

OREGON NEWS ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

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

The Oregon-American mill, which has been closed since December 16, started operating last week at Vernonia. More than 150 men were employed.

Rapid progress is being made on the construction of a new high school athletic field in Bend and the grounds will be in shape for the spring meet of mid-state schools. Cinders from Pilot butte, aged volcano at the eastern city limits, will be used on the track.

A giant sturgeon of the size that has made fish stories famous, was caught in the Willamette river near Oregon City by M. L. Bussard and Jimmie Rands. The fish was 7 1/2 feet long, weighing 195 pounds and provided the Bussards, Rands and 28 other families with dinner.

W. A. Luse, 91, one of the oldest pioneers of southwestern Oregon, died at his ranch home on South Coos river. He operated the first sawmill at Empire, and came to Coos bay in 1855. He moved from Empire to his river ranch 47 years ago and lived there until his death.

Klamath people are smiling big smiles as the result of the resumption of the principal sawmill operations, following a prolonged shutdown. The Keasterson Lumber company and the Crater Lake Lumber company plants started recently and the other larger operators are planning to start cutting within the next 10 days or two weeks.

Oregon's share of the national forest receipts for the fiscal year 1930 is \$191,772, according to report released from the Portland office of the regional forester. Total receipts of \$1,677,559 have been divided among Oregon and 37 other states. California heads the list with a share of \$406,877, Oregon is second and Washington is third with \$166,441.

The Toledo port commission has awarded a contract to O. R. Altree, president of the newly formed Altree Marine Manufacturing company of Toledo, for the construction of a 15-inch suction dredge at a cost of \$43,847.65, the dredge to be used to deepen the Yaquina river from Toledo to Newport. The dredge is to be completed within six months.

Crews have begun work on both ends of the six-mile cut on market road No. 35, also known as the Foothills highway near Molalla. The men are blasting stumps and will have two steam shovels on the job as soon as weather permits. This road will connect Estacada and Molalla and will reduce the distance from Salem to Mount Hood about 25 miles.

At the request of the Baker county butter committee all but one of the food merchants have agreed not to sell butter substitutes. The committee called on grocers and gave out cards bearing the words, "we do not sell butter substitutes." Grocers in the small towns will also be asked to co-operate in the movement to eliminate the use of butter substitutes.

Dates for the annual encampment of units of the Oregon National Guard have been announced by Adjutant General George A. White. Units of the 33d Infantry Brigade, hospital company No. 187 and the state staff, will go to Camp Clatsop for intensive training from June 3 to 29. The annual drill for the artillery units will be held at Fort Stevens from July 11 to 25.

The Rogue River Traffic association has approved the plan of the New York pear committee for an assessment of one cent a box on all auction sales of winter varieties of pears. The money will be used for an extensive pear advertising campaign in the New York city trading area. The Wenatchee, Yakima and Hood River districts have been asked to approve the plan.

Tree-lined highways and shaded wayside will greet motorists in Malheur county a few years hence, if plans of a county-wide tree-planting committee, now under way, materialize. The first step is investigation of types of trees that will be suitable in Malheur county and then adoption of a uniform system. Box elder, Siberian elm and locust were suggested as most suitable types.

Business men are planning to raise a fund to defray expenses of a survey to determine the cost of constructing a breakwater near Tillamook head which would permit yachts, fishing boats and small craft to land at Seaside and anchor in a protected harbor. Their tentative proposal would include a breakwater extending north from the tip of Tillamook head and then curve northeast to enclose a cove for the anchorage grounds.

Indians who fish around Celilo are protesting to the federal government that the palfaces are violating the treaty of 1855 and are blasting rocks which the Indians use in fishing. Letters of complaint have been filed with Representatives Butler and Hawley by John Williams, Indian chief. There are signs on the rocks in the Celilo region which show the Indians where they can fish, but apparently the white men cannot read the signs for they have been invading the area assigned to the natives.

Reading of advertising is worth while.

NOT A DRAB STORY

By Fannie Hurst

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THIS may seem a drab story. Certainly it is not a guided romance of life lived in the gayer moods of things-as-they-ought-to-be. But since the heart is the source from which life drains its happiness and the heart of Ella was in its own way to find its own fulfillment, what may seem drab to the outsider was not that to this slim, sometimes grim girl.

There is no doubt that she was one of those persons born to carry more than her share of the world's responsibility. At seventeen, she was earning half the upkeep and expense of her home which consisted of a five-room flat in a two-family house on a respectable street. This she shared with her mother, a gay, rather childish woman who had never caught up with her years, and with her father, a building contractor, who was, even then, beginning to lose his sight.

From the point of view of many of her friends, Ella's mother was a trial sufficient to tax her endurance beyond limit. She was a airy person of rather good Eastern family connections who had never become reconciled to what she regarded as the cruder aspects of Middle-West life. The city in which she lived bored her. There was an air of patronage about the little lady.

