

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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AMERICA

"Oh, it's home again and home again,
America for me,
My heart is turning home again to God's country,
To the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars."
—HENRY VANDYKE

Anti-Power Propaganda

THIS week the federal trade commission issued another portion of a report blasting the utilities. It contained no new material, was just a repetition of old disclosures. The substance of the current release is that private utilities engaged in gigantic propaganda campaigns, and that their practices resulted in loss of billions of dollars to American investors. There is no doubt about power trust propaganda. That has been disclosed in the papers for years. It is equally true that there has been a vast propaganda campaign against the utilities. So extensive have been the outpourings from official or political sources against utilities, all of which has been published by the newspapers over the land, that a utility is now condemned without any consideration of its rights. When it comes to propaganda the politician has it all over the utility man. The press publishes all the material from regulatory and other officials and politicians, but a great deal of the money spent by private utilities on propaganda was wasted because editors turned a cold eye on the stuff.

The utilities have sinned, and we do not condone their offenses. But so greatly has the public mind been inflamed against them they have little show at present of getting a fair deal. They are forced to resort to "propaganda" to attempt to get a hearing, and even then their effort is stymied because it bears the "utility" label. The complaint of the utilities is that they are being made to suffer by heavy and discriminatory taxation, by constant pressure for reduction of rates below a point of fair earning, and by costly inquiries and examinations. Now they are scared stiff with the prospect of government-subsidized competition such as TVA.

The thoughtful members of the public need to disregard the propaganda on both sides, examine the facts, and act on the facts not in the heat of emotion but with a sense of fairness. The private investors who have financed the power, gas and telephone companies are generally people of limited means who look to fair returns from their investment. To destroy their investment either by government competition or by imposing ruinous rates is unjust to them, dries up further investment.

Bring the utilities under strict regulation, pull the teeth of holding company practice of siphoning off the earnings, safeguard the issuance of securities and the public will be well served and the investors will receive a fair and steady income. Such should be the objective, but the issues are so confused with "propaganda" that this goal will not soon be realized.

Calling for the Mail

CARMEL, California, famed resort town on the coast, is rejoicing because it will have to have free mail delivery. The residents protested because they liked the diversion of going to the postoffice for mail. The p. o. became the town social center; and the people of the colony, who have little enough to do, relished the opportunity to meet and mingle while the postmaster was distributing the mail. Cities with carrier delivery lack the common center which the small town postoffice still provides and the town pump at one time supplied.

Here in Salem we have a faithful few however who show up at the postoffice around eight in the morning and draw out their mail. There's C. P. Bishop, who keeps a post-office box and calls for his mail, just as he did a half a century ago at Brownsville and McMinnville. We could count on seeing Hal Patton too, when he was alive, stopping to get his mail on the way to work. Prof. Staley, who has run the business college here since 1890, adheres to the habits of a life-time and patronizes the postoffice. Howard Hulsey and Paul Johnson and Ed Law start their day with a stop at the postoffice.

Many banks and business houses send junior clerks to act as mail carriers, but many men who began life running their own businesses and doing the small chores still stick to the habit of going after their own mail. They get more than their mail. This saying "good morning" to friends and acquaintances at the postoffice is a pleasant tonic with which to start the day. It takes all the grouches out of a sleepyhead.

Box Office Leaders

LISTED as the ten biggest box office attractions of 1933-1934 movie season are, in order of rating: Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Janet Gaynor, Wallace Beery, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple, Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer. Marie Dressler, who was first the two previous years, dropped to ninth place. Her death occurred July 28. Will Rogers was second last year. This is the first time a man has been in first place; and the first time men have been both first and second.

