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Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

WHOOPING COUGH

There is a reason, I suppose, for everything which comes—
Why youngsters fall from apple trees and babies suck their thumbs;
And though I can't explain it all, when trouble comes I know
That since by Providence 'tis willed, it must be wiser so.
But knowing this, I still insist we'd all be better off
If little children could escape the dreaded whooping cough.

I never see a red-faced child in spasms violent
But what I wonder why to babes such suffering is sent.
Though mumps and measles, chicken pox and scarlet fever, too,
Beset the lives of those I love, I still can see them through;
But terror seems to chill my blood the minute that I hear
That awful sign that someone's child with whooping cough is near.

Old women say it has to be, but I grow pale as death
When I behold a boy or girl in anguish fight for breath.
They tell me not to be alarmed, but I'm not made of steel,
And every touch of agony the youngster has, I feel;
And could I run this world of ours, the first thing I'd cut off
From all the things which have to be, would be the whooping cough.

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TESTS OF CHARACTER

MARRIED men, fat men and profane men offer the best risks in business, according to an announcement by a surety company official. There may be a valid reason why married men would be deterred from violating a trust even though under other circumstances they might not refrain. Family disgrace and the pain that would be inflicted on innocent persons through the husbands' crimes might operate to keep them in the straight path, though there might be just as powerful a reason for the unmarried man with parents and brothers and sisters to avoid peculation.

It may be that fat men are disposed toward good nature and that an easy-going man is not tempted to go wrong because it would involve too much trouble. Profanity by some one has been defined as due to a limited vocabulary. Because one is unable to command approved words of sufficient strength to express his feeling he interlards his remarks with profanity on the principle that the statement is thereby strengthened. But why should one with a limited command of language be a better risk than one who uses good English and is able to express his thoughts without the use of profanity?

If observation supports the view expressed by the surety company official it is coincidence rather than cause and effect. One's reliability certainly depends on one's principles rather than on one's marital state, corpulency or manner of speech. It is the inner man, the part of the man that cannot be seen, that determines one's trustworthiness. It may be revealed partly by one's language, it may show in his countenance, his family relations may offer some proof, but were one to rely solely on one being married, fat and profane a long chance would be taken.

Integrity is a quality that cannot be determined by surface indications. It has to be determined in living. The honest man may meet all three of the superficial conditions laid down but he is honest not because of them but because he is right.

IN TULSA

TULSA, repenting in sack cloth and ashes for the crime committed against a portion of her people whose only offense was the color of their skin, is rebuilding the houses of the negroes rendered homeless by the fires started by mobs.

"Race prejudice" is blamed for Tulsa's disgrace, but in Europe it is white against white, and in China yellow against yellow. Here is a problem that psychologists would do well to study, for unless science can trace mob outbreaks of the Tulsa kind to some weakness, some diseased condition of the individual mind, then we must admit that we are much nearer to savagery, much closer to primeval man, than we like to confess.

Dr. Brumfield was caught up in Canada. He must have had a lot of doubles running around through central Oregon.

HIGH SPIRITED WOMAN FLEES SMALL TOWN LIFE IN WEST FOR "MAIN STREET," MANHATTAN

Mrs. Niblack Has Same Opinion of Oklahoma That Mary MacLane Had of Butte.

Written by Margery Rex for International News Service.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—High-spirited women and high towns are incompatible.

Mary MacLane of Montana, said so many years ago

Carol Kennicott, heroine of "Main street," had an awful time in Gopher Prairie, both with the town and the natives.

Mrs. Clark Durea, minister's wife, of Monticello, N. Y., ran away with another man because, as she said, she couldn't stand life in a small town.

Now here's Mrs. Frances Haskell Niblack, who prefers divorce to life in Oklahoma.

The beautiful and clever daughter of the first governor of Oklahoma, Charles N. Haskell, could not go back to the husband whose voice called to her from the vast steppes of that region from New York state.

Mrs. Niblack, in 1903, married Leslie G. Niblack, army officer. Not till 1917 did she come to look upon the splendor that is conceded to be New York City.

Right then and there something told Mrs. Niblack she never again could go back to the wide fields of the great golden West. No more silos, overalls or oil wells for her.

Wanted No More Oklahoma.