Her habit was to lie abed mornings, leaving her daughter and husband, both of whom she adored, to scuttle about the kitchen for breakfast before they hurried away to work. More than often she waited for them to prepare the evening meal when they came from their work. She was the sort of woman who willfully created within herself inefficiency, thereby at the same time forcing those about her to acquire skill at chores which would naturally be outside their realm.

There was no reason why Ella and her father should have been carrying on their business lives and at the same time carrying on their shoulders the responsibilities of the home. But that was the case. It had been, ever since Mrs. Lee was married to her husband and ever since Ella was tall enough to stand shoulder-high to a kitchen sink.

John Lee, long ago reconciled to this unequal balance of power in his home, and devoted in spite of himself to this airy little woman, his wife, carried on stolidly, regardless in his routine, even when the grim fear of impending blindness began to descend upon him. At seventeen, Ella Lee, too, old for her years, was assistant in a dentist's office. She was a quiet girl, far too slender, with a mouse-like face, taupe-colored hair which in a bobbed-hair age she wore in two mats against her ears. In Mrs. Lee's eyes, Ella, in her thin, pallid way, bore the imprints of the aristocracy of the world "back East," a semi-mythical world by now, which Mrs. Lee's imagination had embroiled as the years marched on. She was fond of visualizing grandsons of her girlhood back East that had never existed. In all sincerity, she cherished the belief that she had made the supreme social sacrifice in marrying John Lee and migrating to this Middle-Western city.

Meanwhile, endowed with the sometimes surprising vitality of the slender in body, Ella began to assume more and more the affairs of that household. Inevitably, there came the day when her father, blind, parsimoniously pensioned by the corporation that had employed him for the forty middle years of his life, was obliged to surrender his activities. It meant a severe kind of pinching for the household. Only the facts that Ella, through a stroke of incredible good fortune, obtained a better-paying position in the office of a nose-and-throat specialist, and that a newspaper advertisement had brought in a lodger for the best room in the flat, were the Lees able to make both ends meet.

It was hard, ratty sledding for a while, and it looked as if Ella's frail shoulders could scarcely bear the load. First, her father, along with the collapse of his eyesight, suffered a nervous breakdown. Then, for one reason or another, the lodger they had been able to obtain left almost without warning for reasons that had no bearing upon satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the Lees'.

Mrs. Lee, ineffectual as ever, tried to put her shoulder to the wheel; tried her hand at making fancy candles for the Woman's Exchange and even attempted to do a bit of sewing for the neighbors. But it was no use; she was a futile, spoiled woman. And much of this condition was due to Ella herself. She babied her mother, catered to her inefficiencies and willfully assumed a load that might have staggered a far more robust person.

Her father, feeble in strength, nervously gone in resistance, and tormented by the first years of learning his lesson of reconciliation to blindness, came slowly and unconsciously to demand more and more of Ella. The fact that she was carrying a load that not only obscured her youth but jeopardized her health failed to make its impression on him. He only knew that he loved her and needed her; that she was indis-

pensable to his darkness and irreplaceable in his plight.

The pathos of this gaunt old man, empty-eyed, empty-handed, was almost more than she could bear. No labor of love was too much. She got up at dawn because he was sleepless then, and she could give to him the few precious hours before her departure from the house. Her return from the physician's office where she was employed was made in breathless, hurried fashion so that she might give to him a few extra moments before the preparation of dinner. Throughout all this, Mrs. Lee, well-meaning, bleeding sympathy for her husband, agonizing for her daughter, succeeded only in making herself more and more of an impediment.

Her cooking was so bad. Time and time again the luncheons which she served to her husband while Ella was at her work came scorched and tasteless to the table, irritating the nervous old man almost beyond endurance. Finally, it became Ella's chore, before she left the house in the morning, to prepare her father's lunch, place it in the icebox and leave written instructions to her little scatter-brained mother precisely how the food should be warmed.

"Poor Ella," said the neighbors, "I don't see how she stands it." Neither did Ella, for that matter, but fortunately there was not much time to wonder about it. The days were all too short for what she had to accomplish during them; the nights all too brief for the amount of sleep her tired body required.

The matter of lodgers, one of their major sources of income by now, was a troublesome and nerve-racking one. It was not that they did not seem satisfied, but almost invariably, once they obtained one, he or she would be called out of the city on the death of a relative or a change of position or some incident over which they had no control.

A young man named Nestus Nevins was to be the ultimate lodger who remained. He was a shell-shocked fellow of about thirty-two who found himself, because of physical disabilities, forced to live on an income which amounted to about ninety dollars a month. The capital representing this had been left him by his parents, in trust, when he was only nineteen. It required care and discretion, in this day and age, to live on it.

