of William G. Hare, Clark supporter, regarding the high salaries paid officials of the grain powers. Hare called the roll of the salary list and it reads like a Pendleton city directory. There should be no distress in Umatilla county with that imposing array of salaries, ranging from \$25,000 (now \$22,500) a year to Henry W. Collins through the Rices, Roy Ritner, and George C. Baer. Shumway replies that Sen. Steiwer had nothing to do with the Collins appointment which was made by the board of directors. Perhaps not. But weeks before Collins was appointed the editor of this paper learned from very good sources that Collins was to be named executive on Steiwer's recommendation. Not that there was anything wrong with the appointment, because Collins was a veteran grain man; but there is no doubt in my mind that Steiwer was vigilant to see that his fellow-townsmen was well taken care of when the leaves and fishes were ready for distribution.

According to an article by Ray Conway in the Oregon State Motorist this state has more motor tourist travel than any state in the west. Out-of-state cars travel 434,000 miles daily on Oregon highways, which is 22.1% of all motor travel in the state. The assertion is further made that the income from tourists constitutes our third largest industry. Oregonians will be surprised to learn, though it has been previously published, that this state is in such position of leadership in tourist travel. California and Colorado have long been known as the leading tourist states. Steadily the charms of Oregon are being made known however; and constantly more people are attracted to our rugged coasts, our turquoise lakes, our glistening peaks, our comfortable hotels, our numerous hot-dog stands and our political hocus-pocus.

The former slogan of clean out the state house is now being dressed over to read "clean out the court house". Jackson county seems to be the county where the biggest chorus is clamoring for doing the court house laundry.

Get the motor license down to about the marriage license rate and watch the divorce rate on old cars take a jump.

Politics today is divided between the reformers and the reformers.

The trouble with railroads may be defined as hardening of the arteries.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WOULD SAVE DRY LAW

It is reported that the hop growers are to boycott all merchants who do not favor the repeal of the Oregon and United States prohibition laws. The writer has met some of these gentlemen in a business way and has played chess with some—and has found them mighty fine fellows. But anyone can make a mistake and it is so plain, all must admit that in the case the hop growers are "all wet".

Surely they do not want to start a trade war to add to the present griefs—for it is a game that two can play. The war between Japan and China was begun by the Chinese boycott of Japanese made merchandise. The boycott as a weapon is un-American, un-democratic. This country is committed to free expression of political preferences, and anyone man or woman—who tries to coerce or buy votes runs counter to our laws and, upon conviction must suffer the penalties.

The writer was told that 99 out of every 100 families in Salem made home-brew. Why do the hop men want to spoil a good thing and go back to the slow old days when there was not nearly as much beer consumed and when a few large breweries made the entire supply? Why, in these days many and many a family never had a drop of intoxicants in the house and the young people were models of sobriety. It's queer, how actions contradict extraneous claims. What you do speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.

What is the truth? Here in Salem, starting at a random spot in the "good old days", one hundred consecutive ordinances were examined. Sixteen of these decreed 15 men (one each) common drunks. I challenge anyone of you men who claim that "prohibition does not prohibit", to name 16 common drunks in Salem today—and population had greatly increased. Why do you want the old saloon back?

"We don't want the old saloon back," you say?

Then what kind of a saloon do you want? A saloon is a place where intoxicants are openly sold. And please remember, that the one-hundred-year fight against intoxicants that culminated in national prohibition was waged not against the "pure" stuff of the bootlegger, but the "stuff" of a legalized traffic in alcoholics.

