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SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1922

IN THE DAY'S NEWS

Los Angeles claims to be growing more rapidly than any other city of its size in America, and every visitor to Southern California confirms the claim. The whole surrounding country is being bought up for real estate subdivisions and the lots are sold almost as rapidly as they are offered. Los Angeles' total of building permits is the second largest in the Union. But that is not all. In 1921, $280,000,000 was invested in new industries in Los Angeles and the city's yearly output of manufactured products is valued at $800,000,000. What is responsible for this tremendous growth? Herbert Cuthbert, in an article in the current number of the Oregon Journal of Commerce, says the tourist is at the bottom of it. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce, he says, states that 60 per cent of the city's permanent residents came first as tourists and later returned to found homes and industries. Oregon has more to offer the tourist than Southern California ever had. The lesson is obvious. We need to go after the tourist.

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An investigation in New York reveals the existence in that city of a vicious band of well-to-do clubmen who have specialized for years in sending to wealthy and socially prominent persons scurrilous letters that are said to have resulted in one or more suicides, the disruption of at least nine homes and incarceration in insane asylums of a number of persons. If those who are guilty of this practice can be found and convicted, they ought to be boiled in oil; ordinary punishments are far too mild for offenders of their stripe. Still, one must not overlook the fact that people whose consciences are clear and whose records are clean do not commit suicide, desert their homes or become raving maniacs upon receiving even so unpleasant a thing as a series of "poison pen" letters.

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Addressing the American Academy of Political Science at New York day before yesterday, Herbert S. Hadley, a former governor of Missouri and now professor of law in the University of Colorado, asserted that administration of criminal law, as it is today, is a disgrace to civilization. Those are strong words—all the stronger because they come from a man of Governor Hadley's standing. Yet thoughtful people are compelled to admit that he is more than half right. The average criminal trial has been more of a sporting contest between prosecutor and defender, in which each seeks to prove his case, regardless of the truth and the facts, than an honest effort to see to it that strict and impartial justice is done.

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Fire, according to the statistics of the National Fire Protection association, collects a national tax of $1000 a minute, the average total for the year in America being a half billion dollars. That is a stupendous sum. The time is not very far distant in the past when a half billion dollars was sufficient to pay all the running expenses of the government of the United States for a period of six months. Eighty per cent of this vast annual loss, the fire protection experts say, is preventable. We complain bitterly of the heavy burden of taxes, and yet by sheer carelessness we bring upon ourselves a useless tax of $400,000,000 a year. Is it any wonder we are called a heedless people?

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The assessor of Clatsop county asserts that 48 per cent of that county's taxes will be paid this year by timber, but that in 15 years there will be no timber left to tax. That statement, if true, is full of significance. It means, for one thing, that the tidewater stands where the really big lumbering operations are now being carried on, will be gone before we know it and when they are gone the lumber industry will move back in a body to the interior stands. The biggest interior stand of timber in America is located in the region of which Eugene is the commercial center. It is therefore only a matter of a short time until Eugene becomes one of the principal lumber markets of the United States. But that is not all. The Clatsop county assessor's statement points plainly to the fact that unless there is systematic reforestation the timbered counties of Western Oregon are due in a very short space of time to lose a resource that now pays a large share of their taxes.

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The other day Chief Magistrate McAdoo, of the city of New York, proposed that the federal government prohibit the sale, manufacture and use of pistols and revolvers. That is a proposal that at first sounds reasonable but upon more careful analysis is found to be faulty. Such a law would disarm the peaceable and law-abiding citizen, but would not deprive the killer of his lethal weapon—for the killer would find a way to get around the law. Crime would be promoted rather than checked by a law that disarmed the citizenry while leaving the criminal in possession of his weapon.

MALE TYRANNY AGAIN

A "reign of sex tyranny" engineered by men is on the way to hamper woman in her struggle for complete equality in business and politics. Women must join forces to fight it if they would not lose many advantages to which their enfranchisement entitles them. This warning is sounded by Mrs. Belmont, president of the National Women's party.

