

In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live. He will possess something higher than all these—a great country, the whole earth, and a great hope, the whole heaven.—Victor Hugo.

The Editors Say "Hoover Wins"

EDITORS of representative newspapers throughout the United States assuredly afford an accurate sounding board from which to catch the election tones of next month. To ascertain their sentiment, Editor & Publisher, newspaperdom's most representative weekly magazine, has just completed a poll which included more than 900 editors of daily papers in the country.

Asked to reply on their opinion of the probable victor in the Hoover-Smith race, 720 said Hoover would win and only 180 cast their vote for victory with the gentleman from New York.

Editor & Publisher also ascertained from a poll of the editors what man the latter considered the probable choice in their own state. The result showed that these representative editors felt Mr. Hoover was assured of 387 electoral votes to 126 for Mr. Smith with the 18 votes of Missouri considered doubtful.

The results in several large states are interesting. Fifty-eight California daily editors said Hoover would carry the Bear state while only four saw Smith a victor. Thirty-three New York state editors foresaw a Hoover victory and 19 a democratic win. Every editor of the 77 reporting in Pennsylvania declared Hoover would carry that state and likewise in Michigan every editor of the 33 voting said that Mr. Hoover would be victor in their home state.

The poll revealed that the "solid south" was still solid with Tennessee editors finding Smith a 4 to 1 favorite, although Kentucky newspaper leaders thought Hoover the favorite there.

Considering that all types of newspapermen were approached, democratic as well as republican, and that all newspapers with varying types of ownership were canvassed. The poll is at once interesting and prophetic. Insofar as any poll before the real day of voting can be authentic, this test of the editors bespeaks an overwhelming tide of victory coming in for the republican standard bearer.

How Goes the Nation?

NATURALLY enough, there is plenty of one-sided talk and floods of prejudiced words in advance of any such momentous event as a national election. Getting right down to facts sometimes proves interesting and enlightening, though we must suffer the chips to fall where they may.

For example, the political record of a generation shows Wilson to have been the lone democratic occupant of the White House since Cleveland retired in 1889. In spite of this interesting fact, Vermont alone has maintained uninterrupted allegiance to the republican banner for 40 years. Iowa, Rhode Island, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota and Pennsylvania have broken faith only once, while Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, New York, New Hampshire, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois have stepped from the straight and narrow path twice.

Oregon has been true to the republican cause except in the campaign of 1892, when it gave a quarter of its voting strength to the third party, and in 1912, when it aligned with 40 other states in electing Wilson.

These political side trips made by republican states have not seriously effected the result, although the record reveals that 10 states have consistently gone democratic for 40 years and three other states have broken out of the democratic lineup only once in the same generation.

The Solid South gets its reputation from the fact that in these 40 years only Tennessee, and that state only once, has deserted, with Oklahoma, one the fringe of the "solid" belt having done likewise once in the 20 years it has enjoyed statehood.

No normally republican state went to the democratic side of the fence in 1924, although Wisconsin did strive vainly for the election of LaFollette. On the other hand, Kentucky, normally democratic, was in the republican fold in that year. Counting Kentucky and Oklahoma as parts of the "Solid South," that far-famed area of 13 states controls 142 electoral college votes. A total of 266 votes are required to elect.

Y. M. C. A. Enrollment

RIGHT-THINKING Salem men will view as a privilege rather than a duty, their enrollment as members of the city Y. M. C. A.

This organization has grown steadily since its advent in Salem years ago and today is housed in an attractive, efficient, well-constructed home on Court street. During the last year the "Y" has extended its service to 2500 people, a liberal percentage of the citizenry of Salem. That this number ranks high compared with the national percentage is indicated by the fact that throughout the United States Y. M. C. A. memberships now total 1,000,000.

The "Y" stands, but more than that, works for every good cause whether it be the physical development of the individual member or the mental or moral development of the many boys and men who seek spiritual counsel from the Y. M. C. A. It is because of this worthwhile work that such men as W. I. Staley, president of the board, T. A. Livesley, Tom Kay and Paul Wallace, along with scores of equally representative citizens, support the institution and encourage the secretary, C. A. Kells, in the splendid work he is directing.

