

# 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  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Steecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 359 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. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 Year \$80.00. 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 Sale and News Stands 5 cents.

## Oh, What a Tangled Web!

THE Oregon Voter currently engages in discursive treatise on the advisability of Central Public Service company stockholders trading their preferred stocks for new stock in the Central Public Utility company. The Voter's conclusions, guarded by Editor Chapman's gloved words, are that to trade or not to trade is a fryingpan, fire choice, with re-organization imminent for C. P. S. if reorganization cannot be effected and only a long deferred chance for dividends if stockholders swap and nearly \$40,000,000 of 6% debentures of the company, now outstanding, are exchanged by their holders for "income" bonds, that is, securities which pay interest if it is earned and if not, forbid the "bond" holder to foreclose or to cumulate his interest. Such a "bond" is a new nomenclature of 1929 financiers.

The entire C. P. S. deal, whatever its outcome, is one of the sad catastrophes of utility inflation and frenzied stock-manuevering which invariably leads to disaster for the poor, untutored, misled shareholder. What happened in the Oregon situation was this: Through a series of deals, control of the Portland General Electric company fell into Chicago "banking" hands. The company during 1930 and 1931 was squeezed dry of dividends which in the last year exceeded earnings, and provided temporary nourishment for the debentures, preferred stocks and finally the common stock of the Pacific Northwest Public Service company which in turn passed on some dividends to CPS. For a time that company paid "dividends" and was able through high-pressure ruthless exchange tactics to get from under the more immediate stock obligations of the Northwest company by persuading preferred stock holders to swap holdings for the remote, highly inflated C. P. S. securities.

While the transfers were still in process, C. P. S. was crumbling. Now it is taking the long chance of "reorganization" or faces certain receivership.

Wrathy, sick-at-heart C. P. S. stock holders here need not hurry to make their decision on a trade. First, the \$40,000,000 more or less, of C. P. S. debentures must be converted into "income bonds" else these debenture holders can bring suit for interest, when C. P. S. defaults, and bring receivership of C. P. S. If the Chicago reorganizers can miraculously hurdle these debentures and get them converted into liabilities which will not bring a suit, then stockholders will have opportunity to decide whether they wish to trade.

Meanwhile suits now being pressed against the Portland, the Northwest and the Peirce and C. P. S. companies can proceed. The courts can determine whether there was deceit, misrepresentation, fraud in the stock transfers which went on in Oregon a year ago. If so, the C. P. S. stockholders may be able to put a lien on stock they traded away to the parent company and recapture this stock which is assuredly better than the securities the Oregon shareholders received.

To us, the "reorganization" looks like a stall for time. A last-chance proposal. It is not alone "hard times" which have made C. P. S. shaky; it is over capitalization, milking of producing companies of dividends, using these subsidiary companies as security to make loans for the parent company, charging of inadequate depreciation to swell profits; these are some of the devices which are bad birds ultimately come home to roost.

## The Upswing Continues

THREE years of business ups and downs, mostly downs, make the prophet of optimism timorous but the developments of the last 60 days indicate convincingly that the tide of business is definitely coming in, no matter how far out it has gone, how slow the change has been and how little progress has been made to date.

The most encouraging news of the month is yesterday's report on Bradstreet's commodity index. This shows a 5.6% gain on the average of commodities in the 31 days of August, 1932, the largest gain in any one month since July, 1926. Thirteen groups of commodities are used in this compilation: only one, livestock, declined. Textiles went up 16.2 per cent, while metals climbed 10.3 per cent.

Commodity upturns invariably bring heavier purchasing from manufacturers, jobbers, retailers. They react similarly to rising stock prices; timid, liquidating buyers quit hiding and fearing further upturns, enter the market to buy.

The sudden, sustained and unexpectedly high rises in stocks and bonds may be somewhat artificial, promoted by "big business," but the large share days of the last two months, and the influx of foreign orders shows there is real, sound purchasing of good securities going on and meanwhile brokers' loans which are a criterion of marginal investments, have increased very slightly. How far the advance has gone is shown by the fact that the value of ten leading stocks on the market July 9 had been whittled down to \$3,500,000; when the market closed yesterday it was almost twice as much, or \$6,700,000. The bond market, which had sent cold shivers down bankers' backs, with an average price for 60 leaders, in June of \$57 for par \$100 had accompanied stocks on the upgrade and had progressed to \$75 yesterday.

