

OREGON NEWS ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers.

A \$150,000 tourist hotel will be built in Eugene early next year, according to Glenn B. Hite of Portland, one of the promoters.

As a result of serious slides occurring south of Seaside on the Oregon coast highway the road will be widened to 40 feet.

The senior class of Cottage Grove high school will manage the annual sale of Christmas seal health stamps, this year. The sale is to be managed as a project in the high school citizenship contest. The quota is \$150 for Cottage Grove.

Oscar Wigle, 3, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar P. Wigle, was killed at Silverton when a tree fell on him. His father and two older brothers were felling the tree which crashed unexpectedly and caught the child as he was running to his father.

Two pine beetle control crews are still at work in central Oregon, near Fox Butte and in the vicinity of the Embury mill, despite the fact that the ground is covered with two feet of snow. Insect-infested trees are being cut down and the bark is burned.

The sign ordered by the city council last month has been set in place at the intersection of Pacific highway and the highway leading into Gervais. It stands about 10 feet from the ground and the word "Gervais," with an arrow pointing the way into town, are the only inscriptions thereon.

Inaugurating a new deal in connection with the Pendleton Round-up the stockholders have voted for the appointment of a special committee to handle the underwriting of the 1931 show and to seek the co-operation of hotels, restaurants and auto camps in connection with prices charged visitors.

Establishment of a lifesaving station at Nelly's cove, near Port Orford, is recommended in the appropriation bill of the treasury department which was introduced in the house recently. It would be one of the most expensive stations in the country, owing to the physical characteristics of the coast near Port Orford.

Almost two and one-half million dollars is recommended by the chief of engineers for improvement of Oregon rivers and harbors in the coming fiscal year. Figures contained in his annual report were announced and on these figures is based the allotment of funds to be appropriated in lump sum by congress.

Salmon washed out of the ocean by waves and washed back by the next wave were observed by Eugene men at Hecla. The salmon were attempting to enter a small creek which is the outlet of a lake and while some of them were successful others did not strike the channel and were tossed about by the waves.

Convinced it has developed a valuable new strawberry variety destined to become important in this state, the Oregon experiment station through C. E. Schuster, ex-pomologist, has applied for a public service plant patent on the Corvallis strawberry, the name given to a hybrid developed there from seed. The new strawberry is a cross between the Ettersburg No. 121 and the well-known Marshall variety.

Bent grass, one of Coos county's best products, will appear on the municipal airport next spring, and then the new field will be in readiness for general use. Rex Brattain, aviator, and Austin Titus of the local airport committee, have seeded the area from a low-flying plane, and owing to absence of wind, were remarkably successful, the seed settling down on the soft soil in a most satisfactory manner.

Only four of the 15 constitutional amendments and measures referred to the voters at the recent general election were approved, according to the official count of the returns completed by the secretary of state. These included the repeal of interest guarantee on irrigation district bonds, state income tax, people's water utility district amendment, and enabling act for the filling of vacancies in the legislature.

A gruesome relic, the history of which harks back to the days of the battles of the Indians and the white men on the Rogue river, was unearthed recently at Blossom above Gold Beach. While men were building a trail to a mine their picks uncovered a human skull in which an Indian arrow was imbedded in the bone at the back of the mouth. The skull apparently was that of a white man who probably had incurred the enmity of the Indians before they had firearms.

Charlie Allen, cafe owner of Astoria, wanted to remove some varnish. He bought a can of remover, opened it and a cigarette. The varnish was removed, but when firemen arrived there was little left to cool off, except Allen.

Employees of the Salem street department, with the exception of the superintendent and foreman, will work four hours per day until the present business depression is relieved, according to a resolution adopted by the council.

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DOCTOR SHOTS MAN, OPERATES TO SAVE HIS LIFE

Bullet Stops Male Nurse at Girl Patient's Hospital Room.

Carthage, Mo.—In the white stillness of the operating room, three surgeons are fighting desperately to save a life.

On the operating table lies a man, grievously wounded by a bullet. The operating surgeon is working with the swift but unhurried efficiency which comes of his training. The operating surgeon's eyes behind the surgical mask are those of a young man. They do not waver from the task before them except at rare instances when they gaze into the eyes of the other two surgeons; those of elderly men. A nod of the head is the only answer.

