The New Oregon Statesman's Valley News and Correspondents' Page

GIRL IS JERKED HIGH INTO AIR

Rose Larkin, 11, Drops to Death From Cable After Swift Ascent

BEND, Ore., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Forced to release her grip after she had been jerked vertically more than 150 feet above the gorge of Crooked river by an aerial bucket cable, Rose Larkin, 11 years old, dropped to her death last night at Opal Springs country in Jefferson county.

The girl was playing near her home at the edge of the river shortly after dark. As she swung on the cable which descends from a power plant on a cliff 400 feet above and across the river from the Larkin home, the line suddenly tightened. Rose was pulled from the ground and in a few seconds was 150 feet above the river. As she was being pulled higher, the aerial basket moving on the line, moved steadily downward.

As the basket neared the girl she was forced to let go or be crushed. She released her hold on the cable and plunged downward 150 feet.

The cable was operated from the power plant on the top of the cliff. The operator was unable to see or hear the signals and cries of the girl's parents.

It is believed the child became frightened as the ascent from the ground started, and was unable to release her hold on the line. She was pulled 150 feet into the air in less than four seconds.

The cable is used in the construction of a water project. Supplies and equipment are lowered into the gorge from the power house on the cliff.

KIWANIS OFFICERS TAKE OVER DUTIES

DALLAS, Ore., Jan. 4.—(Special) At the regular meeting Wednesday the new officers of the Kiwanis club began their duties.

E. J. Page assumed the presidency. Dr. A. B. Starbuck, the retiring president, made a brief talk in which he reviewed the activities of the club during the past 18 months while he served as president.

The club gave him a rising vote of thanks for his effort in behalf of the club. Mr. Page made a short address in which he briefly outlined his policies for the coming year and was assured of the hearty support of the club.

Standing committees have been named for the club as follows:

Business standards, N. Y. Guy, T. C. Stockwell, J. C. Clayton. Kiwanis education, S. E. Whitworth, R. R. Turner, J. R. Craven. Membership, T. B. Hooker, W. M. Dalton, Dr. A. B. Starbuck and Conrad Stiffrin.

Program, R. R. Imbler, Dr. V. C. Staats, J. R. Allgood. Good will and grievance, C. B. Sundberg, Tracey Savery. Public affairs, W. W. Harcombe, F. J. Craven, Oscar Holmes. Inter-club relations, J. C. Tracey, H. A. Woods. Publicity, Earl Richardson, Paul McCracken. Under privileged child, Dr. W. L. Pemberton, C. L. Crider, A. V. Oliver. Club meetings, Walter Williams, Ernest McCallon, E. K. Piasecki. Agriculture, W. L. Soehren, E. A. Wagner, R. W. Craven.

CONFERENCE BACKS ARBITRATION PACTS

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The Pan-American conference on arbitration and conciliation, representing 20 American republics, today formally approved drafts of multilateral arbitration and conciliation treaties looking to the settlement of all future international differences in the western hemisphere by peaceful means.

The treaties are expected to be signed by the various delegations and the conference will adjourn after sitting continuously since December 10.

The conference today also approved a report from its special committee charged with prompting the conciliation of the Bolivian-Paraguayan dispute. It further adopted a resolution expressing appreciation for the manner in which its good offices had been accepted by the disputing parties and voiced the hope the special conciliating commission, created under the conciliation protocol signed yesterday by delegates from Bolivia and Paraguay, would begin its labors as soon as possible.

All motions were carried unanimously, and the treaties were approved with no debate whatever.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Corner State and Church. Pastor, F. C. Taylor. Res. 686 State. Phone 974. Margaret K. Sutherland, director religious education. Phone 672. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Topics: Morning, "What's on the Layman's Mind" or "The Protestant Confessional." Evening, "Levi, Surnamed Matthew." Special music: Prof. T. S. Roberts at the organ will play "Andante Pastorale" by Alexander and "Berceuse" by Spinney. Miss Ruth How will sing "Build Thee More Stately Mansions" by Andrews, and Miss Josephine Albert will sing "O Holy Night," by Adam. Church school 9:45 a. m. Classes for all ages. Epworth league: University and First Church chapters in joint meeting. Topic "Thinking Through." Leader, Forest Holladay. Junior High league in charge of Miss Dorothy Taylor. Junior church 11 a. m. in church annex.