Mere man, it seems, is greatly alarmed by the progress which woman is making in the fields hitherto supremely his, and he is about to make one last, desperate stand for his supremacy. "Everywhere, in the line of business, the tendency is to eliminate the women in office and return to the old order of things. Women have apparently lost the advantage gained by them during the war."

It sounds dire, but there may be ameliorating features. Possibly the pendulum, after swinging markedly in the feminist direction, is taking a natural and healthy swing back to the other side, and after a bit will settle calmly to the center without any prejudicial pointing in either direction. And possibly Mrs. Belmont is unconsciously exaggerating the situation.

It takes a little time for any great reform to cease being a reform—opposed as such—and become a custom generally accepted. Setbacks are inevitable. In the meantime, with more women in public life than ever before, and with more women firmly established in business and professional life and industry, one wonders whether there is, after all, any immediate cause for alarm. But these Joan of Arcs just naturally have to listen to the voices.

THE LABOR SHORTAGE

The head of one of the biggest public employment agencies of the country says that the peak of the labor shortage was reached in April and probably the supply of labor will be equal to the demand by the middle of June. He bases his statement upon figures compiled in his own offices and consultations with leading men in finance and industry. While he speaks primarily of conditions in his own state, it probably reflects conditions generally.

As a rule the opening of summer work—navigation, building construction, road and sewer jobs, fishing, farm work, etc.—is apt to bring a temporary labor shortage in good times, because there is a sudden need for many workers, and the transition from winter activities has not been completed. After a few weeks of sifting, shifting and settling, save for a locality or an industry here and there, workers are usually plenty.

It is encouraging to hear that there are workers enough available so that industry need not be greatly impeded. It also indicates the unwisdom of letting down the immigration bars and letting in a flood of ill-assorted aliens who presently would prove superfluous.

AND STILL THEY COME

In March the automobile factories of the United States produced 346,303 automobiles, and they are still behind with their orders. Only in June of last year, when the output of 289,011 cars set a record which promised to stand for years, has this new high mark been approached. None can guess what the May and June totals will be this year.

Business began its phenomenal comeback, so far as automobile making is concerned, early in 1922. The first three months of 1923, with a production of 867,628 cars, more than doubled the record of the same period a year ago. Three million automobiles for 1923 is altogether within the bounds of possibility.

The body makers and the parts manufacturers cannot keep pace with the demand, but the manufacturers of chasses could hardly do so under the most favorable conditions. From the rural districts the demand for cars is from 50 per cent to 300 per cent greater than a year ago, while the urban prosperity, due to renewed industrial activity everywhere, is making the market broader every day.

Obviously, 1923 is to be the biggest year the business has known.

It is to be expected that it will likewise be the biggest in road building and repair.

Resolutions have been introduced in the legislatures of two Eastern states demanding the recall of Colonel George Harvey on the ground that he is pro-British. Back there that is a crime that is regarded as almost as serious as being pro-American.

The soviet government of Russia asserts that it cannot accept on ultimatum from Great Britain. That high and mighty pose reminds one of the jilted swain who tells his girl she simply can't give him the mitten.

Ninety million feet of Oregon timber was sold at Roseburg day before yesterday at an average of a little better than $2 a thousand. Oregon timber is bringing real money these days when it changes hands.

A determined fight is being waged to compel the resignation of Prohibition Commissioner Haynes. That is a fine tribute to his efficiency.

A considerable part of the sugar shortage can be traced to the "taffy" which the propagandists have been feeding to the public.

Earlier Days in Eugene

Thirty-Four Years Ago

(From the Eugene Weekly Register, May 15, 1889.)

George A. Dorris and Dr. H. F. McCornack visited in Roseburg this week.

George Colter of Montana returned this week from the Bohemia mines and brought some fine specimens of ore with him.

The frame work for the new fire bell tower is up.

Strawberry and ice cream socials are the order of the day.

The storm Monday afternoon was pretty general all along the coast. The rain fell in torrents.

A large number of disappointed Oklahoma boomers have struck Oregon.

Perry Frank dehorned about a dozen cattle for M. H. Harlow a few days ago.

The rain and wind Monday afternoon is said to have damaged hops to a considerable extent.

Charles Lauer bid in the county poor farm for a man from Ohio at $58 an acre.