For the same reasons Salem citizens should and will, enroll in the "Y" which asks no funds save those of memberships. Active or sustaining members alike can do their part to make the Salem Y. M. C. A. increasingly effective during the coming year.

Clifford W. Brown

THERE must have been tender thoughts in the minds of many Salemites as they joined in welcoming home the triumphant American Legion drum corps.

Thoughts reverting to the memory of the man responsible for the organization of the drum corps—Clifford W. Brown. He not only originated the idea, he furnished the money needed to pay for the first uniforms and equipment. He took pride in the splendid work they did and gloried in the trophies they garnered in friendly rivalry.

Heartfelt regrets there must have been in the minds of many that Clifford W. Brown was cut off in his prime and could not be present, except in spirit, to join in the welcoming home of his boys, who did their city and state proud at San Antonio and came back wearing the well-deserved laurel wreaths of victory.

The other day we had a kind word to say for Franklin D. Roosevelt, nominated for governor of New York. He now comes forth again showing his superiority to his Tammany surroundings. In a speech he frankly and completely absolves the leaders of the republican party of any participation, directly or indirectly in the "campaign of bigotry." We hope rough neck Al was listening in.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Kellygrams

A BUSINESS chief once said to me, as he closed down his desk to go to a ball game at 3 o'clock. "Tomorrow I may have to be here until 7 o'clock. But today, when I don't, I'm going to grab a little recreation. I'm not going to stay here just to try to make a record for the number of hours put in at the office. Business is not a mere endurance test."

And They Lived Happily Ever After



The Diary of a New Yorker

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to the Oregon Statesman

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Out of the maze of autumn openings "Faust," produced by the Theatre Guild, has attracted the most attention, but not the most favorable reviews. Indeed, the critics have found it dull, and are puzzled. Goethe's masterpiece, as translated from the German and fit to male stars of the past, has been popular fare. Now, here it is, unabridged as it were, in a prologue and nineteen scenes, an English version by Graham and Tristan Rawson, and directed by Frederick Holl, the director of the Berlin Volksbuehne (People's theater). Here it is, in all its supposed glory—and the critics find no glory.

Gilbert W. Gabriel, highbrow critic, tries to explain in these words: "Most of all, maybe, you'll wonder, why try a 'Faust' at all in English? The sumptuous clang of Goethe's phrases, the surge and majesty of his great cadences, the exultant and warm color of his words of heavenly wrath and fiendish irony... how could English, any English, recapture these passionate resonances which are half the gorgeously of 'Faust' in the original? ... Perhaps it is just the pinched speaking that this British translation seems to call for that turns each famous passage into a cool, thin trickle. Or perhaps the cast, finding itself in semi-modern costume (period of 1820, by Lee Simonson), had decided to live up to the Kate Greenaway atmosphere and be nicely chirrupy and teacuppy about its conversation. At any abridged as it were, in a prologue and none of the sonority, such phonicness and few of the phonetics." Those who remember Sir Henry Irving and his production may weep. The old always looks better. George Gaul plays Faust, Dudley Digges is Mephistopheles and Walter Vonnegut is Wagner.

Grace George, whom the road knows so well, is to return to the Broadway stage soon in an English play. Her husband, William A. Brady, will be the producer. She was last seen in the provinces in "The Road to Rome." New York may have "the world's greatest exposition." It would be in 1932 in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Minimum cost would be \$100,000,000. Mayor Walker and Governor Smith must approve. Since Philadelphia had an expo twice several years ago, city administrations haven't been eager to "join in" Chicago. I believe, plans one for 1933 or thereabouts. It held what probably was the most successful one—in 1893.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Al Smith says— He is going to carry Ohio and Pennsylvania.

And Senator Robinson, democratic candidate for vice president, says he would not be surprised to see Oregon and Idaho go for the Smith.

Well, that would surely be going some. And the chances of his just about as brilliant as those for a gutta percha cat to climb out of hell.

