The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

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

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Standpatters Have Defender

A week ago this paper offered a few comments respecting the role of the republican party in public affairs and its needs for organization to meet such an opportunity. The comments provoked some expressions from other papers. The Oregonian agreed there was need for change "at the top" to regain public confidence; but Editor Ingalls of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, high priest of republican fundamentalists, challenges the thought and offers an eloquent defense of "old guard" republicans. The Corvallis editor is almost a museum-piece in this particular, so few are the writers who take pride in their "standpat" attributes. But those who like their party doctrine straight and have a sour stomach for such heresies as papers like The Statesman have to offer on questions like the high protective tariff, will relish the following from Ingalls column:

"The Oregonian says that the 'Old Guard' is a source of weakness to the party. That is not true and if it is, then the party ought to perish, for the Old Guard IS the party. Who are the members of the Old Guard? Who are the stand patters? They are the men who advocate the principles of the Republican party in and out of season. They are the men who keep the organization together. They are the men who put up the funds to carry on the campaign. They are the men who support the ticket whether they like it or not, believing in the rule of the majority in party matters. They are the men who rustle the speakers to bring the principles of the party before the voters. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in party defeat as well as party prosperity. They are not the milk and water Republicans, the fair weather Republicans. Nor are they the Republicans who have no regard for the party except for the loaves and fishes. They are not adverse to receiving their share of the spoils of office, yet it could never be said of them that they are Republicans merely because they are beneficiaries of the party. A very small per cent of them ever are.

"The Old Guard and the stand patters are the Republican party. They are the fundamentalists of the party, the ones who believe in its political integrity, the ones who believe that its success at the polls is for the benefit of the country and not for the benefit of the individual. They are the ones who believe in party principle and party government and who insist as Washington did in the Revolution, that only Americans should be on guard. We mean by that that they insist that only genuine Republicans should be on guard and that those infected with socialistic doctrines and with the virus of paternalism have no place in the Republican party and are not entitled to its consideration because such doctrines are not a part of genuine Republicanism.

"It is a habit among uplift journals and yellow politicians to refer sneeringly to the Old Guard as the reactionary wing of the Republican party. If reactionary means a belief in the fundamentals of government, then the accusation is correct. Another method of stirring up discontent among the voters is to refer to the Old Guard as 'machine politicians' or 'the political ring.'

"There is only one way in which a political party can be organized and maintained and that is to let it run its own affairs without the influence of state legislation. Until the state legislature made it possible for any dishonest jackass in the country to vote any ticket he wished at the primaries and to make his own platform if he was running for office it was possible to conduct a political party as it should be conducted for the good of the country, and it will not be possible to do so again until party government is restored."

A New School Superintendent

OUT of a group of many able candidates the school board has selected one, Silas Gaiser, for superintendent of the city schools. Mr. Gaiser comes with a commendable record of accomplishment in school systems where he has served, and with the background of good training in colleges. He will bring a fresh viewpoint, a new attack on the problems of the Salem system; and those who know him testify that he has the strength and the tact which are valuable in undertaking responsibilities here. With this issue settled the community should back up the board and the new superintendent. Salem has good schools now, in spite of all the criticism; and under new leadership it is hoped that we will have even better schools in the future.

There is no institution which touches so vitally the lives of the people as the schools which have direction of most of the waking time of young people from the age of 6 to 18. So it is of the utmost importance that the schools be adequately maintained and directed by people of fine character, sympathy with youth, and genuine enthusiasms.

Salem school district bonds were sold at a little above par for a 5% issue. This indicates the strong credit rating of the Salem school district, and shows also the renewal of demand for good municipal obligations. With issuance of corporate bonds greatly curtailed through lack of need for new funds plus lack of confidence on the part of investors plus the fears and complications of the securities act, people who have money to invest (and there are some such left, particularly insurance companies and banks) are turning again to municipal bonds. This depression is passing just as others within our experience. We will not have to go Stalin to restore pretty good living conditions in this land.