He was a pale-eyed, timid fellow, by no means unintelligent, but a boy whose delicate health, both in childhood and later, owing to shell shock, had developed certain inhibitions and a lack of aggressiveness. He liked books and was capable of lying five or six hours of the day and reading. He was not averse to putting up with his room, trying his hand at composition and writing or doing a bit of carpentry for Mrs. Lee, throughout the long bright days, without so much as leaving the house.

He was the first young man who had ever cast a second glance at Ella. Over night, as it were, here life had taken on a turbulence. Excitement for this pale, lustreless girl that was without precedent in her entire experience. The days had come flaming alive. Everything had taken on a significance that it had never claimed before. It was one thing to be just alive. It was another thing to be wakened to days that suddenly were tipped with the strange beauty of a strange meaning.

Mrs. Lee saw it happening. She saw the young Nestus begin to cast the magnetized eye of attraction upon her child. Strange tumults beat in her. She was the mother ambitious for her offspring. Romance had come even for Ella who, somehow, up to now, had seemed immune.

It was a strange enough courtship. The pallid youth, lying around the house all day, only perking up enough strength to put on his collar and smooth his hair as the hour of Ella's home-coming approached. Evenings, they sat in the stuffy little parlor, Ella reading to her father, or the four of them, aided and abetted by a system which Ella had worked out for the blind man, playing bridge.

The moments of the young people alone together were so rare and sporadic that when the engagement of their troth finally came, Mrs. Lee, for the life of her, could not figure out where and how the words of tryst could have taken place. But they had. Ella and Nestus were married in the little parlor one Sunday afternoon so that the occasion need not interfere with her office work.

The household goes on as before, only there is the addition of Nestus Nevins now, who, in his way, is as much to be babied as Mrs. Lee or her husband.

But this is not a drab story. Ella, in her squirrel cage of service, is happy.

Gardens on the Mountainside
Negotiating the Jungfrau from Interlaken, and especially at Eigerglacier or other wayside stations of that mountain's wonderful railroad, visitors are amazed at the wild flowers, many of which are anything but wild when they grow in our sheltered gardens and hothouses. Right up to the snow line and the rim of the glaciers you will find alpenroses, as they call our azaleas; violets, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, thistleblossoms, anemones, gentians, clover and cornflowers, if that is what you call "bachelor buttons."

The far-famed Edelweiss is rarely seen here, fortunately for tourists, for as the old guides will tell you, it grows in soft rock and brittle slopes, which are dangerous to climbers.

It makes a lot of difference whether your supply of bone is in the back or the head.

If the North pole really is shifting, we suppose it will have to be discovered all over again.

What's funnier than the sight of two six-footers solemnly going around a pocket golf course?

The primary trouble with the primary system is that it is primarily a nuisance and an evil.

State Boundaries Long Matter of Disputation

For a great many years the boundary between the colony of New York and Massachusetts has been in dispute. The government of New York maintains that the eastern limit was the Connecticut river, basing its claim upon a Dutch title. The Massachusetts government claimed territory westward as far as the Hudson river. For the purpose of establishing this claim the Boston government in 1659 made a grant of land on the Hudson river below Fort Orange and in 1672 sent John Payne to New York to solicit permission to pass and repass by water. He was most courteously received, but the claim was never recognized. The dispute finally reached such a stage, resulting in riots, etc., that it was submitted to the lord commissioners of trade of England, and George II in 1757, by royal order in council, determined the boundary, granting the territory to New York. This was still not acceptable until 1773, when commissioners from New York and Massachusetts met and finally decided the boundary according to the present lines.

Long Line of "Caesars" in Annals of Old Rome

Caesar was the surname of a renowned branch of a line of Roman patrician generals with the forename Julia. They claimed descent from the sons of Aeneas, the mythical Iulus. Sextus Julius Caesar, a praetor in 208 B. C., is the earliest by that name to be mentioned in history. No direct male descendant was left to bear the name of the great Julius Caesar. Octavius, whom he had adopted and who later became the Emperor Augustus, took the name. The name passed, also through adoption, from Augustus to his immediate successors, Tiberius and Caligula. The use of the name was continued by Claudius and Nero, although they were not Iulii. When Nero was killed, the use of Caesar

as a family name was discontinued and it became the title of the reigning emperor. The title Caesar was used later to designate especially the heir presumptive, although it continued to remain part of the imperial title. It is from the title Caesar that those of the former Russian czars and German kaisers were derived.

Famous Old English Inn

The name of the Lion tavern figures continually in the records of old-time Shrewsbury, England. It was one of the great centers of social life from an early date, in this picturesque old town on the border of Wales. Its exquisite ballroom, designed and decorated by the Adam brothers, is alone well worth a pilgrimage. Famous feet have trod its oak boards, and in the musician's gallery Paganini once played. Here William IV "took the floor," in the year before Trafalgar. De Quincy spent a night at the Lion and Diersell was here in his early days. In 1889 Charles Dickens, accompanied by "Fido," was accommodated in what was then the annex, and wrote to his daughter of "the strangest little rooms, the ceilings of which I can touch with my hand," and how "the windows bulged out over the street as if they were the little stern windows of a ship." The same little windows still bulge and the lovely Adam room is still used for dancing.

