

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELTON 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. Snyder, Inc., Pacific Security Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg., Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.,  
Chicago, 339 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 Subscriptions Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 7 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00.  
Elsewhere \$5.00 per Annum, or \$1.00 for Postage in Advance.  
By City Carriers: 5 cents per copy. News stands 5 cents. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

### "Off the Deep End"

WE borrow the phrase from Frank Kent, political writer of the Baltimore Sun, which he uses to describe the democratic platform on prohibition. Now Governor Frank Roosevelt chooses Sea Girt, New Jersey (old, rum-girt New Jersey) to expose his figure in a bathing suit and do the high dive into an ocean of booze "off the deep end". And when Frank comes up, all dripping wet, he shouts to wet New Jersey, and wet New York, and wet Connecticut: "See how WET I am". And he points a shaming finger at Hoover and accuses him of only wading in the shallows of wetness.

Yes Frankie goes wet, all the way. He even quotes the second provision of the repeal platform which calls for immediate modification of the Volstead act, though Frankie does not endorse this attempt at open nullification. Frankie makes lots of sport of Hoover for doing the Roman race with one foot on a dry horse and one on a wet horse. See me, says bathing suit Frank, I'm WET from hair to toe. We're for REPEAL let the booze flow wherever the states let it flow." So far as any effective agency for restraint of the open saloon Roosevelt relies on the prayerful HOPE that the states may find some way to circulate liquor without open bars, but there is no more than that hope which the gallery claqué of the democratic convention gives the lie to.

The democratic candidate, the democratic party thus goes "off the deep end". They accuse Hoover of a straddle because he doesn't "take a dare" and jump off the high board too. The deep end may be politically wise for the democrats on the eastern seaboard, but what about other sections of the country where prohibition has not been so poorly administered? Shall we, to solve the evils of prohibition, throw open all the floodgates in the dikes and let the oceans of rum flood the land? That is the practical meaning of democratic repeal.

The Hoover position, and that of many republicans is not to abandon the dikes entirely, but to effect such modification in the 18th amendment and the Volstead act which will make dry territory reasonably safe from wet invasion (we doubt if it can be done) and will not permit a state to restore the legalized open saloon (another difficult problem). Roosevelt challenges Hoover to write a substitute for the 18th amendment. Well, glory be, if Carter Glass AFTER the democratic platform was adopted, when he went to phrase a repeal amendment, made it instead a substitute which was precisely along the lines suggested in the republican platform.

"Off the deep end"—there goes Frankie Roosevelt and the democratic bosses of New York and New Jersey who thrived for years on the alliance of booze and politics. Shall the country go "off the deep end" too? Isn't it safer, even in this prohibition business to stay with Hoover who at least as Roosevelt charges, keeps one foot on dry land?

### Value of Health Protection

DOES health protection pay? Marion county ought to know, because it has been supported here for many years. But there are people who regard this expense as a "cost" which should be wiped out. It remains sometimes for outsiders to tell us the benefits which our health department gives the residents of this county. So we are pleased to reprint an editorial from the Sunday Oregonian which testifies to the value of the health department in helping give Salem the lowest infant death rate of any city in the United States.

Instead of quarreling about how much we can chisel off the health department budget we should use these figures showing the good health which prevails here as advertising to attract to Salem and Marion county the finest type of citizens from over the United States.

"Climate explains in part the fact that Portland had the lowest infant mortality rate of any class 'A' city in the United States during 1931. With Seattle, San Francisco and other far western cities grouped near to Portland, the importance of climate cannot be denied. Yet living standards and medical service also must be taken into consideration. Portland is almost free of crowded tenement districts, and at the same time is fortunate in the efficient child clinics developed here.

The importance of medical care is obvious when we study the infant death rates in Oregon cities outside of Portland: Astoria, 87; Eugene, 48; Klamath Falls, 75; Medford, 53; and Salem, 34. Portland, with 38 deaths to 1000 births, made a better showing than any city of the state except Salem.

For the country as a whole, 350 cities showed an average death rate of 61.2, and on this basis the records of Astoria, Klamath Falls and Medford are not bad. But unquestionably many of the children who died in these cities could have been saved, as is shown by the Portland and Salem averages, and Astoria, Klamath Falls and Medford should seek to make as good a showing as the Oregon climate makes possible, rather than as good a showing as the climate of the entire United States makes possible. There can be little doubt that the famous clinic at Salem is largely responsible for the record made in that city, and the workers, who have encountered many difficulties, have the deep satisfaction of knowing there are a considerable number of happy and robust children at play in that city who would be dead except for the clinic's aid and advice."