The police did excellent work in the Bend murder mystery. They made one arrest, the man has pleaded guilty, and is now in the state prison under a lifetime sentence, bearing also the recommendation of Judge Duffy that he never be released. It is his third killing. The sad part of the matter is that the man he killed had done him no wrong, that the killer had just stumbled on the house in search of another shack, and killed the man who responded to the knock on the door without provocation of any kind. Starting with very meagre clues the Bend officers and state police finally put their fingers on the man, and his confession solved the mystery.

The head of one of the railway brotherhoods which went into the banking business back in Cleveland has been sentenced to prison for misapplication of the funds in the bank which later failed. The brotherhoods had a costly experience in the banking game and in speculating in coal mines and Florida real estate. Bum guessing was confined to no particular class.

Roosevelt is off the Bahamas fishing for the "bonefish", said to be the gamest of fish. The name doesn't sound good for eating though.

Discuss Sales Tax at Mountain View

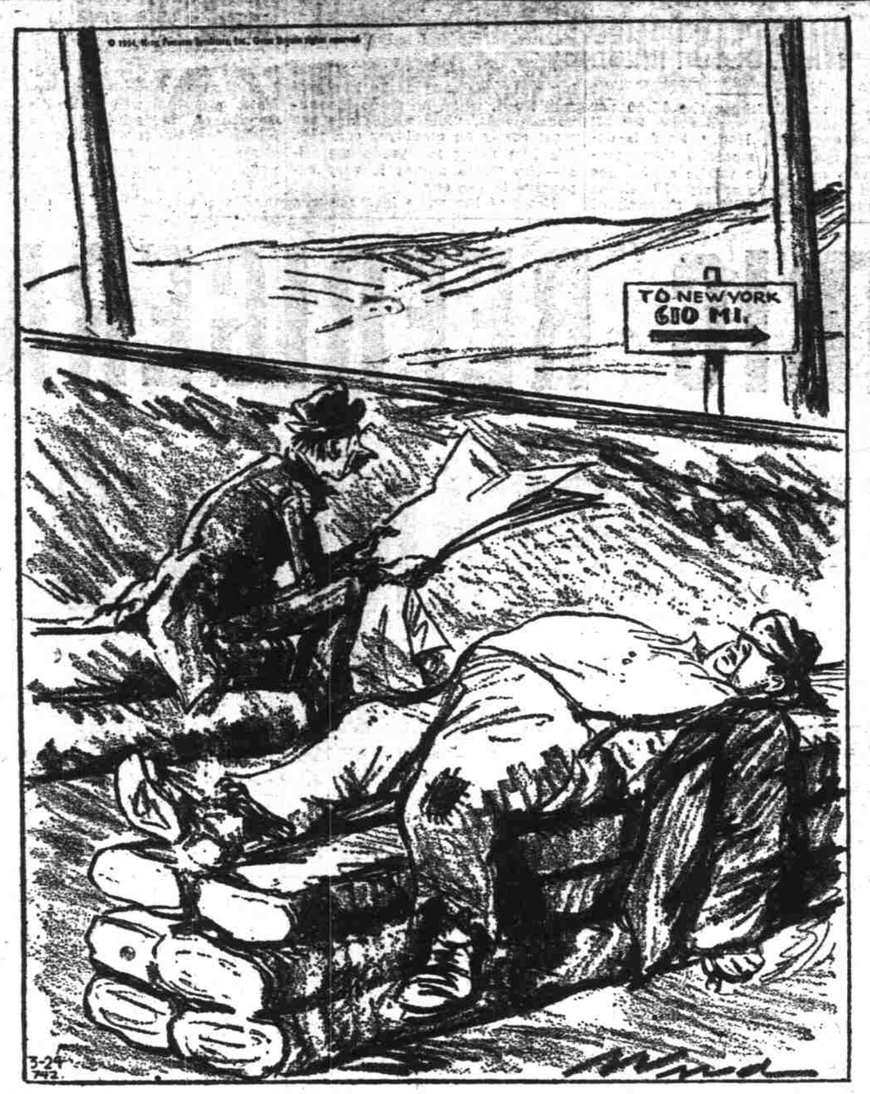
MOUNTAIN VIEW, March 31. — At the P. T. A. meeting Friday night, Harold Pruitt, Willamette university student, gave an informal talk on the sales tax, followed by a general discussion of the subject. Lyle Thomas, principal of West Salem schools and republican candidate for nomination as representative, talked on true and false values of life and on various economic problems.

