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 Representative
Gordon B. Bell, 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. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or $5.00 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.

Auto Industry Revival

A year ago the motor industry was so dead the men who were in it were about to put the remains in a mummy museum. Now look at it, alive and kicking,—but not kicking about poor business. 1933 showed that people would buy motor cars with the first bit of loose change they could get hold of. Production schedules which were planned last December were scrapped by midyear because of the increasing demand. All through the fall months demand held up better for motor cars than for other fabricated goods. In fact the motor industry was the only heavy industry which enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity through the year.

Some of the companies are sharing prosperity by dividend action to their army of stockholders. It was like old times to read about an "extra" by General Motors. Chrysler got back on the dividend list. Some of the supply companies like Borg-Warner, have resumed dividend payments, showing not only earnings but a degree of confidence in the future.

There is visible evidence of new cars on the roads now too. Look over the cars parked along the street and see how many there are with slanting snouts after the new streamline effects. At football games this fall new cars were shiny and numerous, showing that some people had finally gotten round prosperity's corner.

Just now the motor makers are sharpening their tools for turning out the 1934 models. Already reports of improvements in design have come out, which will make the old Betsey's of '28 look like antiques for sure.

People still want to go places; and they want automobiles to take them there. 1934 will undoubtedly be a better year than 1933 in the entire motor industry. In fact this industry may again, as it did in 1921 take the lead in industrial revival.

Teeth in Tax Laws

THAT the present easy laws on payment of taxes affords a shelter for the wealthy as well as the small homeowner and farmer whom it was designed to assist is indicated in the report from Multnomah county that 60 taxpayers on the delinquent list owe a total of $1,265,366.79. These 60 owe as much as the 3500 at the bottom of the heap, says County Commissioner Frank Shull.

This same observation would hold good in counties outside Multnomah. In Marion county numerous corporations with large property holdings have let their taxes go delinquent because the charge is only 8%. Many timber companies over the state have failed to pay taxes, some perhaps through dire necessity, others through convenience.

The legislature, if it fails to enact some privilege tax to bring in the cash, ought to stiffen the penalties for delinquency. Representatives Abrams and Paulus have introduced a bill restoring the 12% interest rate and 3% penalty. A fair compromise might be to establish a 10% interest rate with a 2 or 3% penalty. If sharper teeth are put in the tax laws greater payments will be made, particularly by the wealthy individuals and corporations who have been letting their taxes slide.

Centralizing Propaganda

THE administration at Washington has appointed a new council whose job it will be to coordinate the various alphabetical bureaus that are shuffling cards in the new deal. The council will establish a central information bureau and the white house itself says the bureau's function will be to convey to the general public "all factual information with reference to the various governmental agencies." In addition there are to be county bureaus throughout the USA with something to say about somebody's else business.

The central information bureau can easily become a propaganda organ like most of the other bureaus have at present. The publicity hirelings at Washington load the mails down now with propaganda, and ship it out at public expense. When the federal reserve bulletin told the truth General Johnson knocked its ears down, so now the bulletin will be edited to a colorless and innocuous circular.

If things keep on in Washington there may be need for the republican committee to get out a press sheet so the public will get facts the propaganda bureaucrats fail to send out.

The esteemed Capital Journal quotes Pres. Roosevelt as enjoining citizens to restore respect for law and order. We hear other wets now pounding the pulpits to the same purpose. Well, who was it taught the people to disrespect the law but the wets and the wet newspapers? The difference seems to be that it is all right to disrespect a law you do not approve of; but a sin to flout a law you helped to put over. We would counsel the wets to direct their exhortations to their own side of the house; the dries will respect the law even if they do not agree with it.

More worth-while work is being done by the civil works administration than oddles of money spent previously in wheeling dirt from one side of the road to another. After waiting nearly a century Salem is getting some public tennis courts and some swimming pools, is getting other needed improvements that people can see and use.

A drama league at Albany is presenting "Ten Nights in a Barroom". As our memory runs that play was the first story picture we saw, presented with stereopticon. That was long before the motion picture; and do you recall the first motion pictures and how you dodged when the engine came at you out of the screen?

