

THAT TERRIBLE THORN-GIRL

NINETEEN
Sylvia agreed breakfast was an excellent idea. Not that she was hungry, the mental distress under which she was laboring had quite destroyed her appetite. But she was afraid to be with Steve for very long, alone. She had feared, on meeting him, that his first question would be the one she had left unanswered the night before—would she marry him? At table, conversation of so intimate a nature was impossible. She dragged out the meal as long as she could, despising herself for her indecision, yet utterly unable to overcome it. The presence, the physical nearness of this man she loved left her even more at sea than she had been before. How could she hurt him by telling him what she must—how lie to him, by refusing to marry him, when all the while her throbbing heart told her it was her one, her only, desire?

Even when they were once more on deck, however, Steve did not repeat his question of the previous night—press her for an answer. He seemed so sure of her feelings toward him, so certain that her love was, like his, the greatest thing of their lives, that he did not refer to their marriage at all. His complete faith in her made Sylvia's position an even more difficult one. She knew very well that their goodnight kiss had been to both of them a promise, almost a sacrament. No wonder he felt sure of her; if love were the only thing needed, he had ample reason to feel sure. Something told Sylvia that the question of their marriage would not come up again until she brought it up herself. Steve was just—waiting—quite confident of what her answer would be. The situation was dreadful to her; Sylvia tried to hide her agitation beneath a flow of chatter.

"I wish we were beginning our trip all over again," she told him. "I like traveling with you, Steve. Some day I hope to go to Europe. Isn't that the Statue of Liberty?" She pointed through the fog.

"Nothing else but. We'll be at the dock in no time now. Everything packed, I suppose?" He looked down at Sylvia with a tender, possessive smile. "Luckily we don't have to bother with the custom people."

"I think I have a few more things to put in my bag," she told him. "Perhaps I'd better run down and do it now." It was only an excuse to get away from him; her belongings had been packed hours ago. To be alone—to think—to decide—that was the main thing, now.

"Hurry up," Steve called after her. "We'll land in half an hour. See you at the gang plank."

For a moment the thought of running away from him crossed her mind, but she realized at once the futility of it. If she could only be certain that her story would be believed, how gladly would she tell it. Then there rose in her mind a picture of the woman on the train—the one who had referred to her in shocked tones as "that terrible Thorn girl."

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Go East via California

—reduced roundtrip fares now in effect; good until October 31. Stopover privileges permit visits along the route.

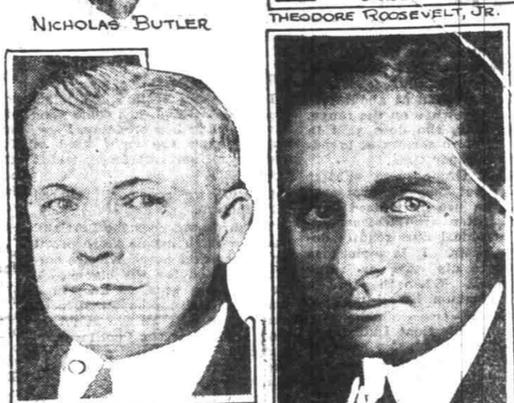
Four well-equipped trains daily, including the speedy "Shasta," over the scenic Shasta Route. From California, three famous routes to the East.

Go one way, return another if you wish. Ask about the new "Circle Tour of the United States"—greatest summer travel bargain.



O. L. Darling, Agent, Salem, or A. A. Mitchell, D. P. & P. A., 164 Liberty Street

New York Scans Candidates To Succeed Gov. Al Smith—"IF"



Here are four of the outstanding "possibilities" in New York's impending gubernatorial campaign, who await Governor Al Smith's announcement of his candidacy—or otherwise.

Scandinavian Introduces "Psychological Spotlight"

GULVER CITY, Cal.—The "psychological spotlight" has been introduced in American motion pictures by Mauritz Stiller, Scandinavian director now at work here.