Other appreciated numbers by a group of West Salem people were a one-act play, "The Quilting Party"; a reading by Mrs. Philip Hathaway, and a Hungarian dance in costume by three girls. Other numbers were songs in the Swiss language by small Gertrude and Myrtle Meyer, and music by the Polk County Hayseed five-piece orchestra.

There will be no April P. T. A. meeting. The last meeting will be held the night of the day that school closes, May 10. Election of officers will be held at that time.

The Misses Georgiana and Eleanor Briggs, who are just completing their third year as teachers, have been rehired for next year.

"What Does This CWA Stand for Anyway?"



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN CHANGEABLE weather sufferers from neuritis bitterly complain. Sudden drops in temperature, exposure to cold, dampness and drafts and other weather changes, increase the discomfort or actual pain of this annoying affliction. The victim resorts to many remedies, making every effort to control the pain. But in truth he rarely endeavors to do those things that overcome the underlying disorder.

Dr. Copeland

Many of my readers will be annoyed at this statement. But for all that it is true. Too much attention is given to the relief of neuritis and too little to its cure.

May Be Caused By Infection

Neuritis, as its name implies, is really an inflammation of a nerve. It is usually the result of some chronic constitutional disturbance. In many instances, it can be traced to diseased and infected tonsils, nasal sinuses, teeth or other organs.

Bear in mind, that points of infection within the body often lead to distant pain and discomfort. By this, I mean, that an infected tooth may be the real source of pain in a shoulder, arm or leg. The poisons absorbed by the system can set up an irritation anywhere in the body. This is often the case in neuritis.

As a rule, one nerve is involved, but in many cases, several nerves may be inflamed. It may be a nerve located in the neck, face, shoulders, arms, hands or legs. The pain is usually worse at night. This leads to restless or disturbed sleep.

Correct Underlying Cause

Of course not every case of neuritis is due to a localized point of infection. It is frequently encountered among lead workers, painters, and in other occupations where workers are exposed to certain chemicals. Continued exposure to lead causes lead poisoning which in a sense is a form of neuritis. I am glad to say that the laws now protect these workers by demanding adequate supervision, installation of proper ventilators, wearing of aprons, gloves, glasses and other measures to guard against irritating fumes and chemicals.

Neuritis may be met in the course of a severe constitutional infection. It is occasionally encountered after diphtheria typhoid fever, pneumonia, rheumatism, tuberculosis or influenza. It is a common complication of those who suffer from chronic alcoholism.

My advice to every sufferer from neuritis is to consult with a physician. He will make every effort to determine the underlying cause of the trouble. It may be necessary to resort to X-ray and various laboratory tests which may be recommended by your doctor.

Answers to Health Queries

Worried Mother. Q.—My six-month-old baby has eczema. She appears to be thriving on her present diet. What treatment would you advise in her case?

A.—Make sure that the formula is not too rich in fats. Keep the bowels regulated. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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INSPECTS LUMBER PLANT

LYONS, March 31. — Arthur Parker, lumber inspector of Portland, is here for the week inspecting for the Marion Lumber company and others. Mr. Parker was a resident here about 25 years ago and has met a number of old time friends and acquaintances. He was a schoolmate of Wm. Swauk.

Pronunciation of "Dog" Depends On Pedigree as Well as Accents

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Among other letters of the week has come one from a "Constant Reader of the Sunday Statesman" which has dashed me somewhat. A beautiful bit of stationery. A faint odor which I am quite certain sells for not less than $20 an ounce at the perfume shops. Written beyond question by a person of culture.

"I am a newcomer to your beautiful city," says the letter. "I was educated in England. My relatives here derive much amusement from my pronunciation of certain common words. I pronounce words as I was taught to pronounce them by competent instructors, and I am sure I am correct.

"Still, I am beset by doubt. Should I stand by my verbal guns, or should I, being in Rome, give in to the Romans and pronounce as they pronounce?

"You will, I trust, pardon me for thus addressing you. Thanks to the Statesman, I feel that you are not entirely a stranger.

"Please, I beg of you, tell me how to pronounce the word which is spelled d-o-g. I call it dahg. The others here insist that it be pronounced dawg."

