

# Have you Consulted DR. B. E. WRIGHT About Your Teeth?

If not and your teeth are bad you should without delay, it will save you money. By our New System we can extract your teeth whether one or thirty without pain; also fill them or crown them in the same manner. This is no advertising dodge. But is a bona fide statement. All work is done painless. The work we do is of the highest grade, the best of material being used and is put in your mouth to last from ten to twenty years. If you have plates that don't fit or work that is unsatisfactory come and talk it over, you won't regret the time spent in doing so. We charge you from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent less than you have paid in the past. Now to sum it all up our proposition means this. High grade work done in a painless manner at half the price you always paid.



Gold Crowns

Porcelain Crowns.

\$5.00

Plates \$5.00

FILLINGS 50C UP  
Examination Free

## DR. B. E. WRIGHT

Will be at the Little Palace Hotel, Independence,  
**EVERY FRIDAY**

Portland Office, 342½ Washington street.

Salem Office, Steusloff Building, corner Court and Liberty streets.

### The Gambling Mania.

The disclosures coming out relative to the Canfield-Vanderbilt gambling cases in New York call attention to the mania that is ruining so many young men throughout the land. They bring to mind another case where a young man went west, failed to find work at once, resorted to gambling, lost all he had, resorted to forgery to pay his debts and was soon in jail, with the door of the penitentiary staring him in the face.

The story is not new. It is very, very old. That is the pity of it. It is the road over which many bright and capable young men have traveled. The average man usually goes into gambling with the erroneous idea that he can get something for nothing.

In the windup the something is usually taken by the other fellow.

When an innocent goes up against a sure thing, he is bound to get the worst of it. If it is at cards, he plays against men who are trained in the art and who make their living that way. If they did not fleece just such victims as he, they would not be in the business.

When he tries the roulette wheel or other similar devices, he contributes to the profits of the house. It makes its money in that way. If it did not take in more than it gives out, it would not run the wheels.

In any case the novice stands to lose.

This is aside from the ethics of gambling—if there are any ethics in it. The whole thing is founded on a falsehood. The only way you can get anything in this world is to give an equivalent for it. If you get it in any other way, you must pay the debt some time, some place. There must be entire recompense. The law of justice is exact and must be met to the uttermost farthing. This, however, is farther away. Most people think only of the immediate effects, and the immediate effects are also bad.

This is true whether you play over a green table or in a bucket shop. In the latter case you also go up against professionals, who make their living out of the business. Even if you win for a time it will lead you on to a point where you will lose more than you have won.

But suppose you are one out of a thousand and are lucky enough to win for an extended time. You are taking money that does not belong to you, money that some one else has earned, money perhaps that some innocent wife and children need to buy bread.

If you have the first spark of genuine manhood, such money will burn your pockets.

But the probability is always against your winning. And it is a path that, if followed far enough, ends in the same way. Some morning you will awaken, as did this young man, with a jail grating between you and the light.

### Where Woman Is Heroic.

The determination to do her duty at all costs inspires the society woman of today as much as it did the defenders of the British flag at Trafalgar. She goes into action with a grim resolve to dance and dine as all her friends expect. Though her back is aching, her head splitting and she knows she is grievously bored, she will heroically go through her day's programme, fortified by the consciousness of having done her duty.—Ladies' Field.

### Wounds Dressed With Burnt Straw.

At a cost of about 25 cents Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely powdered charcoal obtained by the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces. Sachets filled with it are applied to the wounds, and its antiseptic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

### Carlyle on Thackeray.

Of Thackeray Carlyle wrote: "Thackeray and his two girls were with us. I had never seen him so well before. There is a great deal of talent in him, a great deal of sensibility, irritability, sensuality, vanity without limit—and nothing or little but sentimentalism and play-actorism to guide it all with."

### Usual Thing.

Tom—That pretty Miss Wilkins seems to have quite a number of eligible young men in her train. Jack—Yes, and it's only a matter of time until there will be a smashup to that train, with only one survivor.—Illustrated Bits.