The year 1917, which marked the advent of Mrs. Niblack in Gotham, also is memorable as the initial date of the great conflict. The prairie dogs were exchanged for the dogs of war. Mrs. Niblack became a nurse and went overseas, as did her husband then become a major.

War ended, the army officer expressed a desire to see his home town. His wife compared it with New York to the serious detriment of the Oklahoma municipality. She asked divorce on grounds of cruelty. She lost her case but her husband won freedom, charging desertion.

Thus does lovely woman spurn unsuitable background for her talents and charm.

Let us look back to the time when Mary MacLane first started to ferment way out in Butte, Mont. At first the startled natives didn't know what her unusual talent for self-expression meant. Some suggested it was madness, a few thought genius. The few were right.

The militant Mary's whole problem was contained in her address, as one of her friends suggested, after "The Story of Mary MacLane" had excited wild comment, much of it unfavorable.

If there was anything the matter with Mary, Butte, Mont., was to blame, so her friends said. Mary was the pioneer enemy of monotonous life.

However, this weird genius is always well able to express bitingly and picturesque—if often tiresomely—her reactions to life, place and circumstance. For instance:

Mary's Morass of Monotony.

"I and all other seamstresses and monotonous clerks and lawyers and housewives sit upright in chairs and talk into telephones and walk fast and eat breakfast and brush hair; all the while marooned in a morass of small, wild, unexciting, tasteless pain.

Naturally, Mary was none too careful to hide her dislike of Butte and its people, and just as naturally those spurned ones showed their dislike, too. Mary says of them:

"I meet people on the street whom I know, whom I may speak to, whom I may avoid, who may speak to me, who may avoid me, for I am best well hated in th's Butte."

"Paltry," "rude," "dingy,"—these words were used to characterize her home town by the oddly-talented and glad-to-be - misunderstood young woman.

In another sentence she speaks of being as "free as a wildcat on a twilight hill."

Mary McLane's strongest supporters were always women, and she understood very well the problems of her own sex in the small town.

Ordinary Housewife's Life.

"I want to show," explained the weird literary genius, "what the plain, everyday, ordinary housewife endures. I want to show her shut up in her home, with only dull gossip of her neighbors. I want to show her as she is, unable to leave the four walls of her dwelling because of her household duties.

"Imagine the temptations of a woman of than sort, imagine them when she does go out into the world! The husband does not appreciate this, but the wife does. No wonder the divorce courts are kept busy."

The reactions of the author herself were much the same, for she describes her own life thus:

"I rise in the morning, eat three meals, and walk, and work a little; read a little, write, see some uninteresting people; go to bed.

"The next day I rise in the morning, eat three meals, and walk, and work a little; read a little, write; see some uninteresting people; go to bed.

"Truly an exalted, soulful life!"

But there came a time, after some years—Mary had left Butte to visit Chicago, New York and Boston—when the Montana genius wanted to go home to see her people. "The grass blades of the meadows call me,' she said.

No Better Second Time

Note "meadows," for such they appeared when she was far away. Upon her arrival home she writes:

"I was curious to test my impressions of Butte after several years absence. I hoped I might find it more endurable. But, bah! it was the same hideous home of drugging devils and seared scenery that it always was.

"Of course, I missed and longed for my people and my friends, and wished for them time and again. And I often thought of visiting Butte to see them, but one would think of Purgatory in the same way."

Carol Kennicott, in "Main Street," who came to Gopher Prairie as a bride, tried to live according to her own standards and at the same time endeavored to instil a little taste for them in her townsmen. But she came to grief through her own views. Yet finally she returned to her town and husband, after a taste of life in the effete East, and tries to adapt herself in some measure to the situation.

The monotony of life in small, remote places and the triviality of it is appalling to many women.

Mrs. Lucy Ostrum, of Monticello, N. Y., whose son-in-law, Earl Vernooy, ran away with the wife of Clark Durea, an unordained minister of the Church of Holiness, is quoted as saying:

"The small town is the cause of all the trouble. All the meanness and sneakiness that goes on in a little place like this you can't imagine. If I had a son to bring up I would move to the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway among the bright lights!"

Mrs. Emily Durea, wife of the minister, expressed her own dissatisfaction at the emptiness of her small-town existence and said she simply had to get away. But after a few days absence she begged to be taken back and was refused.