The present rains are having a bad effect on the strawberry crop.

Mr. Keeney of Goshen was arrested for fast driving on the streets one day last week and was fined $5.

Word comes from George Collier that he has located on a small farm in New York and that he is engaged in making maple sugar.

Eugene will celebrate the coming fourth of July. A committee on arrangements consists of L. N. Roney, H. C. Humphrey, H. J. Day, F. W. Osburn, James Abrams and S. H. Friendly.

The I. O. O. F. have decided to erect a three-story block on Willamette street between Seventh and Eighth streets. A committee as follows has been appointed: J. J. Walton, B. F. Dorris, F. M. Wilkins, R. M. Day and J. R. Campbell.

C. N. Scott and Mr. McGuire of Portland, and C. G. Stoddard of London, officials of the narrow railroad, were here this week. They stated that in all probability the road would be extended from Coburg to Eugene but how soon they could not tell. They said they have no intention of extending the road to Springfield.

Nineteen Years Ago

(From the Morning Register, May 13, 1904.)

Roseburg defeated the Eugene Blues yesterday, 5 to 2.

Eugene high school yesterday defeated the Drain normal baseball team by a score of 9 to 2.

With the red blood flowing from a shattered leg, caused by the accidental discharge of a revolver, Orville Waller, son of Mrs. Olive Waller of this city, dragged himself up one mile and a half of rugged mountain slope to the Lucky Boy camp. The accident happened Wednesday night about 9 o'clock. Orville is nightwatch for the Lucky Boy mine. In the investigation of a noise nearby he stumbled and fell and dropped his revolver.

Fern Ridge item: Fred Stickels was at his home here over Sunday.

L. Zimmerman, president of the Lucky Boy Mining company, is at the Smeed.

The annual business meeting of the Eugene country club was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dearborn. Professor C. A. Burden was re-elected president of the club; Attorney H. W. Thompson, vice-president; R. H. Dearborn, secretary, and W. W. Brown, treasurer.

Farmers of Fern Ridge are busy shearing sheep.

Creswell item: The Misses Bertha Rippy, M. E. Adams, Buela Martin, Clara Sly, Lizzie Bennett, Gertrude Grousback, Genevieve Howe and Professor E. R. Parker are attending the teachers' institute in Eugene this week.

AID CHILDREN'S HOME PLEA

Eugene to Be Asked this Week to Share in Promoting Splendid Work

EUGENE, Ore., May 12.—(To the Editor).—It was a very sad day when the mother of six children died, leaving the father, just one of the ordinary wage-earners, to care for them. The eldest was eleven.

The father, thinking that he would keep his little band together, undertook to keep house during his out-of-work hours together with the help of the older children. It soon became apparent that this would be impossible, yet his income would not pay the bills and also pay for a housekeeper.

Something had to be done some way to provide the proper care for the children—but what? That was the query.

Although institutions were prepared to care for the deaf, blind, tubercular, feeble-minded, insane or criminals, as yet no provision was made to care for the healthy, bright, intelligent, normal children who had no home or anyone to care for them.

Only the Roman Catholic church had made any provision for orphans. Being a Protestant, the father disliked to send his children there. A family agreed to take and adopt the two older children, provided the father relinquished all claims and rights to them.

This he did willingly, for the good of the children, although it almost broke his heart to part with them. But what of the other four? Since there was no Protestant provision for unplaceable homeless children, the only thing left for him to do was to send to the Catholic homes, so there they went.

The W. C. T. U. of the state of Oregon, realizing this great need, began about two years ago to plan for a children's farm home and this plan is now being realized. Two hundred and forty-five acres of fine river bottom land, three and a half miles northwest of Corvallis, was purchased and the task of financing began.

The plan to be followed was to build a series of sixteen cottages, each to house twenty children and the house mother or family, in the case of the boys' cottages, each family to be a complete home, with a family living room, dining room, and kitchen, besides sleeping quarters for the children and "mother."

One of these cottages is now nearing completion and will probably be ready for the children by the first of June, the second is on the way and will probably be ready for use some time the latter part of June or first of July. The third cottage is about in sight, that is, no cottage is begun until the money is on hand to pay for the buildings. With the effort that are now being put forth in several places to raise the money it is hoped the third cottage can can be soon contracted and began.