### His Invitations.

Daisy—Where my brother goes he's usually asked to call again. Dolly—He must be very popular. Daisy—No. He's a bill collector.

### Breaking Loose.

"You smoked only ten cigars on your wedding trip—that's one a day." "No. Ten on the last day."—Harper's Bazar.

### How He Saved Him.

Hewitt—That fellow saved me from bankruptcy. Jewett—How was that? Hewitt—He married the girl I was engaged to.

### An Inventive Family.

Thomas A. Edison is generally regarded as the world's greatest inventor. If a vote were taken on the proposition, he would undoubtedly receive so large a majority that the others would be in the "also ran" class. But it appears that Mr. Edison, great as he is, does not monopolize the inventive talent of the family. Mrs. Edison also shines, and not wholly by reflected light either.

Mrs. Edison's invention—if it may be called that—is both domestic and religious. She believes she has solved the problem of the husbandless church. As is well known, many husbands are compelled to forego the Sunday sermon and the Sunday Bible lesson because of domestic duties. Somebody must stay home with the children. This is particularly true of very young children. And it cannot be expected that the wife, who has the children on her hands six days in the week, should be the one to suffer from the want of the spiritual uplift. No fair minded husband will keep his wife from church. Rather will he take the burden of the household on himself temporarily.

It is a realization of this that has caused Mrs. Edison to suggest to the pastor of her church at Orange, N. J., the plan of a church nursery. This is to be located in the basement, and there will be competent nurses for babies and children who are too young to enter the Sunday school classes. Thus, while the husband and wife are permitted to hear the sermon and join in the services upstairs, they may be consoled by knowing that the other members of the family are in good hands downstairs. And only in bad weather, when it is inadvisable to take the baby from the house, will the husband be kept from church.

This plan is certainly ingenious and novel. In the recent magazine discussions on the subject of men staying away from church none of the able writers hit on this simple and apparent reason. The man stays at home to take care of the baby. It remained for a woman to announce the discovery and also to find a way out of the difficulty. Most of the masculine light shed on the subject indicated that the sermons should be improved. In Mrs. Edison's opinion this is not necessary. Provide a means of caring for the children and the problem is solved. This will also start the children going to church early in life. By all means let us have the church basement nursery.

### Pedestrians Have Rights.

The recent stoning of automobiles in New York, wanton and rowdyish as it is, does not wholly arise from the hoodlumism of the young toughs of the streets of the metropolis, but in a way is the result of the reckless driving of the machines themselves. These veritable locomotives, going frequently at railroad speed, are a menace to human life. The action of the New York boys in a way voiced a public protest against the previous lawless acts of those in charge of these juggernauts. Thus lawlessness begets lawlessness. The throwing of stones is not legitimate, but the protest is. The pedestrian has some rights that even the chauffeur is bound to respect.

The proper appeal, however, is to the courts. That this appeal can be made successfully has been demonstrated in very many instances.

The latest and the most unique lesson was that taught by Judge Salzberger of the Philadelphia common pleas court. The haughty chauffeur had merely run down a rheumatic old gentleman, not injuring him severely, but sending him to the hospital for twenty-one days for repairs. The chauffeur was arrested and taken before a magistrate, who fined him \$21 and sent him to jail for twenty-one days. On appeal being taken to the court over which Judge Salzberger presided it was contended that the penalty was too severe and that to send a gentleman to jail was an unusual punishment. But Judge Salzberger said:

The pedestrian is entitled to the freedom of the streets with reasonable assurances of safety, despite the coming of age or crippled with rheumatism he still retains the right to life and to limb, and that right must be respected. The judgment of fine and imprisonment is affirmed.

A few more such lessons as that read by the Philadelphia judge will go a long way toward abating the evil. Let the drivers of these machines be taught to abide by the law, and the public, even that portion of it represented by the New York hoodlum, will do likewise. Life must not be endangered, even for the sport of those who ride in automobiles.

