

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
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Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 211 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 250 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$2.00; 3 Mo. \$5.25; 6 Mo. \$9.50; 1 Year \$14.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 Cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## Fire Prevention Week

THIS week being fire prevention week, we take the occasion to suggest to the careful householder that he make a thorough inspection of the fire possibilities of his own residence, store or factory. The common causes of fires are defective flues or wiring, hazards about the furnace or stove, piles of refuse, oily rags, etc.

How good are your flues?  
How well do stove pipes fit into the flues?  
Are paper or wood close to flues or to stove or furnace doors?

Is your basement clean? And your attic?  
Go over your place from roof to cellar and fix up your premises without fail against the heavy firing season of winter. This applies equally to the country as to the city. More so, because the chance of putting out a fire which breaks out is very slim as compared with towns where fire departments give quick response.

In the literature which came to this desk urging the calling of public attention to the week, we find a story which reminds us that Ben Franklin, long regarded as the patron saint for printers, is likewise almost a patron saint for fire fighters. Here is the account:

"Benjamin Franklin, whose alert mind saw the necessity of getting aid to home owners before the truck arrived, with four other friends formed the Union Fire company in 1736. There were thirty men in this mutual assistance company and each one equipped himself with a bucket for water and two iron pails for salvaging household goods. The company met eight times a year at a dinner for which they paid three shillings. This is believed to be the first service club. Whenever a conflagration started in a neighborhood, Union members in the vicinity put a light in their front window, and brother members so recognized the house which they were to protect. Later a metal 'fire alarm' was put on each house. The Union lasted 64 years, and was the basis for fire fighting units long after Franklin passed on.

"Besides organizing fire fighting, Franklin also introduced many fire prevention laws for building, and public use. He advocated use of brick, stone and stucco; cleaning chimneys regularly; and building deep and fireproof hearths. In 1752, Franklin organized the first fire insurance company, a company still doing business in Philadelphia."

## Sol Bloom and G. Washington

WRITING his "Daily Mirror of Washington" for an eastern daily Clinton W. Gilbert describes Sol Bloom, who's associate director of the Washington Bicentennial commission is promoting the 1932 celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of the Father of the country. His description amply corroborates the opinion which has been formed of the energetic Mr. Bloom by those of us who have been on the receiving end of his publicity clip-sheets. Writes Mr. Gilbert:

"A resident of Washington being presented the other day to the Honorable Sol Bloom remarked, pleasantly, of course, 'I know Mr. Bloom. But who is that guy George Washington? What is he hooked up with?' Well, when Mr. Bloom gets through the country will know George Washington as well as it knows Representative Sol Bloom. For the benefit of the uninformed it should be said that Mr. Bloom, besides being a democratic member of the House of Representatives from the nineteenth congress district in New York City, is associate director of the George Washington Bicentennial commission, which is in charge of the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, not merely on February 22, 1932, but all through the year 1932.

"The ex-officio chairman of the commission is Herbert Hoover, president of the United States. And the vice chairman is Simeon D. Fess, senator from Ohio, and the chairman of the Republican National committee. But Mr. Bloom is the works. There was to be another associate director, a Republican, and indeed, there once was one, Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A., grandson of the Civil War general of the same name, but Colonel Grant resigned his post and the associate directorate consists of, according to the Congressional Directory, 'Vacancy' and Sol Bloom. According to the letterhead of the commission, it consists of Sol Bloom and Vacancy. Deeply as politics abhors a vacuum, this vacuum in the associate directorate has long existed and is not likely to be filled.

"And quite appropriately, the tremendous energy of Sol Bloom fills the field. There is no reason for another associate director. Not since that first of book agents, Parson Weems, who wrote books and then sold them, invented the story of the cherry tree, has any one done so much to put over George Washington as Mr. Bloom has. A floor full of press agents turns out daily copy about George Washington. Every day a newspaper in Washington once slept, and you know how many that was—listed. Pictures of them all may be had on application. So thorough is Mr. Bloom in finding out all that may be known about George Washington."

Two men came into this office last week, local men, who had been working in a nut orchard near Salem. After working a week or two they called for their wages and were promptly fired because they asked for their pay. They felt sore, because while they had earned only about a dollar a day they didn't want to lose the work. Such treatment even if based only on a misunderstanding is unfair to the worker. If the employer doesn't want to pay until the end of the job the terms should be made clear when the men are taken on. Labor is taking the rough end of the business depression; but abuse of labor only breeds discontent, and discontent born of real injustice is social dynamite.