Not a Word Spoken. Not a word passes; a motion from the operating surgeon and a white-clad nurse hands him a fresh instrument or an antiseptic.

The younger surgeon is Dr. W. B. Chapman; one of the others is Dr. U. S. Chapman, his father, and the third is Dr. K. E. Baker. The man on the operating table is Bernard Grider.

Only a few minutes before the younger Chapman and Grider stood



Pitted His Skill Against Death.

face to face in the corridor of the Chapman hospital.

Grider, a registered nurse, graduate of Bellevue hospital, New York, and more recently an attendant in the Cook County hospital in Chicago, had attempted to force his way into the rooms of Miss Inogene Woodfill.

Grider had demanded money and Miss Woodfill fled to Doctor Chapman for help. The surgeon ordered Grider to leave, enforcing his demand with a revolver.

The man refused, lunged at the surgeon, and tried to grab the gun. There was a flash, a sharp report, and Grider fell, shot in the abdomen.

An Emergency Operation. Doctor Chapman summoned his father and Doctor Baker. An emergency operation was imperative. An ambulance conveyed the wounded man to McCune-Brooks hospital, where the younger Chapman pitted his skill against death, brought near by the bullet he had fired.

The surgeon lost the battle. Three hours after the operation Grider was dead.

Divorced Couple Kill Each Other in Fight

Szentos, Hungary.—Mr. and Mrs. Teal Fekete were divorced a few months ago. Ever since the hatred between the two, or rather between Mr. Teal Fekete and the family of his former wife increased.

Ex-husband and ex-wife happened to meet in the courtyard of the small farm Mr. Fekete owned. The result of the battle between the husband and the former wife was: both dead.

First, Fekete took an iron rod and knocked his former wife down. Her brother and mother came to her rescue. Both were knocked down, but during the fight Fekete was also knocked down. The four fighters were lying on the floor when the wife with a last effort crawled close to Fekete and stabbed him to death. A few moments afterwards, she, too, died.

Boy, 3, Accidentally Shoots Mother to Death

Sault, Ste. Marie, Ont.—Shot through the heart by a revolver in the hands of her three-year-old son, Bruce, Mrs. M. R. Clark, thirty-seven, wife of Roy Clark, former provincial constable, was instantly killed.

The shooting, entirely accidental, occurred when the mother attempted to take the weapon from the child. The gun had been left on the mantel shelf, and Bruce had apparently climbed on a chair and taken it to play with.

Pilots Burn to Death

Calgary, Alta.—Irwin Hinkler, twenty-two, and Harry Menard, twenty-three, were burned to death when a home-made plane in which they were flying crashed to earth in a pasture near Calgary.

If rubber rollers of a wringing machine become sticky, as is often the case with wringing flannels, rub them with a rag moistened with paraffin, wipe dry and they will be equal to new.

To remove the smell of fish from frying pan, fill the pan with cold water, put in a good handful of old tea leaves, and let it come to a boil. This is much better than soda, and is more economical.

Heroine of Revolt Sent to Asylum

Los Angeles.—The woman who once rode at the head of a band of Mexican Amazons in the revolution which overthrew President Diaz, of Mexico, was committed to the Patton state hospital for the insane.

She is Mrs. Dolly Hall, fifty-six years old, the mother of eight children.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. Hall followed the revolutionary, Francisco I. Madero, for seven months as the leader of a regiment of women warriors, according to her husband, George Hall.

FISH, NOT ANGLER, HAS ALL THE LUCK

While Ephraim Gets Wet and Loses His Bait.

Chicago.—Ephraim S. Noble, 6308 South Marshallfield avenue, a disciple of Walton, was pursuing his occupation recently at Roosevelt road and the lake, his fish line dangling from a ten-foot pole and a handsome red, white, and blue cork lazily riding the waves. Mr. Noble was perched atop a lofty piling, in the manner of Silsemon of Stylites on his pillar, serenely puffing his pipe, he being a patient man, and contemplative.

