

# 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, Security Building, Portland, Ore.  
Eastern Advertising Representatives  
Bryan, 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. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 year \$80.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: cents a month; \$6.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## From Os at the Mayflower

OS WEST, former governor, writes us a protesting letter on stationery of the swanky Mayflower hotel in Washington, D. C. Not guilty, says Os, of the charge published in these columns recently of inducing Starkweather to run and so spoiling Delzell's chance for going to congress. This is what Os writes:

Feb. 15, '34.

To the Editors:  
"All I know is what I see in the papers."

In your issue of the 9th you say that, in a past congressional contest, I induced Harvey Starkweather to enter the Democratic primaries with the hope of defeating Delzell.

Pleased be advised that, although not living in your district, I was for Delzell in the primaries and in the general election. Had nothing whatever to do with Starkweather entering the contest.

You also have me pegged for a political job in event Gen'l. Martin wins the coming election. Listen brothers: The Lord couldn't get me to take a political job.

I was once governor of this state. It was a great honor and my portrait (although a rotten one) hangs on the wall where it can be pointed out to the innocent and unsuspecting school children.

Many of them have grown up with an honest (but erroneous) belief that I am one of that great galaxy of statesmen who piloted our staunch ship of state over stormy seas—and landed it upon the rocks.

So, I'm not going to let you spoil it all by providing me, in advance, with some cheap political job, and thus eventually destroy the illusions of the rising generation.

The greatest blessing in this life is freedom—freedom to earn one's living and live one's life as one pleases.

"W'en ahm lazy, let me lean  
My back against de saplin',  
My line a dagglin' in de stream,  
An' feel der sun or graphin';  
Jes' let me drowse 'n' dream 'n' nod,  
What more could I be wishin'?"  
Ef dere's no fish, well what's de diff?  
Jes' so ah knows ahm fishin'!"

Furthermore, I had declared myself for Mahoney of Klamath Falls before General Martin made his announcement.

OSWALD WEST.

All we know is what we hear from the politicians; and we will pass West's letter over to W. A. Delzell to give him comfort he has needed these two years. West hardly supported Delzell in the 1932 general election because Delzell was not a candidate, having been nosed out by Starkweather in a very close race.

The real kick in West's letter is his last sentence. There indeed we see the true Os touch. West for Mahoney! There, brothers is the winning combination for contentious democrats! Democratic papers please copy!

## President and the Code

NEWSPAPERS of the country will regret the slurring references to "freedom of the press" which President Roosevelt included in his letter approving the newspaper code. It is a reflection of the same attitude which marked the comments of General Hugh Johnson and of Deputy Administrator Lindsay Rogers. It is unfortunate that Pres. Roosevelt was not more gracious in manner and more appreciative of the ideal of liberty which animated the editors of the country in standing against the system of licenses which is implied in the national recovery act. For the history of government licensing of newspapers is one of suppression of liberty. Knowing that, newspaper editors and publishers refused to let the camel get his nose in the tent.

The president's remarks about this point are as follows: "Of course, also nobody raises any constitutional rights by assenting to a code. The recitation of the freedom of the press clause in the code has no more place here than would the recitation of the whole constitution or of the ten commandments. The freedom guaranteed by the constitution is freedom of expression and that will be scrupulously respected—but it is not freedom to work children, or do business in a firetrap or violate the laws against obscenity, libel and lewdness."

Unfortunately the editors were not so positive as the president seems to be. It is always possible by contract to waive one's constitutional rights; and the president has regarded codes as contracts. If therefore the president for some cause or other would annul a newspaper "license" what chance would it have to claim its constitutional rights?

The last paragraph of the president's letter is both irrelevant and slurring. Newspapers have a social function quite as important as political administration. They have not sought to preserve freedom of the press as a cloak for child labor or a license to propagate "obscenity, libel and lewdness". The insinuations of the president are in themselves a libel against the honest editors of this country, unjustified and unsubstantiated.

So far as the provisions of the code are concerned, this newspaper put them into effect last August or earlier in some departments. Where now the president asks for a 40-hour week for reporters in cities of 750,000 population, this paper accepted that standard in August and has since operated on that basis.