Oregon is beginning to feel the effects of these upturns. The lumber industry, which is to this state what coals are to Newcastle or autos to Detroit, reports "an undertone of betterment noticeable since early in August." Note these encouraging excerpts from the current West Coast Lumbermen's release:

"Experienced lumbermen anticipate a rising volume of West Coast lumber trade for a period of 60 to 90 days.  
"Within the past thirty days, due to low and badly broken stocks and very low production, prices have been made effective in the Atlantic coast and California cargo trade. Price increases of \$1 to \$4 thousand are reported in southern pine quotations at Chicago.  
"Current new business of the week was 23.4 per cent over production. Inventories are 22.4 per cent less than last year."

For three years business men have been earning their pins in the caterpillar club. Those who have sustained the drop may take heart in the change and feel reasonably certain that the problems ahead can be no more severe than the rigors of the months now history.

The Capital Journal makes note of ill gratitude in the building of the new Jackson county court house out of O & C land grant funds and the defeat of Senator Stanfield. The same ill gratitude pursued Hawley who got the bill through the lower house; and followed up with getting a \$2,000,000 veterans home for his district. Sent by the C-J for never doing anything for his district, Hawley lost votes in some counties when he did.

The Gideon convention is on in Portland today. Will the gladiators all be broken before the legionnaires arrive?

## Yesterdays

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

September 4, 1907  
Twelve new, mammoth show bars are practically completed for the state fair which will open here on September 16. Albert Foster, superintendent of the camp grounds, says that 600 tents are already assured, and it is probable the number of camping sites during fair week will run into four figures.

BOISE, Ida. — United States Senator Royal Foster, was served with an indictment charging him and other officials of entering into an unlawful conspiracy in 1901 and later to secure by fraudulent entry, timber lands in Boise county.

Master Fish Warden Van Dusen is contemplating condemnation of eight acres of Oregon Railroad & Navigation company land near Bonneville for establishment of a fish hatchery.

September 4, 1928  
Desultory playing by the Salem Senators, particularly by Pitcher Sage and Catcher Emil Houser, caused the Senators to lose the game with the Portland railway clerks yesterday by a score of 8 to 4.

On September 6, the cornerstone will be laid for the new building of the Old People's home, Center and 16th streets, with Bishop W. O. Shepard, Dr. W. W. Youngson of Portland, Dr. E. M. Gilbert of Salem, and Dr. R. M. Avison of Forest Grove on the program.

Armin Berger, graduate of Salem high school, and dental student at Portland, has been elected grand master of the North Pacific Dental college chapter of Psi Omega, national dental fraternity.

## New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "Where will you spend Labor day and how?"

Frank Johnson, county roadmaster: "Going to Newport after the folks."

D. D. Dotson, employment officer: "In Salem. I have some letters I want to get off, so I'll really be working."

Miss Dorothy Geare, music teacher at "Right here at home. I do not care about getting into the crowds of a holiday."

Mrs. R. C. Ohling, homemaker: "We will attend a family gathering at Corvallis."

Lee Coe, Stanford university student: "I refuse to be quoted in that column."

## Daily Thought

"Look at us, look at these queer people who make up the picture industry. Just bums, half of us, taken from every imaginable seat of ignorance in the world, from the fur trade to the circus troupe." Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

## Paper 55 Years Old Found When House Reroofed

TURNER, Sept. 3.—While the I. H. Small house was recently being reshingled, the carpenters found some old papers tucked between the sheeting and the old roof, one of which was a copy of "The West Sphere," a 28 page monthly paper published in Portland by L. Samuel 55 years ago. With the reading matter were numerous cuts of early day scenes of Portland and the surrounding country. The publication was found to be in a good state of preservation and practically all readable.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

It was not long ago that consumption, or tuberculosis, was a terribly dreaded disease. Everyone feared the "white plague," which threatened every household.