The way it looks now, Smith will be in luck if he carries half the states of the solid south. He seems to have not even a ghost of a chance any where else.

Under the heading, "Those Who Come and Go," being tales of folks at the hotels, the Oregonian of yesterday had Raymond Z. Henle, a newspaper correspondent of Washington, D. C., saying, after he had motored to Salem and return in the party of Senator Robinson, candidate for vice president.

That's fine. But the farmers of

Dinner Stories

Knew His Athletics Amusing evidence of the hold which the Olympic games laid upon the British public mind is furnished by this little yarn. A careless pedestrian, mooning in the Strand, found a bus bearing down upon him. By an inspired series of leaps and hops he gained the refuge of an island. The bus driver, having drawn up his vehicle shook a reproving finger at the adventurer and said, "Nah then, Lord Burghley."

The Sod Itself A gentleman visiting some relatives in Scotland was persuaded to try a game of golf. At his first stroke he aimed a terrific blow at the ball, scattering the turf to right and left. "What have I hit?" he asked, looking around for the result. "Scotland, sir," answered the caddy.

Hoover's Alphabet

By MABEL F. MARTIN

Not one figure of the Peace Conference, but many, called him the single statesman of the war period who came out of the struggle with untarnished credit. Elements in Europe that would trust neither government nor official nor commission, trusted Herbert Hoover. When, after the war, the auditors closed up a sales-and-purchase account of \$23,000,000, they added a voluntary statement that Hoover had never himself drawn a cent from these funds for any purpose whatsoever. Hoover's record both as that he is a man to be trusted in public and in private life, provided the grave responsibility of the Presidency of the United States.

Human bones have been found in an old Indian graveyard in Salem. What sort of bones did anyone expect to find there except those of humans? Os West graced Salem with his presence while Senator Robinson was here. If only Milt Miller had come along our cup of bliss would just naturally have overflowed. The so-called "solid South" seemingly is not so solid as of yore. Everybody help the Y. M. C. A. campaign, thereby helping Salem.

Four types of receiving tubes are announced by a firm, the Raytheon Manufacturing Co., which heretofore manufactured only gasous rectifiers for B-eliminator. It is planned later to have a complete line of battery and AC tubes. The four include a 226, a 227, a 171a and a 230.

Hoover's Alphabet

With Willie Hoppe and Jack Layton, billiard experts, playing an exhibition match here, Jim Robinson was confronted with strong competition. "Colorado Blizzard Traps Deer Hunters" says a headline. Better than that fall victims to the rifles of careless shooters. Marie Prevost says she has separated from Kenneth Harlan "once and for all." Which probably means for at least six months.

CLICKS

Typewriter Chatter, More or Less Frivolous, of Men, Women and Evens. If people realized how hard it is to write timely, snappy editorials maybe they would read more of them.

Ice in Salem the other morning. And the store windows displaying those long-legged, scratchy ones. It won't be long now.

Monday a man appeared in Salem with a "Smith for President" badge of his. He attracted quite a lot of attention.

Living Thoughtfully The study of the universe, the ordered movement of the planets, the observation of all the carefully prepared and arranged processes of nature should lead us into the practice of living thoughtfully. When we perceive that nature is ruled by a creative force and ruled in an orderly manner, what excuse can we have for living lives of chaotic disarrangement and thoughtlessness.

An Idea More powerful than the trend of marching armies, said Victor Hugo, is an idea whose hour has come. But the great Frenchmen would have admitted the fatality and the weakness of an idea in the mind of a man or woman suffering from the commonest malady of modern times—mental indolence. Without energy ideas are beautiful pictures packed away in the attic.

Popularity People who are exceedingly popular doubtless find it pleasant to be so. But one can pay too high a price for popularity and when he has paid it he will find that he has lost what he thought that he had bought. Many seek popularity by agreeing with everybody about everything. They get a reputation for tolerance, and then it is discovered that they do not deserve a reputation for tolerance. They simply have no convictions. Very likely they are ignorant and do not know what they are agreeing with. Better be unpopular and stand for something than to be an easy pushover in every debate.