No, we do not want to repeal either Oregon's "dry laws" or our national liquor laws, for we occupy a high vantage point on the highways, and "death is so permanent." We want neither the old saloon, nor the new one some hope for, but if the "wets" can repeal the 18th amendment in a legal manner we will abide the results. Because of the terrible train of consequences, California will always have the most roulette tables, but Oregon will have the most milk. With the single exception of gold dust, Oregon has MORE NATURAL ADVANTAGES THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

With a climate as fine as that of Virginia or Maryland, it can brag of a soil whose richness will challenge comparison with that of the inexhaustible prairie. In the way of timber, no country on earth can approach it, consequently it is destined to become the great lumber region of the Pacific. The distance, which formerly frightened people from seeking a home in Oregon, steam has reduced to a pleasure trip. By means of Vanderbilt's new line of steamers, people can go from New York to Oregon in less than five weeks. Three years ago it took from six to nine months. In addition to agricultural and lumber riches, Oregon is singularly blessed with mineral wealth. On the Columbia, iron ore exists in almost endless quantities, and the same may be said of copper, platinum, lead, plumbago, sulphur and salt. To develop the productive-ness of these treasures, all that is required is time and population. And the latter will be a year or two. To men of patience and perseverance, there is no portion of our glorious country which holds out more prosperous inducements than Oregon. The vice president will please see that two more chairs are IMMEDIATELY added to the senate chamber. If they are not needed this season, they will be by the year 1854.

That was great praise, deserved, though somewhat extravagant, on "plumbago, sulphur and salt." And it was a fine prediction, too, though a little belated in coming true.

The fight for statehood took nine votes in the territorial legislature, two bills in congress and four in the IMMEDIATELY added to the senate chamber. If they are not needed this season, they will be by the year 1854.

One of Governor Joe Lane's first acts after proclaiming the territory of Oregon, March 8, 1849, was to call a special election for a territorial legislature, to meet in Oregon City Monday, July 16, the election to be held the first Monday in June. That first session had a bill before it, the expression of the people for and against a convention to form a state government. It was later laid upon the table.

But the fight was on. The next (Continued on page 7)

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Next State: The Ladd & Bush Annual, recently published, has the following, under the above heading, from the Albany, N. Y. Knickerbocker of October 21, and reprinted in The Statesman a few weeks later:

"The next state that will knock for admission, will be Oregon. Since April last, a stream of immigration has been pouring in upon her of such volume as must soon make her fit to take a seat in the senate. From January up to last dates, the arrivals from the east have amounted to over ten thousand. This, added to the thirteen thousand she had last fall when the census was taken, makes her present population—counting the babies which have arrived since the census was taken—about twenty-five thousand. The people who go to Oregon are hard-fisted farmers, men who prefer the California of yellow corn to the Virginia of gold, and the Oregon of the Columbia to the California of the Sacramento. The difference between the population of Oregon and that of California, is just the difference between a cart horse and a racer. One is all utility, and the other all excitement. California will always have the most roulette tables, but Oregon will have the most milk. With the single exception of gold dust, Oregon has MORE NATURAL ADVANTAGES THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

With a climate as fine as that of Virginia or Maryland, it can brag of a soil whose richness will challenge comparison with that of the inexhaustible prairie. In the way of timber, no country on earth can approach it, consequently it is destined to become the great lumber region of the Pacific. The distance, which formerly frightened people from seeking a home in Oregon, steam has reduced to a pleasure trip. By means of Vanderbilt's new line of steamers, people can go from New York to Oregon in less than five weeks. Three years ago it took from six to nine months. In addition to agricultural and lumber riches, Oregon is singularly blessed with mineral wealth. On the Columbia, iron ore exists in almost endless quantities, and the same may be said of copper, platinum, lead, plumbago, sulphur and salt. To develop the productive-ness of these treasures, all that is required is time and population. And the latter will be a year or two. To men of patience and perseverance, there is no portion of our glorious country which holds out more prosperous inducements than Oregon. The vice president will please see that two more chairs are IMMEDIATELY added to the senate chamber. If they are not needed this season, they will be by the year 1854.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

"CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING" A day or two ago, we printed a picture of the University of Pittsburgh's "Cathedral of Learning"—a 48-story skyscraper built to house a rapidly growing urban institution which cannot afford to have, in its location, the old-fashioned but somehow this skyscraper idea takes something out of education which ought to be there, something that has come down to us from the groves of Athens and the towers of Oxford and the academies of Heidelberg.