A Relic

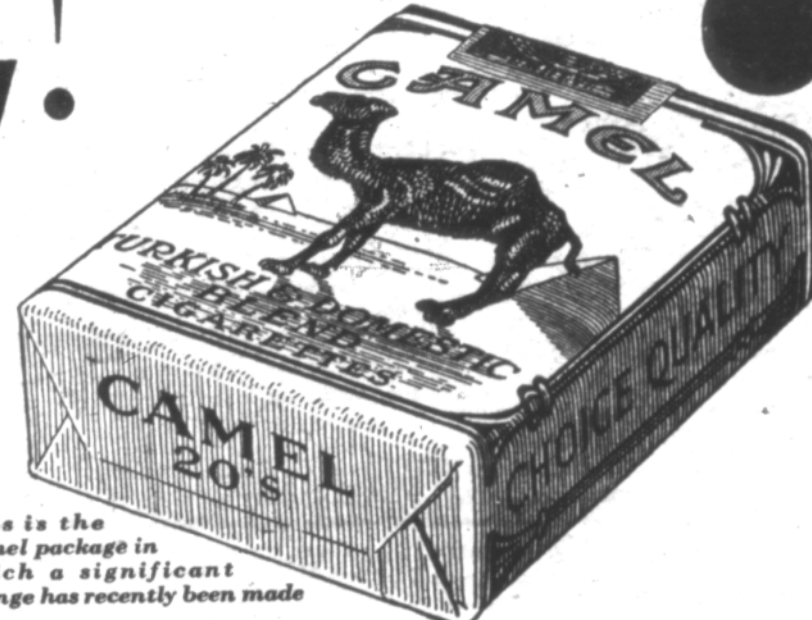
Little Roger, spending a holiday on his grandfather's farm, was permitted to beguile the hours of a wet day by turning over the leaves of the family Bible.

Suddenly he looked up from the faded pages and quaint pictures and called out:

"See what I've found, grannie!" In his hand he held a leaf, old and dry, and after a few moments' reflection he added:

"Do you think it belonged to Adam and Eve, grannie?"

The CAMELS! are coming.



This is the Camel package in which a significant change has recently been made

\$50,000 REWARD

for the best answers to this question:

What significant change has recently been made in the wrapping of the CAMEL package containing 20 cigarettes and what are its advantages to the smoker?

First Prize, \$25,000

Second Prize, \$10,000 Third Prize, \$5,000

For the five next best answers . \$1,000 each

For the five next best answers . \$500 each

For the 25 next best answers . \$100 each

Conditions Governing Contest:

1. Answers limited to 200 words.
2. Write on one side of the paper only.
3. No entries accepted that bear a postmark later than midnight, March 4, 1931.
4. Contest open to everybody except employees and executives of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and their families.
5. In case of ties, the full amount of award will be paid to each of the tying parties.
6. It is not necessary to buy a package of Camel cigarettes in order to compete. Any store that sells cigarettes will permit you to examine the Camel package containing 20 cigarettes.

All communications must be addressed to Contest Editor—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Judges:

CHARLES DANA GIBSON
Famous Illustrator and
Publisher of "Life"

ROY W. HOWARD
Chairman of the Board,
Scripps Howard Newspapers

RAY LONG
President, International
Magazine Company,
and Editor of "Cosmopolitan"

AND STAFF

Wednesday Night Tune in the Camel Hour on N.B.C. Network

9.30 to 10.30 . . . Eastern Time
8.30 to 9.30 . . . Central Time
7.30 to 8.30 . . . Mountain Time
6.30 to 7.30 . . . Pacific Time

Over Stations
WJZ, WEZA, WRZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR,
WGAR, KYW, WLW, WRVA, WSJS, KWK,
WJAX, WFLA, WIOD, WREN.

11.15 to 12.15 . . . Eastern Time
10.15 to 11.15 . . . Central Time
9.15 to 10.15 . . . Mountain Time
8.15 to 9.15 . . . Pacific Time

Over Stations
WHAS, WSM, WSR, WMC, WAPI, WJDX,
WMBR, KTHS, WTMJ, KSTP, WIBC,
WKY, WRAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KSL,
KTAR, KGO, KECA, KFSO, KGW, KOMO,
KHQ, KPAB.

People who use the advertising columns of the Sherman County Observer invariably say that they get the very best of results.

Contest open only until MIDNIGHT, MARCH 4, 1931

(Winners will be announced as soon as possible after contest closes)