## General Registration

WHY not a universal registration system in the United States? Most of the states have a vital statistics division which records births and deaths. We require registration of voters. There should also be required finger-printing and carrying of an identification card. During the war men were registered and given a blue card. Transients who went through and lacked the blue card were detained and registered. The system might well be extended to include all people. True, one seeking escape might throw away his identification card, but his finger-print would disclose his identity, although a recording system for 125,000,000 people would be an enormous task.

European countries require registration of citizens. Here we have gone on the plan of individual freedom. But registration should not mean any restriction on individual liberty unless the purpose is to escape detection for crime. There seems to be no reason unless it is expense, why a registration and identification system is not established here.

Such a system would enable parents to identify their children. Persons suffering from loss of memory could be identified and sent home. Heirs could prove their identity. Officers of the law would find their work lighter and more effective. Criminals would oppose the system; but their objection is an argument in its favor.

Nation-wide registration of all citizens would seem to be a practical plank for the new deal platform.

## Back East



1-15 683  
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc. One feature right reserved.

## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

WHEN I WAS a medical student, little was known about "celiac disease". It is only within the past ten years that this ailment has been properly understood. It is an affliction of infants and young children. Though the actual cause is not known, sufferers from it are no longer doomed to an untimely end.

Celiac disease occurs among the rich as well as the poor. It is most common in infants between nine and eighteen months. It is rarely encountered in breast-fed infants, being most prevalent among the bottle-fed.

The young sufferers show signs of arrested growth and faulty development. As a rule, the child is underweight, underdeveloped, tires easily and learns to walk at a late date. He does not take the proper nourishment. Because of this he becomes more susceptible to other childhood diseases and infections.

The exact cause of celiac disease is not known, but it is an established fact that in this ailment the body is unable properly to utilize the fats, starches and certain sugars. Until this fact was recognized, little hope could be offered to these young sufferers.

Today the child is put on a diet containing little fat and cellulose. Occasionally he is placed on a "protein milk" or skimmed "lactic acid milk" diet. Your doctor will tell you about this.

As the child improves, cottage cheese, egg, scraped beef, steamed liver, gelatine, mashed vegetables and fruits are added to the diet. Care in the diet helps a lot.

The Banana Diet  
Great progress in the treatment of this strange disease has followed the use of the banana diet. Children suffering from celiac disease have shown remarkable improvement when placed on this diet.

The banana may be given to the very young infant, as well as to the older child. When given to the infant, the strained pulp of the fruit is used with a portion of milk.

I cannot overemphasize the importance of early recognition of celiac disease. When discovered in its early stages, cure is most easily accomplished. But in many instances the disease is overlooked or mistaken for some other ailment. When neglected, the disorder becomes chronic and then it is much more difficult to cure.

As I have said, children with this disease are underweight and underdeveloped. The fact to make the necessary strides in growth and development.

Children afflicted with celiac disease are irritable and easily crossed. They whine and cry incessantly. As the health improves, there is a marked change in the disposition. The child becomes more pleasant, playful and gains rapidly.

It is hoped that the underlying cause of this disease will soon be discovered by the scientists who have done so much in the prevention and cure of disease. Only then, will the prevention of this affliction be possible.

We should make every effort to improve the general health and to safeguard every child against infections and childhood disorders. Do your part by consulting your doctor if you are concerned about the health and development of your child.

(Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

The committee working to raise \$5000 interest fund for the general hospital has met with fair success, the total now subscribed being \$3500. The hardest part of the work comes in raising the last \$1500; but the success thus far shows the job can be done. It is quite unthinkable for Salem to let this default go on. With a new organization at the hospital and dropping some of the expenses of former years, such as nurse training, there is hope that with a lift over the present hurdle the hospital may then make its way alone. Public spirited citizens are urged to come forward with gifts now to save the hospital for Salem.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Chief Two Guns White Calf is a Blackfoot.

Chief Two Guns is of the nation of the Blackfeet. He is the Indian who is to carry one of the letters from Boston to Salem on the Jason Lee special, to arrive here in September.

And his full name is Two Guns White Calf. Why the name? Perhaps the first things his Indian mother saw after his birth were two guns and a white calf. At least, that was the way Indian children got their names. Like Sitting Bull, Standing Bear, etc., etc., and Sacagewea, the bird woman, or the boat woman, or some other thing in gentle motion.