The campaign for Eugene's share in this work will be launched this coming week. Be ready to do your share to help those who cannot help themselves, by a prompt and kindly reception to the solicitors from the Eugene committee when they call. You will do a service to your God, your country, and to the helpless and a great satisfaction to yourself.

Any information desired about the home or the campaign can be obtained at the office in the second floor of the Y. M. C. A. building.

ONE WHO CARES.

Happy Thought

We are about to become a happier people through the use of two agencies which are available—the extension and the center. In the olden days a college professor was occasionally rent out on a circuit. That was called "university extension," but it has no such limits now. The univers-ities are becoming more univers-al. They are now really reaching afar into every nook and cranny of their dominion and are providing every known kind of aid and betterment, not only in the line of learning, but teaching us how to make more money and even how to play more merrily. By applying to the nearest university we may now get material for a club paper, a phonograph record for a folk dance, suggestions as to what play the church aid society shall dramatize, information as to the latest bug pest, lantern slides and a lecture, a demonstration in budget making either for the home or the community, and if you can suggest anything else worth while they will probably get it for you if they haven't it on hand.'

Then, too, there is the community center, established in our very midst, which reaches out to the individual and tries to make all these things available for every member of the neighborhood. This is but a further demonstration that we are the people and this is our government and we are just learning to make ourselves serve ourselves.

SIX YEARS TO MAKE GOWN

Gorgeous Wedding Gowns Necessity in the Dutch East Indies

On the island of Madura, in the Dutch Easct Indies, the girls marry when they are very young. Twelve years is the average when a girl takes on the responsibilities of making a home. In fact, if she were unmarried at fourteen she would be considered an "old maid." The bridal gown is a very complicated, gorgeous and valuable garment, hand-woven silk being the base of the wedding dress. This is only the start.

After this beautiful material has been woven there comes the tedious, fine work of embroidery, observes the Detroit News. Thousands of tiny stitches are taken and the most beautiful colors are worked into the silk. Even when the gown is at this stage of construction it is quite a gorgeous and imposing affair. But the final decoration has not been started yet.

Now comes the gold which is added. Into the skirt, around the waist and over the shoulders are appliqued very beautifully, filigree designs of hand-beaten gold.

In Madura it takes many a mother all the spare hours of six years to make one of these gorgeous wedding dresses.

Glimpses of Washington

New Legislators Advised
Don't Work Too Hard
Favors Often Costly
Reed Brags of War Work

By Elizabeth Gale Poindexter
(Wife of the Ambassador to Peru)

Here is a word to the senators and representatives who will come to Washington next fall to take up their duties in the new congress: Don't work too hard for your constituents!

It has been my observation that those who have given the best of themselves to their states have fared worse than the ones who made the folks at home think that what they were trying to do was a very difficult job. I find, too, that the best friends of the members are not the ones for whom the members have done most.

There is a historic anecdote that the late famous leader of the Republican party in New York state, Senator Platt, was told, on one occasion, that one of his constituents was especially bitter in opposing him for re-election.

The senator expressed surprise, and said, "That's odd. I don't remember ever having done him a favor."

The distinguished New York senator expressed in this brief sentence one of the well-known curiosities of political psychology. It is a very common experience that for some strange reason often the most bitter political opponents are those who have received the most favors.

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One of many such incidents which occurred in the experience of Senator Poindexter arose out of the location of the government railroad in Alaska. One of his constituents was particularly interested in having the road run from the town of Seward, on the Pacific, through Broad Pass to the Yukon. At that particular time, 1913, on the incoming of the Wilson administration, a great deal of favor was being shown by the new administration to the Progressive Republicans who had supported Roosevelt in 1912.

By reason of this friendly relation, Senator Poindexter had an opportunity to present convincingly to the President the advantages of the Seward-Susitna-Fairbanks route. He wrote an elaborate letter to the President, setting forth those advantages. Very largely as a result of these efforts the President became familiar with the strategic advantages of this locality as the key to the transportation problem of Alaska, and under the authority imposed upon him by congress, he designated this as the location of the new government railroad. Incidentally, it happened that this was a very great advantage to the constituent referred to, who was largely interested in that part of Alaska.

