

# THE TURNER TRIBUNE

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## \$2,500,000 GIVEN TO AID AVIATION

Daniel Guggenheim Endows Flying Progress.

## TO ESTABLISH SCHOOL

Announcement of Gift and Pledge of Co-operation Made in Letter to Hoover.

New York.—Donation of \$2,500,000 to aid in the advancement of aeronautics and aviation in this country was announced Sunday by Daniel Guggenheim, banker and mining man, who gave \$500,000 last year for the establishment of a school of aeronautics at New York university.

Mr. Guggenheim in making the announcement of his endowment in a letter to Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, said the fund would be used in co-operation with Mr. Hoover and all agencies of the government and the public generally in promoting aeronautics. He expressed the desire that the fund be restricted to civil activities and that work which is properly a government function be avoided.

Mr. Hoover was assured that his department would be co-operated with in "every possible manner."

Mr. Guggenheim explained that his action in deciding to establish such a fund was taken particularly in view of President Coolidge's endorsement of the recommendation by the national advisory committee for aeronautics "that a bureau of air navigation be established in the department of commerce."

The fund will be administered by the Daniel Guggenheim fund for the promotion of aviation, the trustees of which will be "men of eminence and competence," Mr. Guggenheim announced. He said he immediately would place \$500,000 at the disposal of the trustees and would supply further funds, up to an additional total of \$2,000,000, when, in the judgment of the trustees, it could be used wisely to promote the aims of the fund.

The trustees, Mr. Guggenheim said, would have unrestricted power to do anything which in their judgment, might develop aeronautics. He stipulated that the fund should not be a profit-making enterprise and that any earnings that might be realized were to be added to the fund.

## MORE RIGHTS ASKED

Washington, D. C.—Armed with a petition seeking for women "the right to earn their own living in their own way, unhampered by laws which do not apply equally to their male competitors," a delegation assembled by the national women's party marched to the White House executive office Sunday and left their plea with a policeman on duty there for delivery to the president.

President Coolidge was in the White House when the petition was left at his office, but his secretary, Everett Sanders, had made it clear to the party leaders that no engagements could be made with the chief executive on Sunday. The president spent a quiet day, not even following his custom of attending services at the First Congressional church.

Speakers at the mass meeting over which Mrs. Donald Hooker of Baltimore presided, contended that "protection, not protection, results from so-called 'welfare' laws enacted to apply to women but not to men in industry." Announcement was made that contributions totaling more than \$5000 have been received or pledged for the equal rights campaign.

## "Miss America" Sued.

Oakland, Cal.—Miss Fay Lamphier, chosen as "Miss America," at the recent Atlantic City beauty pageant, was made defendant Saturday in a suit for \$5996 damages, filed by Louis B. Jacobs, her ex-manager. Jacobs alleges that he signed a contract with Miss Lamphier in which he was to receive one-half of her earnings as prize beauty after Sept. 12. He says he believes Miss Lamphier has made \$10,000 since that time.

## Forty Children Flee Fire.

Seattle, Wash.—Miss Violet Norton, 16, and Miss Jeanette Whipple, 18, Sunday school teachers, rescued 40 children here Sunday when a fire started in a church where a Sunday school class was in session. The teachers formed the children, many of them little more than babies, into two lines and marched them through the smoke and flames to safety. The fire, which started from an overheated furnace, was extinguished after it caused \$500 damage.

## WEST TO OPPOSE PROGRAM

Clash with Secretary Over Irrigation Looms in Congress.

Washington, D. C.—The first definite clash between Secretary of Interior Work and the large western group in congress opposing his policies loomed here Monday over the secretary's recommendations for legislation charging off the losses on 19 federal irrigation projects in accordance with the report submitted by the board of adjustment and survey under subsection K of the fact-finders' act.

The proposed Work bill to carry it to effect the board's recommendations will be considered by members of the house from the states affected at a special meeting Friday morning. It is practically certain that numerous additions to the secretary's recommendations will be made before the proposed legislation is submitted to the house irrigation committee, where a favorable report will be sought on it, as revised by representatives of reclamation states.