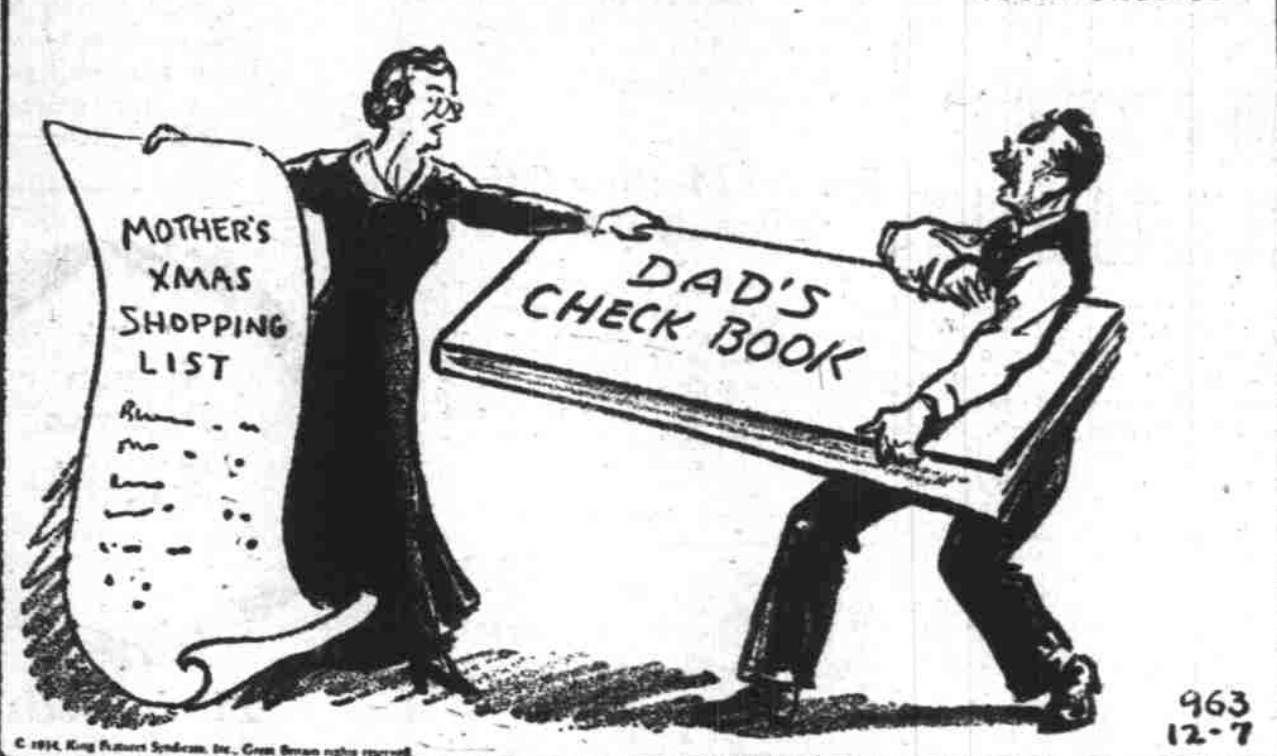
The next ten places are held by Katharine Hepburn, Joe E. Brown, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Wheeler and Woolsey, and James Cagney. Greta Garbo was ninth in the next ten.

Movie addicts have their own preferences; and as in diet, "there is no accounting for tastes." The ten listed show rather a wide diversity of talents and appeals. No one type prevails through the list. Quite a contrast for example between home-spun Will Rogers and gay Lothario Clark Gable.

Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, says "the hell of planned economy and regimentation has been broken." Correct; and the new dealers are quite silent now about "planned economy." But when a few editors had courage enough to show the fatality of planning for 125 million people from a central brain, they were berated as Tories, old dealers, and reactionaries. There is always a need for criticism under any form of society. It takes the critics to keep the visionaries from running away with things. Without intelligent criticism society would be maudlin and unstable.

Consumption of motor fuel per capita for various continental zones is reported for the year as follows: North America, 111.35 gals.; Europe 3.53 gals.; South America 6.89 gals.; Africa 1.76 gals.; Asia 1.04 gals. It is the North Americans who are busy going places.

Two Schools of Thought at Home, Also



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN A BARBER shop recently I overheard an amusing conversation between a customer and the barber. A bald-headed gentleman was inquiring about the various tonics played in the shop. After listening to the claims made for many different tonics, the customer chose one of them.

