

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Stynes, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 240 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. \$3.00; 3 Mo. \$8.25; 6 Mo. \$15.00; 1 Year \$28.00. 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 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Home Loan Bill

THE government makes a big mistake, except as a temporary expedient, in getting over into the field of home financing. There are signs everywhere of a healthy rising of the people against this wet-nursing by government of enterprise better left to private initiative. As an emergency measure the move may have some excuses, but as a permanent thing it is unnecessary and unwise. There is not at the present time a great lack of housing accommodation. In most cities there are surpluses of houses due to the doubling up of families when incomes shrink. One cause of our trouble was the over-abundance of capital for construction purposes in the last decade. The over-building of apartment houses as speculative enterprises has been exposed as one of the great financial scandals of the gilded era.

But in the field of finance there is nothing, scarcely, more safe than loans on homes. In the states of Oregon and Washington, while there have been numerous bank failures, not a single savings and loan association honestly operated has failed in recent years, so far as our information goes. Some have had their troubles, but they are weathering the storm and nearly all of them are continuing dividends.

This is a great tribute to this form of savings and investment. In fact if we were recommending an investment policy for persons whether of large or small means we would endorse

First, an insurance policy for protection against emergencies: death, sickness, accident.

Second, a savings account in a bank, which is immediately available and should make borrowing except for permanent investment unnecessary.

Third, certificate in a savings and loan association calling for regular weekly or monthly payments. This is a long-term savings program, and should not be withdrawn, except in case of grave necessity, until it is completed.

After this come first mortgages, bonds, real estate and stocks. So many people have gotten bad burns on bonds and stocks they feel much more kindly to the conservative, if low interest, savings bank and building and loan association investments. We are confident enough money is being saved right here in Salem to supply even now all the legitimate demand for loans for constructing new homes, but the savings are scattered all over the country. That of course is the individual's privilege; but we do not know where a person could go to find safer investment than in the homes of Salem and the farms of Marion county on the basis of current values.

We do not look for much general benefit from the home loan bill, but what there is ought to be of some benefit to the lumber industry which is flat on its back with its tongue hanging out. Our hope is that industry, which has within itself abundant resources for self-recovery, will hit its stride before many months, and make this new government machine unnecessary.

Board Continues to Crawl

SATURDAY'S paper has a dispatch from Portland quoting members of the state board of higher education to the effect that it was "not certain" that a chancellor will be elected Sept. 12th.

That indeed is the most prominent characteristic of the state board. It is "not certain". It has never been certain. It has run now for over three years on a program of continuing uncertainty and vacillation until the people are thoroughly disgusted and higher education is in a state of flux. This is illustrated again in the quotation from C. C. Colt:

"In fairness to Dr. W. J. Kerr, I wish to say that he has not been eliminated from the list of candidates because his name has never been presented to the board as a candidate."

So then the board may change its mind again after definitely deciding to elect a chancellor? More uncertainty. Charting the course of the state board of higher education, either past or prospective is like making a graph of the movements of a flea.

The naïveté of Mr. Colt's interview is indeed engaging. From his remarks one would infer the board had never heard of Dr. Kerr—that his name had not been considered, that if mentioned it was only a casual reference, that the board did not go into a huddle for hours over electing him, that it did not deadlock after days of conferences, and that the news reports of the four-four split with Charlie Starr on the fence are vagaries of reporters.

How, may we inquire is a man's name presented to the board as a candidate? Is it necessary to initiate petitions and hire shovers at ten cents a name and store the petitions in bank vaults pending a board meeting? How was Doctor Zook's name presented as a candidate? And how about all the others whose names the board zealously safeguards lest they feel the snub of second-choice? The board seems quite sensitive of the feelings of other "candidates"; but seems to think after snooping around all over the country it can come back and hire Dr. Kerr if it wants to. The board would make a doormat of Dr. Kerr while it fumbles for the keyhole in the dark.

This back-crawl of the board comes too late. Even if it elects Dr. Kerr and he accepts, the board has sinned away its day of grace. The scandal it has made of higher education in Oregon cries for exposure and relief. Bruised and bleeding institutions long established are monuments to the board's blunders and UNCERTAINTY. If the governor does not act, the next legislature should; and the growing tide of resentment indicates that it will. The people may not wait that long.