In former years the man was rated a success who made two blades of grass grow where only one did before. Nowadays lunch-counters seem to multiply like blades of grass, only that doesn't seem to be much proof of a man's success.

The tax reduction league in Multnomah county has got off to a good start. The increase in the county tax rate will be only one mill; and the Mas have decided the teachers' salaries can't be cut.

Horadon and Pangborn nearly made it in time to get back to the state fair. Last year they were doing taxi flying at the fair grounds.

Senator Borah is credited with saying the depression will end, sixty days before anyone knows it. Okay, senator, but the sixty days were up last March and still we don't know it.

"State fair closes in blaze of glory" says Oregonian headline. So? It looked to us like an old-fashioned Oregon rain.

All the deputies are at their desks daily until the budgets are safely made up for another year.

With the deer season all busted open now we are pleased to report the Salem hunters as all present or accounted for.

From the showing of the big Oregon schools Saturday the alumni will soon be heard calling for new coaches.

Russians can heat their homes now every third day. They shouldn't complain; they can still wave the red flag.

## Overweight

By C. G. DAUER, M.D.  
Marion County Dept. of Health  
There is no doubt that overweight or obesity is prejudicial to both health and longevity, and it certainly reduces efficiency. The manner in which one determines whether or not overweight is present is by calculation from a weight and height table. Much has been written in recent years concerning the weight height fallacy and it must be granted that there is

Dr. C. G. Dauer has no fixed relation between the height and a proper weight. People differ in body type as much as do the thoroughbred racer and the draught horse. Some people are normally tall and slender and others are short and heavy without being at all obese. It must be clearly understood that the age of a person is a weight-height table are average weights and not ideal weights. The observations of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company indicate that the weight of one of the most desirable weight in relation to length of life is considerably under the average figures given in a height-weight table. But any considerable excess over these weights, unless caused by unusually large bones and muscles, may be termed obesity, especially when the waist measure exceeds that of the chest.

There are a number of causes of obesity. Food consumed in excess of the body requirements is stored as fat, and the more fat is laid on, the less energy is expended, and less food is needed. Therefore, after fat has once been deposited, it is laid on with increasing rapidity, although there be no increase in the diet. Obesity can therefore be said to be caused by habitual overeating due either to ignorance or to an undue fondness for eating. In some cases excessive amounts are not eaten, but the diet contains an unusual proportion of highly fattening foods.

Overeating is by far the commonest cause of obesity. In a few cases there is a disturbance in the internal secretions, particularly of the thyroid, as a result of which the basal metabolism is greatly lowered, and a very much reduced diet. Disturbances in the pituitary gland may also be a factor in inducing obesity. For these reasons any one contemplating reducing his weight should consult a physician and have a careful physical examination including a study of his basal metabolism before going on a reduced diet. But such cases are the exception and not the rule. The great majority of fat people have no disturbance of metabolism.

What health problems have you? If your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Oregonian, besides being a democratic member of the House of Representatives from the nineteenth congress district in New York City, is associate director of the George Washington Bicentennial commission, which is in charge of the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, not merely on February 22, 1932, but all through the year 1932.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem  
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 6, 1906  
Classes in stenography and typewriting will begin today at Willamette university. This is a new department there.

HARRISBURG—President Roosevelt made a flying trip to Harrisburg yesterday to deliver the dedicatory oration on the new \$15,000,000 capitol here. He will do a speech on the train at each city he passed through.

WASHINGTON—United States intervention at Cuba was sought early last month by Palma, the Cuban president. Secretary Root made known here yesterday. The Cuban leader requested the secretary to send two warships to the island to quell the rebellion and protect life and property.

October 6, 1921  
Arthur Wilson, dressed as a woman, for a Cherrians' publicity stunt, created a sensation on the streets of Salem yesterday when he walked out of a store smoking a cigarette. Salem matrons were shocked at what they thought was an 18-year old girl smoking.

NEW YORK—Carl Mays pitched to the Yankees a well-earned 5 to 0 victory over the Giants in the first game of the 1921 world series yesterday.