The surest losing game we know of, aside from the stock exchange, and playing the races, is trying to make money by counterfeiting. The federal government may not be able to mop up all the stills in the country, but it is only a matter of days until fellows turning out phony money are apprehended. A Lebanon man tried it, passed a few bogus \$20's, and the state police picked him up at independence.

Marion county farmers have started plowing. That's just it; no sooner does a farmer grow an unprofitable crop than he starts in to repeat the process next year. Hope is what the farmer always has an abundance of.

"What's wrong with this picture?" A news report says national guard officers are to convene to see if they can spend less money.

It will be well for August to pass out with an eclipse. Still, August has been a pretty decent month after all, if it did rain during our vacation.

### That Old Hindenburg Line!



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette valley in 1841:

(Continuing from Sunday.)  
"The missionaries, as they told me, have made individual selections of lands to the amount of 1000 acres each, in prospect of the whole country falling under our laws. (Several of them did take donation claims, of 640 acres. But why should they not? Doing missionary work did not make them less men and women, and settlers.)"

"We received an invitation from Mr. Raymond to take dinner, which we accepted; previous to which I rode about two miles, to the situation selected by the Rev. Mr. Hines (Gustavus Hines), in company with that gentleman. On our way he pointed out to me the site selected for the seminary, etc. (Meaning the Indian Manual Labor School, that became the Oregon Institute and by change of name Willamette university.) We found Mr. Hines' family encamped under some oak trees, in a beautiful prairie, to which place he had just removed; he intended putting up his house at once, and they had the ordinary comforts about them. (The 'oak trees' were about where the water tower of the Kay woolen mill is now, where 'the parsonage' was built, beginning the latter part of that year — the second dwelling in what became Salem. Work on the 'seminary' was then going on. The location was scarcely a mile from 'the Mill,' by direct route. (It was near where the Willamette university gymnasium is now.)"

"We returned, and found the table well spread with good things, consisting of salmon, pork, potted cheese, strawberries and cream, and nice hot cakes, and an ample supply for the large company. . . . At the Rev. Hines' I had another long conversation relative to the laws, etc. The only instance (which speaks volumes for the good order of the settlers), of any sort of crime being committed since the foundation of the settlement, was the stealing of a horse; and a settler who had been detected of stealing his neighbor's pigs, by enticing them to his house, dropping them into his cellar, where they were slaughtered and afterward eaten. . . . He was brought to a confessional, and compelled to pay the value of the stolen goods, simply by the force of public opinion."

"We took leave of Mr. Raymond and his party, wishing them success in their labors, and rode back over the fine prairie at a full gallop, in the direction

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WE are always more or less concerned about the diseases of childhood, but unfortunately there still exists a tendency to neglect many of these ailments. Measles is such a disease, and too often it is accepted as one of the ailments that most children must have."

"This complication disappears when it is realized that measles is a serious disease. While it is seldom fatal to children over five years of age, it is one of the most dangerous ailments of infancy and early childhood. About two-thirds of all mortality from measles occurs in children under three years of age."

The early symptoms of measles closely resemble those of a simple cold. The eyes are red and extremely sensitive to light. Cold, cough and fever are present, and since the characteristic rash does not appear for four or five days, the real condition may not be recognized immediately. During this short period the disease is easily transmitted from one child to another, and where many children gather together, as in a school room, motion picture theater or Sunday school, small yet often severe epidemics may occur. The rash first appears behind the ears and about the neck, then rapidly spreads over the face and body, disappearing in about five days. After that time peeling of the skin occurs, this stage lasting about a week. Since the cause of measles is not known and there is no preventive vaccine, spread of the disease is combated only by isolation of all afflicted children in the household, particularly if they are very young. A safe and wise precaution is to send the healthy children away from the house. Measles is contagious from the time the first symptoms develop until a week after the rash disappears. Children who have been exposed to the disease should not be permitted to attend school or to play with other children. This precaution is not necessary if the child has had measles, for second attacks are exceedingly rare. The afflicted child should be kept in bed until the rash and peeling of the skin have disappeared, and the eyes should be protected from bright lights and sunlight. It is best to keep the room shaded and dimmed so that only reflected light can reach the patient. The windows should be kept open, but the child should be well protected from wind and draughts. The necessary medicine and directions as to diet and general hygiene for the patient should be given by your doctor. Every child should have a complete physical examination, with special attention to the lungs, eyes, ears and kidneys, six months after recovery from measles. Certain disabilities may occur after measles which, if immediately recognized, can be corrected, but if neglected they may seriously interfere with health in later years."