Tolerance doesn't mean agreeing with the other fellow on everything. It means respecting his opinion without agreeing. It means giving him the assumption of sincerity and trying to see things from his point of view as well as your own. Tolerance does not mean giving up your own thoughtful convictions—if any.

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Herbert Hoover

A Reminiscent Biography

By WILL IRWIN

(Extract from the book published by The Century Co.)



I MUST hurry over the twelve years after Herbert Hoover's adventurous life in the Australian gold rush and the Borax war. Looking back I see that he had added one quality. Under the modesty and shyness lay an air of authority—expressed not in speech, but somehow in unconsidered mental attitudes. During those exciting years of China, it seems to me, his entity came forth he was the Hoover whom all the world knows.

His journeys covered the world, but always the home port was San Francisco. His way of life in this period has given rise to the persistent reports that he was out of the country for twenty years. As a matter of fact, he spent only one of those years—1907—wholly out of the United States. The Hoovers had by now two sons. They must be educated at home, the Hoovers decided.

The head office of the business in San Francisco presently stretched like an expanding ripple. There was a main branch in New York; and lesser branches ringed the world. Hoover became distinctly a coordinator, an executive, an eliminator of waste and folly.

Hoover Goes Ahead In that period of far-flung activities between 1901 and 1914 Hoover boarded an ocean liner as casually as you or I take a trolley car. His cabin became a floating office. Mrs. Hoover followed and accompanied him in so far as her boys and their education permitted.

I can mention only a few of the notable enterprises on which he stamped his character. At Broken Hill, in Australia, he revived a seemingly worked-out zinc mine. At Kyshtim, on the western slope of the Ural mountains, he developed what grew to be the most important metallurgical center in Russia. In the Malay Peninsula was a mining puzzle in chemistry and engineering which, in the course of some perplexed years, Hoover solved. Where had been jungle grew a community of 25,000 people. And at home, in many engineering

The Way of the World

By GROVE PATTERSON

Truth A poet, unknown to the writer of this column, once set down these lines:

"I stood one eve beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vespers' chime;  
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor,  
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.  
How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter all those hammers so?"  
"Just one," said he, then said, with twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

We may strike at truth, deny it, and seek to destroy it. We may go on all our lives opposing men and principles who are in the right. We cannot break the men or wear down the principles—so long as they are really true. They are, indeed, like the anvils which in time must wear the hammers out.

Living Thoughtfully The study of the universe, the ordered movement of the planets, the observation of all the carefully prepared and arranged processes of nature should lead us into the practice of living thoughtfully. When we perceive that nature is ruled by a creative force and ruled in an orderly manner, what excuse can we have for living lives of chaotic disarrangement and thoughtlessness.

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works Hoover had a technical or administrative hand. Aside from his authorship of various technical books, Hoover's bent for scholarship is in his passion for Stanford University. Herbert, Jr., was graduated there in 1924; Allan is now a student there. In 1912 Hoover became a trustee of the School of Business Administration and the Food Institute are of his creation. Finally, he collected the war library which his fellow trustees have insisted on naming after him. This unique collection may prove his greatest service to Sanford.

A Typical Action When as a boy of twenty-three he first got a salary above bare necessities, he made Lester Hinsdale a kind of distributing agent; sent him monthly from Australia a generous remittance. Most of this sum went to one or two relatives in process of education; and the rest to working students in Stanford who found the going hard, not from Hoover. . . . He maintained the habit. For twenty years I have in California or New York observed men or women of our common acquaintance sliding smoothly through a crisis. Then, years later perhaps, I will learn that the solvent was Hoover.

As he drew toward the end of his vital, fighting thirties, mind and spirit were rising again to overlap their barriers. In 1912 I crossed lines with Hoover. During a three-day wait for a steamer we picked up a number of old intimacies, and on the third night we talked of his future.