I thing you are quite correct. Strick by your verbal guns. Stick even to your natural accents. Authority for pronouncing the word dog otherwise than with the "ah", as in gargling the throat, is utterly lacking. Be yourself. You will find that we Romans are far from being unanimous on any point. And perhaps you may find comfort in the thought that a certain charm frequently attaches to words mispronounced.

Personally, as to the pronunciation of the word dog, I have come to associate one pronunciation with one sort of dogs and another pronounciation with another. I don't know, I am sure, how it came about. A dog of the cushioned and coddled sort may, it seems to me, be appropriately called a dahg. But the dog of long hair and many fleas and a way of tracking mud across clean kitchen floors and a flair for sleeping before the fire and of snoring and of barking shrilly now and again as he dreams of the hunt, is more fittingly called a dawg.

Not in 60 years have I heard folks say so many nice things about the weather as I've heard during the past two months. Even so, there are those who don't enjoy good weather. Such folks live in bad weather they remember and in other bad weather they look for in the future. Everybody to his own notions.

That which we term inevitable gets a hard bump once in a while. Not all of us submit gracefully. Some of us have learned that all which is termed inevitable is not really inevitable. Only that which cannot be deferred is seriously inevitable.

Crit Towers writes from back in the bottomlands: "I ain't the man I used to was, but I can h'ist a Chicago Sunday Tribune eight times over my head without blowing my teeth out." Not bad for a man nigh onto 80.

Salem is not a theatrical criterion for the rest of the country. If it were I reckon there would be more wholesomely human motion pictures and fewer smut and swagger ones. The "David Harum" pitcure packed the Grand theatre for seven days, and, had Manager Schmidt been able to secure the film, it probably would have continued to do so for at least four days more. "David Harum" is an excellent example of the wholesomely human and thoroughly enjoyable in motion play.

D. H. TALMADGE

Clothes are not the most important matter in the world. Just the same it is likely there is occasionally a man who might have changed the entire current of his life if he had put on a clean shirt at some time or other when he didn't.

The prejudice of some folks is mighty sensitive. For my part, I respect personal prejudice in others — when it affects only matters which are of little or no consequence. The fact is I've become darn tired of fretting about things which aren't worth fretting about; especially folks who insist upon their own opinions in trifling matters. It was a bit difficult at first to let 'em have their own way and not spit back, but now I enjoy it. Almost. Every now and then.

Blossom day was perfect. Sunshine. Soft winds. The fruit orchards in full bloom. "A smile on the trees and a smile on the flowers and a laugh from the river that runs to the sea."

A delivery truck of the Marion creamery, recently overhauled, showed a five-year milage total of 145,000. Six times around the earth!

Some folks pass things along and other folks keep things for themselves, whether they need 'em or not. A great many post mortem bonfires have resulted from this habit.

Oh well — Here is a nice slogan for the return to prosperity club: A car for every filling station . . . Burn your rubbish by daylight. Consider the open windows of the neighbors' bedrooms and the wind that bloweth where it listeth . . . There are almost 2000 daily newspapers in this country and Canada, and it is

(Turn to page 7)

CHERRY IN BLOOM

What is so fair as a cherry tree
Under an April sky,
Its blossoms abuzz with honey bees,
And robins flitting by?
The sun's soft warmth is reflected there
In cloud-like witchery;
Oh, what is so fair as an April day,
And a blooming cherry tree?

—BLANCHE JONES

"The Lone Wolf's Son"

By Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS

Sailing from France to America aboard the S.S. "Navarre," Michael Lanyard, reformed "Lone Wolf," erstwhile master crook, meets wealthy Fay Crozier, one of his antique shop patrons, and her lovely daughter Fenno. Mrs. Crozier shows Lanyard the famous Habsburg emeralds which she bought secretly to avoid payment of duty. Lanyard's experienced eye discovers that counterfeits have been substituted for the gems. He promises to try and retrieve the emeralds. Lanyard suspects Maurice Parry, a youthful fellow-passenger, who appears deeply interested in Fenno. The resemblance between Lanyard and Maurice causes the former to wonder if they are related. In a bridge game with two card sharks, Maurice loses heavily. Lanyard joins the players as Parry's partner, catches their opponents cheating and threatens to expose them unless Maurice's loss is called off. Later, Lanyard tells the appreciative Maurice that he can repay him by returning Mrs. Crozier's jewels. The youth removes the top of his cane only to find that Lanyard had been there before him and had replaced the stolen emeralds with zircons (false gems). Maurice discloses that he is Lanyard's son whom the latter believed killed during the war. Though happy at the reunion, Lanyard is disappointed to find his son a thief. Maurice explains he was forced to steal since boyhood in order to exist. Lanyard hopes his son's interest in Fenno will continue, for the boy's own good. Detective Crane, whom Lanyard knew from his "Lone Wolf" days, warns him that the two gamblers he exposed are "Jack Knife" Anderson and "English Archie," gangsters, who will seek revenge.

CHAPTER X

"That reminds me: you haven't answered my question yet."

"'Question'?"

"The one you ducked at the start-off—when I asked what come over you to make you feel you had a call to rescue that punk from a couple of tinhorns who weren't doing a thing, only trying to pick up a piece of pocket-money."

At this Lanyard gave a slow "Ah!" of admiration. "And you ask me to believe you slow-witted!"

"I don't call it any great stunt to take notice when you don't run true to form—man who can mind his own business as well as you can."

"All the same," Lanyard announced, "it will amuse me more to see how long it takes you to ferret out my motive unassisted."

And with a laughing shake of his head, Lanyard took himself off. He wasn't ready to publish his relationship to the Maurice Parry of the passenger-list before he had had another talk with the boy and settled on some tale to account for his manifest prosperity. And although any tale would serve as long as both father and son told it, there was no time to be lost, with Crane openly sniffing already at their secret. . . .

But Maurice, when again sighted from a distance, if still dancing attendance on Fenno Crozier, was no longer alone with her. A knot of young folk had formed round her deck-chair, and the boy seemed to be so high in their favor already that the father once more forbore from disturbing him.

Nothing could be more calculated to prosper the fond paternal schemes, indeed, than such unexceptional associations.

Lanyard accordingly cut through to the port deck, emerging from a thwart-ship passageway just in time to meet Messrs. Jack-knife Robinson and English Archie Barker strolling morosely aft, and to be cut dead by them.

For all of Crane's warning, the circumstance left no more immediate impression than that a casual glance aft from the forward companionway entrance marked the saturnine Jack-knife person all alone by the rail and English Archie nowhere visible.

Perhaps because the wind was freshening, with the sea beginning to break out whitecaps, Lanyard found the writing-room quite without its customary quota of ladies, assorted as to ages and conditions but all of one familiar frame of mind, tritely inscribing post-cards, supplied gratis by the steamship, to presumably envious friends at home. And when, after an hour or so, the long roar of the whistle drove in through his muffling concentration the news that it was noon, the abstracted eyes which the man lifted saw the room otherwise empty.

That it could conceivably matter how long he had been sitting there alone naturally never entered Lanyard's head.

He bent again to his letter and had plied a lively pen for perhaps fifteen minutes more when a voice pleasingly tuned said at his elbow: "So this is where you've been hiding! Maurice and I were looking all over!"

The reflection which leaped to his mind—"Maurice already, eh?"—and the normal association of ideas, caused Lanyard, as he rose, involuntarily to say aloud: "Fenno!" To which he was quick to add: "I beg your pardon—"

"No, no!" the girl gayly insisted. "I like it, M. Lanyard, from you."

"It's such an odd name and so delightful, so utterly the only name for you, one finds it far from easy to think of you in a style more formal—"

"And anyway it would be silly—wouldn't it?—to 'mademoiselle' or 'miss' a minx! Please never call me anything but Fenno—I shall feel so much more at ease with you. And do sit down. I'm dying to talk."

When Lanyard had drawn up another chair he sat down, and in grave good-nature prompted:

"About—"

"But—of course!—about your son."

"You are getting on with your siege of his peace of mind, aren't you?" Lanyard fenced to cover a disordered moment. "Considering that you have him at the stage already where he can't wait to tell you all his secrets."

