

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representatives
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.25; 6 Mo. \$4.00; 1 Year \$7.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$6.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Quit Yer Fightin'

WE can see where we will be called on again this fall to test the relative claims of Klamath and Deschutes counties on such controversial subjects as potatoes, scenery, and dairy products. Last year the potato question ended in a draw at our table; so it will need to be revived again, along about potato harvest time.

Rivalry is still keen between Bend and Klamath Falls, the capitals of these inland empires. Periodically Judge Sawyer aims a barbed shaft to the south. Now the usually urbane and genteel Klamath Falls Herald dips the arrows in poisoned perfume and shoots them northward. Under the taunting title of "Paradise Regained in Oregon" the Herald empties its quiver as follows; and we await with wonder and awe the rejoinder from the Bend Bulletin:

"There is a happy land bordering ours where gentle people dwell within the lines of their own country contentedly believing they possess an unpublicized paradise. It is Deschutes county to the north, where the world ends beyond its boundaries.

"Oregon is a favored state, and Deschutes the most favored county of Oregon's thirty-six. Up there are potatoes of the finest quality—too fine, for there are less fortunate folks who would put those Gems in foreign sacks for deliberate misrepresentation.

"There are no annoyances from insects. Cows in all regions but the Deschutes are merely contented; but in Deschutes happy bovines live as they would live in heaven.

"There are no vicious snakes, and even the we garter snake has been expelled from this Central Oregon Eden. No mosquitoes whine through the summer evening, and there is no poison oak to chafe the legs of barefooted inhabitants.

"Truly there is a primitive satisfaction and security in Deschutes. And its good people don't hesitate to make it known through the excellent and effective medium of the Bend Bulletin.

"God bless Deschutes county. May it always continue to roll along quietly, blissfully lost in the dream of its own well-being.

We ought really to admonish the contentious brothers of the guild. There is no need for regaining paradise in Oregon. It has always been here—right in the Willamette valley.

Labor Question Obtrudes

THEY have handed General Johnson a hot poker in the matter of recognition of trade unions. Organized labor sees in NRA the opportunity of getting unions established in the great industries like steel, which have uniformly resisted trade organization. In submitting codes, these mass production industries have claimed the privilege of refusing to recognize trade unions, while labor organizers have fought putting any such doctrine in the codes. The auto men seem to have succeeded; but the steel code was sent back for revision.

Meantime labor union efforts have been directed toward organizing mass production industries not as crafts but as industries; a radical departure from the former practice of strict definition of crafts.

The language of the act preserves rights of workers to organize and to bargain collectively; but it does not require the executives to recognize outside unions. So the issue is put up to Gen. Johnson; and he is sure to be cussed whichever way he rules.

One way of looking at it, if the government is going to step in and regulate a man's business as to number of employees and wages, there would be little need for labor unions. The other way is, that the unions will seize the opportunity to entrench themselves in the mass production industries and build up unionism without regard to general industrial recovery.

The difficulty seems to lie in telescoping all our industrial problems of wages, prices, etc. for solution in the course of a few weeks. Things are moving fast; but we can hardly expect to usher in the millennium in four years,—the democrats will insist on four more at least.

A Washington Canal

FROM the days of the early settlers in the territory of the Columbia river across to Puget Sound, linking Shoalwater bay and Grays harbor. In the early days travel was by boat by the Columbia to the mouth of the Cowlitz, then up the Cowlitz to an easy portage to Nisqually on the sound. Opening of roads permitted stage travel; later the railroad served the needs.

Now under enthusiasm for expenditures on public works the canal idea is having a revival. The estimated cost is \$33,000,000. Government engineers have turned in an adverse report but local interests are hoping for a reversal.

The practicability of the canal is very questionable. There is comparatively little traffic between the Columbia river and Puget Sound, for the reason that communities on both bodies of water produce the same goods and import the same commodities. Both export to national and world markets lumber and agricultural products of similar varieties. Both import fabricated articles. The principal lanes of traffic are from the northwest to California and to other domestic and foreign ports by water; and overland by rail to the east. The intermediate movement is not heavy in proportion.

The canal might accommodate logs and lumber produced in the tributary territory; but that volume would not seem sufficient to justify spending thirty-three millions, even if it comes from Uncle Sam. About the only exclusive tonnage would be shipping a few lugs of cranberries from the Ilwaco bogs to Seattle; or some Willapa oysters to Tacoma; and these would doubtless continue to move by truck and rail.