DeGrace Disgraced

ANOTHER victory in the war against financial pirates is gained in the conviction of C. A. DeGrace on a charge of unlawfully devising a scheme to defraud in the sale of securities. DeGrace was one of the group that rigged the Prudential set-up of bancorporation and savings and loan associations. The bancorporation is busted and some of the associations of the group are under the state administration. DeGrace fought the corporation department with unremitting intensity, stopping at nothing to save himself. Obstructive litigation, criminal charges, scurrilous journalism

Holding the Bag



Lay Sermon

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN
"Heaven is not gained by a single bound."—Lowell.

The human mind is always hungry for certitude. It wants the security of assured salvation. It dreads the gnawing doubts which breed fear. It was so in the days of Jesus, for the multitude was demanding a "sign," some positive physical phenomenon in proof of his divine character. And Jesus replied "Ye seek for a sign, and no sign shall be given." How disturbing this must have been to the wistful questioners; for them, no sign, and so they went to their graves unbelieving or doubting.

Men and women today seek for signs; they are clamorous for some simple formula which may win them to heaven. They want the confidence that makes effort unnecessary; that they may bask in calm contentment. Though they may have the same textbook of religion sects read it differently and derive from it commands of almost infinite variety. Some say the bible commands to wear no buttons, but to use hooks and eyes; others read the bible and think it a sin to use drugs for healing; some read it and find in it proof that the day of worship is Saturday, while others convince themselves that Sunday is the day to be observed. This the bible, the very textbook of a great group, does not supply identical certainties to those who esteem it sacred.

Lowell was quite correct when he wrote: "Heaven is not gained by a single bound." Arriving at one's credo in this day of complex interests and dislocated values is not a simple task. Science has brought disillusionment; philosophy brings bafflement; the outlook of life brings discouragement. Though many say "Lo, here" and "Lo, there," the cry of discovery no longer rings with the clear note of assurance as once it did. No, the mind and heart must forge their own religious credo, must forge it out of the confusion which everywhere abounds; and having formulated the credo must still be aware of changing thought in the age of continuing change. Not one bound, but many bounds bring one to the calm haven of a working faith.

The same rule applies in all other fields of human interests. Today men go about as wildly in the fields of business as chickens with heads cut-off. Some toward socialism; others toward dictatorship; others toward political changes. And everyone is asking, "Alas, there is no simple way to escape. Prosperity will not return by writing a new law or making a shift in a business system. Economics is not so simple as that; but the product of a multitude of forces of constantly varying intensities. Good times will not come by a single bound."

The challenge is a part of life. A revealed religion that requires no effort to accept or to follow would have only a lazy, flabby constituency. There is no such thing as an endowment of money which would relieve every one of effort, or an endowment of religious truth which calls for no mental or spiritual effort on the part of succeeding generations. The heritage of mankind is labor—for a living, for a religion, for a social and political order. Labor of mind and body is man's heritage, and his blessing.

Announcement of the temporary closing of the Elsinore theatre August 1 has resulted in a somewhat dismal chorus of ohs

all were employed to deter Jim Mott and the department from putting him before the bar of justice. The attempts failed, and now DeGrace stands convicted, another object lesson that breach of trust in custodianship of money brings ignominy and disgrace.

Contemporary Adam Not Original Article; Just Distant Relative

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

"YOU poor flesh! You're too fresh!" I overheard a young woman speak thus to a young man on the street the other night. Is it possible for a fish, even a poor fish, to be too fresh? However, beyond the mild sense of curiosity which gives rise to the query, the matter is none of my business.

Prohibition in Iowa, back in the eighties, resulted in the election of a democratic governor. Will the nation react similarly in the present situation? Do your own guessing.

Rule No. 13 from the traveling man's handbook: do not attempt to get orders or make collections on a Monday morning. The preceding day having been the day of rest, the average business man is very weary and in a low state of spirits not conducive to the giving out of orders or the paying out of money.

To what extent is it possible for an individual to economize and still retain his identity and essential character? Perhaps we shall one day find the answer to this by unavoidable experience. Excerpt from a book entitled Little Rays of Sunshine.

I note a picture of Judge Peter D'Arcy in recent Portland newspapers. Judge D'Arcy's face is almost as well known in the Pacific Northwest as is that of Mayor George Baker of Portland.