"I'm getting to the point," he said in effect, "where I'll soon have an independent income. I'm dissolving all this foreign work; the boys are taking it over. I am interested in some job of public service—at home, of course."

He Generalizes When I pressed him for particulars he answered by interesting generalities. So many problems would yield to common sense, honest intention and cooperation. We were leaving to sentiment so many things that didn't belong legitimately to sentiment. We could save so much waste by coordinating our activities. In such work, somehow, somewhere, a man of his experience might find place and usefulness.

"It sounds like politics or government work," I commented.

"Well, I've always been interested in that sort of thing," he said. "I don't know yet what it will be—but something." He was vague, for Hoover.

Two summers later a shot from a crazy boy lit the fuse of the powder magazine of Europe. And then Fate resolved the vague "something"; again Fate decided for Herbert Hoover the decisive.

(To be continued.)

Poems that Live

"A FAREWELL"  
My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;  
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you  
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down;  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;  
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever  
One grand sweet song.  
—Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From Two Statesman Our Fathers Read

Oct. 18, 1908  
Real estate transfers show a prevalence of sales of small tracts.

Judge Septimus J. Hanna of Boston, a member of the board of lecturers sent out by the Christian Science board of education, will speak here next month.

R. W. A. Cherry, night operator at the S. P. passenger depot, has been promoted to the company's agent at Gervais.

Highwaymen way-laid Dan Frazer of North Salem as he was crossing the Marion-Polk county bridge and robbed him of 75 cents, all the change he had on him.

Sheriff J. M. Rader of Jackson county was here to bring two patients to the state insane asylum.

The University of Washington defeated O. A. C. at Corvallis, by a score of 5 to 0.

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The Grab Bag



Who am I? With what form of musical entertainment is my name connected? Name the artists who started my concerts this season?

How old is Thomas Alva Edison?

Whose last words on the scaffold were: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better knowledge that I go to, than I have ever known?" In what novel did they appear?

Give the line following: "Poems are made by fools like me,"

"The way of the just is upright; thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just." Where does this passage appear in the Bible?

JIMMY JAMS



Today in the Past On this date, in 1926, Queen Marie of Roumania arrived in New York City from Europe on a visit in the United States.

Today's Horoscope Persons born under this sign have a strong leaning toward economy and fixedness of opinion which borders on obstinacy, but they never lack a plausible excuse when they make a mistake in judgment.

A Daily Thought "There is no praise in being upright, where no one can, or tries to corrupt you."—Cicero.

Answers to Forgoing Questions

- 1. Atwater Kent; radio; Frances Alda and Mario Chamlee.
- 2. Eighty-one.
- 3. Sidney Corton's "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens.
- 4. "But only God can make a tree."—"Tree," by Joyce Kilmer.
- 5. Isaiah, xvi, 7.

One-Minute Pulpit

Speak unto all the congregations of the children of Israel, and say unto them. Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy.

Ye shall fear every man his mother, and his father, and keep My sabbaths; and with her death ends the career of another pioneer. Mrs. Wilson was 83 years and 29 days old and had lived in this county 64 years, all of which, save one year at Silverton, had been spent close to and in Salem. She had been in ill health for a long time preceding her death.

Funeral services were held in the Rigdon mortuary chapel at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, with the Rev. Norman K. Tully of the First Presbyterian church officiating and interment will be in the I. O. O. F. cemetery here.

Minervia Nelson Wilson was born in Shelby county, Missouri, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Melson with whom she crossed the plains in 1864 to locate on a farm near Silverton. She was married in 1867 to J. H. Wilson, a pioneer of this county, who died in 1902.

Mrs. Wilson is survived by Otto J. Wilson of Salem and Charles O. Wilson of Springfield, her sons, and by two sisters, Mrs. S. P. Garrigues of Portland and Mrs. Ella McDowell of San Jose, Calif. Six grandchildren, Kenneth W. Wilson, Otto J. Wilson, junior and Margaret Wilson of Salem, and Clifford, Hobart and Donald Wilson of Springfield, one great grandchild, Clifford Clain Wilson, also of Springfield survive.

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