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MARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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In the Palm of the Hand

FOUR foreign correspondents of
 high standing in their field
 have given their opinions on the
 chances of war.

"How can anyone know the
 answer when so much depends on
 the incalculable mental processes
 of one man?" wrote one corre-
 spondent.

"Individual opinions," wrote an-
 other, in part, "are valueless, for
 that outcome depends solely upon
 one man."

The third correspondent wrote
 of his fear that "Hitler might
 work himself up into a state that
 would irrevocably commit his
 prestige to attacking Czechoslo-
 vakia."

"It is a usual French comment,"
 observed the fourth, "that what is
 to be feared is a gambler's throw,
 especially by Mussolini."

What does the sum of that sug-
 gest to you? If you believe that
 history is the private work of
 arch-villains and arch-heroes, you
 may find that those observations
 add up simply to the damnation of
 one or two individuals. Other-
 wise, what the sum of them must
 constitute is a rare and bitter
 commentary on the resourceful-
 ness of a world that has not yet
 found a way to protect its peace
 from a few gamblers.

Swappers Undisturbed.

A BUMPER crop of undeclared
 wars and under-surface
 squabbles throws international
 trade out of gear, and one kind of
 barter alone continues uninter-
 rupted, behaving as if it functioned
 in a well-ordered vacuum.

According to a recent news
 story, this trade that breeds no
 interference in the international
 swap in museum pieces. While
 their countrymen throw grenades
 and epithets at one another or
 thumb their noses across trade
 barriers and fortified boundaries
 the world's museum curators go
 right on passing curios around
 like cakes at a tea party.

This is dandy, of course, in a
 way, but it makes a man in the
 midst of life's hurly-burly feel
 just a little uncomfortable. It
 suggests, like a trip to a museum,
 that all that the hurly-burly
 yields eventually are a few more
 curios for the curators to put in
 glass cases.

If a man could only disturb the
 equality of those curators now
 and then, just a little, he might
 feel that his struggles were of a
 little more consequence. But hav-
 ing the gentlemen going on peace-
 fully trading like this in such
 times makes him feel like so
 much museum fodder.

Mystic Signs

THE average man's experience
 with explanations of most spe-
 cialists in fields with which he is
 not acquainted leads him to the
 conviction that any explanation
 which is obvious and which he
 himself might have guessed at
 can't possibly be true. But Dr.
 Julian H. Steward, ethnologist
 with the Smithsonian Institution,
 comes along now in a very com-
 forting way and knocks such a
 notion into a cocked hat.

Dr. Steward has been studying
 the drawings and squiggles left on
 American rocks and caves by pre-
 historic man. He declares that a
 large proportion of them are not,
 as others have contended, crypto-
 grams or fragments of a lost lan-
 guage, but simply evidences of the
 old American habit of doodling.
 Prehistoric man didn't have any
 desk pads or telephone booths to

draw doodles on, but he was a
 doodler anyway.

Some psychologist has asserted
 that 20th century doodling is the
 product of a nervous tension pec-
 uliar to this age. Dr. Steward's
 discovery makes it seem more
 likely that it indicates a trend to
 return to the primitive way of life.
 A glance at the current news of
 the world should remind you it's
 not the only evidence of such a
 trend.

Editorials on News
 (Continued from page 1.)

peace hangs on the whim of ONE
 MAN. If Hitler gets pushed into a
 corner where he stands to LOSE
 FACE and be made to look person-
 ally ridiculous, he may elect to
 fight in the face of unfavorable
 odds.

That is what makes the situa-
 tion so ticklish.

IT'S a terrible thing when one
 man gets too much power in his
 own hands. Human nature is just
 too frail to make that safe.

GREENBERG BIDS

FOR SWAT RECORD

Tiger 1st Sacker Only 10

Home Runs Behind Ruth

Total in 1927.

By HUGH FULLERTON, JR.,
 Associated Press Sports Writer

It's the only race left in the
 American league, since the Yank-
 ees are only seven games away
 from clinching the pennant, but
 the test of Hank Greenberg of 1928
 against Babe Ruth of 1927 is just
 about as close as the National
 league pennant chase.

Hank hit his 50th home run of
 the season yesterday to help De-
 troit's out-of-the-running Tigers
 whip the Chicago White Sox, 4-3,
 in the only game on the major
 league schedule. He has in all
 eleven more to beat Ruth's all-time
 record of 60, made in 1927.

Greenberg has 20 games, almost
 all of them in the home park, in
 which to make those eleven home-
 runs. The Babe hit his 50th in his
 record-breaking year in the 138th
 game of the season then. Heashed
 off at about the pace Hank will
 have to follow—a homer every two
 games.

In his latest sport, the Tiger
 first sacker has connected for four
 circuit swats in the last four games.
 On that basis, he should have at
 least as good a chance of beating
 out the Babe as Pittsburgh's Pir-
 ates have of reaching the end of
 the season before some rival
 catches up to them.