"Roosevelt" is the correct pronunciation, according to an eastern newspaper.

I hear of a man who bought a hundred dollar article in an Oregon store (O well, if you want to be fuzzy, the price of the article was only ninety-five cents, reduced from a hundred) and paid cash. Later, owing to unavoidable circumstances, he returned the article and requested that the money be repaid to him. The dealer assured the man that it was perfectly all right. Hysterics, probably.

Conditions are getting back to an old time normal basis. A 13-year-old boy tells me he had a swell celebration July Fourth because it cost him only 19 cents. (He had only 19 cents. Had he possessed a greater amount, say 27 cents, he would have spent 27 cents.)

Sometimes the four faces of the court house clock vary slightly one from another. Thus does wise providence prevent quarreling between old gentlemen who have little to do but set their watches and who derive much pleasure from uncovering, by comparison, discrepancies in the watches of other old gentlemen.

One by one signs of trouble increase. Cigar dealers in Salem report an astonishing demand for the species of cigars known as "twofers."

Announcement of the temporary closing of the Elsinore theatre August 1 has resulted in a somewhat dismal chorus of ohs



D. H. TALMADGE

and aha, and I don't know why. It is in no way unusual for a theatre to go dark for a time in the summer. It is, in fact, an old Broadway custom. And the reason is ever the same—lack of patronage.

I heard a man address another as Adam one day this week, and for a moment I was quite startled, because I had somehow got the impression that Adam was dead. But the man turned out to be only a distant relative of the Adam I had in mind.

Suddenly, like the bursting of a rocket in the darkness of the night, a reason has been discovered. He uses them for cuffs on trousers. He uses them as a receptacle for cigar ashes, and when he is again in the safety zone he dumps the ashes out.

One of the pleasures of life, available to every man and woman, is found in the mental exercise incidental to the solution of world problems. After one has solved a world problem satisfactorily to himself he may talk of it or not as he may be minded. But if he does not talk of it he may be spared the making of explanations later.

During the week just past I have seen young Doug Fairbanks and Mary Brian in the "It's Tough to be Famous" picture, its second showing in Salem. It seems to me that young Mr. Fairbanks is extraordinarily happy in the characterization of the harassed national hero whose heart years only for oblivion. His exploitation for commercial purposes—keen satire—makes an interesting story, but one might find it empty cradle in a certain New Jersey home did not continually recur to mind.

Old Rimp says, "Sure, I'm hopin' for the best, all the time, days and nights and Sundays, but I can't say I think it such a heck of a good job."

Daily Thought

"Life would be a perpetual fun hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the lunatics, invectives, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him."—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

COLT'S hand was on the door-knob, as he paused, thought for a moment and framed his next questions with meticulous care.

"Miss Lox, do you remember when you, Lola, and Mrs. Carewe were in this room last night—laughing?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Colt."

"What were you laughing about?"

"Just at my chatter. I was telling them some of the experiences I have had while Mrs. Carewe helped her to undress. I was trying to cheer up Lola."

"Did Lola ask for the bathrobe herself? Think carefully now."

"Yes, she did."

"Did you get it for her?"

"Yes—out of that closet over there."

"And did you button it on her?"

"Her mother did—Lola's hands were trembling so that she could not do much for herself!"

Colt's grip tightened on the knob—and yet he lingered. He seemed reluctant to go; his mind seemed groping for more facts.

"Was there any conversation about that bathrobe?"

Dorothy Lox, who had been rubbing Mrs. Carewe's temples with witch-hazel, looked up at Colt with a puzzled air.

"I seem to remember that there was. Now—what could it have been? It was something about the bathrobe being an old one. Mr. Rowland had called here early last night and seen Lola in it. And he had offered to buy it from her. All this was before they even left the house. Lola laughed about how much fun they had over it. He offered to buy her a new one if she refused to give him that one. And she refused. It seemed to me an old argument between them. Lola had some reason of her own for holding on to that old bathrobe. I gathered it was a present from some admirer—over in Paris, long ago. Anyway, Vincent Rowland did seize the bathrobe and hide it—and Lola refused to leave with him until it was found again. I think, Mr. Colt, that was all there was about the bathrobe."

"I think," returned Thatcher Colt, "that is quite enough. Report here for duty at seven tonight—and thanks!"