Mary MacLane went back only to be disgusted again. Carll Kennicott went home, resigned and determined somehow to make the best of things. Mrs. Durea tried to go back.

Will Mrs. Frances Haskell Niblack ever tire of this city and other vantage points in the wide, wide world and wish to return to Oklahoma?

It all seems to be in the point of view, anyway, all a question of taste.

Mary herself once said a contentment:

"Content is my rarest emotion and I get it at midnight out of a boiled potato!"

What is believed to be the longest continuous canoe voyage ever made was recently completed by a man who traveled 8,000 miles in that manner. Using the paddle alone in a 17-foot canoe, he left Chicago, October 11, 1919, followed the Mississippi to New Orleans, then the Gulf Coast around Florida and the Atlantic Coast north to New York, arriving June 25.

28 YEARS AGO

(From the Daily East Oregonian, August 15, 1893.)

G. W. Proebstel, the Weston Hardware man, came down Monday evening and returned this morning. He told the reporter that the work on the Normal school is being pushed rapidly by a large force of men. It will be ready, it is thought, in time for the opening next month. Harvest work goes on nicely. Men are all willing to work on a promise to pay when wheat is marketed. The yield will be very good.

O. F. Thompson is in from his Butter Creek ranch.

W. F. Matlock and E. H. Clarke returned last evening from their business trip to Wallowa County. They found crops light in Wallowa, about half an average yield being expected. Stock is in fine condition.

Rev. W. T. Koontz and family who have been attending the M. E. Church conference at Baker City are expected to arrive tomorrow on a visit to Mr. Koontz's daughter, Mrs. J. Tomlinson.

LONDON FIGHT CLUB STAGED 20 ROUNDS FOR CUP OF COFFEE

Gallery Rats Used Bouquets of Fish, Beer Bottles, Fruit and Cabbage if Displeased.

BY DAVID L. BLUMENFELD
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

New York, Aug. 15.—It is a curious thing that Great Britain cannot produce many boxers with a really hard punch. Old London certainly had—and still has—some pretty rough boxing rings, where the purses for twenty-round contests range from half a dollar to a cup of coffee and a piece of cake.

The old Judean Club in the East End was just such a one as those. A rackety old barn with an under-cellar, where rows chewed the cud, above which a wooden floored ring was rigged, a row of two shilling "ringside" seats, and a crazy, wobbly gallery.

That's all there was to it. Many famous boxers started their careers there, nevertheless. Wilde and Wally Packard, Jim Driscoll and Joe Bowker all tasted their first wallop on the chin to the tune of bellowings from the cattle beneath them and the shower of eggs, bottles and ham-bones, which a greateful audience of costers showered on them from the gallery.

The old Judean is no more. One night during the war a Zepplin bomb demolished it, cattle and all. There was no audience at the time, but a couple of boys, sparring around, were picked up out of the cattle pen, dead.

It is an education to see a prize-fight in one of those London old-time gings. Imagine three or four hundred coster boys, very dirty, without collars, yelling blue murder at the top of their voices; both hands full of fried fish. They cram their mouths with fish and when they open their jaws to shout, like as not the fish drops out again.

They swill beer out of bottles and when the bottles are empty they voice their disapproval by dropping them on the "ringside" seats—or the boxers below.

What with side fights going on in the audience, others picking any pockets they can lay hand to, whistling "Dear Old Pals" whenever the fighters go into clinches, an East End boxing ring is anything but a drawing room.

The Blackfriars ring is tough enough, but the boxing there is good. It is a large circular building, about five minutes from Waterloo railway station. Originally is was a church, built by a "queer" pastor named Rowlands. Rowlands made is circular so that there were no corners where the devil could get in.

WAR COUNCIL MEMBERS IN SOVIET RUSSIA SHOT

LONDON, Aug. 15.—(I. N. S.)—Generals Kiebourk and Guter, members of General Brussiloff's war council in Soviet Russia, 46 other army officers and the wives of two of the officers have been shot, according to a Reval dispatch which quoted Archangel advices.

A negro with the ability to dislocate his joints has, for eighteen years, obtained thousands of dollars from many of the nation's largest railroads and indemnity concerns. His head bears numerous scars received in his falls on banana peels. He is held for obtaining money under false pretenses.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS — A FELLER ISN'T SAFE AT HOME. — BY ALLMAN