As it was being sprayed upon his shining pate he remarked: "I suppose it will be about as successful as all the other tonics I have used."

It was evident that this man had made many previous attempts to grow hair on his bald spot. If he had taken half as good care of his scalp before losing his hair, it may well be he would not have become bald.

The actual cause of baldness is not known. But when the hair ceases to grow it is due to withering and death of the hair follicles. This condition may follow neglect or persistence of certain disorders of the scalp, such as dandruff, ringworm or eczema. Sudden loss of hair is often the result of some constitutional disorder, or a disturbance of the thyroid gland.

Excessiveness always been more common among men than women. Yet it is of interest to learn that baldness has increased among women since bobbed hair has become so popular. Perhaps this confirms the old belief that destruction of the hair follicles follows close cropping of hair and daily use of water on the hair. Personally I do not fully accept this view.

Heart Action a Factor, Too
It is difficult to explain why one man will become bald at forty years, while another will retain his hair to a good old age. Because baldness frequently occurs in certain families it is probable that heredity plays an important role in this condition. Perhaps more important is the action of the heart; if it beats strongly the blood is forced to the hair, reaching every individual hair root.

I cannot overstate the importance of a clean and healthy scalp as one way to prevent baldness. Care of the scalp should begin at an early age. Hair washing should not be indulged in excessively, because it may remove too much of the natural oil.

I am often asked what is the best treatment for dandruff in children and how may the growth of hair be stimulated. My advice is to keep the scalp clean. If the scalp shows a slight crust or dandruff apply warm oil to it before shampooing. The shampoo should be given the hair, using warm water and pure soap. Do not repeat the shampoo more frequently than once a week.

Between shampoos the scalp should be kept thoroughly clean with a simple hair tonic and by daily brushing. The comb and brush should be carefully cleansed and used by only one person. Avoid greasy and alcoholic ointments, lotions or salves that are claimed to be "marvelous hair restorers." They are often more harmful than beneficial.

Answers to Health Queries
J. A. B. Q.—I have acne, what would you advise?
A.—Diet is very important. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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AT BALDWIN FUNERAL
HAYESVILLE, Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ritchey and son Marvin, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. J. A. King of Tacoma, attended the funeral of Mrs. Ritchey's father, A. J. Baldwin at Merrill mortuary in Portland Monday afternoon. Pallbearers were Roy Payne, Gordon McGilchrist, Roy Foreman, Ed Lytle, Clark Miles and R. Spencer.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

OVER 50 years in newspaper work, most of time on The Statesman:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
Sumter Craig in his 40 years on The Statesman performed every kind of work required on a newspaper in the mechanical and other departments, from sweeping floors and trimming lamps and setting type and making up forms of type matter to writing news and editorial and other copy and editing, proof reading and correcting it.

He is one of the best spellers in Oregon, and one of the most persistent, painstaking and industrious workers. His home is at 310 Bellevue street, corner Commercial, Salem, where he spends many of his leisure hours in adding to the artistic beauty of his place; though in rush days in the state's printing plant he has very little spare time, day or night.

But his father, D. W. Craig, was the best speller in Oregon, unless A. Bush, who established The Statesman and owned and edited it during its pioneer years, was the best. Mr. Bush once told the writer that there are two ways to spell every word—the right way and the wrong way; and he was not apt to use the wrong way.

More than that, D. W. Craig was one of the best classical scholars of this coast, or any coast or country. As was mentioned in the sketch, he studied in his youth Greek, Latin and French. He learned Spanish when he worked on the Panama Star.

By the way, that newspaper, established in 1849, is still going, now the Star and Herald.

Mr. Craig read classical books by the best authors in Greek and Latin, and he extended his reading to French, Spanish and German—all these languages becoming almost as familiar to him as English, in which he had a singularly clear style.

Had not D. W. Craig been a peculiarly self-effacing and modest man, he might have made his mark as one of the foremost teachers of his time, or an internationally known editor or author.

