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He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.—Proverbs 28: 13.

DAYS OF CONTENTMENT

Probably it would take a psychologist to explain just why this nation suddenly has grown so fond of looking at photographs taken a generation ago. Part of it, no doubt, is the same half-melancholy sort of kick one gets out of a peek into the old family album. The clothes and customs of a former day always look pleasantly grotesque, if you get far enough away from them; there is a unique sort of pleasure in looking at some gawky, fantastically garbed youth and realizing, suddenly, that that is yourself as you used to look. But there's a little more to the present popularity of old-time pictures than that. These collections of photos that date back to the 1890's and beyond give us a spy-glass through which we can peer through a door that time has closed and see an era which has gone from this earth forever. The oddest thing about it all is that most of us, as we look on that era, have a sneaking, half-conscious wish that we might get back there.

For that bygone era—that time when gay blades rode perilous high-wheeled bicycles, and women's bathing suits were more voluminous than their street frocks are now, and minstrel shows were a popular diversion, and motorists were linen-coated pioneers who rode in frail juggernauts which were useful principally for frightening horses—that era, whatever its faults may have been, seemed at least to be a time of certainty. We knew where we were going, then—or we thought we did, and that was about as good—and we had no doubt at all that presently we should get there. Human society seemed to have reached a static phase, and, while its organization had certain faults that everybody recognized, it still seemed to be a pretty well-arranged and stable affair.

Radio crooners and agricultural allotment schemes were alike unheard-of. There were no traffic jams, and neither were there any Hitlers or Mussolinis or Stalins. NRA, RFC, CWA, and all the rest were just letters in the alphabet, and the staggering emergencies that were to call them into being still slumbered peacefully in the lap of time.

It was, in short, a simpler age than this one, and it contained far less to worry about. We can't get back to it, and if we really could we probably should think twice about it. But at this distance it has a sort of halcyon look. It is misty with enchantment, because it was a time when the problems which beset us now still were below the horizon.

The Weather

WEATHER FORECAST

Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday with valley fogs in west portion; frost in east portion tonight; gentle changeable wind offshore.

LOCAL WEATHER

Sunday: Maximum 72, minimum 34 above. Clear.

Today: Minimum 34, 7 a. m.—38 above. Clear.

SKY IS EMPTY OF AIRMAIL PLANES

WASHINGTON, March 12 (AP)—The sky was empty of planes flying the mails today, just three weeks after the army took over the job.

The order grounding the planes made no mention of the ten deaths that have occurred since President Roosevelt cancelled the private subsidies and turned the airmails over to the army, but it followed within a day of the president's statement that deaths in flying the mails "must stop."

The interruption of service is not expected to last for more than two or three days. Major-General Foulois hoped to have a modified "fair-weather" schedule ready by Wednesday.

To Portland—

Lieutenant C. L. Rice, of the Salvation Army, left Saturday for Portland.

Bryan to Seek Senate Seat

A clear field has been opened for Charles W. Bryan, three times governor of Nebraska, to make the race for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate. He will receive the backing of W. H. Thompson, incumbent, who is stepping aside for the governor. Bryan is shown here in a new photo.

force the President to appoint all CWA state relief administrators with senatorial consent. When the house, however, refused to accept it in conference it had to be abandoned.

McCarran doesn't come up for re-election until 1939. That circumstance might encourage independence—however much it plagues Democrats wanting smooth sailing for administration projects.

DR. W. J. KERR WILL VISIT EAST NORMAL

(Continued From Page One)

education, plans to attend an assembly at 10 a. m. Tuesday in the E. O. N. auditorium, and also will confer with President H. E. Inlow, of the Normal school, during his visit here.

Dr. Kerr, although he has visited La Grande only a few times in the last 20 years, is very well known here, since before being named chancellor, he was president of the Oregon State college, of which there are many graduates and former students in this territory.

This will be Dr. Kerr's first address in La Grande in many years.

Mr. Reynolds also said today that all who intend to be present at the banquet should make reservations for plates immediately. The price of tickets is 75 cents each, and the public is invited to attend.

Pres. Inlow announced that the public would be welcome at the assembly at the Normal school tomorrow morning.

SUGAR AND FLOUR

PORTLAND, Mar. 12 (AP) — Sugar—Cane, granulated, $4.55; fruit or berry, $4.75; beet sugar, $4.45.

Domestic flour — Selling price, mill delivery, 25-bbl lots: patent, 40s, $6.10 @ $6.80; blended flour, $6.15 @ $6.70; bluestem, $6.30 @ $6.40; soft white pastry flour, $5.80; rye, $5.60 @ $6.10; whole wheat, $5.30 @ $5.80; graham, $5.30 @ $5.50.