Eugene gets exercised because the committee of the higher education board has delayed starting its investigation. Perhaps the doctors think the delay will act as a cold damp cloth on the university's fevered brow, and believe the operation should be postponed until the patient's temperature is reduced.

It remains to be seen whether congress will not reenact the taxes suspension of which was held out as as inducement to hasten repeal. Already the congressional committee is talking about increasing income taxes to confiscatory levels.

The Insulls are losing their insulation. Martin J. has been ordered extradited from Canada and Samuel is to be turned out of Greece by Dec. 31st. What a shower of confetti they will receive if they come marching up La Salle street together about Jan. 1st.

The National City bank of New York is accepting fifty millions from the government for preferred stock. New York bankers as a class are so discredited they have lost all powers of resistance.

As we understand it, many citizens and legislators will look with complacency on closing of public schools; but regard as a high crime any move to divert income from roads. New meaning for "road hog", it would appear.

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Fear that Bill McGee, the racketeer, would wreak vengeance on her and her family if she refused to go out with him, caused lovely Patricia Warren to accept his invitations. Bill is shot by a rival gangster while in Pat's company. Pat rushes home in terror and her stepmother puts her out, saying the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat resorts to her card skill and plays professional bridge. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, makes her his partner. While they are discussing business details at his home, Clark Tracy, the polo player and Pat's secret love, calls. She had met him once but he does not recognize her. Haverholt introduces Pat as his niece. She is indignant, but he explains later that he was thinking of her reputation and that it would be advisable for her to assume that role as long as she is to stay at his home. Pat visits her old home and finds that Bill McGee has wrecked her stepmother's dressmaking shop because Pat fled from him the night of the shooting. She returns to Haverholt who promises to protect her. Accustomed to poverty, Pat revels in the luxury of her surroundings.

Over tea cups they regarded each other triumphantly, discussed the purchases and concluded they wouldn't change a thing.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

In the morning Patricia breakfasted luxuriously in bed, tasting all the joys of a first occasion. Blueberry muffins and jam, a marvelous fluffy omelet sprinkled with bits of parsley, two tiny crisp sausages, clear, delicious coffee.

"You're one grand cook," she told the hovering housekeeper.

"I like to see folks eat," admitted the other, flattered by the compliment. "Your uncle don't eat near enough. You'll have to take him in hand."

"I'll try to," Patricia promised, secretly amused at the idea of anyone taking Julian Haverholt in hand. So far he had taken her in hand. She had a fairly well defined notion that he would continue to do so.

At eleven he sent word that he was waiting downstairs. Wondering what was to come next, she put on the same clothes she had worn before and descended to greet him.

"Did you sleep well, Patricia?"

"Very well indeed."

"No bad dreams?"

"None at all."

"That's good because we have a big day's shopping ahead of us," he announced calmly. "Selecting a young lady's wardrobe isn't quite in my line but as I look at you I find I have very definite opinions as to what you should wear. Green for that blazing hair, black for your lovely skin—how do you manage such skin in New York, child?—and perhaps a couple of white evening dresses because you are so very young."

"I'm not to be consulted in the matter?"

"That wasn't necessary," Haverholt informed her, smiling. "I have thought of everything, even of your prickly pride. We will keep a careful account and you may pay me back every penny, including the hundred and twenty-seven dollars you now owe me."

"Out of what?" Patricia demanded baldly.

"Out of what you and I are going to win at bridge," he said blandly, sweeping aside all possible objections with one magnificent gesture. "Now that's nicely settled and our car is waiting, mademoiselle." Glancing at his watch, he said, "I should judge five minutes sufficient for you to put on your hat, to get your gloves and pocketbook."

"My completely empty pocketbook," qualified the girl.

"Is it?" he inquired innocently. Patricia ran to the table, picked up her pocketbook, looked inside. The inner purse bulged. Inside she found ten one hundred dollar bills. She looked at Julian.

"That goes on our account too," he said hastily. "You now owe me one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven dollars." Seeing gathering trouble, he added, "I had hoped you might like to send a part of it to your stepmother."

"Thank you, I would."

Patricia closed her pocketbook. Arm in arm she and Julian Haverholt walked out into the sunlight. The shopping trip was heaven. The man was an ideal companion for such an expedition. He had an eye for line and color; he knew the best and wanted it. He was tireless, he was patient, he was determined that this lovely, fluttered girl should be dressed not well, but perfectly.