The Washington canal seems a revival of a dream long since outgrown.

Some of these CCC boys are getting soot on their faces. When a fire starts in the woods, it's all hands to the fire lines; and the CCC units have had to get out and fight fire. Their bosses report them as doing a pretty good job. It's an adventure for them; and the experience will do them good. The forests will soon cover the scars of their handwork; but the impressions of Oregon's deep woods will remain long engraved on their minds.

The Cottage Grove Sentinel suggests that editors imitate the cotton growers and plow under every fourth paragraph. No, Bede, that's carrying the reverse of the two blades of grass idea too far. There is no overproduction now of snappy paragraphs like those in the Sentinel.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

"When I came into this business," he said, still holding her hand, "I had a heart. I threw it out the window. For twenty years I've had a main spring inside me that kept ticking right on the dot. I'm going to tell you something. You are the only human being—the only woman—that has done anything to me. Internally, I mean. Why do you think your path was made so smooth in the studio?"

Leni released her hand. "Please," she whispered. "Isn't everything difficult enough as it is?"

"It is only fair that you know," Gerstenfeld continued relentlessly. "When a man feels as deeply about a woman as I do about you—that man has rights that cannot be denied. When I talk like this to you, I'm breaking down everything that I've built up around myself. I'm like a soldier throwing away his weapons."

He paused and Leni attempted to speak but found her throat tight. She stood gazing at him for nearly a minute. Above her misty eyes the finely pencilled arch of her eyebrows drew together. She was scarcely breathing and her lips trembled a little. At the second effort she found words.

"Are you trying to tell me . . . that you love me . . . ?"

She looked at him in amazement and saw a man that was almost ugly.

For the first time she took stock of him in the matter of appearance. He looked thin, almost ill. Under his exceptional eyes the skin was white and bluish. There were lines in his face as though etched by acid. Yet he was not old. Forty at the outside, perhaps thirty-five.

"I don't know anything about love," he said, harshly abrupt. "I'm ungodly tired. I've been tired for twenty years. There's something about you that rests me. I don't even feel desperate about you. Last night when I saw you up there on that screen it was the biggest kick I ever had in my life. Figure it out for yourself."

Slowly Leni began to forget herself—began to forget Lucky Cavanaugh—as unconscious pity for the man showed in her face.

There was something shameful and embarrassing in his plight. She had known many men and seen them suffer but she had never seen a strong man reveal his weakness before. It was a sorrowful thing to see his self-power melt that way. No woman ever before, Leni was certain, had wrenched such a confession from him. His own sufficiency, his overcoming of all soft sentiment, had been his proud flag flying at the masthead.

The thing for her to do, of course, was to push him away rudely.

That was what a true-hearted woman would be supposed to do. But even in Hollywood, women are still a prey to a weakness dating back to the beginning of the race. It began to stir in Leni's breast, gently and kindly and infinitely tender . . . the mysterious, overwhelming quality known as the maternal instinct.

Gerstenfeld stood motionlessly before her, emptied of all that he could say in words. From force of habit, he snapped up his wrist and looked at the watch upon it. He was

due back on the lot. This was the Hollywood of Herman Gerstenfeld. Love ground under the heel of career.

The man had actually bared his soul and was in haste to get back to the studio.

Leni looked at him with misty eyes. He was hurried, driven, consumed by the relentless dominance of the studio. Twelve, sixteen, eighteen hours his working day.

No wonder he was cold and harsh and arid!

Every normal thing of life, she thought, has passed him by. He knew nothing of living—of love, laughter, companionship.

Among all the great and good gifts of God to the world, Gerstenfeld stood empty-handed and alone.

"You poor man!" she said softly. "He was looking around for his hat. When he spoke his words were dry, crisp and nervous."

"Well, that's settled! We'll talk it over again sometime. Glad you've come to your senses. Get that fellow off your mind, and be at the studio by three o'clock sharp!"

The amazing transformation left Leni stunned. The maternal instinct began to whither even as it started to bloom. Gerstenfeld again was his old self, giving orders and dictating lives. When in this mood his words had the rattle of hail.

Leni had the feeling that she was caught in the vortex of a whirlwind.