The trick is in focusing the attention of the spectator on principals when seen in a large crowd of "extras." Stiller achieves his result by no special lighting effect. It is accomplished in part by differences of make-up or dress, on the same theory that when a magician holds up a number of cards, all black but one red, the red card invariably holds the attention of the audience.

Again the effect is achieved by timing the action. The principal moves in a different direction across the general movement of the crowd or stands while the others are moving.

The result, utilizing the psychology of the spectators, is more effective than the more common lighting effect, says the director.

F. L. Wood and Geo. F. Peed, real estate, 344 State. Farms and city property. They bring buyer and seller together, for the benefit and profit of both. (*)

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Lebanon—Building and loan association being organized here.

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Wonderful Bargains Throughout the Entire Store

GIESE-POWERS Furniture Company

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You Are Welcome to Credit Even at Sale Prices

LIVING and LOVING

KEEN EARS
The figure of a woman. In her upraised hand a pair of scales. Across her eyes a bandage. Symbol of right and wrong weighed in the balance of judgment meted out by an impartial, because sightless, colon.

Why the bandage, asks the quizzical analyst, very logically believing that Justice might be more fittingly represented with vision unobstructed. But the pessimist has his answer ready.

Represented more fittingly, perhaps, were all things as they should be, he declares, but represented not half so truthfully since in practice Justice so often seems not to see the real evidence in a case.

However, if Justice is blind, she has keen ears!

Striking proof of her unimpaired sense of hearing was afforded recently.

A certain man was arrested, brought to trial in one of our city courts, by a jury convicted of robbery and almost condemned to spend a quarter of a century behind prison bars.

As this man was being led back to his cell to await sentence, courage, born of desperation, impelled him to disregard all court etiquette to dare judicial anger. Head high, voice unshaken, without trace of hysteria, the prisoner turned and spoke:

"So help me God I am innocent of this crime."

That was all. Yet the voice, quiet as it was, rang through a breathless courtroom. And Justice, in the act of relaxing after duty done, reared its head to listen.

Sincere? Such an oath at such a time could not help but be. Only the truth, and nothing but the truth, could have been so phrased and uttered.

Back to his cell marched the prisoner, all unknowing just how

him from all things that make life worth living. Not a friend in the crowded courtroom save perhaps his lawyer, who even now was making still another plea, but to what purpose?

At last his Gethsemane! The judge was speaking:

"One's liberty is a sacred right, and before it is taken from one there should be no doubt of guilt, for it has been shown he is innocent!"

That judge was spokesman for equity!

Human judgment may not, cannot, be always infallible.

Neither is Truth invariably harsh nor Justice stubbornly uncompromising.

Portland—Model residence to be built, to display 29 building specialties.

Ban on Foreign Games By Members of Gaelic Clubs

DUBLIN.—The Gaelic Athletic association has decided to retain the present ban on foreign games, which means that all games excepting Gaelic football, hurling (a kind of hockey), and handball shall not be played by anyone affiliated to the association. It also was decided that any discussion on the removal of the ban shall be prohibited for three years.

Not only are Gaelis forbidden to play any of the banned games but even their attendance at these games involves suspension.

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Good-bye, sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.
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The open road

SUPPOSE you came suddenly upon two roads. One straight, well-trodden . . . the other thin and twisting off into undergrowth. If you didn't want to arrive at any place in particular, you might choose the latter. But not otherwise.

Before you, as buyer, run two roads. One is the road of knowledge of an advertised product. Thousands use it. There's no mystery about it, no doubting, nothing hidden. It leads the way definitely to a fountain pen, a floor wax, a tooth-paste that will give you satisfaction. When you use an advertisement, you use an open road.

When you don't use advertisements, you go the doubtful road. You have only hazy knowledge of the product ahead. No trade-mark or name to depend upon guides you. The result may, or may not be worth the effort. You don't know.

Read the advertisements. Anything widely advertised—breakfast food, hammer, hair tonic—has proved itself good by advertising.

Advertisements put you on the open road to satisfaction