"Jason Lee Centennial" is the headline of a circular now going to Methodists, and others, all over the world. It is being mailed by the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, 1701 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., the organization that, 100 years ago, sent Jason Lee as missionary to the Indians west of the Rocky mountains.

A paragraph of the circular being sent out to the wide world reads: "Personnel: Outstanding leaders of the church will participate in the programs, including a number of bishops, outstanding pastors, and representatives of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension."

Chief Two Guns White Calf, a member of the Piegan tribe, of the Blackfoot nation of American Indians, will participate in the itinerary. He comes from the Blackfoot reservation of Montana where the Methodist Episcopal church has, for years, been carrying on home missionary work. He will be accompanied by his wife and their granddaughter, Alice, who attends a Methodist Sunday school and classes in week day religious instruction as often as the missionary can provide these opportunities in the many scattered points which he must serve on the reservation.

Explaining "the programs," this paragraph is taken from the circular: "Jason Lee Special: One feature of the centennial is the sending across the country of a 'Jason Lee special,' beginning April 16 in Boston (where Jason Lee was ordained as a missionary to the Flathead Indians) and ending with a religious service on Sunday afternoon, September 9, around the monument marking the spot 10 miles from Salem, Oregon, where Jason Lee landed in his canoe from the Willamette river and, from logs cut down in the forest, built a log house in which he established the first mission, either Protestant or Catholic, in the entire Oregon country. En route, many meetings are being planned."

"The state legislature of Oregon has already taken action recognizing the centennial and making the state fair grounds available for it. It is expected that an outstanding crowd will assemble for a Jason Lee program on the fair grounds at Salem, Oregon, on Saturday, September 8. Governors of states and mayors of cities en route will cooperate."

A resolution recognizing the Jason Lee centennial is being presented in congress and it is hoped that the president will have a part in the celebration.

Another paragraph: "The itinerary of the 'Jason Lee special' should constitute 3000 miles of joyous, stimulating and worth while centennial celebration."

Another: "Program: A typical Jason Lee program en route will include a brief dramatic presentation, entitled, 'Two Thousand Miles for a Book', to be prepared by a local group. . . . In addition, the program will include an outstanding address upon Jason Lee, a pictorial presentation through the use of the stereopticon, greetings from Chief Two Guns White Calf in the Indian language, and such special features as shall be arranged in connection with the program."

As has been said before in this column, Chief Two Guns White Calf was in the competition of American Indians for the honor of being represented on the reverse side of the buffalo nickel. He won.

If you have or can borrow a buffalo nickel, you will see on it a picture of this chief. And if you are in Salem during the state fair next September, you will be able to see and hear this noted Indian in person. He will be at the site of the Jason Lee mission, 10 miles below Salem, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 9, where he will deliver the message from the Methodist bishop of New England to Bishop Lowe of Oregon, carried across the country on the Jason Lee special. You are invited. Everybody in the world is invited.

ors of cities en route will cooperate.

A resolution recognizing the Jason Lee centennial is being presented in congress and it is hoped that the president will have a part in the celebration.

Another paragraph: "The itinerary of the 'Jason Lee special' should constitute 3000 miles of joyous, stimulating and worth while centennial celebration."

Another: "Program: A typical Jason Lee program en route will include a brief dramatic presentation, entitled, 'Two Thousand Miles for a Book', to be prepared by a local group. . . . In addition, the program will include an outstanding address upon Jason Lee, a pictorial presentation through the use of the stereopticon, greetings from Chief Two Guns White Calf in the Indian language, and such special features as shall be arranged in connection with the program."

As has been said before in this column, Chief Two Guns White Calf was in the competition of American Indians for the honor of being represented on the reverse side of the buffalo nickel. He won.

If you have or can borrow a buffalo nickel, you will see on it a picture of this chief. And if you are in Salem during the state fair next September, you will be able to see and hear this noted Indian in person. He will be at the site of the Jason Lee mission, 10 miles below Salem, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 9, where he will deliver the message from the Methodist bishop of New England to Bishop Lowe of Oregon, carried across the country on the Jason Lee special. You are invited. Everybody in the world is invited.