LONDON—(AP)—The prospect of loud speakers carrying political speeches over a mile radius at the next general election has made some members of parliament shudder already.

LET'S LIVE!

By MILDRED LAMB

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Chapter LIV

BYRD was surprised that she felt almost no nervousness.

"Guess I'm getting shock proof," she said to Chet, "nothing can put a dent in me any more."

Calmly she read the article which was plainly seen in the middle of the page.

It was a short article to the effect that each of the eight directors of the Hillandale and Sunset Point Realty companies were liable for fifty thousand dollars apiece. The names of the directors were given again and Larry's name was among them.

Byrd's evening was ruined.

She tried to play bridge, but she couldn't keep her mind on the game.

Finally she pushed her chair back from the table.

"It's no use," she said. "I can't play. My nerves are all on edge. I'm going back to my room."

Chet suggested a movie and then a drive and then a run out to see Fred and Tiny, but with each suggestion Byrd shook her head.

"You and Pat go and drop me off."

Chet started the car in the direction of the Kellys' rooming house, but stopped to make one last suggestion.

"Home, James!" said Byrd, gayly, but there was a false note in her voice.

Byrd knew they hated to leave her at the Kellys.

"It's perfectly outrageous," began Pat, as they stopped in front of the house, "that you won't come and live with your own sister. Don't you think it's rotten of her, Chet?"

Chet started the old arguments all over again.

"Pat's learning to be a good housekeeper," said Byrd, slyly, "if I were there she might stop trying."

Pat gave her a frosty look.

There was no doubt in Byrd's mind that Pat's offer to give her room and board was not quite as generous as Pat made it out to be.

The next night Byrd stopped at a circulating library and took home some books. She would spend the evening reading. She didn't want any dinner, but she bought some cheese and crackers in case she got hungry.

Mrs. Kelly saw her with her paper parcels as she started upstairs.

"You're home early, Mrs. Browning," she said, in her kind voice. "Have you had your dinner already?"

"I haven't been feeling very well for a few days," explained Byrd, "and I've completely lost my appetite. I bought a few things in case I get hungry."

"We're just sitting down to supper," Mrs. Kelly said hospitably. "We'd love to have you join us."

"I know I couldn't eat a mouthful," said Byrd. "I really think I better go to bed and get a good night's sleep. I've been carrying a good deal on my mind lately—"

Byrd stopped abruptly. The words just fell from her tongue.

She heard the scraping of a chair and wished she could get upstairs before Martin heard her. He was at the door of the hall as she reached the landing.

"Please have a bite of supper with us, Mrs. Browning," he said. "I want you to see what a good cook my mother is."

Martin had a way of settling things. But it made Byrd a little cross to think he took such a matter-of-fact manner with her.

She found herself in the dining room before she could give the condescending refusal that was on the tip of her tongue.

"Well—" she said helplessly, as she felt herself shoved into a chair.

There was a growing fern in the center of the table and the tablecloth was snow white, hardly showing the fine mending all over it. There was a hot plate at each place and Mr. Kelly was helping himself to a steaming beef pot-pie before he passed it around to the others.

He sat at the table with his shoulders humped over his food and hardly needed to lift his fork to get it into his mouth. He was very near-sighted, Byrd thought, with no sense of criticism in her mind.

The Kellys seemed to feel honored that Byrd was dining with them.

"We want you to feel at home with us," began Mr. Kelly, peering vaguely in her direction through his thick glasses.

"It's just as nice as having company," confided Rosy. "Ma says we can't afford to have company very often."

Then realizing she had made a mistake, Rosy colored to the roots of her hair.

"But ma," she said, answering the anguished look in her mother's eyes, "you know what I mean. She's company in a way, but it doesn't cost anything extra."

The ice was broken and they all laughed except Rosy.

Byrd found she was really hungry, and took another helping of the meat pie. The potatoes were plain boiled, cooked in their jackets and everybody peeled their own.

"It saves me a little extra work," said Mrs. Kelly, apologetically. "My mother says it's the only way to get all the good in the potato," said Byrd.