The Salem Cherrians came back from Albany last night with the \$50 cash prize offered by that city for the best showing of uniformed organizations in competitive drill. Captain Carl Gabrielson directed the winners.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WHERE WERE PRUNES?  
To the Editor:

The Oregon state fair was a great fair and a big success, with the counties all making wonderful displays of products and resources enjoyed in the different localities, but what was the matter with Marion county, not a single dried prune on display. The prunes is one of the biggest crops grown in this county. Something was wrong. Have the prunes men become too disheartened with the present depression to continue to boost their products or are they like the wise old owl. The districts south of Salem dried a large tonnage and

After interesting introductory explanations, Mrs. Castle writes that "George Belslow made his first entry on March 23, 1853, and traveled to Momeno, 12 miles, and back to Momeno, 12 miles, and a note of hers says: "George Belslow, captain of the train, led 10 wagons, which at Laramie, Wyoming, had increased to 24. He was accompanied by his wife Candace (McCarthy), and three children, William, Marsh and Annie; his father George Belslow Sr., and mother Elizabeth (Archer); his brothers Thomas, Samuel and Charles; the wife of Thomas, Maria (Parsons); her father and mother of the family named Parsons; and their sons Henry, William and Oscar, and two daughters besides Maria who was the wife of Thomas Belslow; the wife and son of Stephen Martin; George Smith; Morgan Green McCarthy, Fayette McCarthy and Jonathan McCarthy, brothers of Mrs. Candace Belslow; and Maria Darling. These persons numbered 25. The Belslows settled in Lane county, near Chrisman's slough, four miles north of Eugene." Continuing with the diary of the diary of George Belslow and the planations of Mrs. Castle, taken largely from the recollections of Annie Belslow Howell of San Francisco, who was a small girl of the George Belslow family on the journey.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

### MEASURING THE MOON'S TEMPERATURE



It is 244 Deg. Fahr. at Midday, According to Scientists Who Measured it with a Thermocouple. This Instrument is So Sensitive That, Placed in a Vacuum, it Reacts to Heat From a Lighted Match 100 Miles Away.

Tomorrow: "The Automatic Interpreter"

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Why was a pioneer?

(Continuing from Tuesday, Sept. 29:) "But whatever might have been the motive of the early settlers, their labors resulted in the acquisition of one of the most valuable portions of the American Union, and their efforts in that behalf will be recognized and appreciated by posterity."

So spoke Oregon's outstanding war senator who served in the upper house of congress during the armed conflict from '61 to '65; who had come a husky, homeless youth with the Applegate covered wagon train of 1843.

Jesse Applegate himself wrote to his brother, Lisbon, that he could give no good reason for his decision upon his proposed journey to the Oregon country. "I said it was perhaps 'destiny,'" and thus unwittingly uttered a prophecy. It became his destiny to have leadership in plotting the first large wagon train clear across; to whip into shape the loose ends of the provisional government; to be at the conference of the two men, himself and Dr. John McLoughlin, whose conclusions in 1845 prevented a third war with Great Britain; to take a leading part in forming a constitution for his adopted state; to have a hand in heading off the rash attempt of General Lane, in 1851, when he was upon the point of starting an armed movement for a Pacific republic, looking to the secession of the country west of the Rockies—and who was, as addressed quoted above, "the noblest Roman of them all," meaning that he was the outstanding pioneer of his period in old Oregon.

The fling that NeSmith took at the mission propaganda concerning their work that preceded the coming of the pioneers for settlement was not entirely just. Jason Lee was telling the east that the Oregon country was a government; to be at the conference of the two men, himself and Dr. John McLoughlin, whose conclusions in 1845 prevented a third war with Great Britain; to take a leading part in forming a constitution for his adopted state; to have a hand in heading off the rash attempt of General Lane, in 1851, when he was upon the point of starting an armed movement for a Pacific republic, looking to the secession of the country west of the Rockies—and who was, as addressed quoted above, "the noblest Roman of them all," meaning that he was the outstanding pioneer of his period in old Oregon.

March 28 other teams joined them, and they "camped by the Illinois river." April 4 they had a runaway stampede. Wagons were turned over and injured and much damage done to harness and supplies. The diary says: "After we got the cattle back, we went to work and fixed the wagons up again and drove about three miles and camped close to Rock river; the next day two and a half miles, across Rock river to the Missouri river, into the town of Council Bluffs, Illinois. Delayed in ferrying, but got over the Mississippi the next day, and drove 10 miles into Scott county, Iowa. April 7, reached the home of a family connection, brother of Stephen Martin. Remained there several days, "fixing up to start." Joined by the parents of George Belslow there. Crossed Skunk river; passed through the towns of Oakalooa and Pella, Iowa, and another small town. Arrived at Des Moines river, Iowa, April 28; 140 miles from Council Bluffs. When 10 miles from Council Bluffs met a party of Indians who frightened the

miles," and a note of hers says:

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men and children. This was May 8.