The Piegan tribe of the Blackfoot nation is the largest of the three bands of that confederation. The Blackfoot reservation is in Glacier county, Montana, appropriately named, as it is on the northernmost tier, running along the international boundary line between the United States and Canada, and one of the coldest sections of the United States.

The principal town on that reservation is Browning, the agency headquarters location, and where the mission stations of the Methodist and Presbyterian are founded, these almost exclusively administering to the religious and social welfare needs of the Piegan bands of the Blackfoot. Another reservation town is Blackfoot, Montana.

The Oregon legislature of the 1931 regular session granted the use of the fair grounds for the centennial celebration, at any time not interfering with the 1934 state fair—at any time between June 15 and October 6, the first named date corresponding with the day Jason Lee stepped over the Rockies and was therefore in the old Oregon country, and the latter the day he landed at his mission site and began building the first little log house—100 years before, that is, in 1834.

The legislative act named the pageant committee of the Willamette university as the official body to make use of the grounds and buildings for the purpose.

That committee, authority for the organization of which was given at the June, 1931, annual meeting of the university board of trustees, is now being arranged for—its full membership completed and its officers chosen. It will soon be active, and there will be much to do.

What is to be the form of the

# "I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

## SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Stanley Paige loses her fortune through market speculation, but a hard blow comes when her fiancé, the fascinating, irresponsible Drew Armitage, tells her it would be madness to marry on his income and leaves town. Pennyless and broken-hearted, Stanley refuses to seek aid from her wealthy friends. Desiring to make her own way, Stanley drops out of her exclusive circle and rents a cheap furnished room. After a week of loneliness and trying to adapt herself to her poor surroundings, Stanley calls on Nigel Stern, one of her society friends, and asks his aid in securing a position. Nigel urges her to employ the handsome and wealthy young lawyer, Perry Deverest, who has loved her devotedly for years, but Stanley's heart is with Drew. Nigel suggests that she think it over, and then, if she still wants a position, he will try to place her. Stanley does not go back to Nigel, realizing it would mean meeting all her old friends. One day, when Stanley is more lonely than usual, she meets John Harmon Northrup, a struggling young author, and is touched by his sincerity. Stanley finally secures a position and grows curiously content. Then, too, having John Harmon waiting for her at the end of the day, helped make things brighter. He and his ready smile become very important to Stanley. Then Stanley receives a proposal from Perry by letter. He feels, if she had not met Drew, she would have married him. Stanley agrees with him but rejects his proposal.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

She thought of Drew, too, but only occasionally. She no longer watched every tall, swinging figure with a trembling heart thinking it might be he. She no longer ran through the mail on the hall table with shaking fingers searching for a letter from him. Yet when she did remember it was with the same poignant sense of loss, the same desire to be in his arms, to know his kisses on her mouth, that she had felt during those first, torturing weeks after he had left her.

At these times she belonged to him as completely as when he had held her close to his heart and robbed her of her very breath, on the night they had run away from Nigel's party. At these times she felt she still had a long way to go to achieve the peace and forgetfulness she so terribly desired.

But there were other times when she felt that she had done—just that. Achieved peace, and if not forgetfulness, at least a sort of pleasant contentment.

Uncomplaining, oddly detached, even gay with a rather hesitating wistful gaiety, she was a puzzle to Valerie.

To John Harmon she was something much more precious. He was very careful not to analyze his feeling for her, not to define it in any way. He knew without having discussed it with her that love had hurt her very much. So he had offered her friendship. And she had accepted it. It had taken her a long way. It had been the most exquisite thing that had ever happened to John Harmon. When he allowed himself to think about it his heart stood still. The relationship that existed between them was such a firm, yet such a breathlessly fragile thing. At times he was seized with an overwhelming desire that something would reach out and suddenly destroy it. This was when he was away from her. When he was with her he forgot everything except that somehow, somehow, he must make her forget that once she had been terribly unhappy.

They loitered over their lunch, talking lazily or not talking at all—content to sit there together, to let their fingers drift through the warm sand, to watch the waves advance and retreat upon the white beach.