First came a tailored suit of soft imported tweed with an arrogant collar of silver fox that framed Patricia's glowing face like an Elizabethan ruff. Then there was a silly little hat that looked like nothing in the hand and looked like Paris on the head, a coquettish veil, heavy English gloves, shoes, a topcoat to wear when the days were cooler, a gay print handkerchief.

"And a purse to match the shoes," decided Julian. "A purse with a silver buckle."

"You think of everything, don't you?"

"I think when we finish you'll be the smartest young woman in New York. Gosh, you can wear clothes."

Patricia secretly agreed. Her purchases grew and grew. She even conceded that a little sports fur coat was just the thing (marked down, she told her conscience), and that it was so cheap it seemed a shame not to take it. To make up for that she firmly banned the more expensive furs. No chinchilla!

"What are you laughing at, Patricia?"

"Yesterday I couldn't buy an extra pair of gloves. Today I decide that I can't afford chinchilla. Chinchilla!"

At four o'clock they wound up the orgy. Over tea cups they regarded each other triumphantly, discussed the purchases and concluded that they wouldn't change a thing.

"Only one thing," amended Patricia, staring at the long column of neat accurate figures that was rather like a bridge score. "I wish I could pay you that enormous sum this very minute."

He twinkled at her.

"Don't you trust me, niece?"

"Certainly, uncle."

He was not amused.

"Never call me that again," he said it almost sharply. "Never call me anything except Julian even in fun."

Surprised by the sharpness of his tone, she looked up. Something she saw in his face started that strange, thick beating of her heart. She stirred her tea, slowly.

"I never shall again, Julian," she said.

In the glamorous excitement and readjustment of the new life Patricia would have said, if she had been asked, that she had definitely put Clark Tracy out of her mind. She honestly thought so. But, next day as she dawdled over breakfast and idled through the morning paper she came upon a picture of Marthe March, Marthe; smart and trim, standing beside a wire-wheeled roadster, smiling into the camera, Marthe presented as one of the prominent visitors at the Automobile Show in progress at the Grand Central Palace. The picture fairly leaped from the page. Patricia recognized the other girl with a sense of physical shock. She read the caption:

"Miss Marthe March photographed with her new Madison, a car which proved to be the sensation of the show. Miss March is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tidden March. Her marriage to Clark Tracy, the polo player, will be an event of the fall season."

For an instant Patricia experienced a wave of suffocating jealousy and anger. She had known from the first that Marthe and Clark were to be married in the fall. Seeing the announcement in type stamped the knowledge with a cold finality that made her feel sick, lost. Presently, she quietly folded the paper, laid it on the breakfast tray and got out of bed. Haverholt had asked her to be downstairs at ten o'clock. They were to play bridge as partners for the first time.

(To Be Continued)

© 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

RECENTLY I TOLD you of the value of insulin. It was pointed out that the discovery of this substance revolutionized the treatment of diabetes. Since it was discovered the mortality rate of this formerly dreaded disease has greatly decreased. Today, I want to tell you of the successful use of insulin in the treatment of underweight and malnutrition.

Dr. Copeland

Insulin is a substance normally secreted by certain cells in the pancreas, the organ that corresponds to the "sweetbreads" of animals. By careful laboratory methods it is extracted and prepared for human use.

To Increase Weight

When insulin is given to a diabetic it helps to burn the sugar found in the blood and tissues of the body. Since it assists in furnishing heat and energy, it was thought that insulin might be given to underweight individuals in the hope that it would create an appetite and put on weight. From a careful resume of the cases reported the results obtained are extremely encouraging.

Of course, the insulin must be given hypodermically and under the supervision of a physician. No suffering or disability results and after the injection the patient is able to go about his usual work.

As a rule the treatment is first given by the physician. After careful instruction the patient may administer his own injections.

Extremely small doses of insulin are used. About five or ten units of insulin are given before each meal. Some doctors advise giving the injections only twice a day, before lunch and before dinner.