Found little town of Council Bluffs full of emigrants; "never saw so small a place so full of business." At least 100 wagons were waiting to be ferried across the Missouri.

(Continued tomorrow.)

## "The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

Chapter XXXVI

But luck was with him. His groping hand touched the great exposed roots, still partly covered with the clinging earth out of which they had been torn, Jim Wynter felt several degrees happier as he slipped behind this cover.

And still no sign on his enemy's part. Jim had spent the last few moments thinking hard. The man who had dogged him was not far away, might even be nearer than he thought. The question was whether he was to wait for that figure in the shadow to take the initiative, or to take it himself.

Perhaps it was the uncertainty as to his now invisible quarry's movements that made this furtive gunman apparently so wary about showing himself in the open after those two shots had gone wide.

Contempt  
It might be that this specialist in treacherous murder, skulking in the dark, shooting from the dark, Jim told himself contemptuously, was out to run no risks himself. Was he apprehensive lest if he ventured out of cover the man he had stalked might seize advantage of the confusing obscurity in this grim game of blind man's bluff to spring out on him from some unsuspected hiding place, take him by surprise? Thought it less risky to bide his time on the chance of getting in another shot?

Well, what if he could strike at a weak spot in this seemingly none too confident enemy's nerves? A thought had suddenly flashed across Jim Wynter's mind with the remembrance of something in his pocket—something he had bought at Pansholt before he and Bill had motored back to Beggar's Court, he remembered he had planned to use tonight, though not in this way or to meet any such emergency of danger. A wonderful bit of luck that purchased it. Thanks to it Jim saved a sudden chance of turning the tables—a sporting chance worth gambling on! And in those waiting moments of suspended hostilities he began to make his preparations swiftly and silently.

Was that a movement in the shadows? Jim's ears caught a faint rustle as of stealthy footsteps, as if his enemy was tired of watchful inaction. And simultaneously came a sound from the bathhouse, too. Above the faint lapping of the waters of the estuary against the bank he heard a sound as of some one stepping into a boat moored by the landing.

The man calling himself John Blaham, who had never been seen in the village without his crutches, must have been able to move very expeditiously without their help. Jim Wynter caught the suse jo suse pappu uappa dipping into the water. And then out of the darkness came a swift rush of feet toward the bank of the stream, and then Jim knew that he had two enemies, not one, to reckon with.

"He's got away by water—slipped through our hands, damn him!" he heard a low voice mutter in furious chagrin not very far away.

So those unknown enemies of his—he could faintly make out the two shadowy figures as they raced to the bank to peer out into the dark of the estuary—imagined that the man now pulling out into midstream, was being carried along swiftly by the tide, was their intended quarry, Jim Wynter.

Though they were less than a dozen yards away, their features were still indistinguishable in the dim obscurity, though one of them impressed Jim with a sense of vague familiarity. He was pretending to shove now, one figure alone stood on the bank.

Surprise  
The unshaven man heard rather than saw Jim's rush in the swiftly falling, intensified darkness. In a panic he pulled himself out of that first dazed consternation to stoop for that fallen weapon, but his fingers had not time to close on it.

"You treacherous, murderous swine!" broke from Jim fiercely.

ly certain it was Martin—a fact that would not be in the least surprising. Martin, who knew the secret behind that underground door was suspected.

It was the other silhouetted figure who flung an arm as if to fire after the escaping man they believed to be Wynter; then evidently thought better of the impulse.

"What does that interfering fool, Wynter, suspect, to bring him nosing about here? We've got to stop him. Frome, before he can find out anything to make him dangerous. He may even be dangerous now."

It was Martin's voice, and there was an ugly ring about the words that were just loud enough to reach the man about whom they were spoken.

But almost simultaneously there came faintly to Jim's ears the sound of a distant car. Was it Bill Grayson's car?

But whether Bill's car or not, a swift impulse had decided Jim Wynter that he was going to take an active hand in the game now, try out that sporting chance.

It might be a reckless impulse, since these men were under the impression that he had escaped by boat and he had only to lie low to be in no further danger. But his blood was up and with that sense of mounting passionate wrath against these men who had planned treacherous cold-blooded murder, Jim Wynter was in no mood to play for safety.

Martin he had already recognized; he was determined to see who that second would-be killer was. What other risk, he was ready to take it—it was worth taking! And the sheer unexpectedness, the very audacity of his plan should carry it through.

Besides if Bill were in that neighborhood, he would be there now! "Now's the moment, Jimmy—now!"

In the darkness a little smile crept about his lips. But his eyes were not smiling. Dangerous eyes, they looked just then.