Sufficient air is forced in to collapse the involved lung. This closes the cavities, and prevents the multiplication of pus and germs and stops the spread of the germs of tuberculosis to other portions of the lung and distant parts of the body. Many cases of tuberculosis have been cured by this simple operation.

In more advanced cases, where the lung has grown fast to the chest wall, it may be necessary to have a more extensive operation. In such cases parts of the ribs may be removed. This operation is known as "thoracoplasty" and, in many instances, the results obtained have been extremely beneficial.

Persons afflicted with tuberculosis are no longer doomed to an inevitable fate. When the disease is recognized in its early stages, cure is possible. In more advanced cases relief and comfort may be obtained over a period of many years. It is neglect of the disease that is dangerous. In the treatment of tuberculosis, the patient should not be afflicted person himself and for those who come in contact with him.

Sufferers from tuberculosis who are at all cases are great enemies to the young. Children should not come in contact with these individuals.

At some time or other every one of us becomes infected with the germs of tuberculosis. But it is only when there is an excessive number of germs in the body, or when the resistance of the body is poor, that tuberculosis takes root, spreads and becomes active. For this reason children should never be brought in contact with sufferers from tuberculosis.

One of the greatest contributions to the control of tuberculosis is the rapid advance made in surgery. When the disease is confined to one lung, great benefit can be obtained by chest surgery. By means of a

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette valley in 1841:

(Continuing from yesterday:)  
Lieut. Wilkes was in time to help in the first Fourth of July celebration in North America west of the Rocky mountains, at Nisqually, branch of the Jason Lee mission.

Charles Wilkes was born in New York April 13, 1798; entered the naval service in 1818; became lieutenant April 23, 1828. At the time of his death was rear admiral of the U. S. navy. Died in Washington Feb. 3, 1877. The exploring expedition which he commanded left Norfolk, Va., Aug. 3, 1838, the command embracing the ships of war Vincennes and Peacock, ship Relief, brig Porpoise, and tenders Sea Gull and Flying Fish.

Martin Van Buren was president. The orders were to make examinations in the waters in the southern part of the Atlantic and Pacific; to visit the islands of the Pacific; to reach the Sandwich Islands in April, 1840, from which point he was to visit the northwest coast of North America, the Columbia river, and California.

The fact is, this expedition was sent largely in response to petitions inspired by Jason Lee and his missionaries and the settlers with whom they contacted. The authorities at Washington wished to know how things were proceeding on this coast, with especial reference to American interests, authority and prospective settlement—and future extension of territory.

Jason Lee had visited Washington before he came in 1834 and contacted with President Jackson and members of his administration; and when the Wilkes expedition sailed he was on his way east to provide for the settlement of the Louisiana territory, the greatest of his kind that up to the time had ever left any port. This in part is the account in his official report of the celebration at Nisqually, by Lieut. Wilkes:

"Wishing to give the crew a holiday, they were allowed to barbecue at which the Rear Admiral's Bay company sold me. The place selected was one corner of Mission prairie. All was bustle and activity on the 5th, as the 4th fell on Sunday. The men were mustered on the deck in clean white frocks, which they wore with marching, their clothes as white as snow, with their happy and contented faces. Two brass howitzers were carried to the prairie to fire the usual salutes. The procession stopped at Fort Nisqually, where the Rear Admiral, who was returned with a few voices. Dr. McLoughlin was expected to join us, but HAVING LOST HIS WAY, did not arrive until the next day, and when he left the yards were manned and three thousand men were on the whole man under whose orders so many kindnesses had been bestowed upon us."

Writers of history generally have expressed suspicion that Dr. McLoughlin, at this juncture, was purposely, for, while wishing to be kind to Lieut. Wilkes, it would have been considered strange by members of his British company to learn that he had participated in, or even been present at, a 4th of July celebration. It was not known, or even known so many years ago, that he had been present at the British government, and to all the interests of the arm of that government called the Hudson's Bay company, he himself had been a member of the Hudson's Bay company, and, after he had left the service of the great company, became a citizen of Oregon, and thus of the United States.