Many thin individuals resort to "weight increasing" remedies without success. You can appreciate their happiness and delight when they gain weight as a result of the insulin treatment. The gain in weight is steady and may amount to as much as two to two and one-half pounds a week.

Value in Malnutrition

At a recent exhibit of the "disorders of metabolism" held at the New York Academy of Medicine, beneficial results from insulin were reported in children suffering from malnutrition. Though these children were not diabetic they made tremendous strides when given insulin. Gain in weight was accompanied by marked improvement in health and development.

If you are underweight and desire to gain weight consult with your physician about this treatment. It is especially to be thought of if you have tried other ways and have been unsuccessful in gaining weight. It is a method used without risk if the instructions are carefully followed.

Avoid all patent medicines and nostrums that guarantee gain in weight. Diet, rest and proper habits are essential for increase in weight. Points of infection, such as diseased teeth, tonsils and adenoids, are other factors that must not be overlooked. They are often the underlying causes of underweight.

(Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)

Bogus dollars are afloat in Salem, and real hold-ups are operating here; and the legislature is in session at the same time.

Who's your druggist? takes on new meaning in many towns now.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statsman:

For many years I have been doing what I thought to be to the best interest of the county or rather for the underdog. I have been attending the meetings of the highway legislative committee and as I have been rather stepping out in front on this subject I am somewhat interested. In 1926 I advocated a $3 auto license fee. In 1929 in a paper I published I said then, that truck and busses were doing 80 per cent of all damage to the roads and that they should be put off the roads or taxed sufficiently to rebuild them. The small truck operator is opposing the present truck and bus law as being unfair to him. That he can not make a living and comply with the terms. From a business standpoint this can not be given much consideration as the roads must be kept up. On the other hand there are two sides to this proposition as the large truck associations hire drivers who also have families to support.

If the buses and trucks are not taxed high enough to rebuild the roads Oregon will soon be in a bad condition as to roads which have cost up to date $170,000,000.

H. H. STALLARD.
204 Porter St.,
Portland, Oregon.

ARE LEGION DELEGATES

SILVERTON, Dec. 6. — Delegates to the county council of legionnaires to meet at Stayton Friday night are Kenneth Jansen, F. N. Powell, James Scarth, Ray Davenport and Charles Johnson.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

True 1852 story, coming down from Km. P. Harpole, 1851 covered wagon pioneer:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The fact that the Jan. 7, 1852, copy of the Pittsfield, Ills., Union is before the writer came about in this way:

Wm. P. Harpole, the 1851 covered wagon pioneer, entertained two members of the immigration of 1852 at his new home a mile north of Brooks. They were evidently Heman Jones and Wm. Allen. Nothing more is known of them. But that they were subscribers to the Union is well evidenced by the fact that their names are plainly written in ink over the heading of the paper—after the style of all newspapers then and now which do not have the names of their subscribers set in type for mailing machines, or stenciled, as most journals with large circulations are obliged to do.

So Heman Jones and Wm. Allen took this copy across the plains with the 1852 covered wagon immigration—the largest of all, bringing about 20,000 people to Oregon, besides leaving some 6000 unmarked graves along the trail; all but one, a Mormon woman, whose grave is marked. The father of the Bits man came with this immigration, driving a three-yoke ox team. Either Heman Jones and Wm. Allen came, or else they gave their copy to some one who did, and he or she gave the copy of the old paper to Mr. Harpole.

The Union was a flourishing newspaper of its day. It was well filled with aparently paying ads. The manner of their display was somewhat crude, compared with the average newspaper of the present time.

There was of course no telegraphic news, and no cablegrams. In the number before the writer there was a good deal of news from the Pacific coast, sent by mail from New York.

The steamer Prometheus had arrived lately at New York, with 285 passengers from San Francisco, $63,000 in gold on freight, and $500,000 in the hands of passengers.

Mining news from California was lively; 20 new placers had been opened in Bean valley, Mariposa county. Real estate in Sonora had advanced 100 per cent and rents were higher than in San Francisco.

Indians from Colorado were threatening to attack San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Guards were stationed and preparations made to give them a warm reception.

Large quantities of coal had been found at Port Orford, Oregan, and "the Indians continue to give much trouble."

"The Republic, with a way mail and 250 passengers left for Panama on the 14th." (December, 1851.)