The contents of the bill which Secretary Work would have enacted to relieve settlers on unprofitable reclamation lands have not yet been made public, but it is known that he has not approved a number of recommendations contained in the report of the board of adjustment and survey because he believes they were not within the scope of the board's authorization under the fact-finder's act. His opponents in congress take a different view of the situation.

The report of the board recommended the charging off of losses on projects under definite headings, and it is with some of these proposed grounds of relief that Secretary Work takes issue, holding the opinion that they "introduce principles which would render future developments so hazardous and uncertain as to destroy or seriously interfere with the administration of the reclamation act."

The definite losses which the board recommended for allowance on projects in the Pacific northwest and their classification were as follows: Umatta, definite loss, \$1,954,940, including \$470,204 on 4889 permanently unproductive acres and \$584,736 on acreage originally included through error or mistake.

Klamath, \$170,684, including \$1587 or 38 unproductive acres, main division, and \$151,200 on 34,600 unproductive acres; lower Klamath division, \$17,797 on acres included through error or mistake.

Okanogan, \$720,709, including \$219,102 on 2354 unproductive acres and \$501,598 on acres included through error or mistake.

Yakima, \$3065 on 56 unproductive acres.

## Hartley Denies Report.

Seattle, Wash.—Governor Hartley was reported Monday by The Times here as saying that a report he was seeking to oust President Suzzallo of the University of Washington "could have originated only in the imagination of a trouble maker."

Hartley and Suzzallo, during a session of the legislature which ended Thursday, came into sharp conflict over efforts of the governor to curtail appropriations for educational institutions.

Hartley asserted that no plan to remove Suzzallo "has been discussed or even considered."

## Cattle Perish in Fire.

Seattle, Wash.—Eighty cattle were burned to death in a barn fire 20 miles south of here Monday. In another barn fire three miles distant a still was found by firemen whom the proprietor tried to send away, telling them he had the flames under control. The loss in the fire in which the cattle were killed, near Auburn, was placed at \$40,000. Discovery was so late that the roof had collapsed before fighting was organized.

## Vessel Wrecks Bridge.

Oakland, Cal.—The 300-foot swing span of the Webster street bridge was toppled into the Oakland estuary late Friday when the steamship Lancaster drove headon into it. Three persons, the bridge tender and two boys were hurled into the water as the iron structure crumpled in its fall, but none was seriously injured. The steamship was not damaged by the crash.

## Miami Harbor Blocked.

Miami, Fla.—Miami's harbor remained bottled up Monday by the Danish barkentine Prins Valdemar, which turned over in the channel. The vessel, which was brought here to be used as a floating hotel, went aground Saturday and the outgoing tide capsized her. No one was injured.

## Manchuria "Cuts" Pekin.

Shanghai, China.—Reports from Japan and sources in Mukden say that Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, military ruler of Manchuria, has announced that Manchuria has severed its administrative relations and all communications with the Pekin government.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hood River.—Plans have been initiated by the men's forum of the Upper Valley Community church to make Parkdale the most beautiful town on the Mount Hood loop highway.

Salem.—The public service commission has dismissed the application of the Bear Creek Boom company for a franchise on the waters of Bear creek and its tributaries in Coos county.

Albany.—John Roberts, miner and surveyor of the Big Bottom country, 14 miles northeast of Foster and about 40 miles east of Albany, reports his bees, of which he has about 20 hives, swarming.

Salem.—The retting and scutching capacity of the state flax plant at the Oregon state penitentiary will be doubled this year, according to conclusions reached at a conference of persons interested in the success of the industry here Friday.

Pendleton.—More alfalfa seed will be put in the ground the coming spring in Umatilla county than for several years, according to a statement by County Agent Bennion, based on information from all the alfalfa districts in the county.

Salem.—Fire losses in Oregon, exclusive of Portland, for 1925 aggregated \$2,942,166.97, according to a report prepared Sunday by Will Moore, state fire marshal. The fire loss for 1925 shows a decrease of approximately \$200,000 compared with that of 1924.

Salem.—There were two fatalities in Oregon due to industrial accidents in the week ending January 7, according to the state industrial accident commission. The victims were Tom Jerryk, Rainier, setter, and Tony Strombaugh, Portland, tramcar operator.