So immersed, in fact, was Mr. Noble in his occupation that he was unaware of a commotion on the shore immediately north of him, behind an old wharf. Michael Welsner, fifty-three years old, an old clothes peddler, had been stopped by two men while taking a stroll.

"Where's your dough?" the pair asked Mr. Welsner.

"I haven't any," he answered. "They searched these shores. In an inside coat pocket they found \$64. 'So you lied to us,' they chorused, and lifting him, feet and hands, with a couple of hefty swings they tossed him into the lake."

Mr. Noble, as has been said, did not hear the commotion, but presently the red, white, and blue cork lunged and the German silver reel fairly sang as the line ran out. Mr. Noble dropped his pipe and seized the pole. He began wondering about those stories he had heard of whales and sea lions occasionally visiting these shores.

There was a mighty splashing in the waters at Mr. Noble's feet. No, it wasn't a whale. A whale didn't wear a derby hat. Neither was it a sea lion, for a sea lion has fins and it barks. The fellow was gesticulating with upturned palms and he had a human voice. He was yelling "Help!"

It was Mr. Welsner that Mr. Noble had caught. Mr. Noble slid down the piling, waded out to his chin, extended his right arm, which he caught eagerly clutched, and hauled Mr. Welsner in. The South State street police were called, and both men hurried to shelter, undressed, towed, and sat by an electric heater to dry.

"You saved my life," said Mr. Welsner to Mr. Noble.

"Yeah, and I lost my caterpillar," said Mr. Noble to Mr. Welsner.

Misplaced Word Jails Suspect in Extortion

Whittier, Calif.—One misplaced word sent Charles W. Perkins, forty-nine, to jail charged with attempted extortion in threatening death to J. S. Baker, wealthy Whittier and Norwalk oil man, and his family.

The letters, which demanded a "loan" of small sums and warned Baker he would be wiped out in an explosion if he refused, said that it would be "heathier" for him to obey.

Arrested in Long Beach when he called at the post office for a decoy letter, Perkins was told to write a sentence containing the word "heathier"—and mislabeled it in the same way. Confronted with this, according to Deputy Sheriff W. G. Wigginton and Harry West, Perkins confessed, at first declaring that he demanded the money for his "starving wife and babies," and later admitting that his wife was dead and he had no family.

Boys Start Fire to Get Worm Patch Sprinkled

Memomine, Mich.—The following ably demonstrates the ingenuity of this modern young generation.

Fully cognizant of the fact that fishworms burrow deep into the ground during a drought, boys in this vicinity are believed to have set fire, deliberately, to the grass in the surrounding regions, knowing, in turn, that firemen would sprinkle large quantities of water on the burning region.

This, incidentally, soaks the ground, the worms come closer to the surface, and the boys experience little difficulty in securing them for fishing bait.

Youths Rob for Fun

St. Clairsville, Ohio.—"We didn't need the money but did it for fun," Charles Campbell, twenty-three years old, and Emmett Kaiser, twenty, told authorities when they pleaded guilty of robbing Vernon Jones, seventy-five, of \$16 and nearly causing his death.

Steals From Needy

Memphis, Tenn.—A thief broke into a doll house sponsored by Le Bonheur club, a charitable organization formed by society women as a means of raising funds for work among underprivileged children, and stole toys and novelties valued at \$100.

Healthy "Good Night"

Parents should not lightly estimate the value of "good night" for the child, as, properly said, it brings with it a comforting assurance of security and love, both essential factors to the best health.—Woman's Home Companion.

When starting to serve a thirty-day term in jail for possessing liquor, Mrs. Bernice Florence of Plymouth, Ind., requested a rocking chair and a pillow.

LIGHTS of NEW YORK

All a person need do to get a liberal education in "rackets" is to walk up and down such New York streets as Broadway and Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues. Somewhere between Thirty-fourth street and Fifty-ninth, you will find most of them. Almost all carry the air of legitimate business.

There are, for example, the "moving sales," and the auctions. The goods in these cheap auction places are often as announced, but the customers do not buy them cheap. Then there are the sidewalk peddlers, although they usually are around the corner on the side streets. There was one who did business in "a watch, guaranteed to keep going as long as you carried it." That is just about what it did. It kept going as long as you kept walking. It was a toy watch.