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Perhaps on account of this service which has been rendered to his section of Alaska and incidentally to him, this individual became one of the most active and virulent opponents of the senator when he came up for re-election.

Now a few words to the home folks who elect the congressmen. It won't be long before congress meets again, and this is the time to decide what you want when it does meet and how you are going to get it.

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There are various blocs in congress, in being or in prospect, and the latest indications are that there will be a strong soldier bloc in the coming session. Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, never fails to tell the world of his services in the great war, and he is a firm advocate of legislation to benefit the world-war veterans.

From my own experience in more than a decade of Washington life, during which time I have been in close touch with what has gone on in house and senate, I feel that fewer bills ought to be introduced. There ought to be some means of stopping at the source a whole raft of measures that haven't a chance to get through. That deluge of proposed legislation only serves to clog the wheels, and as a result, year after year, there is a tremendous jam in the last few days of congress, with important bills either rushed through without debate and with scant consideration, or failing of passage for lack of time to think about them. It is safe to say that half the members of congress don't know what most of the bills are about; they can't, because they have to take them on faith.

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I remember once during the last congress how Senator Harreld became displeased with something that had occurred in the upper chamber, and he decided to play the part of an obstructionist for a time thereafter. We would prevent the consideration of bills, and he literally stopped the show, as they say in vaudeville.

One bill that his colleagues thought meritorious fell by the wayside, along with some others, and one of his closest friends went over to remonstrate with him.

"Well, if you want it to go through, I'll let it," Harreld decided, and the bill went through. But the incident illustrates the need for a more flexible machinery than the senate has at present. The folks at home ought to consider whether they want meritorious bills held back by personal grudges of partisanship, and whether they want ill-considered legislation to go whooping through simply because there has been delay and dallying. The members of the new congress can very well consider these things too. Careful planning of their work will do as much as anything to relieve the present perennial troubles.

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Some of the folks back home might think about the loss of prestige their states are going to suffer because they have elected new men to important places instead of men who had reached high positions on the most important committees. Think, for example, of North Dakota. Senator McCumber had just reached the chairmanship of the finance committee; now the state will lose that place, when congress assembles in December. Senators Townsend, Frelinghuysen and Poindexter were others who had reached very important committee places.

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I think the country generally has a very vague idea of what these positions mean. They are among the most important in the administration. Bills have to be considered in the committees because they can't possibly be put up to the whole house, and the committee's judgment has to be taken on most of them. The chairman of a committee is in a position to do a great deal, and his power means a good deal to his state. The new men who will come in, of course, cannot take the places of the men they defeat. Instead, they start in with minor places on the committees to which they are assigned, and work up to positions of prominence.

But there is a very vague idea generally about our institutions. I recall sitting one day in the senate gallery beside an intelligent young woman who was a teacher in a high school. But she didn't know whether my state had as many senators as New York. I was amazed when she asked me.

Patronage, of course, is always important in politics. Many thought that with the passing of Penrose, Pennsylvania would be doomed so far as patronage went, but from the list of those who have been appointed to offices of importance it would look as though the two senators now representing the Keystone state have quite as much influence as Penrose had with the administration.

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Moore, of Pittsburgh, is named ambassador to Tokio, and Fletcher to Belgium. Secretary Mellon and Secretary Davis, of course, are both Pennsylvanians, and Work, though accredited to the West, was born there. A very good representation in the cabinet!

But for all that, some of the faithful from Pennsylvania have failed to land anything.

Patronage, of course, does not apply—theoretically at least—to jobs under the civil service, and there is a governmental problem of the first magnitude. The reclassification law, of course, has been given its chance to work at last, after years of trying to push it through, and it will be interesting to see whether the efficiency of the government clerks increases or declines under it.

If the government is to start off right it should have the best personnel administration system it can find. The civil service commission should try to get the most expert advice possible from corporation personnel department officials; no doubt many of them would be glad to come here and help.