Salem.—Complaint that the power rates of the Consolidated Electric Light company are not fair and equitable was filed in the offices of the state public service commission Friday. The complaint was signed by officials of the Canyon City Bottling works.

Oregon City.—A 24-pound turnip, of the purple top variety, displayed in the real estate office of C. A. Koeppe, of this city, has attracted wide attention. The turnip was grown on farm land owned by Mr. Koeppe in Curry county, Oregon, and measures one foot in diameter.

Eugene.—The hotel, springs, swimming tank and real estate of the Calapooia Springs company at London, 12 miles south of Cottage Grove, were sold at sheriff's sale Saturday to the Union Loan & Savings association of Portland, which held a mortgage on the property.

Salem.—The Florida Association of Real Estate boards has written to the state insurance commissioner here requesting copies of the Oregon real estate laws. The letter indicated that a number of Florida real estate brokers contemplate locating in Oregon within the next few months.

Medford.—Forty-three long-legged Medford men constitute the tall men's club, No. 2, of this city, which was formally organized here Saturday night at a banquet. Benjamin Ostland, originator of the order, five Marshfield men and some members of the Klamath Falls club attended.

La Grande.—Approximately \$250,000 worth of new construction and remodeling was recorded during 1925, according to a check of the building records for the year. The actual figures are \$241,817, but it is stated that, in many cases, the cost of building was greater than indicated on the permits.

Salem.—A total of 75,000 motor vehicles had been licensed for the year 1925 when the doors of the state department closed Saturday night. This represents approximately 35 per cent of the motor vehicles that will be licensed in Oregon this year, based on an estimate of the secretary of state.

Oregon City.—A deed was filed in the office of County Recorder Hackett Thursday by Charles G. Forster and wife to the First Wisconsin Trust company for a large tract of land located in Marion and Clackamas counties, much of which is covered with valuable timber holdings. According to the stamps that appear on the deed, that amount to \$700 alone, the land is valued at \$700,000.

Pendleton.—The members of the Tomato Growers' association of near Sunnyside in the east end of the county had a highly successful season during 1925, particularly in regard to prices, according to the report made by Chas. Walden, secretary, at the association's annual meeting. The total output of the association members was about 11 carloads, he reported, which is not quite 50 per cent of a normal crop. Prices held around \$2 a container during the season. Some of the crop was sold as far east as Montana.

## Mother's Cook Book

There is very little difference between one man and another, but that little is very important.

It is a greater compliment to be trusted than to be loved.

## HINTS AND GOOD THINGS

DELIGHTFUL little cakes may be decorated with animal crackers dipped in fondant chocolate. Gingerbread men—who ever grows too old to enjoy them?

Add a few drops of lemon juice to boiled rice; it improves the flavor as well as its appearance.

A plain, cooky foundation may be used for dozens of small cakes. Nuts, raisins, spices and seeds, cocoa and chocolate all may be used in various ways. The way cookies are shaped makes them more alluring even to grown-ups.

Plain Cookies.  
Take one-half cupful of fat, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste and add two cupfuls of flour. This recipe is best doubled for most families. Mix and let stand on ice to chill. This helps to roll them out, taking less flour.

Broiled Parsnips.  
Wash and scrape parsnips and cook until tender in boiling salted water. When cold cut in halves, spread with melted butter and broil.

Prussian Rocks.  
Cream two-thirds of a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and three well-beaten eggs. Sift three cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful each of soda, clove, cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg; add one-half pound of raisins and the same of walnut meats cut fine, to the flour mixture; alternate with one-half cupful of milk. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet. These cookies are better a week old.

Serve plain ice cream with a hot maple chocolate sauce, using nuts for a garnish. Such a dessert is rich and satisfying and not difficult to serve.

Nellie Maxwell  
(ig. 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

## WHO SAID

"In buying a house, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God."

THERE is nothing recorded in the life of Charles Pinet Duclos, the author of these words, to indicate that there was in his life the elements of marital unhappiness which would justify the cynicism he voices.

Duclos had a varied life and he has left his name on the roll of fame in many capacities.