In his book, "The Conquerors," Atwood says of that Fourth of July celebration, in part: "There were present on this notable occasion over 500 people, viz: About 80 persons embracing naval officers, missionaries and men from the Hudson's Bay company's traditionally."

leg post; 100 marines, and about 400 Indians.  
"Capt. (Lieut.) Charles Wilkes was the officer of the day. Prayer was offered by Dr. Richmond. (J. P. Richmond in charge of the Jason Lee mission.) The Declaration of Independence was read by the sergeant of the marines. The Scriptures were read by Captain Wilkes. Two songs were sung, viz: 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' tune, 'America.' The sergeant of the marines led the singing, and many in an audience joined in rendering these patriotic hymns. The oration of the day was delivered by Dr. Richmond. It was the first of its kind ever heard on the Pacific coast side of North America. We give a few extracts of this address:

"We entertain the belief that the whole of this magnificent region of country, so rich in the bounties of nature, is destined to become a part of the American republic. . . . The time will come when these hills and valleys will be peopled by our enterprising countrymen, and when they will contain cities and farms and manufacturing establishments, and when the benefits of home and civil life will be enjoyed by the people. . . . They will assemble on the 4th of July as we have done today and renew their fidelity to the principles of liberty embodied in the 'Declaration of Independence,' that we have heard read today. . . . The future years will witness wonderful things in the settlement, the growth and development of the United States, and especially of this coast. The growth may embrace the advance of our dominion to the frozen regions of the North, and a narrow strip of land that separates us from the lower half of the American continent. In this new world there is sure to arise one of the greatest nations of the earth. . . . Your names and mine may not appear in the records, but those of our descendants will. . . . The illustrious founders of the American republic declared against the union of church and state; in this they did well, yet it is undeniably true that the world's civilization may be incomparably connected with the religion of Christ. . . . It could not survive if the Christ-like spirit were eliminated from it. . . . Our mission to these children of the forest is to see that they shall be fitted for the responsibilities of intelligent Christian citizenship. We are here also to assist in laying the foundation stones of a great American commonwealth on these Pacific shores."

There is no doubt at all that the celebration at the Nisqually mission was the first one of its kind on the Pacific side of the continent. The next one was at the Oregon Exposition, July 4, 1846, when the Oregonian, Rev. Gustavus Hines, who presided the next day, at the same place, when the second provisional government was set in motion, taking the place of and continuing the first one, authorized at the old mission, Feb. 11, 1845. The first one was the regular old style, with reading of the Declaration of Independence, oration, etc., etc. But there was always some observance of the national day, at all the Methodist missions in the territory.  
(Continued on Tuesday.)

## HEARTY STRINGS

By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Lovely, young Patricia Braithwaite 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 her love, inferring that her marriage to Jimmie had failed. Feeling that Pam no longer cares, Jimmie and Pat see no wrong in their "love." Thus 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. The contest between Jack and Jimmie for Pat's love is on. Pamela looks on in painful amazement, realizing she still loves her husband. Pat leaves the Warrens' home where she had been since her father's absence, and returns to the hotel, realizing that Jimmie cannot be romantic with her, as long as she is under his protection. To avoid gossip, Pamela decides to have her home redecorated, so she and Jimmie also move to the hotel. Pat now openly appropriates Jimmie, but she has a point to be with them always. Pat plans to ride mornings to give Jimmie the opportunity to be with her alone but, before he can say a word, Jack offers to accompany her. As the days go by, Pat looks forward to her rides with Jack. He never mentions his love, but, finally, after two weeks, says: "I've hoped so long, but only on these rides are you yourself and free. I just wanted to say I shall always love you, Pat. That's all. Pat feels that he is giving up; she is torn between pity for him and resentment because he is leaving her involved with a married man.

"CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE  
"There's Pat now," Pam said indifferently.  
Jim's eyes followed hers to a veranda thrust out from the hotel like a gigantic finger pointing toward the sea, high above and paralleling the pavilion. Midway between the veranda and the ground, Pat heaved like a stage star pausing on the stairway to give her audience full benefit of the picture she made. At the foot of the steps Arthur Savage waited, his boyish form beligerently upright, his dark face unsmiling. After her futtering and nicely timed pause, Pat descended, nodding with the sweet and casual patronage of a princess to the young man. And not one of those prying eyes in the pavilion could have guessed that this cool appearing young person had that afternoon reacted to a dinner and a dessert which she had resolved. She had waited for Jimmie to contrive a private talk with her. But, though he sought her out publicly, he never even asked her to dance wherein they might have had a few whispered words. She could no longer live on that brief assurance given her on the villa. She had to know what was in his mind. If he wouldn't ask her for a dance, she would ask him whether he couldn't refuse.  
Arthur followed her to Mrs. Warren's table, and sat down in glowing silence.  
"Come on, Jimmie! This music is too good to waste," Pat cried, her coral earrings shimmering to her excitement.  
Warren hesitated, pushed his chair back. "Pat, do you want—"  
he began.  
"You don't care if he dances first with me, do you, Aunt Pam?" asked Patricia, trying to look like a pouting child.  
Pamela turned carelessly to her husband, who still hesitated. "Run

Her heart seemed to stop. "I think, after all, I'd like to dance," she said along, Jimmie," she said with a deliberately casual smile.  
"Mrs. Warren, do you care to dance this?" Arthur asked bitterly, as Warren and Patricia left them.  
"Not particularly, Arthur, but if you want to—"  
"I don't!" His tone was violent.  
"Then we won't," she said with a soft laugh. But a needle thrust ought at her heart. She had feared for days that this passionate son of a Spanish mother might explode at any moment and start the whole winter colony snickering. He had followed Pat about like a lovesick poodle whose mistress has forgotten his existence.  
She made her voice steady. "Do you take lemon?"  
"I don't want any tea. Mrs. Warren, how long are you going to let this go on?"  
Her heart seemed to stop. "I think, after all, I'd like to dance this," she said with a bland smile.  
"The music is rather good."  
"I want to talk to you," he said doggedly, but rose with her.  
She linked her hand in his arm, her face a mirror of light banter. "And this is no place to talk," she whispered. In louder tones she added: "When the dance is over, if you care to, you may act as my cavalier for a stroll through the grounds. The air is rather humid, don't you think? Pat can go a fresh tea for herself and Jimmie."  
The boy, though a fine dancer, seemed unable to keep step. He made no effort to answer Mrs. Warren's flow of small talk. Several times they passed Warren and Pat, who were so absorbed that they did not see them.  
"They have no sense of decency even," thought Pamela, with bitterness, watching them from beneath lowered lids.  
Warren held Patricia up in a hungry embrace. His eyes devoured her. His breath was labored; and the dark vein on his brow throbbled painfully.  
Looking up into his ardent downward face, Patricia's strength ran out of her. She closed her eyes with a little sigh of utter content, sagging against him. All the hurt of his silence these days past was forgotten. He loved her. He loved her.  
"Oh, Jimmie, let's sneak out," she whispered.

For answer he drew her closer, pressing his face down against hers. He forgot where they were, forgot all those secretive eyes that followed them. In an agony of ecstasy she nestled against his shoulder. Her knees gave. The pavilion began spinning around her. The dancers were a mass of indistinguishable figures.  
"Oh, Jimmie, get me out. I'm going to faint."  
Sharply Warren came back to reality. Pat was no longer dancing. Lifting her clear of the floor, he looked down in alarm at the still white face resting on his shoulder. Good heavens! Had she already fainted? What should he do? How get her out without attracting attention? It would be bad enough to leave the pavilion under all those prying eyes, even if she could walk. His eyes swept the faces at the tables. He caught the furtive smiles turned on them. Keeping to the center of the dancers as much as possible, he thought to keep those at the tables from seeing that he carried her. But now people were staring openly. That white, still face on his shoulder was inescapable. Fool! He should have known better. What was he to do? His eyes sought Pam, as if to implore her help. She passed him without looking. Which told him she had seen. He was aware of a surge of pitying love for her and anger toward Pat. Had she no sense? Oh! why had he exposed himself to this? But how could he have guessed she was so overwrought? Somehow, he must get her out before the music stopped, leaving them exposed.  
He bent down to her. "Pat! Pat! For heaven's sake, Pat, get hold of yourself! Everybody's staring."  
"I don't care," she sighed. "I love you and I don't care who knows it."  
He breathed relievedly at sound of her voice. "But you must care. We'll get out. Stand up, Pat. I can't carry you out like this."  
"Why not?" She did not open her eyes, nor move.  
"I'm going to take you back to our table and sit you down," he said. "You are making folks of both of us publicly." He spoke furiously. The new note in his voice steadied her. He was steering her toward their table.