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The civil service is a long way from perfection. Transfer of "round pegs in square holes" to places more suited to their talents might be greatly facilitated; now it is mostly a matter of chance, or persistent job-hunting. In fact, the whole organization of the civil service is the result of a hit-or-miss growth, rather than scientific planning, and it is about time something was done to give Uncle Sam the best results from his human resources.

I wonder what faces us when congress meets again? Probably efforts will be renewed to amend the constitution. I am glad they had so little success last year; it seems to me that the constitution has had altogether too many liberties taken with it of late. We have certainly had a great deal of trouble over one amendment, and who can say that the others might not be more harmful than beneficial?

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I am also curious to know how John Sharp Williams, now out of congress for the first time in many years, is enjoying himself at home with his books and flowers, and listening to the sweet strains of the mocking birds at the close of the day. In one of his final orations in the senate, it may be recalled, he said that his principal regret was not in leaving his colleagues, but in saying bood-bye to one of the doormen, to whom he paid a touching tribute. The doorman who, I am informed, was prior to his election to that office a bartender, made an equally touching response.

Raising Babies in Africa

Beer Fed to Infans
One Bath Does Lifetime
Teeth Knocked Out with Ax
Marriageable Girls Fattened

Bringing with him fascinating stories of far-off northern Rhodesia, where hyenas laugh in the jungle, and girls are fattened for marriage, and tooth brushes grow wild in the woods, Rev. J. R. Fell of the Native Training Institute on Clixby estate, Kafue, reached the United States recently. "An ancient land, where only children live," was his description of Rhodesia.

In this ancient land on the uttermost edge of civilization, 1008 miles beyond Cape Town, Dr. Fell is putting into practice the latest up-to-date methods of child health, as they are formulated by the American Child Health association, recently organized with Herbert Hoover as president. In Kafue, almost the diameter of the world away, small black Rhodesians are playing the health game advocated by Miss Sally Lucas Jean, director of the health education department of the association. The institute of which Dr. Fell is head, is a training school for teachers and graduates from it go back to remote native villages to teach sanitation, hygiene, agriculture and education at large, to a population decidedly in need of such training.

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"About 75 per cent of the Rhodesian babies die before they are two years old," Dr. Fell said. "This includes those whose parents assist them to an early decease to keep them from growing up to be a disgrace to the tribe. In America you sometimes ask, 'Why did his parents let him live.' In Rhodesia they often don't.

"If baby's lower tooth happens to come first instead of the upper ones which are scheduled to make a first appearance, the Rhodesian parent understands that the spirits are vexed with the child and make way with him. Only one of a pair of twins is usually permitted to live. 'A hyena got the other one,' the mother casually says when you inquire after its whereabouts."

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Dr. Fell is also laboring to introduce diet reform for infants and children in Rhodesia. Babies there are nursed until they are three years old, but they do not live by milk alone. They are given beer in earliest infancy, and smoke pipes at the age of two years. After three, they eat whatever their elders do, except that eggs, which are supposed to contain a poison, are not given them. The Rhodesians eat whatever they are able to kill in the hunt, and field mice, frogs and crocodiles.

"Some of the more fastidious decline crocodile meat," Dr. Fell reported. "Also each clan is named after an animal and that clan does not eat the animal after which it is named. They have plenty of chickens, but do not consider them good to eat."

Due to Dr. Fell's efforts, mothers are now feeding their babies cereal in Rhodesia. It is a stiff porridge eaten with the fingers, it is true, and with sour milk instead of sweet, but it has excellent nutritive value, and is far better for the youngster than crocodile. He is also trying to teach mothers to feed their infants regularly, by the sun—there aren't any clocks in Rhodesian villages.

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One of his hardest jobs is to teach them to bathe. Generally, in Rhodesia, the newborn infant is given a bath, the last he is ever to receive. For the rest of his life he will perform his duty to society by anointing himself with rancid oil and plastering himself with red clay. His style in hairdressing is hardly more sanitary. It consists in arranging the hair in thick crest on the top of the head, plastering it with clay or beeswax, in a sugar loaf shape, and studding it with brass nails. Male vanity makes Rhodesian men insist that their wives shave their heads and turn their hair over to their husbands to plaster with their own.