Mrs. Carewe had fallen again into a deep slumber. Colt exchanged a few words with Flynn, who was leaving for Headquarters and then we took our departure.

District Attorney Merle K. Dougherty was awaiting us patiently in the tip of the needle of the Chrysler Building. There, in the rooms of the Cloud Club, we had made our luncheon rendezvous. To me, the Cloud Club quarters are among the supreme disappointments of present New York life.

Here is a retreat in the sky, a place where one may dine and loaf among the clouds. From the club windows one might glimpse the most remarkable spectacles of the great American metropolis—if one were permitted. But no—there is a registration desk in front of the very best window, and other obstacles apparently wherever it was possible

to raise them. The best view is from the toilet. And instead of the peace and quiet of the vault of heaven through which the Chrysler needles is pierced, the place resounds with the endless clucking derry-down of stock market tickers. Thus the Cloud Club is one of a piece with so much of modern New York ineptitude in the face of charming opportunities. But Dougherty belonged to the Cloud Club and he had insisted that we meet in these sad-yet-might-have-been-glorious chambers in the air.

True to his promise, Colt had seen to it that bulletins of all our developments had been sent to the District Attorney's office. Hence it was something of a chagrin to Dougherty who led us to a round table in a private room. Since we had parted from him, after breakfast, Dougherty had been to the barber. His red curls were trimmed; he was wearing a fresh suit, his nails glistened, and his sagging jowls were smooth and powdered. But the great, infant blue eyes were troubled and disappointed. Dougherty knew that the case was by no means as simple as he had believed; it was a grave and ghastly problem, that seemed every moment to become more perplexingly entangled.

"The case against Vincent Rowland seems to be more convincing at every turn," he commented, after Colt had told him of our recent visit to the apartment. "It seems to me our next step is to face him with what we've got."

But to this Thatcher Colt demurred.

"I am not at all sure that is our wisest course," he objected. "I know



Dorothy Lox looked up at Colt with a puzzled air.

to raise them. The best view is from the toilet. And instead of the peace and quiet of the vault of heaven through which the Chrysler needles is pierced, the place resounds with the endless clucking derry-down of stock market tickers. Thus the Cloud Club is one of a piece with so much of modern New York ineptitude in the face of charming opportunities. But Dougherty belonged to the Cloud Club and he had insisted that we meet in these sad-yet-might-have-been-glorious chambers in the air.

True to his promise, Colt had seen to it that bulletins of all our developments had been sent to the District Attorney's office. Hence it was something of a chagrin to Dougherty who led us to a round table in a private room. Since we had parted from him, after breakfast, Dougherty had been to the barber. His red curls were trimmed; he was wearing a fresh suit, his nails glistened, and his sagging jowls were smooth and powdered. But the great, infant blue eyes were troubled and disappointed. Dougherty knew that the case was by no means as simple as he had believed; it was a grave and ghastly problem, that seemed every moment to become more perplexingly entangled.

"The case against Vincent Rowland seems to be more convincing at every turn," he commented, after Colt had told him of our recent visit to the apartment. "It seems to me our next step is to face him with what we've got."

But to this Thatcher Colt demurred.

"I am not at all sure that is our wisest course," he objected. "I know

to raise them. The best view is from the toilet. And instead of the peace and quiet of the vault of heaven through which the Chrysler needles is pierced, the place resounds with the endless clucking derry-down of stock market tickers. Thus the Cloud Club is one of a piece with so much of modern New York ineptitude in the face of charming opportunities. But Dougherty belonged to the Cloud Club and he had insisted that we meet in these sad-yet-might-have-been-glorious chambers in the air.

True to his promise, Colt had seen to it that bulletins of all our developments had been sent to the District Attorney's office. Hence it was something of a chagrin to Dougherty who led us to a round table in a private room. Since we had parted from him, after breakfast, Dougherty had been to the barber. His red curls were trimmed; he was wearing a fresh suit, his nails glistened, and his sagging jowls were smooth and powdered. But the great, infant blue eyes were troubled and disappointed. Dougherty knew that the case was by no means as simple as he had believed; it was a grave and ghastly problem, that seemed every moment to become more perplexingly entangled.

"The case against Vincent Rowland seems to be more convincing at every turn," he commented, after Colt had told him of our recent visit to the apartment. "It seems to me our next step is to face him with what we've got."