### Answers to Health Queries

- J. G. F. Q.—My head and nostrils seem to be clogged up and I seem to have a cold, what do you advise?  
A.—This may be due to nasal catarrh. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.
- "A Constant Reader." Q.—What causes myocarditis?  
A.—This is usually due to infection of old age. The patient should be under the care of a doctor.
- S. V. Q.—What causes such saliva in the mouth and what can be done for it?  
A.—This is probably due to some gastro-intestinal disturbance. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.
- Miss A. Q.—What causes one to clear the throat often?  
A.—This may be due to catarrh. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Copyright, 1932, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

**SYNOPSIS**  
Lovely, young Patricia Bradstreet agrees to marry wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine because the father she adores is in financial straits. She hopes, however, that handsome Jack Lawrence, a young camper whom she only met once—and the only man she ever wanted to kiss her—will rescue her from Blaine. When Jack fails to appear, she turns, in desperation, to Jimmie Warren, her Aunt Pamela's fascinating husband. They become infatuated and Pat breaks her engagement. Aunt Pam is suspicious but blames herself for warning Pat that love fades, inferring that her marriage to Jimmie had faded. Feeling that Pat is no longer cared for, Jimmie and Pat meet wrong in their "loves". Then Jack appears, but Pat tells him he is too late—the emotion he awakened, blossomed to love under another's kiss. Jack, claiming he is the one Pat really cares for, refuses to give up, and the next day moves to her hotel. Jack is very popular, but he has eyes for Pat alone.



"In asking me to guard you in his absence, your father quite securely locked you away from me," Warren explained.

### CHAPTER TWENTY

Warren had made no effort to speak with her alone, nor gave the slightest sign that he remembered that flaming night in the moon dappled garden, and Patricia began to feel the strain of waiting at least twice a day on families with him unbearable. Sometimes she hated him intensely. Then she was convinced that she loved him with a love as deathless as it was hopeless. This consoled her a little. Not everybody had depths enough for a big deathless love.

There was something rather pleasant in knowing one's self to be such a person; something fine and splendid in seeing one's self in black silk with silver hair sitting over an open fire meditating on the big love of a long, long life; of having one's grandchildren asking—no, there wouldn't be any grandchildren because she could never, never marry. Well, one's nieces and nephews—only unfortunately, having no brothers or sisters, there couldn't be any nieces or nephews. . . . Then her mood would change. Pleasurable melancholy would give place to white hot anger. . . . Thoughtful and contemplative she might be so that sometimes she had a terrifying sense of not knowing which were silent, which spoken. . . . How have you the face to sit there talking like that, Jimmie Warren? . . . No, thank you, Jerry, no bridge for me. . . . when less than a week ago you kissed me like a madman, held me in your arms as if you could never let me go, and I was warned, if I desired to pass a comfortable night, to avoid them. . . . Then her mood would change.

Then her mood would change. Pleasurable melancholy would give place to white hot anger. . . . Thoughtful and contemplative she might be so that sometimes she had a terrifying sense of not knowing which were silent, which spoken. . . . How have you the face to sit there talking like that, Jimmie Warren? . . . No, thank you, Jerry, no bridge for me. . . . when less than a week ago you kissed me like a madman, held me in your arms as if you could never let me go, and I was warned, if I desired to pass a comfortable night, to avoid them. . . . Then her mood would change.