"Another slight shock of earthquake had been experienced in San Francisco."

The boundary commissioners were to move on October 29 (1851) toward the Gila. (Fixing the boundary between Mexico and the United States.)

An article was copied from the New York Tribune alluding to Kossuth and his mission. It demanded quick action; said: "Rome must not deliberate until Saguntum is lost." It asked that $1,000,000 must be raised for Kossuth, and he must sail by Feb. 1, 1852, at farthest, to carry forward his fight for Hungary's liberation. Kossuth was billed for a great address in Philadelphia.

Pittsfield is in Pike county, joining Missouri on the west—the Mississippi river between. It is the county seat; the 1930 census gave the city 2356 population, the county 24,327. The town has three newspapers now, or had in 1932. The Pike County Republican is owned by a woman and edited by one; it is the oldest paper, established in 1842, and the largest, with 4000 circulation; weekly, of course. The next is the Pike County Democrat, established in 1857. Then there is the Pike County Times, dating from 1881, if it still lives. Perhaps the Republican is what was the Union in 1852. The newspaper name Republican was not general as early as 1852. The republican party was not born until a few years after that.

Pike county, of which Pittsfield is the county seat, is only, on its northern tier of townhips, the second county west of Sangamon county, of which Springfield is the county seat, and capital of Illinois. Both the mother and father of the writer came from near Springfield, in 1850 and 1852 respectively, though they met for the first time in Oregon.

Mrs. Wm. Harpole, Jr., whose deceased husband was a grandson of the original Wm. P. Harpole, of the '51 covered wagon immigration, now owns the old Harpole place. A short time ago she rented the farm and went to live at the home of L. C. Brotherton in the Liberty hills about four miles south of Salem. Mrs. Brotherton is her sister. In making the move from the pioneer home, the copy of the 1852 newspaper came to light, hence this series.

Susan, a daughter of the original Wm. P. Harpole, was married to Paul Oberhein, pioneer baker and grocer of Salem. Mrs. Brotherton was Mary E. Oberheim. Mrs. Wm. Harpole, Jr., was Nancy E. Oberheim. There are two other Oberheim girls, in Salem. They are Mrs. Fred Neckerman, who was Fannie Oberheim, and Mrs. Ralph White, who was Jennie M. Ralph White was Sim White's son. The two last named of the Oberheim girls live in what was the original First National bank building, southwest corner of Commercial and Chemeketa streets.

The Paul Oberheim home was on the lot back of the bakery and grocery store, and there all the Oberheim daughters were born, excepting Jennie M., who is Mrs. White. The residence was later moved to the southeast corner of High and Ferry streets, where the super service station is now—north of the Vick building. The family occupied the house while it was being moved, and Jennie M. was born about two weeks after it reached the new location. The Oberheim bakery and grocery stood where the Capital Journal office now is.

Wm. Harpole, Jr., died about two years ago. The widow carried on at the old home until her recent removal to the Brotherton home. The renters are the Fickle family, who had been renting near St. Louis for three years. They had heretofore farmed in Idaho.

There are numerous descendants and relatives of the Harpoles throughout Oregon. Ray, a son of the original Wm. P., married a daughter of the historic Despain family, first merchants at Pendleton, Oregon. The writer remembers them when they had the only store there. There were Tom, Paul and Lester Harpole. Some members of the family, grandchildren and great grandchildren, are at Woodburn, at Independence and at Lafayette.

There was a brother of the original Wm. P., who was James Harpole. He led a covered wagon across the plains, then went back and led another, and repeated several times.

James Harpole was in the battle of the Abiqua, March 1, 1848, near the present Mt. Angel. He was second lieutenant of infantry under Capt. Ralph C. Geer—and the infantry was in the hottest of the fight. Allen J. Davy was captain of the cavalry, and Dan Waldo was colonel. The Klamaths and Molallas had been marauding in the valley—and after that battle no Klamaths ever came over the range, and the Molallas bothered the settlers no more. James Harpole settled later near Junction City, and numerous descendants are in that section.