But to this Thatcher Colt demurred.

"I am not at all sure that is our wisest course," he objected. "I know

the good news of salvation by Christ. How short-sighted we mortals are! We know not what may prosper, whether this or that. Why am I not more passive in God's hands, and willing to be led by him?"

Lieutenant Wilkes, in his "Exploring Expedition," thus speaks of this incident: "At this point (Point Grenville) that the very remarkable occurrence of the wreck of a Japanese junk happened, in the year 1832. The officers of the Hudson's Bay company became acquainted with this disaster in a singular manner."

They received a drawing, on a piece of China, of what was a shipwrecked person, with a junk on the rocks, and the Indians engaged in plundering. This was sufficient to induce them to make inquiries; and Captain McNeill was dispatched to Cape Flattery, to make further inquiry, and to afford relief, if it should be necessary. He had the satisfaction to find the three Japanese, whom he rescued from slavery; and the Hudson's Bay company, with characteristic liberality, sent them to England. Thence they took passage to China, where, I understand, they still remain, in consequence of their not being able to obtain a passage to Japan. As a memorial of this extraordinary incident, porcelain, of Japanese manufacture, which was purchased of the Indians who plundered the junk, was seen in possession of Mr. Burnie, the

(Continued on page 19)

(To Be Continued)

Copyright 1931, by Cowi-Friede, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Cyrus Shepard, called:

"I have heard that name before; I must see him." Thus the meeting, and the direction, Shepard accepted joyously the invitation to go to the grids of Oregon.

That was in November, '33. April 30, 1834, the Lees and Shepard were on the way across the then all but trackless plains, starting from Independence, Mo., in which vicinity they had secured as lay members of their mission P. L. Edwards and C. M. Walker. Shepard felt the call in many ways on the long journey. The party was at Fort Vancouver Sept. 15, and the four other members had commenced, Oct. 6, building the first log house at the old mission 10 miles below the site of Salem, leaving Shepard, while recuperating his broken health, at the fort, engaged to teach the school there. Writing from Fort Vancouver, December 23, 1834, Cyrus Shepard said:

"My daily employment, at present, is with about 30 half-breed youth, instructing them in the sciences, and giving them such religious instruction as I hope may be, by the blessing of God, a lasting benefit to their souls. In addition to the day school, I have two young men and eight boys in the evening."

"Besides these, I have been teaching three Japanese, named E-wa-ketch, Ko-o-chi-cha, and O-too, who were wrecked on the coast, some time last season, and taken by the Indians, and held in slavery until released by the humanity of Governor McLoughlin, and brought to this place. They have now sailed for England, from which they are to return to their native land. While at school, they made rapid improvement, and were remarkably studious and docile, and learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer and some other portions of the Scriptures. God, who delights to work by small instrumentalities, to attain the most astonishing ends for the good of the world, thereby shaming the unbelief of his people, may, by these poor children, carry the gospel to their neglected countrymen. I think I see a train of providences in their history. They were cast as a foreign shore, and seized by savages. From their hands they were delivered by Governor McLoughlin; and I, a stranger, and unexpectedly, and rather reluctantly, detained here to teach them, though I am too feeble a man."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

He waited and longed for the direction, after feeling the call to be a missionary. Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel, had, in 1833, been commissioned to open a mission west of the Rockies—responding to the Macedonian call of the western Indians; the supposed Flatheads. The reader is no doubt familiar with the circumstances. Shepard's name had been mentioned to Jason Lee by a member of the Methodist missionary board at New York. But it was only a faint memory. He visited Boston, had a chance meeting on a crowded street with Shepard; they had gone by each other in the press of the crowd, when a companion of Lee said, "Brother Shepard has just passed. He is a missionary from a remote place."

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Should the auto license moratorium be continued after August 1; why or why not?"

M. J. Kantock, 806 Commercial street: "I would like to see it go through the way they started, putting it on a quarterly basis."

Grover C. Birchett, Presbyterian minister: "I can't see where it is going to help very many people to extend it longer. What might be of more help just at this time would be the partial payment plan, but that is not feasible."

James Nutter, news writer: "No, I don't think it should be extended, because of the people who have paid; what is fair for them is fair for all. Besides it is against the law to waive the license requirement and I think it well for people to begin paying their bills."