"My insistence upon a morning and an evening bath in the river caused general consternation at first," Dr. Fell reported. "Sampson didn't cling to his hair half so loyally as the Rhodesians did when I tried to get them to cut it. They had never even heard of washing their teeth. We raise our tooth brushes. They are made of a fibrous plant, with one end flattened to serve as a handle. The Rhodesians in our training institute proudly wear their tooth brushes in their belts along with their spears."

In advancing child health, Dr. Fell is struggling to make the Rhodesians give up their custom of removing from four to six incisors, or upper teeth, which they do as soon as the upper teeth have appeared. This is done with an ax, while solicitous relatives hold the young Rhodesian in place. If they neglect to do it, they believe that the boy will be shamed before his tribe, and that the girl will never attain to matrimony.

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Everybody wants to get married in Rhodesia. The Rhodesian believes that his spirit will remain alive only so long as his children and his children's children bring food to his grave. It is therefore essential for him to marry early in life, and have plenty of children.

"The ambitious young Rhodesian aspires to marry the fattest girl in the village," related Dr. Fell. "Fatness is their ideal of beauty. Three months before she is married the girl goes to what is known as the fattening hut, ceases to take any exercise and eats as much as she can force herself to eat. After she is married, it does not matter about her looks, she shaves her head, forgets about avoirdupois, and in general is careless about her appearance. Her name is changed as often as a new baby is born, since she is known merely as the mother of so-and-so — whoever happens to be the latest child."

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Dr. Fell not only teaches up-to-date health, but agriculture, health, hygiene and education at large, to an average class of 100 young men, many of whom have brought their wives and children with them, on the 4000 acres of the Clixby estate. When these students are graduated, they return to their villages, establish schools and pass their knowledge to the Rhodesian population. They are also taught how to give simple medical advice.

"I am the only doctor in that part of Rhodesia, except the witch doctors," he said. "When a patient falls ill, the witch doctor is called, and tells him what enemy is responsible for his sickness. If it is a living person, the mischief maker is fined, perhaps as high as six goats. If the illness is caused by a malignant spirit, an effort to appease the spirit, with an offering of a sheep or a goat. If the patient does not improve, the Rhodesians give the angry spirit a party, assembling the clan with beer and with meat at its grave."

Boracic acid, given by Dr. Fell to the Rhodesians for eye trouble, a common complaint, is sometimes sprinkled on the gave of the spirit. Cameras are greatly feared, as the Rhodesians believe that the photographer is trying to take their spirit.

HAVE ENDURANCE AND SPEED

Birds of Gull Family Keep Going Longer Than Any Other Creature

A small party of savants and almost savants at a university club luncheon debated this conundrum, according to "Girard" in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

What living creature can go a hundred miles in shortest time?

One big-game hunter said certain kinds of deer. He was contradicted by another, who declared a wolfhound could run any deer to death in 50 miles.

A man recently drove seven such hounds 100 miles in less than 14 hours.

The horsey gentleman present mentioned that "Man o' War" could go a mile faster than any other living animal.

"But he couldn't go ten miles as fast as some birds," was the rejoinder of another.

Kangaroos leap more than 60 feet, but the slightly-built wild pigeon could cover 500 miles in a day.

"Then up spoke a scientist: "You now see our airplanes traveling faster than anything on wheels or afloat. Well, it copied the bird, which can, little though it be, go faster and farther in a day than any other living creature."

Birds of the gull family, which fly over great spaces of water, can, he insisted, keep going longer without stop or rest than any other known creature. What a heart!

Matching Wits

A California and a New Englander were matching stories.

"Why," said the Californian, "we grow cabbage so big that an army of soldiers can camp under one."

"That's nothing," said the New Englander, "we make copper kettles so big that a thousand men can be riveting one and yet be so far apart they can't hear each other hammer."

"Go on," said the Californian, "what would anyone use a kettle of that size for?"

"Why, to boil your California cabbage in," said the New Englander.—Boston Globe.

The Office Cat
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A man named Button had and the question as to what should be was being discussed. epitaph decided upon was: "Button, Button—Who's got the button?"