Scholarly attainment in the finest sense implies a quality of thought and thought implies a certain atmosphere of quietness and leisure. Skyscraper culture may promote a certain degree of efficiency, but behind what efficiency has "brought us to" in this age. Somehow we had hoped for a generation which would be torn away from a forced-feed culture which offers only compromise with noise and dirt and confusion which we have accepted so tamely along with the blessings of progress which we have achieved.

In Pittsburgh's "Cathedral of Learning," the student may hurtle 48 stories from gym class to chem lab, but we wonder if he ever will experience anything like that occasional serenity with which Robert or Steve Smith or Mueller or Gilbert expounding the universe in a five minute walk under the Oregon trees. The student whose wandering view comprehends only the muddy junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela and a tangle of black furnaces or Mueller or Gilbert expounding the universe in a five minute walk under the Oregon trees. The student whose wandering view comprehends only the muddy junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela and a tangle of black furnaces or Mueller or Gilbert expounding the universe in a five minute walk under the Oregon trees.

For the Statesman: I note that young DeJardin has been attacked again by a high school ruffian, by invading a room from which he has been excluded. Strange as it may appear in those who apologize for this kind of ruffianism. No wonder so many are going the pace toward ruffianism. Were I to advise young DeJardin would he keep something at hand from now on that when attacked that thing will go pop and hit at the right place. S. P. SMITH.

Daily Thought

"Laws are not made for the good."—Socrates.

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

She knew Dwight Gwin's name as well as her own, but she just couldn't think of it. The tears of weakness filled her eyes. "The light is so bright," she mumbled, trying to turn her head away from them. "You're all right," Gwin said soothingly. "You didn't even fall, I caught you. Just a little dizziness." She tried to answer and choked. What a fuss she had made. Stopped the dancing class and Gwin's coaching. "Pull yourself together," she told herself angrily. "Stop sniffing!" But when she struggled to a sitting position the short man pushed her back on the pillows. "Take it easy for another half hour," he advised, crisply. "Then you may go home. But keep away from that fire escape. There would have been a nasty accident if Mr. Gwin had not been there to catch you. A woman in your condition can't take chances like that." A woman in your condition... The short man had said that to her... a woman in your... She sat bolt upright. He said... but he couldn't mean... Oh, he couldn't mean... No, no, he couldn't. "Thanks very much, doctor." It was Gwin's voice. He was escorting the short man to the door. Doctor! Then Gwin had called a doctor. And he—she thought—She got to her feet, a little dizzy, but icily calm. She must get out of this man's studio. Whatever had happened to her, or was going to happen to her, she'd have to face it. Keep up appearances. Plan. Do something. But get out of here first, get away— "Oh, but please! Doctor Pool said you were to rest!" Gwin's distress only heightened her desire to get away. He knew too... he heard what the doctor said and he thought... What DID he think? She saw pity in his eyes, and she couldn't bear it. "I'm quite all right," she heard herself saying coldly. "Please don't bother any more. I'm so sorry to have made trouble." She knew that she was being stiff and ungrateful, after he had saved her from falling, and called a doctor... "And will you tell me how much the doctor's fee will be? I'd like to pay it." "Please, Miss—Miss Lansing—" When he stumbled over her name she wished the floor would open and swallow her up. Wished he'd let her fall off the fire escape. And to conceal her suffering she held her head still higher, and her voice was hard and brittle as glass: "But I must pay the bill. I can't let you pay anything for me!" A dark frown crossed Gwin's thin face. "I suppose it will be three dollars. But I wish you'd let me. I just called him because I was worried, you were so long coming to, I thought—" "I'll bring it to you in the morning. Will that be all right?" "Yes, of course—" "Thank you, Mr. Gwin. Goodbye." She called to the door. Sailed, a little less heavily, down the hall to Wanda Pillsbury's room. It was empty. The children had gone. So had Wanda. Lily Lou looked at her watch. It was only four o'clock. Wanda must have dismissed the class for lack of music. Resentment flared in her troubled heart. Wanda could have used the photograph. It wouldn't have hurt her, for she didn't want to talk—not yet—not just yet— A firm, cold hand closed over her wrist. It was no use pretending, they knew she was awake. She opened her eyes and smiled apologetically. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I fainting. It was nice of Mr.—Mr.—"