D. W. Craig passed away at the home of his son in Salem on December 17, 1916. His wife had preceded him to the shining shores of eternity on Oct. 11, 1913.

D. W. Craig accumulated in his long and studious career a large library of precious books. What became of them? Many of them are in the library of the Oregon Historical Society, Portland; others in the library of Pacific university, Forest Grove, and a few in the Oregon state library, Salem. A small collection, in the home of F. S. Craig.

In this connection, an interesting instance of renovating an old dwelling is worthy of especial note.

Old timers will recall, on the road to the Fairview home (first named state institution for the feeble minded) a quaint little log house, and some time ago, perhaps wondered what became of it, if they have missed it at all.

Well, the house is still there, logs and all, but no logs are in sight. Not very long ago, the house was changed in seeming to a neat frame house, weather-boarded and painted in approved style. The weatherboarding hides the logs, and in the interior rooms they are also out of sight. The renovating was done by the tenant, P. J. Johnson, who made a neat job of it. The house and

the five acres of land that go with it belong to Sumter Craig. It is next to the last house on the extension of 12th or 13th street before it turns east down the hill on the left side of the road going south.

The log house, built by one of the original owners of the land about 1868, was long the home of D. W. Craig, and there is where for a generation he had his books and where, in front of the old fashioned fireplace, he read and studied them. The old fireplace is there, too, but also renovated with bricks, from the original one of mud and sticks.

Joseph Gaston, who prior to the fall of 1866 for several years was editor of The Statesman, was shortly afterward active in promoting the building of the west side railroad lines, by Ben Holaday and Henry Willard, from Portland up the Willamette valley, and he himself in 1877 built the narrow gauge line from Dayton to Sheridan. When Gaston lived in Salem his home was on the east side North Summer street, north of Marion.

J. N. (J. Newton) Gale, partner of D. W. Craig in the publication of the Oregon Argus after it was moved to Salem in 1863, with E. T. Gunn, established the Olympia, Wash., Transcript; its first issue Nov. 30, 1867. It was probably related to Henry and Thomas Gale, brothers, publishers of one of the pioneer newspapers of this column, Thomas ("Tommy") Gale was killed in a gun fight with Col. Wm. Thompson in the early seventies, in an old time newspaper row—after the proverbial "Oregon style" of the early days—and Thompson was badly shot up, but recovered. He had been publisher of the Eugene Guard; afterward established the Salem Mercury, and Wesley Libby Shannon, daughter of Wesley Shannon, Marion county pioneer; was Governor Grover's "madcap colonel" in the Modoc war; long published the Plaindealer at Alturas, Cal., named for his former Roseburg Plaindealer, and died a couple of years or so ago, aged around 90.

J. W. P. Huntington, who helped D. W. Craig in buying The Statesman from A. Bush, married Mary, daughter of Charles Applegate, brother of Jesse Applegate. Huntington was in the Oregon legislature; became superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon; made the treaty of the violation of the terms of which by the Captain Jack band led to the Modoc war; was a prominent and popular figure in early day Salem, where the house that was his home still stands, on North Front street—died here, and had the biggest funeral in local history up to the time.

Ben Simpson, one of the other men who aided D. W. Craig in buying The Statesman, was the father of Sam Simpson, Oregon poet laureate. Ben was a cousin of Mrs. U. S. Grant; the Simpson home in Salem still stands, southeast corner Chemeketa and Summer streets. Ben Simpson was a close friend of Gen. Phil Sheridan; entertained him when he was here in the early seventies looking after his land claim near Old Fort Yamhill.

Rufus Mallory served in congress, 1867-9. C. N. Terry was Marion county judge when the present court house was erected, in the early seventies.

The present renovated house, when it was the humble and typical early Oregon log cabin in which D. W. Craig lived, was a classical retreat in the primeval

"BEACH BEAUTY" By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

CHAPTER XXV

"I think you ought to remain on the boat until we sail," Harrow said.
"You do?"
"Absolutely. That growler may have meant nothing. My warning may have meant nothing. But there's always the danger that our worst suspicions may not be so far wrong. For your own good you'd better count on moving aboard for a while. That is, if you don't mind."