John Harmon had brought the fifth chapter of his novel but it lay forgotten in his pocket—not even so precious a thing as his beloved book could intrude upon the intimacy of this hour in which they found themselves, an intimacy which was as intangible and delicately conceived as the very magic of the day itself.

John Harmon lay on his side and

sudden change in the weather. The cold and rain that had swept over the city during the last of September disappeared as if by magic and a soft, mellow warmth possessed the days. So summer was apt to go, thought John Harmon, sitting on Mrs. Foley's steps, waiting for Stanley to join him. First like a petulant sweetheart, tearing away in a sudden fit of temper, leaving behind biting wind and slanting rain; then creeping back, softly, penitently, to lay a last ardent, tremulous kiss on the face of the lover she was deserting.

"Day-dreaming?" Stanley came down the steps, slim and holiday-looking in a yellow sweater and small beret.

"Sort of," he admitted, jumping to his feet. "I was composing an ode to this particular kind of a Sunday morning. Isn't it swell?"

"Esquiline. Did you order it special or anything?"

"Not exactly. I think I just hoped awfully hard."

Two hours later, having left the bus and walked a couple of miles toward the ocean, they found that the little tourist inn they had discovered early in the summer was closed for the season. The broad verandas were piled with boxes and gaily striped awnings; mattresses were loaded onto a van; flower beds stood stiff and neglected in window boxes. A man in blue overalls was putting out a bed of tulips, his teeth clenched about a stubby pipe.

They found Mrs. Pepper busy in the kitchen, packing canned goods into enormous wooden boxes. She greeted them with upraised hands. "Heaven love you! I'm shut up—the last two weeks I lost money every day! Besides, we've got to get back to get the children into school. And you've come all this way for a meal!"

She looked at them as only a woman could to whom food was not only a necessity but a vocation. It was Mrs. Pepper's business to feed people—in the winter she ran a successful delicatessen shop. She was never far away from the stove and the smell of cooking food.

"I tell you," suggested John Harmon helpfully, his eyes on an array of cold food, laid out on the kitchen table. "Couldn't you fix us up a lunch—some chicken and pickles and maybe some cake—we could picnic down on the shore."

Stanley was promptly enthusiastic. "That's a perfectly gorgeous idea. We don't need much, honestly we don't, Mrs. Pepper." She added the further entreaty of a pleading smile.

"Well now and I might be able to do that for you. I haven't it in my heart to send you on hungry—it being Sunday and all. There's not a thing fit to eat in the place but if you'll take what there is—"

She hurried off to find a basket and colored paper napkins.

They carried the basket between them to the shore, found their particular cove, and flung themselves down on the warm sand. It was one of those days when the sky hung blue and hazy overhead and the air held the touch of gently caressing fingers. It was a day in which smoke lifted slowly and sentences were left unfinished; it was a day to cling to and accept a bit breathlessly.

They loitered over their lunch, talking lazily or not talking at all—content to sit there together, to let their fingers drift through the warm sand, to watch the waves advance and retreat upon the white beach.

John Harmon had brought the fifth chapter of his novel but it lay forgotten in his pocket—not even so precious a thing as his beloved book could intrude upon the intimacy of this hour in which they found themselves, an intimacy which was as intangible and delicately conceived as the very magic of the day itself.

John Harmon lay on his side and

stared at Stanley's partly averted face and was at once terribly afraid—and and terribly excited—afraid because never before had he realized just how fragile was the distance between her safety and the security of friendship and the danger and uncertainty of love, exultant because it was so fragile, so conceivably shattered.

And yet for them, for Stanley and himself, he felt that this was not true, that there was something between them that no magic hour of intimacy would ever shatter—and he looked away swiftly and with stricken eyes.

"If Stanley sensed anything different in this day from other days they had shared together, she said nothing. But her eyes were soft with contentment and when she talked her voice lingered tenderly over careless words. She was perhaps happier than she had been at any time since Drew had left her.

"Let's swim, John Harmon," she suggested, sitting up abruptly, yawning frankly. "We're being much too lazy. Besides something tells me this is our last day out here this year. Come on, tootle-head, I'll race you to the inn!"

She sprang up and was running swiftly up the beach. But Stanley overtook her. John Harmon's long legs overtook her.

"I'm no good," she admitted ruefully, quite out of breath. "I'm all out of condition."