There was just the faintest scratch of a match, and then as if a vivid searchlight had lit up the wide grounds a blinding white glare shot up from the darkness in one swift moment; picking out clearly for Jim's eyes the suddenly startled faces of those two would-be secret slayers.

"Got you both nicely covered!" clicked out Jim sharply, simultaneously with that white explosion of light, to the two men whose identity was no longer a mystery; Martin, as he had guessed, and the man he had seen earlier in that upper room of the Cross Keys Inn. "And it won't be healthy for the first man who moves!"

Nothing more than a super-dose of flash-powder that pressed out from Jim's hand. But the two incredibly startled men, who had never dreamed that their intended victim was still within a few yards of them, had come the wit unnerve sense of having been caught in a trap.

Swiftly the floating glare had sunk and died out, and the darkness swam up again like a flood. And scarcely less swiftly Jim had leapt out from cover, to make a dash to where now one figure alone stood on the bank.

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His eyes blinding!" His arm shot out and behind the blow was all the released passionate fury of a man with good cause to see red; an uperclick that made the other's teeth click, almost lifting him off his feet. With a gasping cry the man staggered and collapsed.

"And that's that!" Jim Wynter remarked to himself, with a sudden grim satisfaction in his face.

Without a second glance at the fallen man, he picked up the long-barreled automatic that had been responsible for the narrow escape of his life.

Martin, his face expressionless no longer, with a start starting out of his eyes, was clinging for dear life to a post of the landing steps of the bathhouse, which he had clutched at desperately as the current swept him down. He, was in no immediate danger, as Jim saw—and was hard-hearted enough to turn a face of stone to the terrified screaming man.

There came two hoots on the horn of a car that had stopped by the side gate of Beggar's Court.

As Jim gave a start about to furnish Bill Grayson with a clue to his direction, from the house itself a figure came running across the grounds toward them, evidently puzzled and startled by that fleeting white glare that must have touched the dark distant windows of Beggar's Court. Jim recognized the hurriedly panting figure before he could distinguish his features.

"Hard luck, Sam!" said with a smiling shrug. "Afraid you're just too late to see the fun!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What improvements could you suggest for the 1932 state fair?"

Mrs. P. H. Baker, housewife: "It suits me all right the way it is."

Dorothy Chamberlain, beauty shop operator: "I don't know. The rodeo this year was very good. I hope they have that next year."

C. R. Mulkey, visitor: "I think a serious oversight on Salem's part in preparations for fair visitors was lack of signs pointing the way to the fairgrounds. Visitors from distant points who had never attended the fair had to do much unnecessary driving and inquiry to find the grounds."

John Rounds, carpenter: "It lasted too many days."

P. Q. MacDonald, paper salesman: "I have really no suggestions to make."

Gussie Ammann, elevator operator: "I don't know how the fair could be improved, do you? I thought it was fine."

Mrs. Bertha Loveland, home-maker: "I don't think they can improve it very much. What I saw was wonderful."

Mrs. A. M. Hanson, home-maker: "I hadn't thought of what could be done to improve the fair. I was very much pleased with the fair as it was this year. Much improvement had been made. It seemed to me."

## Daily Thought

"If the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined." Abraham Lincoln.

## Film Plots Are Sold on Bourse In German Cafe

BERLIN (AP)—Obscure scenario writers' lives were made rosy by the inauguration here of a "scenario bourse" in a popular cafe. The idea is to bring German moving picture producers and scenario writers together.

Because of office red tape few scenario writers, outside the magic circle, were able to get audiences with the producers.

Under the new plan producers send readers to the cafe to call out the amateurish attempts and submit the better plots to the front office.

Thus writers' sole ideas, producers' ante rooms are less crowded and the cafe gets additional customers.

## Wedding March Palls if Heard Over 300 Times

LONDON, (AP)—London has a man who has walked up the aisle in wedding dress 300 times but is still without a husband. She is Miss Lucy Clarton, mannequin.