As a historian he is entitled to be remembered as the author of the ingenious "History of Louis XI" and the "Secret Memoirs on the Reign of Louis XIV."

As a philologist he published some exceedingly interesting studies in the French and Celtic languages which have proved of great value in the world of letters.

As a novelist and wit he has left some excellent examples of his work. In this connection his autobiography cannot be overlooked, for it is both an interesting example of an excellent style and a human document enlivened by much of the author's native humor.

During his life Duclos won the approval of the French Academy and was rewarded by being made perpetual secretary of that body. His aid in revising the Dictionnaire of the Academy was one of the contributing causes to his being thus honored.

Duclos' death occurred in France in the year 1772 when he was sixty-eight.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(By George Matthew Adams.)

## THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says the argument limitation conference couldn't be expected to accomplish all the idealists want, but any friendly impulse at all among the nations is a step forward.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

# The BLACK GANG

By CYRIL MCNEILE

SAPPER

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D. W. H. Service

## AN OWL HOOTS

SYNOPSIS.—To a gathering of anarchists in Barkin, London suburb, Zaboloff, foreign agitator, tells of the operations of a body of men who have become a menace to their activities. He says they are masked and wear long black cloaks and are acting without the law. He is interrupted by the man he is describing (the Black Gang), who break up the meeting, sentencing some of the participants to condign punishment and carrying away others. A memorandum found on Zaboloff gives an address in Horton, which the leader of the attacking party considers of importance. Sir Bryan Johnstone, director of criminal investigation, hears from Inspector McIver, sent to arrest Zaboloff the night before, of his disappearance. He had been seized and chloroformed and his raid frustrated. Hugh Drummond, man of leisure, tells Johnstone of seeing the kidnapers and their victims. He becomes an unpaid agent of the police, under McIver. William Atkinson, ostentatious pawnbroker and money lender, really Count Zadova, director of anarchy in England, does business in an other London suburb. A mysterious stranger invades the premises.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

In blissful ignorance of the sad plight of the clerk below, two men were sitting in this room, deep in conversation. In a chair drawn up close to the desk was no less a person than Charles Latter, M. P., and it was he who was doing most of the talking. But it was the other man who riveted attention; the man who presumably was Mr. Atkinson himself.

At first he seemed to be afflicted with an almost phenomenal stoop, and it was only when one got nearer that the reason was clear. The man was a hunchback, and the effect it gave was that of a huge bird of prey. Unlike most hunchbacks, his legs were of normal length, and as he sat motionless in his chair, a hand on each knee, staring with uninking eyes at his talkative companion, there was something menacing and implacable in his appearance. His hair was gray; his features stern and hard; while his mouth reminded one of a steel trap. But it was his eyes that dominated everything—gray-blue and piercing, they seemed able to probe one's innermost soul. A man to whom it would be unwise to lie—a man utterly unscrupulous in himself, who would yet punish double-dealing in those who worked for him with merciless severity. A dangerous man.

"So you went to the police, Mr. Latter," he remarked snavely. "And what had our friend Sir Bryan Johnstone to say on the matter?"

"At first, count, he didn't say much. In fact he really said very little at all. But once he looked at the note his whole manner changed. I could see that instantly. There was something about the note which interested him. . . ."

"Let me see it," said the count, holding out his hand.

"I left it with Sir Bryan," answered the other. "He asked me to let him keep it. And he promised that I should be all right."

The count's lips curved.

"It would take more than Sir Bryan Johnstone's promise, Mr. Latter, to insure your safety. Do you know whom that note was from?"

"I thought, count," said the other a little tremulously—"I thought it might be from this mysterious Black Gang that one has heard rumors about."

"It was," replied the count tersely. "Heavens!" stammered Latter.

"Then it's true; they exist."

"In the last month," answered the hunchback, staring fixedly at his frightened companion, "nearly twenty of our most useful men have disappeared. They have simply vanished into thin air. I know, no matter how, that it is not the police; the police are as mystified as we are. But the police, Mr. Latter, whatever views they may take officially are in all probability unofficially very glad of our friends' disappearance. At any rate until last night."

"What do you mean?" asked the other.

"Last night the police were balked of their prey, and McIver doesn't like being balked. You know Zaboloff was sent over?"