CHAPTER THIRTY Lily Lou went out into the hall. She walked to the fire escape in the rear, and opened the door that led out to the rusty iron landing. Someone opened the door of the studio next to it. It was Dwight Gwin, the big, gray-haired man who coached professionals. "Hello," he said, and then he stopped and stared at her curiously. "You're not ill, are you? I wouldn't go out there if I were you. Wait! Take my arm!" Lily Lou saw the tall, loose-jointed figure coming toward her, and motioned him back. He already overstrained nerves jangling at the thought of one more prying question. "I'm quite all right, thanks," she said. "Just—warm!" She took another backward step and grabbed at the rail. It wasn't there. Nothing was there. She closed her eyes, as the whole world seemed to slip away beneath her. A short man and a tall man were standing in the room where she lay. Lily Lou saw the two silhouettes against the window. They seemed to be talking. The short man jerked a thumb in her direction. She caught the word "she"— Because her eyelids were so heavy, she closed her eyes again. It was easier to think with her eyes shut. They were talking about her, she was sure of that. She lay quite still, trying not to be frightened. Everything was all right. Something had happened, that was all. She'd remembered in a moment. Painfully she recollected. The heat in the dancing class, and coming out to the fire escape for air. She must have fainted—silly to faint. The Lansings never fainted—she, oh, dear, how miserable it makes you feel... She knew where she was now. Dwight Gwin's studio, full of Italian antiques, red velvet and tar-tarsh gill, and a built in fountain in the middle of the floor. She'd peeked in lots of times when the door was open. She closed her eyes hastily. They had discovered she was conscious, and she didn't want to talk—not yet—not just yet— A firm, cold hand closed over her wrist. It was no use pretending, they knew she was awake. She opened her eyes and smiled apologetically. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I fainting. It was nice of Mr.—Mr.—"

though nothing has happened, no matter what... what happens to you... Mrs. Manchester and Maxine were having tea and cigarettes in the long, book-lined room that it pleased Mrs. Manchester to call "the studio." They greeted her enthusiastically. "Well! How did you escape so early? Come taste the new kind of sandwiches Maxine made, and we're having tea with jam—Russian style! It's a party!" "Yes, sit down, Lily Lou, and tell us all about your day. I've been working splendidly on the sponsors for my Sunshine Day Nursery. As I told Maxine—" Lily Lou took the tea they offered her. She listened to their talk. She made appropriate answers. She even told them about Wanda Pillsbury's row with the janitor's wife, and they laughed, and encouraged her. She sat there, laughing and talking, as long as they did. It was only when Maxine announced her intention of running downstairs to see about getting her best suit pressed, and Mrs. Manchester went into the kitchen to consult with Sadie, that Lily Lou left her room. She sat down on her bed, and laid her cold palms against her burning cheeks. She was going to have a baby. She, Lily Lou Lansing, who had a mother who played the organ in church, and a father who was always talking about taking a shot at somebody, only of course he wouldn't... he wouldn't... Came to New York to sing in a quartet, going to have a baby instead... That's what the doctor said. He might be wrong. Nobody could be sure at first. Didn't Bea say that, lots of times? That was why she hadn't been too afraid... Couldn't be sure... It couldn't be that now... when she wasn't even married any more... when she'd left Ken, and was going to work and sing, and be a success... It couldn't be. It was too late for her to have to think about things like that. It wasn't fair... She slipped to her knees beside the bed... But you can't pray not to have a baby! You can't do that! You've got to face it, whatever comes... face it... write Ken... got to write to Ken... Lily Lou hated to write to you now, at this time, but I think you ought to know... The letter that she was composing in her mind came to an end. A sob tore itself out of her throat. She couldn't write Ken. Ken was engaged to be married. To Peggy Sage. He'd take the letter to Peggy. Tell her how he couldn't marry her, because he'd have to do the decent thing, and come back and remember Lily Lou Lansing, because she was going to have a baby... She put her hands over her eyes to shut out the horrid sight. The sight of Peggy's piquant face... her ruff of gilt hair, her beady eyes... Peggy being sorry... Peggy giving up Ken, and sympathizing with him because he had to go back to Lily Lou. She knelt perfectly still, trying to think. Trying to think of some way out. Of something to do. The watch on her wrist ticked on and on. It sounded like the beating of a heart. Her own heart was broken, but it kept on beating. Her life with Ken was broken, but Ken's baby... She broke into loud, muffled, hysterical sobs. Mrs. Manchester called to her, rattled the door knob. Lily Lou listened. Leaned rigidly against the bed, pretending not to hear. (To Be Continued) Copyright by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days
May 14, 1907
CHICAGO.—In the most sensational opening in the history of the Chicago board of trade, wheat yesterday shot past the dollar mark. Predictions were made that wheat will go to \$1.25 and \$1.50 before the present advance in July is stopped.