What is needed above all things is a little public virtue, the consideration for others. Selfish gratification at the expense of one's fellow beings is nothing less than a crime. It should be so regarded.

### The Suicide Mania.

The papers of each day chronicle some act of self destruction. It is safe to say that only a few of the cases get into the public prints. A few weeks ago it was a Pittsburg young man who took his life because his dinner was late. A short time before that it was a western boy who had run away from home and was too proud to write back for help. Kneeling down by a railroad track, he let a freight engine pass over his bared neck.

Too horrible to reproduce, you say? No. It is part of the drama of life. It has its place and teaches its moral. The very tragedy of it may help to burn the lesson into our hearts. A young life that might have been happy and useful wrecked through weakness and a petulant whim. The training given by the world untried. The schooling of life lost. An added burden to carry by a soul. An added wrong to be expiated. A father's toil and a mother's pains and tears unrepaid. And all for what? A loss of nerve. A false egotism called pride. A weak thought that somebody would appreciate him now. A bodily machine, built up at infinite pains, broken and useless. An opportunity utterly thrown away. A soul left naked with its sense of loss and guilt.

The suicide question is one that should be faced without mincing words. It is growing too prevalent.

The old idea was that only the insane took their lives. That idea has passed out.

To perhaps every human being at some time comes the temptation of self destruction. That is the crucial test—the trial by fire. He who overcomes is better and stronger forever after. And let it be said, to the honor of the race, that ninety-nine out of a hundred—aye, more than that—do overcome. There is that much more bravery than cowardice.

Taken all in all, our lives are pretty much alike. They all have their hard places—if not in one way, then in another. The trial comes to each. The one who flees does not do so because he faces any greater discouragement than his brothers. He runs away because he lacks nerve and strength.

He is a deserter from the battle of life.

We are sent into this world to train us, to test us.

He shows himself a weakling who turns tail to a few puny circumstances. Talk about pride! The man with any

true pride would scorn to acknowledge himself beaten in any such way.

The world is here for our use in building ourselves, and he makes the poorest use of it who runs away from it.

These remarks are not aimed at the particular case in point, which is pitiful enough. That is past. Let it be covered by the mantle of charity. We speak rather to the living, who must meet the same test of fire and who should come out of the ordeal purified, refined and reinvigorated.

### Hawaiian Dirge.

All peoples scatter flowers over their dead, the bouquets being verbal as well as literal. But for linguistic blossoms, veritable roses and poppies and sunflowers of speech, commend us to the Hawaiians. Surely our newly acquired Pacific possessions are prolific in language if nothing else. Here, for example, is the lamentation over the body of a tribal queen:

"Ceasing from storm, the sea grows calm and glassy. Like a puff of wind sitting over it, so her spirit glides away to the far regions beyond Kahiki.

"She flies, averting her eyes; she fades away in the wild mists of the northland—the deep, dark, mysterious north.

"She has gone from us to the courts of Kane, treading royally the red streaked path of the rosy dawn, the misty broken road to Kanaloa. An ebbing tide flows out, laden with departing wealth. She died at the first gleam of the dawn, at the faint ending of the cut-off night.

"Oh, our beloved one! Our departed one! Our bemoaned one!

"Oh, the pain, the breaking up, the rushing of tears, the falling of the flowers scattered of grief!

"Our true liege lady was she, and I grieve. Love as to a sister is mine, yet not to a sister. Yea, a sister, chosen and separate in the Lord, born of the Holy Spirit of the one Father of us all. Thus, thus I feel that she is mine to sorrow for. The precious name, sister, is indeed ours by dear inheritance. Aha, my sister! My beloved sharer in sweet labor. Oh, my beloved! Oh, center of thought!"

It is worth while dying for a panegyric like that. It takes one back to Greece and to the primitive peoples at the dawn of the world.