(To Be Continued)  
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## LEGION AT DALLAS MAKE NOMINATIONS

DALLAS, Sept. 3 — Carl B. Fenton post of the American Legion held its regular meeting Thursday evening at the armory. A large crowd attended the meeting and a great deal of interest was shown in the coming national convention to be held in Portland this month.

After a short talk by J. R. Beck on behalf of the Post Convention committee, the post voted that they would not sponsor a float or exhibit in the big parade. It was reported that about 40 members of this post would form an escort for the post colors in the parade on September 23. Nearly 50 per cent of the post's membership have registered for the convention.

This meeting was the opening night for the nomination of officers for the coming year. A great number of names were suggested for the various offices in the post. Nominations will be open at the meeting on September 23 and until the election of officers on October 6.

Virgil Bolton was appointed to act with Post 35 of Portland in the "open house" program that post is sponsoring during the convention.

The next meeting will be held September 12. The community club voted to sponsor the troop with the following committee in charge: D. B. Parks, J. R. Cox, Robert Schaefer, Henry Ahrens, Ivan Hadley.

who was a very wicked young man from Minneapolis, would ask the suggester if he thought the difficulty lay in the feed pipe, and sometimes the suggester would thrust a lighted match, held between his fingers, down a hole in the floor with the purpose of determining the status of the gas supply. When the suggester did this he almost invariably lost his eyebrows and his front hair, and there was much rejoicing. Some of the parents in the village forbade their offspring to frequent the printing office, because, they said, the offspring learned words and phrases of a shocking nature

Worriers Are Miserable Whenever There's Nothing to Worry About  
By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A drive through the Kingwood Heights district is a delight. Kingwood and its Heights have come into their own—after 20 years.

Jimmy Meyer was giving out gladious Tuesday. This is a pleasant reminder to his friends that he had opened a market on North Commercial street. An attractive place.

The projection machine at the Elsinore theatre went haywire or broke or whatever it is a projection machine does when it can no longer be induced to project and the current program was transferred to the Capitol, where it remained until Tuesday. This was, I believe, the first instance of the kind in the history of the Elsinore.

No machinery is so perfect that it does not occasionally suffer a lapse. Such things have happened even to ocean liners and to crack passenger trains. And the human machine seems to be something or other at times when it shouldn't, all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding.

In a certain weekly newspaper office in Washington years ago the motor power was a gasoline engine. It was a perfectly new engine, and there was no reason why it should not have performed perfectly. But did it! It did not. It had off days. It was almost as aggravating as hired help. For perhaps a week it would start as cheerfully as a school boy when the bell rings for recess. Then it would sulk and pout and balk. Now and then some wisecracker of the village would drop in and make suggestions. On such occasions the foreman of the shop,

Salem, when the dahlias and the gladiolus were in season and the other autumn flowers are coming on and the roses are in their second and third bloom, is a city of beauty, but—well, one becomes accustomed to things. Familiarity in this instance may not breed contempt, but it does breed indifference. And it shouldn't.

Work in the way of rehabilitating the building at the corner of Court and Commercial streets, damaged by fire several months ago, is going forward steadily. A good many folks have devoted considerable worry to this matter, which appears to have been unnecessary, like most of worry.

There is a species of worry, unaccompanied by responsibility, that is enjoyed by some folks. I occasionally indulge in it myself. I would much rather do it than saw wood.

A war has been on in the local cleaning and pressing field during the past week. Prices have been down and orders have been up. Everybody has taken an interest in it, and the roses are in their second and third bloom, is a city of beauty, but—well, one becomes accustomed to things. Familiarity in this instance may not breed contempt, but it does breed indifference. And it shouldn't.

## Worriers Are Miserable Whenever There's Nothing to Worry About

By D. H. TALMADGE

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There is a species of worry, unaccompanied by responsibility, that is enjoyed by some folks. I occasionally indulge in it myself. I would much rather do it than saw wood.

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