"This is the usual place of crossing the river, which is too deep to be forded, and about 200 yards wide. Its banks were 20 feet high, and composed of stratified layers of alluvium. . . . An old canoe was procured, in which we passed over, while one of the horses was led, and swam by its side; the rest were driven into the water, and followed to the opposite side. . . . Here we met George Gay, who was traveling with his Indian wife; he told us that he would join us on our trip to the Yamhill, which we proposed to take the next day. . . . We found our camp established by Plamondon, near the residence of Mr. O'Neill (James H. O'Neal), formerly the property of the Rev. Mr. Leslie; it lies about a mile from the river, in a pretty, oval prairie, containing about 300 or 400 acres, with a fine wood encircling it; of these are under cultivation—about 40 in wheat, that was growing luxuriantly. . . . Three years since, O'Neal came to the valley with only a shirt to his back, as he expressed it; he began by working part of his farm, and obtained the loan of cattle and other articles from Dr. McLoughlin, all of which he has, from the natural increase of his stock and out of his crops, since repaid. (Lieut. Wilkes got a little mixed up in the fact which I have not time to state here. O'Neal came with the second Wyeth party, in 1834. He was with the 1837 cattle party; was converted under Leslie's preaching late in 1838; was strong in the movements for a provisional government; built the great mill; Ellendale, under the inducement of the Applegate- . . . He has bought the farm, has 200 head of stock, horses to ride on, and a good suit of clothes, all earned by his own industry; and the most remote of them is for him to work one month in the year to make a living; the rest of the time he may amuse himself. He spoke in the highest terms of Dr. McLoughlin, and the generous aid he had afforded him in the beginning. This farm is the best we have seen, in every respect; and it is not only well arranged, but has many advantages from its location. . . . The success of O'Neal is proof of what good education and industrious habits will do, and it is pleasing to see the happiness and consideration they produce. Mr. O'Neal is also a mechanic, and has gained much of his wealth in that way; he plows and reaps himself, and is assisted by a few Indian and Mexican hands whom he manages. He has a neat kitchen garden, and everything that a person in his situation can desire. The Rev. Mr. Leslie, who lives with O'Neal, invited us to the hospitality of his roof, but we preferred our camp to putting him to any inconvenience. O'Neal was a partisan of the Methodist missionaries, and was put forward by them, as, for instance, being made the chairman of the famous 'wolf meeting.' The Bits man believes he was the original ferryman at Wheatland.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

Patricia pushed back her chair hastily as Pamela went out. "Wait, Pat," Warren said softly. She sank back, face flaming, heart hammering. "In asking me to fill his place and guard you in his absence as his one precious jewel, your father started for the Yamhills, which divide the valleys of the Willamette and Faults (Tualatin.) They are of but moderate elevation; the tops are easily reached on horseback, and every part of them which is not wooded is susceptible of cultivation. . . . These hills are clothed to the very top with grass. . . . Our route through the Yamhills, we passed many settlers' establishments. . . . The extent of the country we looked over is from 25 to 35 miles. . . . There are in truth few districts like that of the valley of the Faults (Tualatin.) . . . We passed one or two brick kilns, and finally reached the new residence of George Gay, one of the most remote of them on the river. (He was making the brick for the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies and north of the California line, still standing, but out of repair. It was the last dwelling there on the west side.) George has reached home with his wife and two children not long before us. His dwelling (no doubt his original log house) was to all appearances a good shanty, which contains all his valuables. George is of that easy kind of lounging figure so peculiar to a backwoodsman or Indian. . . . He has a pretty and useful Indian wife, who does his bidding, takes care of his children and horses, and guards his household property. (This was the first Indian wife he had a second, then a third—one at a time, the writer believes. The third one was a half Indian girl, a daughter of the famous Dorion woman, who came with the Astor overland party.) (Continued tomorrow.)"

quite securely locked you a way from me. You see that, don't you, Pat? She saw that his face was white. The hand that held his paper was shaking. "I wanted you to know, Pat, that I'm not such a darned cad as you must have thought," he went on without looking up. "That's all." She was trembling from head to foot. Throat closed tight. Smothering. Drowned in the pained blue eyes now suddenly lifted to her across the table. So that was it. He cared. He cared. Daddy had tied him. And her. How had Daddy guessed? Warren continued, his voice husky. "Have you—darn it—I can't ask you that—I—the fact is—forget it, Pat—I mean that night. You're too young and lovely and— His voice trailed off. She found her voice. "A thing like that happens once in a lifetime to a girl like me. I haven't forgotten. I won't. Ever."