Mr. Kelly asked Byrd about her family and she told them about them, lingering lovingly over her father's career. But by tacit agreement, the subject of her own life was avoided.

"Gee, it's lucky we're having dessert tonight," said Rosy, as she finished her second piece of ginger bread with lemon sauce.

"Looks like you had all the luck," laughed Martin.

"Let me help you with the dishes," offered Byrd, as they rose from the table.

"I should say not," answered Martin, "not with a big kid like Rosy around."

"Which remark doesn't tickle Rosy any too much," tittered Mr. Kelly.

After thanking Mrs. Kelly for the lovely dinner, Byrd started upstairs when Martin again detained her with a hand on her arm.

"I suppose you'd turn me down flat if I made a suggestion," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Of course I will," said Byrd.

"Well, that encourages me to make it anyway," he said, in an ingratiating tone. "It's a beautiful night, and much too early for you to go to bed. I'd like to take you out for a little ride, perhaps as far as the 'Golden Slipper,' where we can have a few dances and be home again at ten o'clock."

"I'm sorry, but not tonight," she said briefly, and ran upstairs.

But once inside her door, Byrd felt a little regret that she hadn't accepted Martin's offer.

She hung her hat and coat on a hook behind the door, and took off her dress and slipped into a kimono. She stretched out on the bed, piling the pillows behind her head and took up her book.

She read the first page and then laid it back on the table listlessly.

"Nowhere to go but out; nowhere to stay but in," she said gloomily. "What a chump I was not to say I'd go and dance."

Suddenly she jumped out of bed. These evenings were getting on her nerves. She spent quite a little time over her toilet, having smeared her face and neck with cold cream and powdered and rouged it lightly. She brushed her long, beautiful hair that looked like a golden stream of water under the light. She braided it and wound it coronet-fashion around her shapely head. She slipped into the blue-flowered organdy.

She waited a few minutes at the top of the stairs and as she saw Martin pass through the hall, she called to him softly.

"Oh, Mr. Kelly," her voice came gently down the stairs, "what would you say if I told you I had changed my mind?"

"I'd say 'Bully'!" and Martin was up the stairs, taking two steps at a time.

In a few minutes they were driving out toward Willoughby. The November wind, high and strong, as it blew across her face from the open window, had a tang of rain and winter and summer in it, blended insincerely.

Martin did his best to be entertaining. But Byrd couldn't throw herself into a new mood. She wanted to do things, and the minute she was doing them they lost their zest. Her mind kept going over incidents of her married life, incidents that this drive recalled, parties and road houses.

They took a small white table at the far end of the oval dancing floor and as Byrd looked around, she thought it was a lovely place in which to dance. The little pink lamps threw a rosy mist over the polished floor, making it look like a rosy lake, and in it were reflected the trellises that covered the ceiling and walls and the profusion of flowers that twined around them.

The warm, bright room was only partly filled, for this was late in the season.

The jazz band, on its little platform, began to wail its syncopated rhythms.

"We'll have to order a bite," said Martin, as the waiter came toward them with his card. He ordered cheese and wafers and gingerale, ice and glasses.

They danced.

The little orchestra wailed and a colored boy broke out into song as he beat an occasional kettle-drum.

"Has she got naughty eyes?
Yes, she has naughty eyes,
Boom, boom, boom."

It was the first time in her life that Byrd felt the ecstacy of dancing. She knew she was a beautiful and expert dancer, and that increased her enjoyment. Hadn't Mr. Semenoff continued to rave about her dancing? She gave herself up to the beat of the music and floated with it out into space.

As they went back to their table, Martin said inelegantly:

"Well, I'll be fried! The lady can dance!"

"You throw a wicked hoof yourself," Byrd answered archly, for Martin was a grand dancer.

The music started again, accompanied by the lilting tenor.

"Who, who, who stole my heart away?"

They both laughed at the words, but Martin held her a little closer for an instant, while they swayed to the exquisite music.

They nibbled at the cheese and crackers during the intermission and then Martin, looking carefully around the room, quickly poured a little of the contents of the flask he drew out of his pocket into their glasses. It was a tiny flask and contained very little.

"This is the elixir of life!" he said. "Let's toast each other."

"Here's to us!" said Byrd, and she drank part of the glassful.