Here was the problem arising again. "I'll think about it today," she said. "And thanks ever so much for your interest."

"No need to thank me, Kay. You should have a grudge against me for my having gotten you into this. Strange, how remote all this seems from that night when I met you in the kitchen."

"It is strange," she agreed. "But it's interesting, too, and exciting. I thought there never would be any in my life, but here it is, better even than in a movie."

"I have an idea there'll be a lot of excitement in your life, Kay," Harrow prophesied. "There can't be too much excitement."

Spoke Winch appeared.
"Hello, Kay. Excuse me a minute, will you? See you, Earl?"
"Excuse me, Kay," Harrow joined Spoke, who led him forward, holding his arm, talking confidentially.

When she was through with a few letters and Harrow and Spoke had gone ashore, Kay sat puzzling over her situation. It seemed enough in general. Harrow had drawn her into this danger and probably she really wasn't safe at home until he had gone. Very well, but that wasn't all. Suppose she did come aboard for the day, the yacht remained in Daytona Beach? There was the Harrow-Spoke situation to think of. Ida, in her smoothly insinuating way, had made that pretty clear to her last night. Kay might become only a trouble-maker, and she liked both the men too much for that.

Then there was always the suspicion that maybe this whole business was being engineered by Harrow to get her under his roof that he might insinuate himself into her affections and make of her one of his famous conquests. This seemed silly, of course. For one thing the man Harrow would have been complicated. Such a move might have been made with half the trouble and twice the effectiveness. For another thing, there was a ridiculous vanity, she thought, in supposing that Harrow would go to so much trouble merely for her. And she felt that Harrow was more straightforward; he had been very much so in most of his dealings with her. Yet really as this idea came upon her to be considered; had to be remembered in thinking of accepting the man's hospitality.

Another consideration which seemed slight was the townsperson might start wagging tongues if she moved to the yacht. They were wagging them already in some quarters merely because she spent her days there. Gossip, though, Harrow would not like to see that way it could affect her would be through her mother. She would hate to have Mrs. Owen worrying about what people might be saying of her daughter.

Kay went home that noon, then rode over to town to see Harrow, the roomer who always treated her as if she were his niece. Harrow was an accountant, a sober, stable sort of chap in whom her mother had great faith. She found him in.

"Did they get that fellow last night?" he asked.
"No, I hope I didn't spoil your night's sleep, waking you up by telephone with a lot of mysterious instructions and it, that nonsense?"
"Not a bit of it, Kay. What was it all about anyway?"

Kay told him, then said, "Harry, I want to ask your advice about something. Mother likes you and thinks you're pretty sensible."

"Shoot!"
"Mr. Harrow thinks I should not stay in the house while he's here. He's afraid somebody might make an attempt to get at him through me. She laughed rather foolishly, she was afraid. "You see, they might think I was the light of his life or something like that," she explained lightly. "Sounds silly, but it does seem to be a possibility."

"What does he suggest?"
"Well, he has two guards on the boat, besides Mr. Winch and the crew, and he thinks I'd be safer there. I suppose, in a way, it's silly and certainly we'll be away from it once we put out of here. That will be one relief. I'll have to leave you behind, though, Kay."

His hand moved quietly off the arm of his chair and rested upon her hand. "It's been grand," he said. "You're a great girl. And don't forget I'm really convinced that some of these days we'll be seeing your name in lights up there in New York. I only hope that when we do,

course, she said nothing about the several considerations involved. Harrow removed his glasses and laid them on his glass-topped desk. He studied them a moment, looked up. "Doesn't it seem a bit drastic?" he said. "Can't the police help?"
She explained why they couldn't. "Well, I'm sure your mother wouldn't want you to do it," he said. "It's really none of my business, but it seems to me that this Harrow has put you in a rather awkward situation."