An optimist is a man who misses an opportunity to grab gold brick.

Throw the books into your neighbor's yard of into the other fellow's.

As we understand it, Mr. Harding decided to run for President certain about the ticket.

A cook says the addition of lemon will improve coffee. Adding house coffee the addition of coffee will improve it.

In the spring a young man turns to thoughts of—baby.

The undertaker is about the only who can successfully wait for dead.

Back in 1920, Arnold Bennett said that the flapper "should be drowned unheard." Good! We hear a flapper and not hear her.

It's a great world—everybody gets a chance.

The bloom of youth is gone when it blooms a little more on one cheek than on the other.

Aunt Het says: "When a man begins to talk about his liver he's about tired of sausage again."

John D. Rockefeller says he is lubricant equal to courtesy.

Indian, upon hearing of Volstead act: "Ugh, canned white man."

Every actor believes in the theory—"Every day I am getting better."

NON SKID

Married—At the M. E. parsonage, Thursday evening, Miss Skidder to Charles P. Rubber, both of Norton, Neb., Gazette.

About the best after dinner speech generally hears is the bill.

Bandits are beating the game at the task of breaking up the side parties.

A druggist advertisement: "If you don't use our soap, then for sake use our perfumes."

The girl who says she is married to an old maid is merely trying to get a boy to coax her to change her name.

Once you're in you wonder why you hesitated so long before taking the plunge.

PLAYED JOKE ON

Woman Official Admits Considerably Upset

Miss Laurel Thayer, a police officer attached to the municipal city court, had a real joke played on her the other day. She was in charge of a prisoner to the courtroom and left her custody for a few minutes while Judge Delbert O. Wilson entered the courtroom to relieve the judge, leaving the prisoner in the hall, within her sight but behind her. Lillian Jackson, a matron, who takes a delight in practicing jokes, was quick to see an opportunity. She removed the prisoner to her office, which was adjacent to the courtroom. When Miss Thayer turned to take her prisoner, the prisoner was not there. She rushed into the hallway and encountered a policeman who had observed the incident. He had been the conspiracy by the matron. Thayer down the hall toward the exit.

Miss Thayer said later she was at the door and in her car in a few jumps. The prisoner was not to be seen. A few minutes later passersby were surprised to see the police-station employes and a dozen of policemen, directed by the excited woman, in another chase. A cordon of police surrounded the station. Then there was consternation.—Indianapolis News.

SHELVES OF BOOKS IN WALLS OF FAME

(Continued from page 1)

had become a memory but he was faithful to baseball. Soon his interest to the American game followed the Red Sox at great expense on many trips to the circuit and on many of the training tours. He became known throughout the country as Red McGeevey, grand chief of rooters' row." At last the Sox manager recognized his loyalty by giving him a uniform and a regular contract as a "utility" player."

Sports Trophies Covered Walls

Baseballs, bats, photographs of baseball heroes and other trophies covered walls and ceiling of the bar-room. The electric lights in frosted globes made in the form of baseballs, were suspended from the ceiling by bats which had been used by such historic figures as Cy Young, Freddie Parent, Nap Lajoie, Buck Freeman and Mike Kelly. The grandfather clock in the rear of the room had for a pendulum, weighted with a baseball.

The building of Brave's fortunes, the later advent of prohibition, saved Mr. McGeevey's activities in old lines, and now he is confined to the premises to the management of his interests. The room has been fitted with bookcases and is plenty of room. The bar and rail are comfortable for chairs and chairs.

The first pitcher of the Braves under the new regime was a locomotive fireman who had taken back a book about radio which he had borrowed from the library headquarters of the library here asked for a book on astronomy.

LIFE'S LOVELINESS

I have loved autumn
Beyond far hills
And music of a distant bell
The murmur of incoming tide
spills
Its fairness on pale moonlit
eerie call
Of white gulls winging through
windy mist
Laden with scent of salt of
the sea;
I have loved valleys veiled in
thyst;
The opening of spring's
one;
Yet I have seen this
caught up
Into one perfect flower of
hue;
Beauty and laughter held
ed cup
Since all life's loveliness
turned to you.

Elizabeth Scollard in
York Herald.