AT THE LIBERTY

"Hi, Nellie!" Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell toast each other in a scene from Warner Bros. hit "Hi, Nellie!" starring Paul Muni, coming to the Liberty theatre.

Paul Muni, veteran of innumerable stage and screen successes comes to the Liberty theatre Tuesday in his latest Warner Bros. picture, "Hi, Nellie!"

The story by Roy Chanslor, a newspaper man, deals entirely with newspaper work and newspaper characters in their contact with the outside world in the gathering of the sensational stories of the day.

Muni has the role of a managing editor who is sentenced to write the Heart Throbs column because he has displeased the publisher. The manner in which he accepts his bitter pill, after writhing under the gibes of his fellow workers, and works back into a stronger position than ever, is one of the most hilarious, as well as thrilling, dramas ever to be screened.

Glenda Farrell plays opposite Muni in the role of a woman reporter and the sweetheart of the managing editor. Others in the cast include the Russian ballet dancer, Kathryn Sergava, Robert Barrat, Ned Sparks, Hobart Cavanaugh and Berton Churchill.

MATTHEWS HURT BY ANGRY BULL

George Matthews, who was working at the Matt Kries ranch in the valley, sustained a fractured hip Saturday when he was attacked by a bull. Mr. Matthews was working with a truck and the bull struck him from behind, knocking him over and breaking his hip. The animal had been dehorned previously, or his injuries might have been much worse.

Mr. Matthews was brought to the Grande Ronde hospital where he will be confined for several days.

MEASURE IS ADOPTED ON FORCED VOTE

(Continued From Page One)

Earlier, the house decided to take up the controversy-packed measure by a 313 to 104 vote—more than the two-thirds necessary to override a veto.

Before final passage, a motion to send the legislation back to committee was rejected 160 to 41.

The vote on final passage was 295 to 125—slightly more than two-thirds.

LONG-SLEEVED GOWN FAVORED FOR NIGHT

PARIS (AP) — Princess Aage of Denmark is among smart Europeans who prefer long-sleeved evening gowns this winter. She wears a frock of filmy black tulle with long, fitted sleeves and a sweeping train covered with ruffles of the same material.

Winter Relief Work By Elks Completed

(Continued From Page One)

man, announced this morning. The exact amount of relief funds expended has not been ascertained, but the program was very successful, the success due in part to the co-operation received from the teachers.

Funds for the program were raised at the annual Days of '49 show, sponsored by the lodge in the fall.

Members of the committee assisting Mr. Andrews were Foster Sims, Victor Eckley and E. F. Walden.

Weather Like Summer In Western States

(Continued From Page One)

into an early summer as temperatures soared throughout Oregon Sunday. In nearly every part of the state new high warmth records for the season were established.

Medford had 80 degrees, Grants Pass 83 and Roseburg, 78.

It was 73 in Portland; Umatilla and Albany, widely separated, had highs of 74 degrees, and Eugene and Salem had a maximum of 70 degrees.

Margaret Illington Dies In Florida

NEW YORK, March 12 (AP)—Margaret Illington, one of the leading dramatic actresses of the country 25 years ago, died yesterday in Miami Beach, Fla. She was 52 years old.

SALEM, March 12 (AP)—A special meeting of the Salem city council will be held Tuesday night for the purpose of hiring engineers to prepare plans and specifications toward the construction of a municipal water system.

The action followed word received last week of a loan and grant alloted the city of Salem by the public works administration amounting to $2,500,000. No word has been received as to the exact terms of the grant.

WATCH REPAIRING
Pocket Watches Cleaned - $1.50
Main Springs - $1.50
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Guthrie's
1108 Adams Ave.

They May Hang

First death sentence under California's new kidnaping law has been imposed in Los Angeles on William Tanner, above, convicted with Harry Brooks, below, of kidnaping and torturing Henry Bodkin. Brooks won a brief stay of execution.

With a Few Hundred Dollars

You can purchase a lot and establish a business in the fastest growing town in America.

North Bonneville, Washington

Where the big Power Dam is being built.

Talk About a Gold Mine! The Government will spend $43,000,000 on the job. The payroll will be enormous. Money already flowing freely.

The town needs rooming houses, movies, furniture stores, hardware store, cold storage and gas plant, individual houses, pool room, immediately. No similar opportunity has ever existed outside of a Gold Camp Rush. Every kind of business will pay. Choice lots are low priced. You can locate in the center of town for $450.00 for 50x100 business lot on paved street. Residence lots $150 to $250, terms if desired. 2000 acres of level land on the Washington side. Electric lights and water mains already in. In four months the population has grown from nothing to seven hundred. We expect five thousand within a year.

