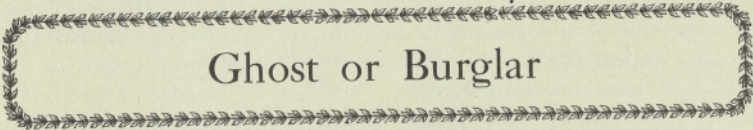


it together into a form to be of practical service to the citizens of the state, and by training a body of young men in the art of analyzing a question, and getting at the basic facts, the economic research department of the University of Oregon is serving the state that supports it.

W. A. Dill



## Ghost or Burglar

Summer came early, treading so impatiently upon the heels of spring that the latter damsel had barely time for a brief bow and her shower-laden presence was seen no more.

The nights got unbearably stuffy and Marion and I moved our respective couches out upon the big rear porch that opened from the upper hall.

"Isn't it delicious?" cooed Marion, snuggling the covers under her chin as the rose-burdened breaths of early summer stirred the trellis leaves to voiceless whisperings.

"Delicious, girlie, why it's positively heavenly," I answered as I gazed at the cameo of a fir-tree, that shone clearcut against the golden glory of the moon rising above the dusky hills.

Silence fell upon us and we lost ourselves in the immensity of a perfect night.

Never had the mysterious stars seemed so near, or so companionable. We seemed to be floating in an infinity filled with star-dust, wandering hither and thither without an effort. Dreamily I seemed to see the stars bend lower, and ethereal as the memory of a masterpiece the silence grew into a harmony that voiced the being of countless spheres. Across this vast space a sibilant voice flashed its way and it was a second or so before I became aware that Marion had clutched me nervously and was whispering.

"Wake up, Kate. I believe there's a man sneaking around the house."

We listened breathlessly and seemed to hear the pad of feet