"Yes, of course. That is one of the reasons I came around tonight. Have you seen him?"

"I have not," answered the count grimly. "The police found out he was coming."

Latter's face blanched; the thought of Zaboloff in custody didn't appeal to him. It may be mentioned that his feelings were purely selfish—Zaboloff knew too much.

But the Count was speaking again. A faint sneer was on his face; he had read the other's mind like an open book.

"And so," he continued, "did the Black Gang. They removed Zaboloff and our friend Walcock from under the very noses of the police, and like the twenty others, they have disappeared."

"My G—d!" There was no doubt now about Mr. Latter's state of mind. "And now they've threatened me."

"And now they've threatened you," agreed the count. "And you, I am glad to say, have done exactly what I should have told you to do, had I seen

you sooner. You have gone to the police."

"But—but," stammered Latter. "The police were no good to Zaboloff last night."

"And it is quite possible," returned the other calmly, "that they will be equally futile in your case. Candidly, Mr. Latter, I am completely indifferent on the subject of your future. You have served our purpose, and all that matters is that you happen to be the bone over which the dogs are going to fight. Until last night the dogs hadn't met—officially; and in the rencontre last night, the police dog, unless I'm greatly mistaken, was caught by surprise. McIver doesn't tell that happen twice. In your case he'll be ready. With luck this cursed black gang, who are infinitely more a nuisance to me than the police have been or ever will be, will get bitten badly."

Mr. Latter was breathing heavily.

"But what do you want me to do, count?"

"Nothing at all, except what you were going to do normally," answered the other.

"Hullo! What's up?"

From a little electric bell at his elbow came four shrill rings, repeated again and again.

The count rose, and with systematic thoroughness swept every piece of paper off the desk into his pocket. Then he shut down the top and locked it, while the bell, a little muffled, still rang inside.

"What's the fool doing?" he cried angrily, stepping over to the big safe left into the wall, while Latter, his face white and terrified, followed at his side. And then abruptly the bell stopped.

Very deliberately the count pressed two concealed knobs, so sunk into the wall as to be invisible to a stranger, and the door of the safe swung open. And only then was it obvious that the safe was not a safe, but a second exit leading to a flight of stairs. For a moment or two he stood motionless, listening intently, while Latter fidgeted at his side. One hand was on a master switch which controlled all the lights, the other on a knob inside the second passage which, when turned, would close the great steel door noiselessly behind them.

He was frowning angrily, but gradually the frown was replaced by a look of puzzled surprise. Four rings from the buzz below was the recognized signal for urgent danger, and everybody's plan of action was cut and dried for such an emergency. In the other rooms every book and paper in the slightest degree incriminating were hurried pell-mell into secret recesses in the door which had been specially constructed under every table. In their place appeared books carefully and very skillfully faked, purporting to record the business transactions of Mr. William Atkinson.

In the big room at the end the procedure was even simpler. The count merely passed through the safe door and crashed through his private bolt-hole, leaving everything in darkness. And should inconvenient visitors ask inconvenient questions—well, it was Mr. Atkinson's private office, and a very nice office too, though at the moment he was away.

Thus the procedure—simple and sound; but on this occasion something seemed to have gone wrong. Instead of the industrious silence of clerks working overtime on affairs of financial import, a perfect babel of voices became audible in the passage. And then there came an agitated knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" cried the count sharply. It may be mentioned that even the most influential members of his staff knew better than to come into the room without previously obtaining permission.

"It's me, sir—Cohen," came an agitated voice from outside.

For a moment the count paused; then with a turn of the knob he closed the safe door silently. With an imperious hand he waved Latter to a chair, and resumed his former position at the desk.

"Come in," he snapped.

"What the devil have you been doing?"

A pair of rich blue-black eyes, and a nose from which traces of blood still trickled had not improved the general appearance of the assistant downstairs. In one hand he carried a pair of hobnail boots. In the other a piece of paper, and he brandished them alternately while a flood of incoherent frenzy burst from his lips.

For a minute or two the count listened, until his first look of surprise gave way to one of black anger.