Come to North Bonneville "lookie see", as the Chinaman says.

Fortune is waiting for you.
Do you believe in Lucky Numbers?

Numbers of Dollars will multiply for you at North Bonneville. Get in on the first rush.

North Bonneville is right on the Evergreen Highway, four blocks from the North end of the Bonneville Dam.

Communicate with KEASEY, HURLEY & KEADY,
616 S. W. Stark St. Portland, Ore.
See Geo. T. Moody at North Bonneville, Washington.

TODAY IN BRIEF, IN AND AROUND OREGON

AS CHRONICLED BY THE DAILY LEASED WIRE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BODIES OF GIRLS FOUND

SALEM, Ore., March 12 (AP) — Bodies of Betty Savage, 12, and Annabel Tooley, 9, who had been missing since Thursday, were recovered late Sunday from Minto slough, near the Oregon Electric Co. tracks southwest of Salem. The bodies were found in 16 feets of water, near a log from which the girls apparently fell into the slough while on a flower-picking expedition. Physicians examing the bodies declared both had drowned and that no marks of violence could be found, thus ending the theory that the children had been harmed and then murdered.

KILLED AT GRADE CROSSING

GRANTS PASS, March 12 (AP)—His car struck squarely by a speeding Southern Pacific train, Roscoe Howard, owner of the Dixie hop ranch near here and two years ago a Republican candidate for Josephine county judge, was instantly killed at the grade crossing in the town of Rogue river in Jackson county at 6 p. m. Sunday.

SLAYING A MYSTERY

VAN COUVER, Wash., March 12 (AP) —Almost without clues to their identity, Vancouver police today sought two murderers who killed Lee Caples, 21, in cold blood at Midnight Saturday and robbed the body.

Caples' body, riddled by four bullets, was found in the yard of his home a few minutes after he had returned from his rural truck route, presumably carrying more than $500 in a sack in his pocket. The sack and his billfold were both missing when the body was found.

SEVEN FISHERMEN SAVED

TILLAMOOK, March 12 (AP)—Seven fishermen who were plunged from a capsized boat in mountainous breakers on the Tillamook bar, today owed their lives to the bravery and alertness of coast guardsmen.

Captain Robert Farley and his crew witnessed the accident Saturday afternoon and saw the seven men thrown into the cold water as their craft overturned. They reached the men as they neared exhaustion.

INDEPENDENTS BID FOR KRAUSE

MILWAUKEE, Wis. (AP) — A Milwaukee independent basketball team which plans to enter the Central A. A. U. league is bidding for the services of Ed "Moose" Krause, famous Notre Dame pivot man.

A Baby For You?

If you are denied the blessing of a baby all your own and yearn for a baby's arms and a baby's smile do not give up hope. Just write in confidence to Mrs. Mildred Owens, 8070 Coates House, Kansas City, Mo., and she will tell you about a simple home method that helped her after being denied 15 yrs. Many others say this has helped bless their lives. Write now and try for this wonderful happiness. —Adv.

JEWELRY STORE ROBBED AT NIGHT

R. E. Gerard's jewelry store was broken into some time during last night, and a number of watches taken from his show window. The glass was broken by the thief to gain entrance.

Mr. Gerard reported today that all the watches in the shop for repair were in the safe and were not molested.

SCHOOL WILL HAVE ASSEMBLY ON TUESDAY

Original plays by the second grade in Miss Gertrude Lang's room and by the third and fourth grades in Miss Pauline Day's room will be presented during a J. H. Ackerman Training school assembly tomorrow. The play presented by Miss Day's room is entitled "Success At Last" and has developed from the unit on clothing which these grades have been studying.

Miss Lang's room has been studying Indians and their play bears the title, "Blackfeet Indian Tribes."

The assembly will begin promptly at 1 p. m. o'clock in the Eastern Oregon Normal school auditorium.

Musical Comedy At L. H. S. Shaping Up

(Continued From Page One)

ing in novelty dances directed and created by Miss Kathryn Battain and the best of the voices being trained—in the variety of roles which the musical show affords — by Andrew Loney Jr., director of music.

Both directors are enthusiastic over the show which they are rehearsing daily.

Miss Nora Myers, of the domestic arts department, is designing costumes for the production.