Then she hastily set it down. She had drunk it without thinking. She had decided weeks ago not to touch a drop of anything to drink, and here she was, drinking right out of Martin's flask.

"Oh, it's safe!" laughed Martin. "I can't afford much of the stuff, but what I have is O. K."

They danced several times before their glasses were emptied.

"We'll keep the profits for the end of the evening," he said, looking at the half-emptied bottle.

"I suppose if people only drank moderately," said Byrd, seriously, "there wouldn't be any drink problem."

And later, when Byrd refused a second glass, Martin stowed the bottle back in his pocket.

"One thing I can't do, is to drink alone," he said. "We'll save this for the next time."

They danced many times and Byrd thought she had never relished anything so much in her life.

On the way home, Martin looked at her questioningly again and again. The old mood possessed her. Life had passed her by. She might find forgetfulness for a little while, but in the end the hungry longing for the little white house and one pair of arms carried her into a black abyss.

(To be Continued)

MEETING IS HELD BY WOMAN'S CLUB

AUMSVILLE, Ore., Jan. 4.—(Special)—The Aumsville Woman's club met at the home of Mrs. Charles Ransom Thursday afternoon. Those present were Mrs. E. T. Pierce of Salem, Mrs. J. E. Towler, Mrs. C. F. Hein, Mrs. C. M. Martin, Mrs. Millie Martin, Mrs. T. McClellan of West Stayton, Mrs. George Claxton, and the honor guest, Mrs. C. A. Harwood.

The Aumsville school opened for work again this week after the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Folks and family moved their household goods Wednesday to Rockaway, where they recently purchased a store.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sacre spent New Year's day with their son, Lyle Sacre, and family at West Stayton.

After a visit here with his grandmother Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Loyd Seeley has returned to Rose Lodge, where he is teaching school.

The Aumsville community club held its regular meeting Monday evening at a 7 o'clock dinner with about 125 persons present. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Salem entertained the club with educational motion pictures.

M. McCollough and J. H. Prunk were in Silverton Monday on business.

Jessie Smith Is Bride of Lyle Straw, Longview

ZENA, Ore., Jan. 4—(Special)—Miss Jessie Smith received the announcement Monday of the marriage of her sister, Miss Zella, to Lyle Straw. The wedding took place at Longview, Wash., Wednesday, December 27. Miss Zella Smith was born at Zena and spent her childhood here.

Private Kenneth Henry of Vancouver Barracks, who was here on furlough during the Christmas holidays, returned to Vancouver Wednesday after being the house guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Niles Holland and daughter Laverne returned early this week from Estacada, where they were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holland's sister, Mrs. Elva Looney during the holidays.

Idaho Folk Are Guests; On Way To California

LAKE LABISH, Ore., Jan. 4.—(Special)—The H. W. Mears family left this morning after a three day visit with relatives here.

The Mears are on their way from Idaho Falls to San Francisco where Mr. Mears goes to be assistant manager of the Supermade company. They are making the journey by automobile.

Your Choice
of
Three Bedroom Suites
$69.00
See them in our windows now
H. L. Stiff Furniture Co
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

Two Shades of Blue

Two shades of blue flannel go to the fashioning of this coat dress with modernistic lines in the simple trimming.

KING'S PROGRESS IS SLOW BUT STEADY

LONDON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The two medical bulletins issued by King George's physicians today showed that his progress if slow, was satisfactory. For the first time since December 12, when Sir Hugh Rigby performed an operation for drainage of the infected area of the chest, the surgeon's name did not appear on the evening bulletin. This announcement which was signed by Sir Stanley Newett and Lord Dawson of Penn, was their usual one sentence pronouncement. It said:

"The King had a quiet day and there is not change to report in his majesty's condition."

The absence of Sir Hugh Rigby from the consulatation bore out a statement in the official communication given to the medical journals last night that the wound of the operation no longer requires surgical attention.

Ten Jurymen Selected to Try Northcott for Death Of Unknown Mexican Boy

COURTROOM, Riverside, Calif., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Problematical progress had been made tonight as Gordon Stewart Northcott's trial for the murder of three boys at his Wineville ranch was adjourned until Monday. At the end of a day given over almost entirely to examination and cross examination of veniremen, ten tentatively accepted jurors were in the box, including four of those originally drawn. An indication that they might all be swept away, however, by preemptory challenges, was given in an order by Judge Freeman issued after conference with defense and prosecution counsel for a special venire of thirty to be in court Monday morning. The defense today used three of its twenty preemptory challenges and the prosecution none.