National Race Hot
 Starting a final east-west series,
 the National league race continues
 as the "hot" news in the major
 leagues. The Pirates have a chance
 in the next few days to dispose
 finally of what threat the New
 York Giants still can make. Victors
 in 12 out of 19 encounters, the
 Blues play three games against the
 fourth-place Giants, who now are
 5½ games behind.

The clinching point in the Amer-
 ican league should arrive much
 sooner. The Yankees, 15 games
 ahead of Boston and 15½ in front of
 the Cleveland Indians, invade
 Cleveland today. The Red Sox fol-
 low them. And if those encounters
 don't settle the matter, the Yankees
 should pick up common enemy vic-
 tories on the side while they're in
 the west.

EX-OREGONIANS

GET JOBLESS PAY

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 13.—State
 lines no longer are obstacles to
 the flow to and fro of unemploy-
 ment compensation benefit checks.
 More than six hundred former
 Oregonians who now reside in
 other states are being paid job in-
 surance upon credits earned in this
 state and their benefits to date
 total approximately \$25,000, ac-
 cording to officials of the state un-
 employment compensation commis-
 sion.

On the other hand, claim depu-
 ties in Oregon's 23 employment of-
 fices have taken 115 claims for
 Oregonians who earned their job
 insurance rights in other states
 during 1937.

Satisfaction of interstate claims
 was made possible by a reciprocal
 agreement between Oregon and 41
 other states whereby unemployed
 workers who have sufficient earn-
 ings in another state may collect
 their earned unemployment com-
 pensation benefits by filing appli-
 cation at a state employment office
 in the state in which they now re-
 side.

No change in National Coast
 standings.

Back From Portland—M. H.
 Shook, of this city, spent Monday
 in Portland attending to business.

Out Our Way

By Williams

TURN THET LION
 HIDE LOOSE, ICK--
 MY HOSS WILL
 PACK IT WITHOUT
 BUCKIN'--LET
 LOOFE OF IT.

HERDES ARE MADE--NOT BORN

LOVE ON THE RANGE

Chapter 32
 Difference of Opinion

Ratchford reddened. Choking his
 anger down he said, "I guess there's
 one or two things you ain't found
 out. Evidently Streeter's identity's
 one of 'em. Did you ever hear of
 him, Ankrum?"

"What about him?"
 "Well, this Streeter's him! An-
 krum can take it from me that baby
 can get a hog-leg into action
 quicker'n hell could scorch a
 feather!"

"Were you giving me that infor-
 mation for some special reason?"
 His habitual caution stirred the
 smoky gray of Ratchford's eyes.
 He hedged, "I kind of figured you'd
 want to know."

"Oh," Claydell expelled a cloud of
 smoke. Through it he eyed the
 sheriff coldly. "You thought I'd
 want to know, eh? It strikes me
 this sudden solicitude on your
 part's rather odd, Ratchford. You
 ain't never hit it off together
 very well as I recall."

"Let's be frank, Claydell. You
 ain't me both figure on gettin'
 Trone's spread."

Nothing was to be read upon
 Claydell's face. His yellow eyes
 displayed no more emotion than
 twin bits of colored glass. There
 was nothing left for Ratchford but
 to go on.

"You ain't me," he repeated, "are
 both out to smash the Rafter T.
 I know what you're thinking--
 you're thinking that I'm after that
 railroad money and the chance to
 run a boom town along its tracks.
 I ain't--I'll put my cards on the
 table. I know what you're after,
 too. So that makes us even!"

Claydell took the information
 calmly. "Indeed," was all he said.
 Ratchford, gathering his nerve
 in both hands, remarked:
 "Knowing all this, and knowing
 therefore that our interests cannot
 possibly clash, I suggest we join
 forces--rub Ankrum out and take
 the ranch. I'll marry the girl so
 as to make sure there ain't no hitch
 at all."

He broke off in mid-sentence as
 Claydell came to his feet, a JS
 gripped ominously in his fist, its
 muzzle pointing at the sheriff's
 stomach.

Claydell's thin lips barely moved,
 yet his words were plainly audible.
 "Get out, you rat, before I forget
 myself!"

There was a light burning in the
 ranchhouse living room when An-
 krum and Windy braked the car
 to a halt before the veranda. As
 Windy reached out to switch off
 the ignition Ankrum, leaning to-
 ward him, asked:
 "When you left for town to-night
 were the boys still out on the
 range?"

Windy nodded.

Ankrum took out his silver watch
 and held it beneath the dash lamp.
 He saw that the hands pointed to
 2 A. M. Returning the battered
 timepiece to his pocket, Ankrum
 thrust his legs across the door
 and over the car's side.