"Jewels of the Desert" in itself is said to be a classic, written by Lily Strickland, one of America's best known composers of light songs. Miss Strickland specialized in composition under leading musical masters and also studied in India where she received her doctor of music degree. In "Jewels of the Desert" she has incorporated the mystery and the glamour of the east interspersed with brilliant comedy, impressive love scenes and intrigue, it is said.

Prison Break Fails In San Quentin Pen

(Continued From Page One)

Miller, who was in an alley near the prison electric shop.

Miller attempted to raise his weapon when he was knocked down by the three convicts.

Donning Miller's uniform, McNab put it on and started to bind the guard.

Just then three other prisoners came along the alley and McNab and his companions tied them up with the guard.

As McNab was binding Arbuckle his gun accidentally went off, guards said, and fatally wounded the prisoner.

In Washington

By Herbert Plummer

WASHINGTON — A stocky, silver-haired Irishman from Nevada by the name of Patrick McCarran, who came to the senate last March for the first time, is making plenty of trouble for the administration these days.

He is the man who engineered the successful move in the senate for full restoration of government salaries on July 1 despite the known wishes of President Roosevelt.

Former chief justice of his state and one-time member of the Nevada legislature, McCarran has been doing pretty much as he pleases almost from the time he first took his seat in the senate.

The administration's economy measure has been his target from the start. When the bill reached the senate in the special session he made an effort to have it sentenced to a quiet slumber in a committee pigeon hole.

Shooting at Glass

His fighting temperament showed itself during debate on this question. While senate galleries watched in amusement and other senators looked on with concern, McCarran made an attempt to "dress down" Carter Glass of Virginia.

Old - timers in the senate think twice before crossing the fiery little Virginian. For a newcomer to attempt such a thing was something hard to believe.

McCarran's ire was aroused by Glass' aside remarks concerning him. Jumping to his feet in a show of anger he demanded that Glass desist.

"I want that sort of thing stopped," he said. "If it's not stopped, I'll invoke the rules of the senate."

"Off The Reservation"

The jay restoration move is not the first instance in which McCarran has shown a disposition to act and vote counter to the Democratic majority to which he belongs.

Only a short time ago the senate adopted his amendment to the $950,000,000 CWA appropriation bill to

New Dam Chief

Harry W. Morrison, Boise, Ida., construction manager, is the new president of Six Companies, Inc., now engaged in building Boulder Dam.

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

Chapter 46

TEMPLE DRUMS

SCANNING the sky she saw that yesterday's occasional cloud patches had disappeared. It would be a clear day—a day without rain.

She made a gesture about her shoulders, as if to draw an invisible scarf about flesh that was suddenly chill.

The sun rose in a sudden upheaval of purple, gold and crimson. A jaguar snarled in the moat. Janice left the roof and retired to the sumptuous room that was hers—hers until the rain stopped for a day.

A remote thumping, vibrating some chord in the recesses of her mind, came to her. For a moment she lay relaxed staring at the V-arched ceiling. Soon she was conscious that about her silent figures were moving.

She propped herself upon an elbow and watched them. They were her servants—women garbed in the ankle-length robes square-cut and embroidered at the neck.

The thumping continued. Suddenly she realized it was the flat sound of the temple drum sounding out its dread summons from the pyramid top.

The women were preparing a costume. For a brief instant of panic she thought of screaming, of fighting, of making as great a difficulty as she could—anything to delay the inevitable procession that she realized was now scheduled for today.

But reason told her that she must conserve her strength. Some remote opportunity might occur that would give Billy and her a chance for living, or at worst a chance not to die on that horrible altar stone that to Janice seemed an animate thing crouched in the shadow of the priest's house awaiting the slanting rays of the morning sun.

She struggled, and succeeded in reclaiming her poise.

She allowed the women to dress her, passive under their ministrations. A sleeveless robe, such as the one she wore yesterday, but more sheer of materials, more lovely as to embroidery, was put upon her. Jeweled sandals were slid upon her feet.

HER minted gold hair—that the demands of her profession had kept long—was combed in a vivid cascade down her back. A jeweled circlet was placed over the crown of her head, a band that served as a base for a multitude of brilliant feathers.

Food was brought to her, a veritable cornucopia of abundance, but she did not touch it. Her throat was dry, her eyes felt hot and tired. Her heart seemed a pulsing machine that hurt as it throbbed.

The thudding of the temple drum continued. She was scarcely conscious that she was led out into the open. She noted curiously as she passed through the small door cut in the other wall that the jaguars were no longer there.

People were hurrying across the great open central plaza toward the pyramid. She saw a procession of priests and guards approaching from the eastern end of the plaza. Her own column of women was augmented by male guards.