"Are you still gorging, Pat?" asked Jack from the doorway. Her strength returned. She sprang up, abundant in pulsing vibrant life. It was as if the sun had suddenly thrust through the clouds, illuminating the world, converting it into a grand pageant of color and movement. Jimmie loved her. . . . Terribly. . . . A big strong man shaking like that. . . . An experienced man of the world, who had known many beautiful and brilliant women, choosing a silly young girl like her. . . . "One of the finest minds at the bar," she'd heard a renowned judge say. And I, little I, can shake him like that. . . . It didn't matter now how much it rained, how grey the world was outside. The world inside her was blinding sunlight. Jack followed her, his face stern. So Warren's the man, he thought. The darned scoundrel! Even if he had not heard Patricia's last low spoken words, the telltale faces of the two would have emblazoned the truth to him. Sharply Jack Lawrence knew the desire to kill a fellow man. All the blame he put where it belonged—on the brilliant, experienced man who had snared her confused senses. Quite definitely Jack Lawrence decided that if he failed to win her for himself he would in any case kill Warren, thus leaving her free to choose someone who could take her before the world. Telling himself that he could not stay under Warren's roof, Jack

know that while Patricia was under that roof he must stand by. He would have preferred to kill Warren and walk out. But reason told him the futility of a step which would but gratify his own passion and embelison her folly. But to face with a smile each morning the man he must, if need be, destroy—but only if need be—strained his courage at all times to the breaking point. "Some day," he said to himself, "I'll get that—off in the woods, and I'll make use of some of the strength I acquired in the quarry. I'll be worth those three years. But I'll wait till her father has taken charge of her. Then—if he can't manage her—Well—then no scandal of my making will matter."

To the young people it soon became evident that something electric and menacing was in the air. Smart and laughing little clashes between the two men warned them of under cover conflict. Warren had a way of trying to belittle Jack as he belittled witnesses, by distorting to the point of absurdity his most casual statements. To which Jack would make some simple and darkly smiling retort that had the odd effect of making Warren appear a flamboyant—as if he were "showing off", whereupon Warren's fair face would redden, his blue eyes flash and his determined smile become almost a grimace. Out of somnolent eyes, Pamela watched the covered combat in painful amazement. Since that day when her husband, without talking the matter over with her, had found a way to offer financial aid to her proud old relative, she had known he was more interested in Patricia than their relationship admitted. But she had not been alarmed. That man might conceive a passing infatuation for a lovely girl was not in itself dangerous. That Jimmie might yield to such an infatuation, set himself, with all the advantages of his position and intellect, to win a clean young girl, was further than her mind had gone. Moreover, having held Patricia blameless, believing the girl looked upon him as a nice older man and a sort of relative—the truth was slowly impinging upon her reluctant mind. Patricia was not schooled in intrigue and her changing color; her possessive and triumphant eyes, whenever Warren entered the room, were inescapable signposts.

And quite sharply Pamela discovered that beneath the colorless ash of married life living coals may hide. (To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## Yesterdays . . . Of Old Salem

**Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days**  
**August 30, 1907.**  
More trouble faces the board of trustees of the new institute for the feeble minded. It appears that M. P. Dennis, who has 40 acres in the tract purchased by the board's committee, has refused to sell at the price first offered, because he claims he was never informed that his land would be accepted. James W. Mott, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Mott, of this city, arrived at Stanford, California, yesterday, where he goes to begin the last year of his school work at that institution. After his Stanford course, he plans to enter a school for actors in New York, where he will fit himself for the profession of playwright. Governor Chamberlain has accepted an invitation from Governor Cummins of Iowa, to come to Keokuk, Ia., and to meet President Roosevelt and his party on October 1. **August 30, 1922.** The only part of the Pacific highway near Salem that is now unopened, the stretch extending from the Valley Packing plant to a point west of the fairgrounds, will be paved in the near future. The open season on grouse and native pheasant in Marion, Linn and Polk counties has been closed indefinitely because of the rapidly diminishing number of the birds. Will the bob-haired woman, the one who keeps her hair in a net, or the one who lets it hang?

It is not necessary he should marry to find himself out, but it is necessary he should love. —Woodrow Wilson.

## New Views

"Do you find much interest in the forthcoming national election? Who will win: Hoover or Roosevelt?" Those questions were asked yesterday by Statesman reporters. Gilbert Wrenn, vocational education, Stanford university: "I don't have much way of observing political trends. I think Hoover is less popular in Oregon than in California. I know his brother, Dean Hoover, at Stanford, and he is a fine fellow behind his gruffness, which I think is occasioned by his bashfulness. Herbert Hoover is highly respected at Stanford; the school does not hold him in great affection because his personality is not warm."



We are a member of the **FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM OF BANKS** — STRENGTH

**THINK! HAVE MONEY!**

We Invite Your Banking Business

**UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK** SALEM, ORE.