The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON 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.

ADVERTISING
Portland Representative
Gordon R. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

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. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. 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 3 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

City Administrative Reform

THE reason why our councilmanic form of government is not as efficient as it ought to be is because the duties of the council are chiefly administrative instead of legislative. The fourteen councilmen are most all of them busy trying to earn their own livings. They cannot be expected to be right on the job governing the details of executive work. Again, the number of councilmen is so large, and the work divided into so many committees, that running the city comes to be largely a matter of balancing demands of the various committees. If one committee gets some concession, another committee comes forward with a favor it wants granted.

Any change in system, particularly toward a manager plan, will depend for success on two things, the competence and honesty of the manager selected; and second, whether or not he is given a free hand to discharge the city's business. The first factor is always a question; but it ought to be possible to obtain services of very able men at the present time at reasonable salary.

The second factor, freedom from interference, would call, it seems to us, for a smaller council, and for a minimum of elective officers. Elective officials might be limited to the mayor, a council of five or seven members, a treasurer and a police judge. Given a set-up like that a city manager ought to prove successful here as such an official has in many other municipalities.

There is need here in Salem for centralized responsibility for the administration of the city's business. While no form of government is automatically successful, the city manager plan offers an improvement over the present system of divided responsibility.

Bicycling Revival

IT is overtime work for bicycle dealers these days, because the humble bicycle has come back into fashion. On any bright day one may see sweet young things peddling along on city streets and country roads. Rental bicycles are out most of the time, and sales are picking up, too, the dealers report.

The fad is not merely local, but spreads even to the comics, because "Toots" cycles frequently over our comic pages "on a bicycle built for two." The provinces are feeling the urge also, as is testified to by the fact that the society editor of the Dallas Itemizer-Observer gives a column to the cycling craze in that city, an account which is supplemented by the sage observations of Editor Richardson in his own column. The society editor makes note that "four young moderns came breezing up to the curb, parked their bicycles and very nonchalantly informed us they had just biked over from Salem, a mere jaunt."

Some find the diversion quite stiffening the first time, like riding a horse on a saddle that rubs (rubs the rider not the horse). A few trials though and muscles become tough and the miles clip off merrily.

There was a day when,—but let us leave ancient history out of this. Men of the Spanish war vintage can tell long tales of biking in the gay nineties. There is plenty to be said for bicycling both for pleasure and for exercise; and if it brings a spurt of prosperity to the cycle dealers, well that's fine too. They have waited long and patiently for a good break.

The Brothers M'divani

IF the Four Marx brothers supply fun for the world the brothers M'Divani seem to supply the loving, and the titles, for the American favorites of stage and screen. Just now the brothers M'divani are in the process of changing mates. Two of them are being dropped but the third one is being taken on by an American heiress. Divorces do not seem to chill their ardors however, and Serge and David will undoubtedly soon find others to coo to, who will promise to love, honor, obey and support them.

The brothers M'Divani have done quite well with their princely titles from a teacup principality in the Caucasus. Serge wed the glamorous Pola Negri and next Mary McCormic, opera singer. David chose the blonde Mae Murray. Alexis is the one who is now marrying Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth five-and-ten fortune. The brothers M'Divani aim high all right, and so far have lived well, thanks to the silliness of the American females and their sillier mamas. Their very names are intriguing, and their marital history will now make them even more sought after, perhaps.

The London conference is the first post-war gathering in which the United States has not played the role of cock o' the walk. It was quite a jolt to our pride to find that Europe was no longer bowing and scraping before the American delegates, as it did for years when this country was in the loaning business. European nations are sore both because of our insistence on payment of the war debts and because they think the U. S. tricked them in going off the gold standard while delegates to confer with Roosevelt were on the high seas. After pulling all the wires they could, and perhaps threatening to take their dolls and go home, the Americans succeeded in getting former Gov. Cox as chairman of the important monetary committee. The fact sticks out like a church steeple however, that American financial and political prestige has fallen the world over.

The industrial recovery bill offers the greatest opportunity for political manipulation of business ever presented in this country. It and companion measures whil call for an army of employes,—unemployment figures will start to recede as soon as these government bureaus are organized. The machinery will reach down to every hamlet, and the possibilities of political favoritism to factories and industries are beyond comprehension. Babson is quite a chatterbox, but he has made note of the dangers which attend this attempt to regiment industry. Granted that the spirit at the top is in every way wholesome, it still remains true that underlings will get busy as "fixers", and political pull will be rampant.

Eugene Meyer, former governor of the federal reserve bank, has purchased the Washington Post, from the McLean estate interests. Meyer should be able to make it a potent organ in the national capital. The Washington Star is rather colorless editorially; and the other papers are chain papers, the Herald, morning, and Times, evening, being Hearst papers; and the News a Scripps-Howard paper. Meyer is a republican, and will probably make the Post republican. If so it would be the only republican organ in the nation's capital. It will have a real field.

Now the democrats are doing the prophesying about prosperity's return. General Johnson, boss of the whole works now, has figured out that four million men will be back on the job by October 1st.

Champion Empty Bag Holder of the World

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FOR THE past quarter of a century, those interested in diseases of the blood have been studying the problem of "erythremia". This disease was first described in 1892 by Vaquez, a physician, and is sometimes called "Vaquez's disease".

Dr. Copeland

Erythremia is a chronic disease of the blood. In this disturbance there is a marked increase in the number of red blood cells and in the hemoglobin or coloring matter of the blood. Its cause has never been discovered.

It afflicts men and women, usually in late middle life. Though not hereditary, a number of cases in the same family have been reported. The ailment is slow in its onset and many years may elapse before the victim is aware of its presence.