Ahead she saw a curious cage of wood upheld upon the shoulders of half a hundred men clad only in loin cloths. Above the murmur of the crowd she heard the snarls of the jaguars imprisoned within the huge cage.

The beasts, evidently, were to be part of the ceremony.

Desperately she shaded her eyes against the new sun whose rays were beginning to pierce the sky over the eastern jungle. Where was Billy Langton? Could it be that he had been done away with—that he had not been held to participate in this ghastly rite?

She saw him, finally, heading the approaching procession. It was little wonder that she had not been able to pick him out of the column. It was his limp that betrayed him to her.

He was stripped to loin cloth and sandals. Some garment—a skin of some sort—was hung from his shoulders. His head-dress of feathers was like her own but fuller and more elaborate.

THE two columns joined one another on either side of the cage of jaguars. She saw the deep lines on Langton's face—his blond beard could not hide those engravings of suffering. His eyes were shadowed with pain and despair.

He flashed toward her a brief smile, a smile of encouragement she thought, but piteous in its impotence. She returned his smile; and thought she saw his eyes mist with a film of tears.

A jaguar screamed and threw its sinewy weight against the wooden bars. Instinctively she shrank away. The bars gave slightly but held. She noted in that instant that the gate to the cage was held by tied thongs.

It seemed a flimsy prison for such ferocity. She turned her attention to a litter, upheld by four men, that was approaching from the base of the pyramid.

Reclining upon it was the figure of the high priest. She had not seen him since she had been brought to the city. His face was pale—it a shade lighter than the usual mahogany color could be called paler.

His lips were grim under the beaked nose. Only his eyes lived. They examined the grouped cavaliers impassively; his glance bearing upon Langton and the girl caused his eyes to gleam in fanatic approval at what they observed.

He raised his hand.

As if the signal had been awaited the fast thud of the drum increased its tempo. The columns altered into action. A murmur, like that of spreading fire in a sun-dried savannah, arose in the steamy air.

The throngs about the pyramid and the cenote cliffs were anticipating their performance. The stage was set,—the drama ready to be played. The prologue was done with, now the ceremony of the sacrifice was about to begin.

Janice thought of the bravery of Horatio Greene in a similar situation not long before. Would she be equal to the ordeal, she wondered? Would Billy?

(Tomorrow, there is excitement on the outboard.)

"May I have another cup of that delicious tea?"

That's Dwight Edwards Tea for you . . . so exquisitely mellow in flavor . . . so thoroughly satisfying, that one feels compelled to prolong her enjoyment in a second cup. Oh, it's good . . . and you'll be enthusiastic too after trying just one package of your favorite blend — Orange Pekoe and Pekoe (black), or Japan Green. The price is startlingly low.

Dwight Edwards
TEA
Packed in Cellophane
Half-Pound Packages
For Sale in All
SAFEWAY STORES

PACKED IN CELLOPHANE

SPLINTERS

Published by
VAN PETTEN LUMBER CO.
Hugh Leonard, Editor

We are going to mail out four tickets to the LIBERTY to W. W. Binford, Alicel, Oregon, for the following lucky joke:

Mother had just finished dressing Bobby in his new suit when he exclaimed—

"Mamma, these pants are tighter than my skin."

"Why, that's impossible, sonny," was her rejoinder.

"Well," said Bobby, "I could sit down in my skin."

—

We have the finest stock of high grade lumber in our yard right now that we have ever had, and we would be awful glad to show it to you any time, whether you want to buy or not.

—

A fireman in Chicago died of "agranulocytosis." Don't know whether he had it, or just tried to spell it.

—

We have some real bargains in paint at our yard. We are going to clean these bargains up this spring, so look 'em over and see if there is anything you can use.

—

There are oil-burning refrigerators now. When they come out with snow - burning furnaces we will quit handling KEMMERER Number 5 coal, but not before.

—

We can give just about any color you want in Kalsomine now. We have lots of it and it is all fresh.

—

Some guy said always pay as you go. If we did, a lot of us would stay.

—

If you have a floor that you haven't been able to clean, try DOUBLE X Floor Cleaner. We will guarantee that it will clean your floor.

—

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but what about the Scotchman who kept a collar button for fifty - five years?

—

Ladies, don't forget DICADOO Paint Cleaner, when you start house-cleaning.

—

"Just one more glass, boys, and we'll all go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down his soap.

—

Our place of business is just across the tracks on Greenwood street. Phone Main 782. If you haven't a car, call us up and we will come and get you.