"I don't deserve the credit, really." The girl had her mother's trick of dimpling on those in her good graces. "It wasn't my rude trooper's wooing that made the lad tell all—it was because he's so proud of you, he just had to tell some one or bust."

"But had the good taste to choose you—"

"Oh, I don't say he would have been so ready if I hadn't made eyes at him! But his pride in you was the compelling motive, really."

"You make me very happy, Fenno."

"I should think you ought to be; it's so marvelously romantic, your finding each other like this. And when I think I had something to do with it, that it was I who first drew your attention to him—"

"Yes," Lanyard thoughtfully assented, "it is true, I do owe you that."

To undeceive her was, of course, not to be thought of. Lanyard for all that would have been glad to know how much, and in what detail, Maurice had told the girl. Beneath the lightness of Fenno's manner there were intimations of an *entente* which he found disturbing.

"And how proud you must be of him, that he not only came through an experience which would have destroyed any ordinary boy but came through a son you needn't be ashamed to own!"

"He is fortunate to have you think so well of him, Fenno. Maurice then, bears out the diagnosis of his *geste* you made before you knew him?"

"I said he was, like you, dangerous but somehow sweet, didn't I?" She played teasing eyes in a pause of mock uncertainty. "Well, if you must know, I find him far less dangerous than he thinks he is and far sweeter than he wants to be thought. I mean—very much a man; that is to say, at heart a child."

Lanyard gave a little quiet laugh. "If I hadn't lived so long in this world I might be more astonished. But I have learned that there are women who are born manwise, my dear, gifted from the cradle with an insight into our hearts that is, frankly, terrifying."

"Nonsense. That all men are children is what every woman knows."

"And you think Maurice will be a child in your hands? That you won't need five days more to make him call you hard names?"

"Not two!" She deliberated, but with merry eyes. "I don't know, though. Maybe I'll change my mind. After all, sweet names are sweeter."

At this point one of the ship's officers poked his nose in at the door, trained it like a hunting dog on Lanyard, and followed it in—a trim young Frenchman with unimpeachable manners who none the less comported himself, Lanyard thought, most mysteriously, for all the world like an amateur undertaker.

"Monsieur Lanyard, is it not?"

"I am he. Is there something—"

"The Captain presents his compliments and will be gratified if monsieur will do him the honor to consult with him—if convenient, at once."

Certainly, monsieur," Lanyard replied when an astonished wait had been prolonged without drawing one word of explanation. "Mademoiselle, I know, will excuse me." And gathering up his letters, he stuffed them in a pocket and followed out to the landing.

"But this way, if you please," the officer objected when Lanyard, supposing himself bidden to wait on the Captain in his quarters, made to go out on deck. "Monsieur is expected in Suite 39, A Deck."

Lanyard stared.

"But that is Mrs. Innes Crozier's!"

"Yes, monsieur."

The officer, while still polite, put on a mulish look, and Lanyard after another instant shrugged and turned to the staircase.

What now? And why had his guide so pointedly neglected to mention, in Fenno's presence, just where it was the Captain was waiting?

Granted that his discretion might be held significant only on the assumption that he knew Fenno was Fay Crozier's daughter—

The foot that Lanyard advanced to take the first step down was arrested by a hail from the deck.

"I say, old boy—half a minute."

Lanyard gave perplexed eyes to the detective, who was lounging in the doorway, then humored a slight beck of Crane's head and turned back.

"Forgive me, my friend—I am in some haste."

"I only wanted"—the American provokingly drew out his drawl—"to ask if you had seen your son."

"Devil take you!" Lanyard retorted between a smile and a frown. "But it is not possible to cope with your acuteness."

"Don't hand me any applause. I only know what I'm told. I met the young man a while back coming out of your stateroom, and he said he was looking for his father."

"Many thanks." Lanyard recomposed his countenance. "If you see him again, please tell him I am counting on his company at luncheon."

(To Be Continued)

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Neither Indian nor white:
A true Salem pioneer story:
When Oregon penitentiary
came from Portland to Salem:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

Tradition has it that Nelson Hauxhurst was working in the brick yard at the new Salem penitentiary. It was where the state highway department shops are now.