One frequent stunt is to hire a vacant store for a week and put on what is really an old-fashioned medicine show. In these places the flag always is an important decoration. Lectures are delivered on the subject of building up the health of the country. Then health books are sold.

One of the best park views in New York is from the office of Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Glanis. The office is situated high above the center-field gate with windows fronting on the ball field. Below it stretches the green carpet, carefully smoothed and tended by the ground-keeper, and the heights of Coogan's Bluff rise behind the seemingly distant grandstand. It is a great situation; especially when there is a football game in progress and snow in the air. But into each life some rain must fall; they say the roof leaks.

Della J. Akeley recently received a letter from the king of northern Uganda. There is nothing remarkable in this, as Mrs. Akeley is on friendly terms with many African rulers. The remarkable thing is that the letter was written on a typewriter.

The record for continuous playing on Broadway is held, as far as I know, by James C. Lane. In the past dozen years, he has played Broadway about 5,600 performances. Lane started with John Golden in "Turn to the Right" after that he played four years in "Lightnin'" and has played in almost all Golden shows since. He never has failed to make good in a part. John Golden claims that, given a character part, Lane becomes the character. He played a bartender and every time you saw him, you smelt liquor. His last part is that of a doctor and he no sooner comes on the stage than the audience gets a faint odor of iodine.

When Lane isn't acting, he works around the Golden offices. The first time, years ago, that Golden found Lane fixing up his desk and straightening things in his private office, he asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," said Lane, "I just like to put things in order."

"How much do you want to do this job?" inquired Golden.

"Nothing," said Lane.

"You're hired," said Golden.

And Lane has been keeping things in order ever since. Golden says he plays that part so well that while he is working around the office he smells of ink. He is a good actor, in any character.

William F. Carey, president of Madison Square Garden, has, like the rest of us, his peculiarities. Among other things, he might mention, he never carries any money in his pocket. There really is no reason he should. He generally travels around in his own car and his credit is good everywhere, except in the subway and pay telephone booths. For these emergencies I have known him to borrow a nickel.

Living near Central park, Carey has a habit of walking through it each morning and having his car meet him at a lower entrance. Then he is driven to his office. The other morning, on his usual walk, he noticed sitting on a bench, one whom he described as the most mournful looking little colored girl he ever saw. So impressed was he by her woe-begone appearance that he turned back, went through his pockets and handed her 22 cents.

"Thank you, mister," she said and then added hopefully, "You couldn't make it half a dollar, could you?"

"I'd like to," said Carey, "and I would, but honest, that's every last cent I've got."

The girl didn't know how lucky she was. She had struck William F. Carey in funds.

"Talkies" Have Helped

Increase Theater Goers

London.—The "talkies" have substantially increased the motion picture theater audiences, according to John Maxwell, chairman of the board of directors of the British International Picture Corp.

Maxwell said there were at present approximately 55,000 picture houses in the world, of which about 20,000 were in the United States and Canada; about 4,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and about 1,800 in Australia and New Zealand, these being the principal English speaking countries.

To close a door silently, around one door knob tie the corner of a handkerchief, tie the opposite corner to the knob on the other side of the door. This precaution will save many a sick person from annoyance.

Paint on clothing can be removed by saturating the paint spots two or three times in a solution of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Then wash with soap and water.

CANADIAN SURGEON WINS WORLD FAME

Foot and Joint Ailments Are Treated Successfully.

Ottawa.—At Williamsburg, a tiny village six miles from Morrisburg and the St. Lawrence river, a country doctor has the world coming to his door because of the extraordinary success with which he is treating ailments of the feet and joints. By scores and hundreds a day, by tens of thousands a year, men and women are visiting him, and going away relieved or cured.

It is a story of unusual human interest which is told of Dr. M. W. Locke, this specialist in common diseases such as fallen arches; a modest physician who with professional reticence declines to be interviewed. He is said to have now the largest practice in the world. He charges no patients more than \$1 for treatment; his fellow-citizens and the poor from everywhere are treated without charge, and yet his income is reported to be \$50,000 a year.