"But it isn't his fault," Kay said. "Maybe not, maybe not. Well, Kay, that's my idea, anyway. I'd merely be very careful and have as little as possible to do with Harrow beyond earning my salary. As you say, he's only going to be in town a few days more, anyway."

"Well, thank you, Harrow," she rose to go.
"What do you intend to do?" he asked. "I don't know," she admitted. "It is silly, isn't it?"
"It may not be," Harrow said, replacing his glasses and looking at her gravely.

By dinner time Kay had made her decision. What prompted her, she couldn't say. Curiosity, perhaps, a perverse spirit, or an interest in the man Harrow. This last she denied herself, the instant she thought of it. Anyway, she found Harrow and said:

"I've been thinking over what you suggested this morning, and probably it would be best if I came onto the yacht for the next few days."

"I'm glad you're so sensible," he replied. "Really, it's the safest course. I hate to sound like a calamity howler or a melodramatic, superstitious fellow, but I do think it's the best thing to do. You'll be perfectly comfortable; you won't have the long trip every morning and evening and you'll be out of danger."

"I'll get my things and come back this evening," she said.
"Do that. I'll have Kelly help you. He can take the car. Dinner will be waiting for you here."

"Oh, don't bother about that," Kelly, the red-faced man, quiet as a block of stone and evidently as hard, drove her across the river in the big car and waited while she packed a bag. Harrow wasn't home, so she left him a note and a key to the house.

"Harry—I've done all that. It doesn't seem to be anything to worry about. I'll stay on the boat until it sails. People don't need to know about it anyway. See you at your office tomorrow. Get in touch with Mr. Harrow if anybody comes prowling again—Kay."

After dinner she and Harrow sat on deck enjoying the cool breeze. Darkness had come down upon the roofs of the town, upon the river and now the lights of automobiles were beginning to move like fireflies in procession across the distant bridges to the north. Strangely enough, Kay felt peaceful, secure and absolutely at home.

Next day Harrow announced that he thought he was about ready to get away at any time. All he really had to do for her was to explain that was Ida Campbell's return from Washington where she had flown to a party. The mere mention of Ida in connection with the continuation of Harrow's plans seemed to upset Kay. She told herself that it was ridiculous that she should give it a thought, but that didn't prevent her from doing so. It was merely that she hated to see Ida so obviously caught in a net at Harrow. At least that is what she told herself that morning. Looking out over the water, Kay realized that in a day or so this lovely river would be the emptiest, most desolate body of water in the world.

"Kay," Harrow said, that night, "I certainly wish you were coming along with us."

"I'd like making better—in a way," Kay admitted. "But I'm afraid it wouldn't be the thing to do."

"Well, as I've already told you, I'll not try to influence you one way or the other, but you certainly belong aboard this boat when it comes out into that channel and heads south. Palm Beach, Miami, Key West, Havana—and on the way back Nassau. Nights like these, and the soft winds and warm ocean, and it'll be great to get away from all this bothersome business that's been going on. I think that's going to quiet down for a while at least, and certainly we'll be away from it once we put out of here. That will be one relief. I'll have to leave you behind, though, Kay."

His hand moved quietly off the arm of his chair and rested upon her hand. "It's been grand," he said. "You're a great girl. And don't forget I'm really convinced that some of these days we'll be seeing your name in lights up there in New York. I only hope that when we do,

it will be in one of my shows. Long way ahead, of course, but it's possible. If a few years ago anyone had told me I'd be sitting here tonight on this boat, taking it easy—well, comparatively so—I'd have laughed in his face. You never know, Kay."

"No, you never do," she admitted. "Neither of them spoke for several minutes. But Kay's mind was racing about this, very, very, and in circles. Suddenly, without realizing it in advance, she found herself saying:

"Earl, I do want to go. May I?" Harrow looked at her, his lips grinning slightly, his eyes shrewd, amused. "Need you ask?"

"I know you must think I'm an awful fool," she blurted, laughing nervously, but I can't help it. I guess it's the way I do things."

"You're red hair," he said. "I have at that."