There was a hole in the ground leading down to the clay beneath the top soil. Nelson was operating a wheelbarrow. As he came and went in performing his task he picked up sticks and laid them over the top of the hole, one or two at a time, when the guard was not looking. Nelson was helped by a fellow prisoner, or more than one.

Toward quitting time, Nelson got into the hole, and dirt was thrown over the sticks, concealing him. Thus, when the count was made and one man was missing, the search for him did not reach his hiding place. Under cover of darkness, he got away and in some manner secured a cap and ball six-shooter, and powder and caps and bullets, and struck out east for the foothills of the Cascades. He ran out of grub, and was about all in, when he threw himself down onto his belly by a creek to get a drink—not having heard, perhaps, of how the Gideons did the trick back in the Bible story, by lapping the water with his hand into his mouth. That is, the selected Gideons for the dangerous task before them. (Read your Judges, chapter 7.)

Starting to raise up, Nelson glanced into a tree—and saw a panther, or cougar, or Oregon or mountain lion, poised to spring upon him. Nelson threw his weight onto his left hand, without rising, took good aim, and killed the cougar.

Death for Nelson was thus turned to life, for, the informant of the Bits man avers that cougar meat is better than venison, and more powerful in sustaining strength. And Nelson knew all the tricks for making fire and cooking the meat of the slain animal that otherwise might have slain him. Thus he had plenty of food for continuing his flight, and reached Fort Klamath through the mountains that had no trails at the time.

Governor Woods, who in addition to his other duties was superintendent of the penitentiary, must have thought well of Nelson Hauxhurst, notwithstanding his long sentence and his escape. The chief executive probably observed what the receiving officer when he was dressed in noted, when he wrote in the old record: "Holds his head high." Any way, Governor Woods gave him a full pardon a month and two days before he retired from office.

The same tradition has it that Nelson Hauxhurst DID go to the Tillamook country after he was pardoned, perhaps to visit with his parents and brothers and sisters, and that while there, in the early seventies, he killed another man, with a dirk.

And, at that time, Bill Pettyjohn was the owner of the old Pony saloon on the west side of Commercial street, a few doors south of the southwest corner of Court and Commercial, and Tom Kaya attended bar in the place. Tom was in the habit of opening the saloon early, and one morning a little after 6 he came in and hung up his old hat on a nail and commenced sweeping out. In a few minutes, Nelson Hauxhurst came in and bought a drink. Noticing Tom's hat, Nelson asked him casually how he would like to trade hats. As Nelson's hat was a fine, costly one, and his own was disreputable, the exchange was quickly made, and Nelson walked out. Tom thought Nelson would soon be back; took the exchange as a joke. But instead of Nelson coming back, about 11 the sheriff of Tillamook county appeared with a posse.

Hauxhurst had made the exchange because his hat was too plain an identifying mark. And, according to tradition, Nelson was not heard from again until letters came to his people from South America, whither he had made his way.

Ezra Hauxhurst, brother of Nelson, says a Salem resident who knew him well, in the late sixties tended bar in the Idaho saloon, owned by Joe Foss and Bill Gardner. That saloon was about opposite the Pony saloon, and near where The Statesman office was located for many years, up to the time it came to its own (present) building. "Ez," as he was called, was a handsome fellow, like his brother Nelson, and he, too, often complained because his father married a squaw and brought half breeds into the world—and more especially because he gave the older boys and girls a good education, which made them feel the hopelessness of being anything in society compared with their ability because of their superior training. Ezra argued that if they had not been sent to college, they might have been better satisfied with their positions in life.

Ezra, after the family went to Tillamook county, became a famous cook, learning the art from his mother, whom he helped. He was especially proficient in preparing sea foods, as was his mother—and parties from the town of Tillamook often employed them to get up high class dinners at the Hauxhurst home, and elsewhere.

Besides the boy drowned in Mill creek, and Nelson, there were

(Turn to page 8)

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IN the FIRMFLEX mounting for rimless lenses—and only in FIRMFLEX—a tiny gold coil spring connects the lenses and a rigid bridge. Acting as a shock-absorber, this spring permits the lens to be flexed either way—up or down, in or out—to a point far beyond any you would dare go with ordinary mountings. If you are about to get new glasses, by all means let us show you FIRMFLEX. It makes smart glasses SAFE!

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