AMITY LINING UP WORK UNDER CWA

AMITY, Dec. 6. — The city council met Monday night at the city hall in order to make arrangements for work that is being done under the CWA works program. At present Amity has 10 men doing work such as graveling streets, cutting wood and in a short time it is planned that some of the sewer lines will be taken up and cleaned. According to Mayor Jim Woodman the city expects to have more men working in a few days. He said that only men who have registered in McMinnville will be employed and then only men whom the committee approves.

The high school has also been listed to have work done under this program. In a few days work will start on sixing, calsomining and painting of the high school rooms. Then several jobs of less importance will also be done.

Saturday afternoon a meeting was held at the Amity union high school to vote on the budget for 1934-35. The budget passed by nearly two to one. This budget has been drawn up by the high school board, Ross Rogers, chairman, Richard Kidd, Lester Allison, Lee McKee, George McCollugh and Henry Richter, clerk.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

OUR FINE OLD LADY DOWN THE RIVER

Oregon is "r'arin' " to make the most of the Bonneville dam. The federal government is building that project outright, not asking a dollar from Oregon or bothering the state to sign contracts. But Governor Meier presented an administration power measure to the special session at Salem Monday. Under it a new power commission would be authorized to issue $20,000,000 in bonds, to provide state assistance to the federal government if necessary, in developing the Columbia river, including lines to the Bonneville dam, and to sell the power.

There is, however, an obstacle to that "muscling in." It conflicts with the president's plans. The sound way to deal with the Bonneville project is to put it under a Columbia river "authority," like the Tennessee valley "authority," with the Coulee dam and other improvements on the great river and its tributaries. Senator Dill is advocating that, and it has the approval of President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes.

Of course we all love "Mother Oregon"; a finer old lady never was seen. But even good mothers have been known to be domineering with their children. It is painful, as family differences always are, but it is necessary to remind the old lady down the river that the Columbia is not her exclusive power property. The children—little "Wash," "Ida" and "Monty"—must be taken into consideration. — Spokane Spokesman-Review.

MEMBERSHIP LOSER SIDE GIVES SOCIAL

SILVERTON, Dec. 6. — The losing side in the membership drive of the American Legion auxiliary entertained the winners at a card party and supper Monday following the regular meeting.

Activities of the group include the meeting of the auxiliary sewing club Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Maybelle Towe with Mrs. Zanta Hutton, Miss Ina Harold, Mrs. Daisey Haugen and Mrs. Alta Hall in charge of the social hour, and the plans to attend the Marion county council Friday night at Stayton with Mrs. Edna Johnson, Mrs. Pearl Davenport, Mrs. Alta Hall, Mrs. Lottie Jarvis and Miss Billie Johnson as delegates. Election of county council officers will be the main feature of the program.

The entertainmnet committee of the losing membership campaigners included Mrs. Rebecca Barber, Miss Ina Harold and Mrs. Elsie Nelson. Mrs. Alfred Adams scored high at contract bridge. Mrs. James Scarth at auction bridge and Mrs. Mae Higinbotham at 500.

W. C. T. U. TO TAKE FARM HOME GIFTS

TURNER, Dec. 6. — The W. C. T. U. will meet Wednesday afternoon, December 13, at the home of Mrs. A. B. Webb. Donations will be received for the Children's Farm home near Corvallis.

J. G. McCune who resides on the H. R. Crawford place, recently lost his bicycle. It was left at the gate of a neighbor while making a short call and has not been located.

Lars Larson, an old resident of Turner vicinity, is spending the week meeting old friends. Mr. Larson has sold his home near Fargo and will go to the home of a brother at Puyallup, Wash.

The Methodist women will hold a silver tea at the home of Mrs. L. M. Small Friday afternoon, December 8.

Gift Suggestions from Salem Merchants
See Classified Page 11

Free Free Free
RUBBER HEELS
With All Half Soles

Men's Half Soles with Free Heels	$1
Ladies' Half Soles with Free Heels	75c
Boys' Half Soles with Free Heels	75c
Children's Half Soles with Free Heels	50c to 65c
Men's Leather Heels	50c
Ladies' Leather Heels	25c
Men's Full Soles and Heels	$1.75

Rips Free with Other Work
WE USE ONLY THE BEST LEATHER AND OTHER MATERIALS
The Price Shoe Co.
135 Liberty St. Salem, Oregon