Declines Tempting Offer.

He declined an offer which would have given him a clinic in a famous American medical institution. He returned a check for \$10,000 sent him by a grateful American whom he had aided. When lodging houses in Williamsburg began to charge exorbitant rates for accommodation he told them to stop. "Make your charges reasonable or I will build a hotel of my own," he said, and he would have done so, but it proved unnecessary. The threat was enough.

Doctor Locke was born on a farm a few miles from Williamsburg, graduated in medicine at Queen's university in Kingston, and took a post-graduate course in orthopedics at Edinburgh. He set up in practice at Williamsburg, specializing in diseases of the feet and joints; but it was not until the last few years that his fame began to spread—and then principally across the border in New York state.

Information about the doctor's affairs has to be obtained from his friends in the village. They say that except in winter when roads are impassable he treats an average of 200 to 400 patients daily, seven days a week, and that 70 per cent of them are Americans. He begins work at eight o'clock in the morning and ends it when the last case of the day has been disposed of.

Patients From Everywhere.

On a recent morning a visitor found about 75 automobiles in the village with patients. Half of them bore American license plates and many from distant points. Patients were of all classes, some in expensive chauffeur-driven cars; some in humble vehicles. All had the same treatment and paid the same fee. In rare cases Doctor Locke finds it necessary to resort to surgery, but in the main he uses nothing but his strong hands in manipulations which are said to be quite painful but remarkably effective.

The average treatment does not take more than two or three minutes, so that patients pass through his office in a steady procession. If they cannot wait he goes to their cars.

Doctor Locke has the reputation of possession of a singular gift of silence. He is devoted to his work and apparently happy in it. He carries a tremendous burden with no sign of strain. He is about fifty years old; his self-imposed task is an immense one in the relief of distress and suffering, but his neighbors believe he would trade places with no one in this world.

Walnut Lumber Worth

Fortune Found in River

Murphysboro, Ill.—A small fortune in walnut logs, lost during a blizzard 40 years ago, was recently recovered from the Big Muddy river near here. Several valuable logs in a pile of driftwood were noted by a group of lumbermen and an examination disclosed a huge raft lying several feet below the surface, in which, it is claimed, were over 75,000 feet of choice walnut logs.

Investigation showed the logs to be the property of a Cairo timberman, who had started a raft of them down Big Muddy 40 years ago. A storm sunk the raft and no trace of it could be found. At that time they were worth \$40 per thousand feet.

The logs are in an excellent state of preservation.

War Veteran Arrested

154 Times Since 1919

Washington.—A request for release of a war veteran from jail disclosed a world's record for arrests in police court here recently.

An attorney asked the judge to release Stephen Woods, thirty-five-year-old sailor, from jail. He had been sentenced to approximately two years on charges of assault and drunkenness.

The judge asked for the man's court record. It disclosed he had been arrested 154 times since 1919 and has paid \$2,040 in fines. Since 1920 Woods has spent the equivalent of eight years in jail.

Man Killed on Way to Funeral of Auto Victim

Norwich, Conn.—En route to attend the funeral of a nephew who had been killed in an automobile accident here, Philip Cornier of Framingham, Mass., was killed in a similar mishap.

A tablespoon of ammonia to one quart of water makes a fine solution for sponging shiny spots on clothes. Use a thick wet cloth for pressing.

A ring left on clothing after cleaning can be removed by steaming ring over kettle.

Edges and country butter taken in trade at full resale value at Moro Cash Grocery.

Trousers Float Away—With \$14

Seattle.—When John Kimmer awoke at 6 a. m. the other day he saw his trousers disappearing out the window.

Two men, carrying the trousers between them, were disappearing also, he told police. The thieves escaped in an auto.

PUP GUARDS LOST BABY ALL NIGHT

Lets Child Sleep Till Dawn, Then Brings Aid.

Hammond, Ind.—A little spotted fox terrier is the hero of this story. He watched all night over a lost baby and saved her the following morning by barking loudly until two school-girls were attracted.