"What you need," John Harmon told her, his eyes frowning, "is a whole month out here—away from the office."

"I'll be away from the office soon enough." Stanley's voice was deliberately gay, but her eyes were worried. "That girl's coming back next month. You know, the one whose place I took. I'll be looking for a job again in a few weeks."

"Perhaps they'll keep you out there."

"Not a chance," she shrugged, "but let's not talk about it today. Today belongs to us, John Harmon, let's not let anything spoil it!"

They changed into their bathing suits and went back to the beach. The water proved deceiving—all gold and blue and sun-kissed on the surface—stinging cold and touched with ice beneath.

They swam through it vigorously, gasping a little, thrilling to its chilly embrace. Stanley's scarlet cap moved close to John Harmon's wet, brown head; their eyes met through a blaze of sun and a drift of spray.

"Don't you love it, John Harmon?" Stanley's voice was a gasp, lost almost immediately as an enormous wave rolled over her and fung her, gasping and helpless, against John Harmon.

For a shattering second she lay in his arms, her mouth slightly parted, her eyes clinging to his from beneath drenched lashes. For a second he held her so, his arms were tightly about her slim body, his heart racing madly with mingled terror and delight—terror at the fiercely sweet desire the contact aroused in him, delight at the sheer physical nearness and nearness of her.

Then he let her go. Let her go out of his arms, let her cut ahead of him, a streak of scarlet, swimming under water. The ocean beat against his body, washed against his face. He swam after her furiously, his eyes closed. "I've held her in my arms," he told himself fiercely. "I've held her against my heart. But it must never happen again. I mustn't even think about it. I must put it out of my mind—forget it ever happened to me. It's the only way I can go on." And even as these wild, incoherent thoughts tumbled over each other in rapid succession and the water surged over his flushed face and closed eyes, he knew that he would not forget and that he would go on as if he had.

(Continued)  
Copyright, 1932, by Allene Corliss  
Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## Homecoming For Masons Big Affair

WOODBURN, Feb. 20.—About 75 members and visitors of Woodburn lodge A. F. and A. M. attended the 16th annual homecoming held at the Masonic temple Saturday night.

The banquet was served at 7 o'clock in charge of a committee consisting of L. R. Gilbert, W. P. Lessard and A. H. Relling, assisted by George Beach, H. F. Butterfield, Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Relling.

F. W. Settlemyer presided over the meeting which followed the banquet. Short talks were given by several of the visiting members and an address on Masonry was given by Past Master H. L. Toney. This was followed by a social time and visiting former members and visitors present were Leland A. Austin, George C. Beechler, L. C. Buchner, R. L. Deaver, C. R. Duncan, L. B. Dittweiler, W. H. Bretz, J. Melvin Ringo, H. L. Toney, T. W. SR.

ton, C. N. Gulliford, A. F. E. Scheirbaum, P. M. Bewley, worshipful master of St. Helen's Lodge No. 32. Past masters of Woodburn lodge present were F. W. Settlemyer, E. J. Stannard, E. W. Settlemyer, Thomas Sims, Geo. Beach, H. M. Austin, Hiram Vickers, Blaine McCord, P. G. Vickers, F. G. Erenden, R. W. Bentley, H. F. Butterfield and L. R. Tweedie.

STORY HOUR HELD  
PIONEER, Feb. 20.—The story hour was held at the home of Mrs. Homer Conley Saturday afternoon for these children: Elmo Black, Donald Kinion, Ruth and Robert Dornhecker, Margie and Gene Inmann and Lenthel, Chester and Robert Conley, F. Dornhecker and Mrs. Howard Coy assisted Mrs. Conley. The meeting March 3 will be at the Frank Dornhecker home.

Medicated!  
Ingredients of Vicks  
VapoRub in Convenient Candy Form  
VICKS COUGH DROP

ALL KINDS OF  
**JUNK**  
Bought and Sold  
Old Metal, Machinery, Furniture, Tools, Rags, etc.  
Also Hides, Wool, Pelts, Furs, Chittim Bark, Grape Root, Pitch  
PROMPT ATTENTION TO PHONE CALLS  
**CAPITAL BARGAIN & JUNK CO.**  
145 Center St. Telephone 8012