"But I'm not going out to the studio," she said, her head spinning. "Why should I?"

"We start shooting the new picture next Monday," Gerstenfeld shot at her. "Publicity department is making new stills of you this afternoon. We're going to have a reading of the story at five o'clock, and you'll have to be at the wardrobe department for fittings before that. The story ain't right yet and we're going to battle it out if it takes all night."

"But I thought the story was perfect," Leni said. "Wingate told me."

"We threw the whole thing in the ash can this morning. I got four brand new writers in at eleven o'clock this morning and by noon they had already run into trouble. That's what we're battling about. You're a French girl on this American gunboat running up the Yangtze river in China. It's in a blasted mess now but we'll get it straightened out."

She heard the last of this as he was disappearing toward the curb where his chauffeur waited with the big black car.

In any other walk of life the man would have been mildly insane but in this maniacal business he was rated a genius. No one thought him even eccentric, and he was reverentially imitated by a hundred lesser men. Most of these wore their hair rumpled, cultivated a burning stare and radiated weariness as though from over-work. None, however, succeeded in duplicating his brain power.

When he had gone, Leni pressed her hands to her temples, hoping her head would clear.

If she stayed in the pictures she would become herself, in time, as zig-zag as Gerstenfeld. Life would be angular and jerky, shot through with all manner of eccentricities like those modern paintings in the

smart art shops. The far-off public, knowing nothing of the real Hollywood, could not possibly imagine the incredible confusion out of which the talking pictures emerged so splendidly. The life of the studio goes on with irresistible gusto and frantic activity. Except for the janitors, everyone was a creature of temperament.

It is a swarming hive in which none of the bees think in a straight line—and whoever gets within the hive falls into the bewildering rhythm as if bewitched. Eventually, and this truly is a miracle, the jig-saw puzzle takes form and becomes a thing of living beauty. None of the bees can escape and none of them wants to escape.

It was the swarm-instinct that now made Leni remember the profoundly satisfying hum of activity, the beating of wings in which she had her part.

Gerstenfeld had reminded her that she was a part of all this. Lucky Cavanaugh—love—had drawn her outside her orbit, but the counter-pull was terrific. It was stronger than she realized. But it was not stronger than love. . . .

Leni pulled her mind off Gerstenfeld and the studio.

Her knees felt rubbery, but this was forgotten as she picked up the newspaper and, forcing herself to calmness, finished reading the story about Cavanaugh's arrest.

The details were scant and unsatisfactory.

A woman, Annette Santos, had been shot to death in his apartment. The police said she was a former sweetheart of Cavanaugh.

The shooting occurred about half past three o'clock in the morning. The woman had entered the building an hour earlier saying she had a date with Cavanaugh.

The arrested man's Filipino servant confirmed the night clerk's story.

Several witnesses had been found who said they heard Cavanaugh and the woman quarrelling shortly before the shot. What, if anything, Cavanaugh had told the police was not revealed in the newspaper.

"So he went directly from me last night to another woman," thought Leni. "I cannot believe he did it deliberately. It is strange but I do not feel the slightest pang of jealousy. It is ridiculous to expect that Lucky Cavanaugh would shoot a woman. The police are idiots to arrest him."

She went into another room and got police headquarters on the telephone. Her voice was cool and practical.

"Let me speak to Detective Mulrooney, please."

"Mulrooney's not here now," said the man at headquarters. "Who's calling?"

"Never mind," said Leni. "I'll call again." She hung up the receiver.

Someone was ringing the bell at the front door. The maid did not appear immediately and Leni herself walked to the front of the house.

Standing on the porch, holding his hat in one hand and mopping his forehead with a handkerchief, was Mulrooney himself.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by Robert Terry Shannon. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By K. J. HENDRICKS

Marker at the grave of "Governor" Gale.

(Continuing from yesterday.) The oath of office was prepared at the July 5, 1843, meeting by Jason Lee, Rev. Harvey Clark and Rev. David Leslie. It was administered to the members of the executive committee—elected, and to the recorder (secretary of state), supreme judge, treasurer, and the others.

The members of the executive committee were given a certificate of office. It read: "This certifies that David Hill, Alanson Beers, and Joseph Gale, were chosen the executive committee of the territory of Oregon, by the people of said territory, and have taken the oath for the faithful performance of the duties of their offices as required by law. George W. LeBreton, Recorder, Wallamet, Oregon Territory, July 5th, 1843."