Definite warning that he intended to demand the death penalty was given the prospective jurors by Deputy District Attorney Earl C. Redwine. In his examination of the veniremen, Redwine asked each whether he entertained prejudice against death as a penalty for murder. In each case he received a negative answer.

Norbert Savay, Northcott's chief counsel, stressed in his questioning the point that the jury might be called upon to decide between the death penalty and life imprisonment in the event Northcott is found guilty.

Young Northcott himself took a hand in the questioning this afternoon when he sent a note across the room to Savay. When the attorney asked a venireman, who had identified himself as the operator of a chicken ranch, whether he had upon his ranch any lime or gunnysacks, Northcott smiled broadly. When the talesman answered in the affirmative, Northcott turned to nod and smile at the spectators. Quicklime and gunnysacks have entered into charges against the 22 year old Canadian as having been used in disposal of the bodies of alleged victims.

A dramatic incident witnessed by spectators in the courtroom today was the identification by a 10 year old Colton, Calif., boy of Northcott as a would-be kidnaper from whom he had escaped in the latter part of 1927. The lad, John J. Thompson, Jr., told Sheriff Sweeters that a man, pointing to young Northcott as that man, had attempted to force him into an automobile at Pickering park near San Bernardino. He escaped and ran to his father. The elder Thompson told Sheriff Sweeters that he had pursued the man but had been unable to overtake him.

STOCK MART ACTIVE SPECULATION SPLIT

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Speculative sentiment was sharply split today by the new high total of stock exchange loans, and stock prices fluttered about uncertainly. The market opened with a flood of overnight selling orders, which carried prices off sharply in the first hour, but pools and bargain hunters gave the market strong support later, and prices were fairly steady at the close.

The outstanding new development of the day was the announcement of the unification plan for Radio corp. and Victor talking machine. This plan, however, had long been expected and discounted as a market factor. It provides for a 5-for-1 split up of Radio common.

Motor shares were again heavy, which was attributed to rather widespread disappointment that the expected pre-automobile show bull movement has failed to make headway.

Legion Requests Moving of State Hospital Cases

American Legion posts in different parts of Oregon are sending requests to government officials urging that 25 world war veterans now confined in the Oregon state hospital here be transferred to the new federal hospital in Portland.

This information was given to the state board of control Friday by Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital. Most of the patients were said to be suffering from shell shock and other forms of insanity due to the war.

School Work is Resumed After Brief Vacation

DALLAS, Ore., Jan. 4. (Special)—The Dallas school reopened Tuesday morning with all the teachers on the job but one.

Miss Dorothy Cook, a teacher in the grade school, has been ill for some time but expects to resume her work in a few days.

Owing to the "flu" epidemic it was expected that there would be many students absent, but something less than 6 per cent are out at present.

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In three price Groups

Group No. 1.—MEN'S O'COATS
Mostly heavyweights. There are coats in this lot that would ordinarily sell at $20. Your choice $10.00

Group No. 2.—MEN'S O'COATS
Medium and heavyweights, well tailored, many beautiful patterns. These were real values early in the season at $30.00. Your choice $15.00

Group No. 3—MEN'S O'COATS
A limited number of top coats, made up from finest woolens, very latest fabrics and styles. Your choice $18.00
A few exceptional values at $20.00

BLANKET SPECIAL
8½-lb. and 4-lb. single grey 8½-lb. and 4-lb. single grey blankets $2.50
4-lb. and 5-lb. double grey blankets $4.50

Clean-up of BOYS' OVERCOATS
Good, serviceable, stylish Overcoats, sizes 2 to 16. Close out at MANUFACTURERS' COST

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Close out of all cashmeres at $15.00
All other men's and boys' suits greatly reduced.

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Fancy plaid, fringed Close out at $4.50

FLANNEL SHIRTS
Flannel shirts, khaki, grey and navy, Close out at $3.25

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Waterproof, double shoulders and sleeves. Close out at $7.00

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