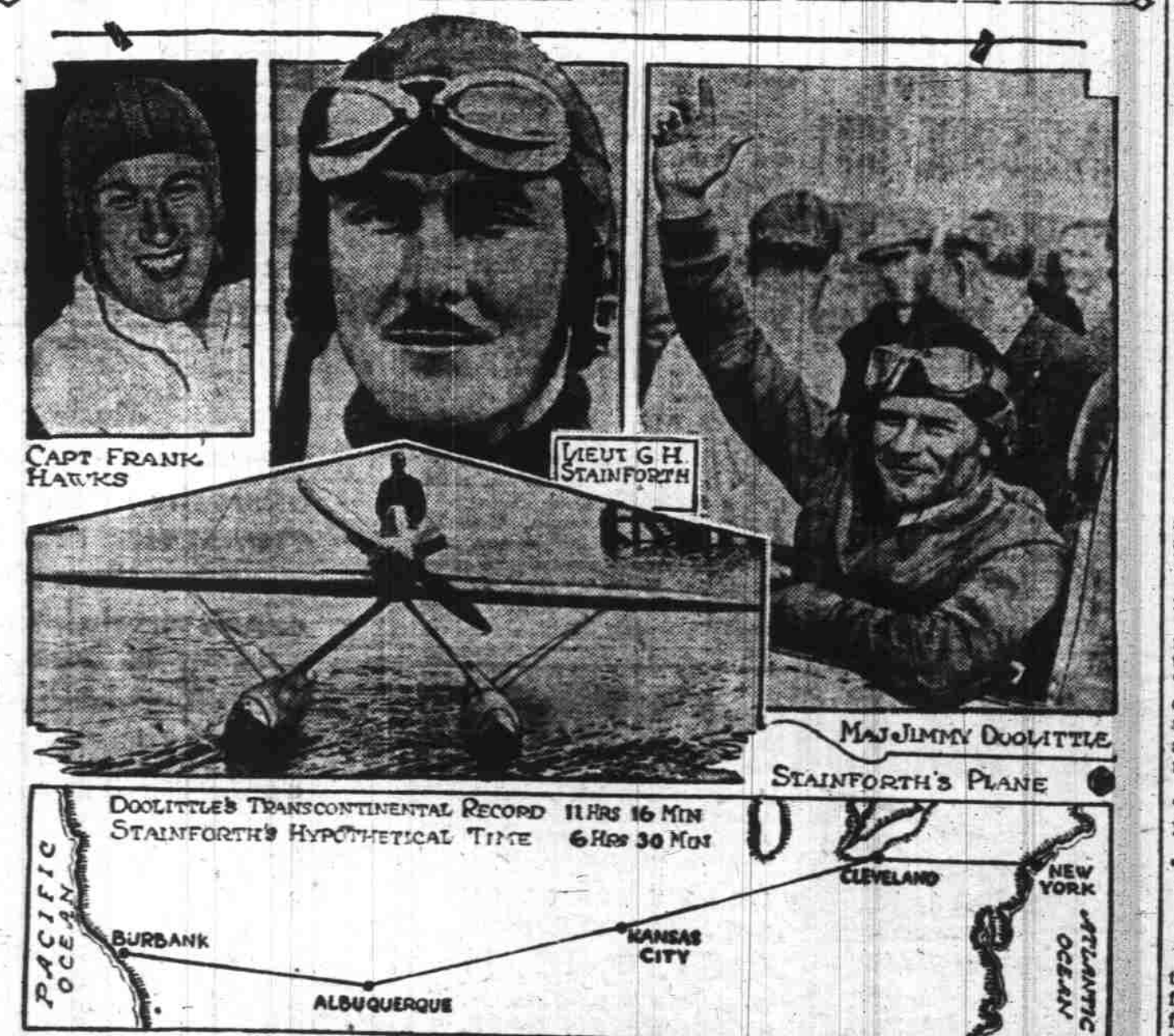
"I have heard the wedding march so often I could whistle it backwards," she comments. "For my own marriage, when it comes, I shall want only a register office ceremony, a few coats and skirt, no flowers and no music. That will be thrilling."

"No. I'm not crazed. The right man hasn't come along yet."

## Two Homes Entered; Thief Seeks Money

ELDRIDGE, Oct. 5—While the Al Keene and Carter Keene families were attending the state fair one day last week a thief or thieves entered and ransacked their homes.

## AIRPLANE SPEED RECORD INDICATION OF FUTURE



The striving after speed and more speed that is a feature of our modern world has received added impetus by the recent feat of Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, member of the British Schneider Cup team, who attained a speed of 385 miles an hour following the contest for the trophy. Major James Doolittle of 11 hours 16 minutes, as against the present record of Major James Doolittle of 11 hours 16 minutes. But such experts as Major Doolittle and Captain Frank Hawks refuse to accept the new record as the ultimate in airplane speed. Major Doolittle asserts that there is no limit to the velocity that may be obtained in the air, and Captain Hawks confidently predicts that in a few years 500 miles an hour will not be thought wonderful.