The certificate must have been written at the Jason Lee mission, and not at Champoug, for the location of the mission was then generally designated as Wallamet. It was, as every reader of this column knows, 10 miles below the site of Salem. The mission site, or something less than 10 acres of it, now belongs to the people of Oregon, in the trusteeship of the Willamette university. That point will be the shrine of a great pilgrimage next year, in the centenary celebration of the coming of Jason Lee and his little party, arriving there Oct. 6, 1834.

A covered wagon on auto wheels is now being arranged for, to start next spring for Salem, Oregon, and to follow the route of Jason Lee and his party from New England to the Missouri river, and thence over the Old Oregon Trail, as it later came to be called—or an approximation of it.

The original oath of office was changed, as most readers know, by the provisional government legislature of 1845. The new oath was prepared by Jesse Applegate, and it read: "I do solemnly swear that I will support the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, so far as they are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States or a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully demand myself in office; so help me God."

The original oath had been changed by the insertion of the words, "or a subject of Great Britain." The proposition to insert the quoted words gave great offense to some Americans. The members of the little legislature of 13 members who opposed it put up a hot fight. How close was the vote? How near did the pages of history fall short of recording the events of a third war between the United States and Great Britain? By majority of one. Here was the vote:

Against: Barton Lee of Champoug (Marion) county, H. A. G. Lee, W. H. Gray and Hiram Straight of Clackamas, David Hill of Tualatin, and John McClure of Clatsop—4.

For: Robert Newell, J. M. Garlison and M. G. Foley of Champoug county, now Marion; M. M. McCarver and Isaac W. Smith of Tualatin county, and Jesse Applegate and Abijah Hendricks of Yamhill county—7.

The changed oath was meant by Applegate as the prelude to his endeavor to secure the allegiance to the provisional government of the officers of the Hudson's Bay company, and thus the mutual

support and the like mutual protection of American and British subjects. The strategy succeeded. Jesse Applegate was wise beyond his day and generation. He was miles above the narrow dissenters who sought to block his move. In the language of Col. Nesmith in an address at one of the meetings of the Oregon Pioneer association, the Oregon Pioneer association (secretary of state), supreme judge, treasurer, and the others.

As the reader noted in yesterday's article of this series, Col. Nesmith said that on the arrival of the Gale party with their herds in 1843, "the monopoly in stock cattle came to an end in Oregon."

The student of Oregon history will agree. But he will mark his memory back to 1836? When William A. Slacum, representing President Andrew Jackson, arrived in Oregon; was met Jan. 13, 1837, by Jason Lee, at Champoug, and, four days later, at that place, organized the famous Willamette Cattle company, Lee and Slacum subscribing \$500 each and Dr. McLoughlin later, \$800. And how the settlers took all the stock in the company they could; how Slacum took Ewing Young, manager, and P. L. Edwards of the Lee mission, treasurer, and Lawrence Carmichael, James H. Neal, George Gay, Calvin Tibbets, John Turner, Dr. W. J. Bailey, Wesley Hauxhurst, and Francis Dupre and another French Canadian settler named Ergnette, 11 in all, on his vessel, the Loriot, to California, where they bought mission cattle from the Mexican government, stolen by that government from the old missions there. How this purchase was accomplished after fearful delays and trips from Yerba Buena to Monterey, to Santa Barbara, to Santa Cruz, San Jose, etc., and finally the herd of over 80 wild longhorns was headed north, and after nine months of terrible travail and danger landed in the Willamette valley and divided according to the original subscriptions and labor of the men bringing them, the latter at the rate of \$1 a day. How the cattle finally arrived at the Lee mission, 10 miles below the site of Salem, in mid October, 1837; that is, 632 head of them, about 200 having been lost on the way, on the awful old California trail.

Who was chiefly responsible for bringing the first cattle, in 1837? Jason Lee, of course. Yes, Joseph Gale was a governor. And worthily he bore the title.

The reader has noted that Recorder LeBreton called this Oregon Territory in his certificate of election of the first executive committee. It was often termed a colony, etc. It was not Oregon Territory until, Aug. 14, 1848, it was made a territory by congress. Before that it was foreign land, under the joint occupancy agreement between Great Britain and the United States, up to June 15, 1846, when the settlement of the international boundary line was ratified.