"Their eyes met and held a long time without wavering. First Harrow smiled again; then Kay. Harrow's hand came forward, Harrow took it and returned hard grip for hard grip.

"You're the right sort," he said. "Thanks. And you're not so bad. They heard a step behind them and turned to look at Spoke Winch. "Sorry," he said, "sorry. Didn't mean to butt into any conversation." He turned to go, but Harrow called to him. Spoke, we've another passenger."

"Yeah!" Spoke said slowly, looking from Harrow to Kay, a slight smile beginning to show on his broad mouth.

"Kay's going to come along with us, after all. Now we'll be sure to pick up some fish. She's good medicine."

"Up-huh," Spoke swallowed and shifted his position. "Well, I'm glad you're coming, Kay."

"So am I; thanks, Spoke."

"Will you excuse me?" Harrow said. "I have to make a call."

He hurried down the deck and walked lightly down the plank. "Seems happy," Spoke observed quietly.

"Earl!"
"Yeah," Spoke said. He began to shake his head. "I don't know."

"What don't you know?"
"About your coming along. Not that I don't want to see you do it," he added quickly, "just that I don't know."

"Maybe it'll work out. Maybe."

"What do you mean, Spoke? Tell me."

"Nothing to tell you, Kay. Just talking. Go ahead—forget it. You know what I'm doing. Don't pay any attention to me; I'm kind of screwy sometimes anyway."

Spoke went ambling down the deck, hands in his pockets. Kay's eyes followed him, puzzled and concerned. Spoke was also a shrewd man. When how?

When Harrow came back he suggested taking Kay over to the house or the rest of her things and make her arrangements for sailing. "When we do leave I'll probably be all in a hurry," he said, "and any hour at that. So you'd better be all ready in advance."

As he led her down the plank, Kelly and Wagner appeared from behind. Harrow looked back. "Never mind, boys," he said, "just a little quick trip and it's all over."

Spoke stood leaning against the rail. As Kay and Harrow got into the coupe he lifted a hand lazily, let it drop. Kay gave him a little wave. He turned and disappeared inside the deckhouse.

Neither of the men were at home when Kay and Harrow arrived, so the business took only a few minutes. She gathered together some fishing tackle and a few clothes, left another note to Harrow, promising to stop in at his office in the morning.

They walked down the drive, Harrow in the coupe and some of the tackle. It was a dark Florida night, the moon not yet up from the ocean, and the odor of jasmine was strong and sweet in the air.

Something happened. What, Kay couldn't tell until well after the fact. She saw a figure rising from the hibiscus near the gate. She saw, or thought she saw, something glittering. She heard a quick succession of noises—first a soft rustle, then a sharp report that was an automatic in his hand. At his feet were his fishing rods and her bag. With his free hand he seized her shoulders, whisked her back and even to the ground. With the other hand he raised the automatic. And he fired four times into the hibiscus.

(To Be Continued)

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woods, near the bustle of a busy urban life, comparable to the West of Oregon, pioneer New England philosopher and author to whose door the lowly and the great beat a pathway to learn the useful lessons of the simple life. We may not meet the like of D. W. Craig again, in the environment of the years when he labored and lived and loved, and was surrounded by his precious tomes.

HEIGHTS WOMEN GIVE MUCH FRUIT

SALEM HEIGHTS, Dec. 12.—The Salem Heights Women's club has sent 191 guests of canned fruit to the children's farm home at Corvallis. Each year this work is done and the committee was gratified to report almost 50 quarts over their quota of 150 quarts for this year.

The annual Christmas meeting of the Woman's club was held at the community hall Friday afternoon.

An interesting program was given and an exchange of gifts was enjoyed. Christmas refreshments were served by Mrs. Howard Zinner, leader, Mrs. Jay Morris, Mrs. Myron Van Eaton, Mrs. Ivan Lepley and Mrs. May Salisbury.

Don't Trifle With Coughs

Don't let them get a strange hold. Fight them quickly. Coughs often combine 7 helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your money is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Cougholene. (Adv.)



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