"Put the can up, Windy, get your
 rifle an' go sit in a shadow where
 you can keep your eyes open. Most
 anything's liable to happen round
 here before morning!"

Ankrum crossed the veranda and
 opened the door.

As he moved down the throw
 hall and came abreast the living
 room door, he heard a voice he
 recognized; a man's voice--Clay-
 dell's. It ceased abruptly and An-
 krum knew he had been heard.
 Deliberately he opened the door.

Cold White Face
 Facing him he beheld the six-
 foot frame of the boss of Swinging
 J. Claydell's high-boned face was
 taut; there was a leveled six-gun
 in his hand. But as he saw An-
 krum, a grave smile crossed his
 long dark face, and, relaxing, he
 looked back beneath his coat.

Ankrum's glance passed beyond
 him to the cold white face of Lee.
 Her cheeks, he noted, were color-
 less, and there were dark circles
 beneath her eyes as though she had
 been crying. But she was not cry-
 ing now.

Stripping clear of Claydell's pro-
 tective form she said: "What are
 you doing here? I did not think
 you would have the impudence
 to return. Why have you come?"

The contempt in her soft voice
 hurt far worse than had her quiet

OUT OUR WAY



LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

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things as sheriffs. Laws don't both-
 er you over much, eh?"

Claydell smiled. "When a law
 gets in my way," he said, "I have
 it taken off the book."

"Laws pertainin' to murder are
 a little different. They got a way
 of stickin'."

"If one man was to be bumped
 off," explained Claydell patiently,
 "there might be quite a stink. But
 kill enough an' it will be hushed
 up."

"You won't be able to hush this
 business up."

"Won't I?"

A bit of doubt crept into An-
 krum's mind. The boss of Swinging
 J seemed mighty confident. After
 all, Claydell was more than just
 a big owner; he was a politician,
 too, and perhaps his political af-
 filiations would take him over--

"So you don't think 'm big
 enough to cut this shlag, eh?"
 Claydell asked.

"You might be able to dispose
 of Ratchford, an' then he brings
 along. But you won't be getting
 this ranch, I can tell you that."

"That's where you're wrong,"
 said Claydell. "One month from
 to-day Lee Trone an' I'll be married.
 Think it over."

"She wouldn't marry you," An-
 krum's voice did not contain his
 customary certainty.

Claydell laughed. "You know
 Miss Lee couldn't handle a ranch
 this size herself. She needs some-
 one around to look out for her in-
 terests--some one she can depend
 on. That someone's me. She's
 wearin' my ring right now."

Ankrum felt suddenly old and
 worn. A bleak chill was in his
 bones. He crossed to the fireplace,
 with his back to the blaze. But the
 coals would not go away; it
 seemed to be inside him.

He looked at Claydell grimly
 where he stood smoking in evident
 enjoyment of the situation; a cold
 rage like the rage he'd felt for
 Ratchford was rousing in him.

He said, "There's one thing
 you're forgettin', Claydell."

"Yeah--me."

"You'll not get this ranch while
 I've got anything to say about it,"
 Ankrum's voice crossed the silence
 recklessly. "Nor you won't marry
 Lee Trone while I've got anything
 to say about it, either!" he added
 savagely.

Claydell grinned. "I'm not wor-
 ryin' about you. When the time
 comes--"

"Bribes don't interest me, broth-
 er!"

"I wasn't thinking of bribing
 you," Claydell said, and stopped
 as his glare circled the room
 and the rattle of rifles rent the
 night outside.

Ankrum with a muttered curse
 sprang to the wall. "Ratchford!"
 His left hand swept across the light
 switch, plunging the room in dark-
 ness.

(Copyright, 1938, Nelson C. Nye)

Concluded Tomorrow.

U. S. SENATOR RACE

TO BE ENLARGED

U S SENATOR RACE--4
 PORTLAND, Sept. 13.—(AP)—
 A meeting will be held here Sep-
 tember 22 to nominate an "in-
 dependent progressive" candidate for
 the United States senate.

Arthur M. Geary, Portland attor-
 ney and one of the originators of
 the plan, said he had discussed the
 proposed nomination with "two
 western Oregon and two eastern
 Oregon men" but was not at liberty
 to reveal their names.

Published notice of the meeting,
 as required by law, was given in
 Portland and Pendleton news-
 papers.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE OUT
 A unique and novel "finger-tip"
 football schedule has been pre-
 pared for the 1938 season by Shell
 Oil company for distribution
 throughout this territory, accord-
 ing to F. W. Morrison, local man-
 ager for the company here.

The schedule contains 24 pages
 and gives the 1938 schedules of 48
 colleges—all the conference schools
 and leading independents between
 the Pacific coast and the Rocky
 mountains. They are arranged geo-
 graphically with a marginal color
 index which literally puts every
 team's schedule at the fan's finger
 tips.

By Williams



LOVE ON THE RANGE

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