Who was chiefly responsible for bringing the first cattle, in 1837? Jason Lee, of course. Yes, Joseph Gale was a governor. And worthily he bore the title.

over the Siskiyou and through the savage Rogue river country, through the Cow creek canyon, on the Umpqua mountains, etc. The cost per head was \$6.76, including the purchase price in California and the expenses and losses.

The culmination of that enterprise was the first one to break the cattle monopoly of the Hudson's Bay company in Oregon; the greatest influence of the time in rendering the settlers of early Oregon independent and prosperous. Cows had been \$200 in Oregon, and not a cow to be bought. The Hudson's Bay company's policy was to loan cows, taking the increase for the rent, but refusing to sell on any terms.

Bancroft's writer said: "The great object of the Willamette settlers was accomplished, and an era opened in colonial history which rendered them in no small measure independent of the fur company," meaning the Hudson's Bay company.

But, three years later, and three years before the Gale stock came, the Hudson's Bay company itself, in 1840, obtained a permit in Mexico to drive out from California 4000 sheep and 2000 horses and cattle, Scotch shepherds being sent to select the sheep, and the company's trappers in California being employed as drivers.

The reader has noted that Recorder LeBreton called this Oregon Territory in his certificate of election of the first executive committee. It was often termed a colony, etc. It was not Oregon Territory until, Aug. 14, 1848, it was made a territory by congress. Before that it was foreign land, under the joint occupancy agreement between Great Britain and the United States, up to June 15, 1846, when the settlement of the international boundary line was ratified.

Who was chiefly responsible for bringing the first cattle, in 1837? Jason Lee, of course. Yes, Joseph Gale was a governor. And worthily he bore the title.

FRANK ENZ WEDS ELIZABETH HAUTH

MT. ANGEL, Aug. 18.—Frank Enz, 76, and Elizabeth Hauth, 61, were married here at the Mary's church at 6:30 o'clock Thursday morning. Rev. Father Berthold said the nuptial mass. Mr. and Mrs. Weiland were best man and bridesmaid. At noon a reception was held at the Mt. Angel hotel for relatives and friends.

The bridegroom is an old resident of Mt. Angel, having lived here many years. The bride came here recently from Salem.

MT. ANGEL, Aug. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zollner gave a dance in their new hophouse Thursday night, to celebrate the birthday of their son and daughter, Gerald and Letitia. Penka's orchestra furnished the music. Lunch was served.

THRESHING STARTS FOR LYONS FARMS

LYONS, Aug. 18.—Harry Hobson received a telegram from his son John at Chicago stating they were leaving Wednesday for Portland. John was among the western boys who competed at the St. Louis sportsman tournament and also visited the fair.

Vern Scott is moving a hay baler here Saturday, to bale the crop on the L. C. Trask farm, estimated between 80 and 90 tons. Orville Donning is baling his crop also. The Donnings are leaving here for Klamath Falls, where his parents are located.

The John Neal thresher began operations Thursday, working for Lawrence Trask and George Berry and Friday for Jack Johnston. Then Mr. Neal will go to Scio.

Most local farmers have made more grain into hay than usual.

MARRIAGE IS SLATED STAYTON, Aug. 18.—Roy Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee of Stayton, will be united in marriage Sunday to Freda Rosalie Lee. The ceremony is to be performed at 2 p. m. Mr. Lee is employed at the Gehlen store here.

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

August 19, 1908
Ruth Homan, 16 months old daughter of Dr. Fletcher Homan, president of Willamette university, falls into south mill race and is drowned; demands made that stream be covered for safety.

Alderman Stockton directs attention to existence of huge rocks and boulders on Flanders Grounds road; council passes his motion to have them raked off before state fair time.

Socialist campaign party to tour Pacific coast in special train carrying Eugene V. Debs, candidate for president.

August 19, 1923
Rodney Alden, son of Dr. and Mrs. George H. Alden and a Willamette university graduate, receives contract to coach debate at Grants Pass high school.

State pays out \$9059 on orders from Marion county flax growers to pay for flax-pulling help; \$30,000 to \$40,000 all told spent for pulling flax in valley.

WASHINGTON.—Pacific coast war clouds held dispersed as five delegates to conference here agree to scrapping of 750,000 tons of fighting ships.