A workman on the Southern Pacific bridge over the Santiam at Jefferson yesterday saved the county its wagon bridge. Hearing a cracking sound when a wagon passed over it, he investigated and found that one of the braces was loose and the bridge sagging dangerously. All heavy traffic over it has been stopped.

Dr. J. W. Kerr, recently chosen president of Oregon State Agricultural college, was here last night to meet the state board of building commissioners and talk over plans for the new machine hall and shops to be erected at the college campus.

May 14, 1922
Governor Olcott issued a proclamation yesterday charging that the Ku Klux Klan is insidiously endeavoring to usurp the functions of government. F. L. Gifford, cyclops of the Portland Klan, made categorical denial of the charges.

Members of the McKinley Lincoln Parent-Teacher association have written a letter to the school board and Superintendent Hug inviting them to attend their next meeting and "explain the reason for the disregarding of the petition bearing over 400 signatures of the Lincoln school, regarding the employing of Miss Julia Iverson as a teacher there." Superintendent Hug recently recommended that Miss Iverson be not employed.

Will E. Purdy, one of the democratic candidates for governor, yesterday challenged either Senator Hall or Senator Patterson to a debate, contending that they are as much responsible for high taxes as Governor Olcott.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

THERE has been an alarming increase in the number of cases of scarlet fever reported from all over the country within the past few months. Fortunately, most of the cases were of a mild form. Scarlet fever is a highly contagious disease. It is often neglected and in this way is quickly spread from one child to another. Quarantine is necessary for all cases. Children who recover from scarlet fever should not be permitted to return to school without presentation of a physician's certificate. The disease comes on suddenly and the first symptoms noted are vomiting, sore throat, headache and fever. The rash of scarlet fever appears within twenty-four hours and is first seen on the neck and upper part of the chest. It is bright red in color and gradually spreads over the entire body. The rash lasts from three to ten days and then fades. After this the skin peels in scales or large pieces, producing what is called desquamation. Mild cases of scarlet fever require little treatment besides rest in bed and isolation; but please bear in mind that mild cases are quite as contagious as severe cases. (To Be Continued)

Use of the Dick Test. Large quantities of water should be taken. It may be given in the form of a bath. Liquid foods, such as milk, are best tolerated in the beginning of the disease. The quarantine should not be lifted until desquamation is completed and there are no abnormal discharges from the mouth, nose or ears. Considerable research work is being done to find an injection which will give immunization, or protection, against scarlet fever. Similar to the "Schick test" in diphtheria, the "Dick test" determines whether or not an individual is susceptible to scarlet fever. If your child has not received this test, consult with your physician or the local board of health.

Answers to Health Queries
Q.—How may I remove callouses from the soles of my feet?
A.—For full particulars rewrite your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.
Q.—What causes white spots on the finger nails?
A.—This is usually due to some injury to the base of the nail.
Q.—What should I do about a girl of 22, 4 1/2 inches tall, weight?
A.—She should weigh about 145 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is not important.
Q.—Is it harmful to use salt on the teeth in the morning and tooth paste at night?
A.—No.
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