"Am I to understand, you wretched little worm," he snarled, "that you gave the urgency danger signal, not once but half a dozen times, merely because a man hit you over the nose?"

"But he knocked me silly, sir," quavered the other. "And when I came to, and saw the boots lying beside me and the till opened, I kind of lost my head. I didn't know what had happened, sir—and I thought I'd better ring the bell—in case of trouble." He retreated a step or two toward

the door, terrified out of his wits by the look of diabolical fury in the hunchback's eyes. Three or four clerks, who had been surreptitiously peeping through the open door, melted rapidly away, while from his chair Mr. Latter watched the scene fascinated. He was reminded of a bird and a snake, and suddenly he gave a little shudder as he realized that his own position was in reality much the same as that of the unfortunate Cohen.

And then just as the tension was becoming unbearable there came the interruption. Outside in the passage, clear and distinct, there sounded twice the hoot of an owl. To Mr. Latter it meant nothing; to the frightened little Jew it meant nothing; but on the count the effect was electrical. With a quickness incredible in one so deformed he was at the door, and into the passage, hurling Cohen out of his way into a corner. His powerful fists were clenched by his side; the veins in his neck were standing out like whipcord. But to Mr. Latter's surprise he made no movement, and rising from his chair he too peered round the door along the passage, only to stagger back after a second or two with a feeling of sick fear in his soul, and a sudden dizziness in the throat. For twenty yards away, framed in the doorway at the head of the stairs leading down to the office below, he had seen a huge, motionless figure. For a perceptible time he had stared at it, and it had seemed to stare at him. Then the door had shut, and on the other side a key had turned. And the figure had been draped from head to foot in black.

Charles Latter was unmoral rather than immoral; he was a constitutional coward with a strong liking for underhand intrigue, and he was utterly and entirely selfish. In his way he was ambitious; he wanted power, but, though in many respects he was distinctly able, he lacked that essential factor—the ability to work for it. He hated work; he wanted easy results. And to obtain lasting results is not easy, as Mr. Latter gradually discovered. A capability for making flashy speeches covered with a veneer of cleverness is an undoubted asset, but it is an asset the value of which has been gauged to a nicety by the men who count. And so as time went on, and the epoch-making day when he had been returned to parliament faded into the past, Mr. Latter realized himself for what he was—a thing of no account. And the realization was as gall and wormwood to his soul. It is a realization which comes to many men, and it takes them different ways. Some become resigned—some make new and even more futile efforts to some the humor of it, and some don't. Mr. Latter didn't; he became spiteful. And a spiteful coward is a nasty thing.

It was just about that time that he met Count Zadova. It was at dinner at a friend's house, and after the ladies had left he found himself sitting next to the hunchback with the strange, piercing eyes. He wasn't conscious of having said very much; he would have been amazed had he been told that within ten minutes this charming foreigner had read his unpleasant little mind like a book, and had reached a certain and definite decision. In fact, looking back on the past few months, Mr. Latter was at a loss to account as to how things had reached their present pass. Had he been told when he stood for parliament, flaunting all the old hackneyed formulae, that within two years he would be secretly engaged in red-hot Communist work, he would have laughed the idea to scorn. Anarchy, too; a nasty word, but the only one that fitted the bomb outrage in Manchester, which he had himself organized. Sometimes in the night, he used to wake and lie sweating as he thought of that episode.

And gradually it had become worse and worse. Little by little the charming Count Zadova, realizing that Mr. Latter possessed just those gifts which he could utilize to advantage, had ceased to be charming. There were many advantages in having a member of parliament as chief liaison officer.

There had been that first small slip when he signed a receipt for money paid him to address a revolutionary meeting in South Wales during the coal strike. And the receipt specified the service rendered. An unpleasant document in view of the fact that his principal supporters in his constituency were coal-owners. And after that the descent had been rapid.

Why should the hoot of an owl and a figure in black create such fear? More mystery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Times Had Changed

The salesmen who had been turned away several times remarked to the office boy with the sarcasm:

"Well, I suppose the boss is in conference again this morning?"

The office boy flipped a paper wad at the stenographer before he replied:

"No, sir; not in conference. He's sworn off golf."

## Mind and Soul

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.

—Ovid.