Gently But Firmly Walking Him "Turkey"



Dallas Boy Scouts On Two-Week Trip To Canyon Creek

DALLAS, Aug. 18.—Seventeen Dallas Boy Scouts of Troop 27, Ray Boydston, scoutmaster, left Tuesday for the scout camp at the mouth of Canyon creek on the Laclede, Charles Campbell and

Frank Klover are in charge and Mr. Boydston will go to the camp each evening to assist in the work. They will be gone two weeks. T. C. Stockwell is cook, with Robert Allgood, assistant. The camp is being financed by donations from local business men and fees paid by the boys who are able.

Boys attending are Bob Dalton, Norman Ray Scott, Jack Eakin, J. C. Pleasant, Joe Guthrie, Har-

ry Watson, Ralph Guirrie, Bud Robinson, Robert Allgood, Jimmie Allgood, Thomas Starbuck, Frank Guy, Howard Campbell, Bob Hartman, Buddy Foster and Warren Bennett. Delbert Hunter, assistant scoutmaster, is there part of the time.

Twenty-two Ohio cities will have teams in the Ohio bantam-weight football league this fall.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

PAINTED LADY OF THE CASCADES

That's what the Obsidians call the beautiful South Sister, fairest and most impressive of the famous Three. North is the Old Hag of the trio, ancient, broken, vicious. Middle has a certain roundness and drabness which seems to fit her age. South is the young and buxom beauty of the Cascades. She has that schoolgirl coloring. Wicked wench, she uses rouge!

It is this allure of the South which conceals the fact that she is just as dangerous as the other two. Ferry and Cramer were looking to the South that stormy September day six years ago when they were lured into the "draw" between the peaks whence they never emerged. Years later, men came upon their bones.

Something has been happening up on beautiful South. The Painted Lady has been playing tricks. She has been bathing and basking in the summer sun. All day Sunday, the beautiful McKenzie and some of its tributaries were tainted and discolored with her rouge. Some say there was a tremendous avalanche from her high crags and that it thundered down upon the Lost Creek glacier and tore loose the dams which it has been the glacier's work for centuries to build. Some say the avalanches were merely a coincidence with floods from melting snows.

Only one thing is certain. Within the memory of man, nothing like it has occurred till now, and something mighty has occurred. It requires millions of gallons of water, thousands of tons of silt to discolor a great river and the McKenzie was discolored. South sits there silent among her snows. In the morning and evening glow she smiles her crimson smiles. She enjoys her secrets and she does not tell.

But her secrets will be found. Men will go back to the mountain to explore. They will be heedless of the risk of fresh avalanches. They will chance the yawning green glass chasms of the glaciers. They will not stay away from this Painted Lady because of dangers. The Witch of the Cascades has a mystery, and she is more fascinating than ever.—Eugene Register-Guard.

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SOME PERSONS are extremely susceptible to an annoying inflammation of the mouth commonly known as "canker sore". The exact cause of this affliction is not known, but it is not due to an injury, it is believed to come from a sensitivity to certain foods. Though dangerous disease, I have seen sufferers from this malady extremely ill.

As a rule, the trouble comes on suddenly. A small reddened spot appears at the base

of the teeth, under the tongue, or on the inner surface of the lips or cheeks. This is followed by a small blister which breaks and forms a whitish patch, which is really a painful ulcer.

Difficult to Eat, Drink
There may be many such spots or canker sores in the mouth. It is an uncomfortable affliction and even the chewing of food and drinking of fluids prove difficult and painful. The tongue is coated and the breath has an offensive odor.

Some persons rarely, if ever, have this affliction while others are constant victims of it. It can be prevented by careful study of the diet and the detection of the offending food. Every effort should be made to avoid the particular article that is suspected of causing the disorder.

In addition to the diet, it is important to remove all diseased and infected teeth, as well as enlarged and infected tonsils. Infection of the mouth is believed to play an important part in the production of canker sores.

If you are susceptible to this disorder, I would advise that you regularly rinse or gargle the mouth with a mild antiseptic. Do this three times a day, preferably after meals.

The Treatment
During the acute attacks, the sores can be touched up with a piece of slum of a silver stick. This application is made to the bottom and sides of each of the ulcers. If silver nitrate is used it is best applied by the physician as it is a strong drug and when improperly applied may burn the delicate lining of the mouth.