His name is "Spotty" and to him goes all the credit for saving Rose Marie Deichelbor, eighteen-month-old daughter of William Deichelbor, employment manager of the By-Products Coke company of Hammond, Ind.

Posses and Boy Scouts had hunted all night for the missing child. The story got around that a disgruntled employee discharged by Deichelbor was seeking revenge.

There are dark woods and swamps near the Deichelbor home at 630 West Eighteenth street and these were raked with a fine-tooth comb, while all night long the baby lay in the wasteland not 500 feet from home, watched over by the faithful dog.

This morning Spotty, stiff from his all-night vigil, made his way to the sidewalk, some fifty feet from where the baby lay.

Spotty barked. No one seemed to pay any attention. He leaped up and down, jumped on passing workmen and school children, ran back toward the sleeping baby, but still no one came.

Then Jenny Marie Bates, seven, and Dorothy May Porter, five, hurrying away to school, came by. They followed the dog into the vacant lot and found little Rose Marie, apparently none the worse for her night out, in a clump of bushes.

The searchers had hunted all around the place, but somehow had missed her.

At home the little girl made it very plain that she was hungry, extremely hungry, and that she would make no fuss at all about eating her last spoonful of breakfast cereal.

Explosion Ends Car's Wild Runaway Flight

Lawrence.—Walter Jenksy, who lives at the top of the 400-foot slope of Stearns avenue, parked his car in front of his home only to see it roll down hill when the brakes failed to hold and start a weird series of events that finally culminated with the machine burning up. Two men and a group of children were endangered, but none was hurt.

The car, traveling backward, rapidly gained momentum and crashed into a stone wall 300 feet down the hill, showering rocks near children who were playing. Jenksy, who had pursued on foot, started the motor, ran the car out into the street, and left it to seek a repairman. He failed to notice that the gasoline tank had been punctured.

The gasoline flowed downward to a sewer manhole. There was an explosion, and the hats of two men standing nearby were blown off their heads. The flames shot up the line of gasoline to the car, enveloped it, and destroyed it. Firemen with chemicals and a hose finally put an end to the fire and the excitement.

Fishpole Burglar Hooks Wallet Containing \$65

Seattle.—More mystery was injected into Seattle's "fishpole burglar" situation when it appeared that the miscreant may have developed a set of amphibian characteristics.

At any rate, forsaking dry land for the first time, he took to the water, or at least got near it when he robbed a houseboat of John A. Landes, 1415 1/2 East Northlake avenue on the shores of Lake Union.

"I am not sure whether he used a rowboat," Landes declared in his report to the police, "but I do know he reached through the window with his fishpole and fished from my dresser a wallet containing \$65 in cash."

In a score of cases heretofore reported to the police the fishpole burglar has always confined his activities to land residences.

Pair Behind Bars Doubt Value of Advertising

Electric, Ark.—Claude Curtis and C. T. Rice, looking out of the jail window, debated whether it pays to advertise. Prohibition agents in a hunt over the countryside discovered a sign over Curtis and Rice's still near here which read: "Whisky for sale. Six bits a pint. Positively no credit."

Girl Swallows Sand Burr; Four Doctors Remove It

Greeley, Colo.—A sand burr caused Marie Goetz, sixteen, considerable trouble. The girl swallowed the burr when she tried to remove it from her hand with her teeth. She was taken to Denver, where four physicians removed the burr from its lodging place, deep in her throat.

Henry Wilford of St. Paul was caught and fined \$25 for turning in a false fire alarm to win a bet of \$5.

A Georgia woman declares four robbers have been into her refrigerator lately, not counting the ice man.

Among the world's saddest, best known, expressions is "returned; insufficient funds."

CANINES HAVE DAY; WIN HERO MEDALS

Stories of Deeds of Faithful Dogs Recalled.

New York.—It was just like a fairy tale come true. Remember the story of the dog that stayed with his tiny mistress all night when she was lost in the woods, guarding her till her parents came for her? Then, of course, there are the innumerable stories of the faithful dogs which have saved their masters' lives.

Recently a group of grateful mistresses and masters came to bear testimony for their dogs' heroism and, incidentally, to gather in hero medals.</