The disease is first brought to the attention of the sufferer by the peculiar congestion of skin and mucous membranes. The skin assumes a very marked, mottled, brick-red color. This is most apparent on the face, especially the cheeks, nose and ears. The lips are purplish-red or plum colored.

The sufferer complains of fullness in the head, dizziness, irritability, weakness and of nervous disorders. The blood pressure is high and the spleen is greatly enlarged.

Eight Million Blood Cells

The increase in the number of red blood cells is amazing. Normally, a cubic millimeter of blood contains about three and one-half million red blood cells. In this disease it may contain as many as six, eight or even twelve million.

No explanation has as yet been given for this increase.

Doctors have reported cases where the only complaint of the patient is the peculiar color of the skin. One early writer of this disease said, "The patient is more red than sick". But as a rule, sufferers from this disease require careful medical attention.

For many years little relief other than by "bleeding," could be offered to victims of this disease. Venesection, or "letting" of large amounts of blood gave temporary relief. At one time it was thought that "splenectomy," or removal of the spleen, would be beneficial. This has since been disproved and most authorities now strongly oppose this procedure.

Beneficial results have been obtained by the use of X-ray and radium. These methods give more lasting relief. They are the most valuable known means of combatting this strange malady.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss D. G. Q.—What causes pains in the muscles of the legs, it goes from one leg to the other?

A.—This may be due to rheumatism. Have a thorough examination.

Mrs. V. C. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair? 2: Does poor circulation cause the hand and arm to sleep, what will help?

A.—Daily brushing, frequent shampooing and a good tonic should prove helpful. 2: Yes, try to build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

(Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)

Christian Convention Scheduled at Turner

TURNER, June 16.—Farmers are hoping to finish corn and other planting this week, as the heavy rain a week ago rendered bottom land too wet for seeding, some of which was just ready for planting and had to be reworked.

The annual state Christian convention opens at the Tabernacle July 27 for a five days' session.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Defender of Peopeomoxmox!

References were made in the series finished yesterday in this column to Peopeomoxmox, famous Walla Walla chief, who loomed large in early Oregon history—

Who signed the 1855 treaty, but soon was attempting to head off and kill Governor Stevens of Washington Territory, and the members of his treaty commission, and to lead or participate in a general slaughter of all the whites then in the Oregon country—

And of the death of Peopeomoxmox, at the hands of Oregon volunteers.

As the story meshes up closely with Salem and this district, whence the majority of the volunteers went to the seat of trouble, an illuminating article in the current number (June issue) of the Oregon Historical Quarterly merits attention from the average reader of this column.

The article is by J. F. Santee, under the heading, "Pio-pio-moxmox," beginning at page 164. The Bits man prefers Peopeomoxmox as the better spelling. The Indian pronunciation corresponds with this preference. The French Canadian trappers designated him Serpent Jaune, meaning serpent yellow, or yellow serpent. An apparently competent authority, as will be noted toward the end of this series, testified that Peopeomoxmox, in the Walla Walla Indian language, meant yellow bird. In the present series, the writer will use the spelling, Peopeomoxmox, printing almost the whole of the Santee article in the Quarterly, excepting the footnotes, beginning:

"Peopeomoxmox, greatest of the Walla Wallas, was born possibly about the time of the adoption of the United States constitution. What changes were witnessed by this son of the tepees! Not until Jefferson's administration did our possessions extend west of the Mississippi. Even when the distinguished leader of the Walla Wallas was a man of middle age, certain American statesmen were stoutly maintaining that the Almighty had interposed the Rocky mountains as an everlasting barrier between the east and the west.

"Only a short generation before the birth of Peopeomoxmox, horses had been introduced into what is now called the inland empire. The Shoshones, acting as intermediaries, had secured these animals from the tribes to the southeast. The possession of horses, added greatly to the mobility of the inland empire tribes, and consequently, wrought a transformation in their manner of living. Mounting their steeds from the right, according to their peculiar custom, these new made equestrians galloped away to far horizons. Peopeomoxmox while still quite young, became an accomplished rider, and accompanied his fellow tribesmen on their journeyings to and from California.

"What kind of people were the Walla Wallas and their associates? Alexander Ross, who in f811 held a council with the Indians at the mouth of the Walla Walla river, testifies:

" 'The men were generally tall, raw-boned, and well dressed, having all buffalo robes, deerskin leggings, very white, and most of them garnished with porcupine quills. Their shoes were also trimmed and painted red; altogether their appearance indicated wealth. Their voices were strong and masculine. . . . The tribes assembled were the Walla Wallas, the Shaw Haptens (Nez Perces), and the Cajouses (Cayuses). . . . The plains were literally covered with horses, of which there could not have been less than 4000 in sight of the camp.'

"Lewis and Clark describe the Walla Wallas as the most hospitable, honest and sincere of all the tribes which they encountered. They especially commend the Walla Wallas for sending them a steel trap which had been left behind.

"White men, truth compels one to say, did not always deal fairly with the Walla Wallas. Jason Lee, while on his way to Oregon in 1834, jotted in his diary: 'They (the Nez Perces and Flatheads) enquired if we could build houses and said that the Indians at Walla walluh gave horses to a white man to build them a house and when he got the horses he went off and did not build it.'

"When Lee reached the Columbia, he accepted an invitation to visit the "Kioos" chief. Lee also met the chief of the Walla Wallas. This may have been Peopeomoxmox. The Indian leaders gave Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel Lee, each a horse, after which they paid the missionaries a return visit. The next morning, while in quest of his newly acquired horse, which had broken its halter and escaped, Jason Lee met the Walla Walla chief coming to see the white men off. The chief invited Lee to his lodge and sent a man in search of the missing horse. When Lee was ready to depart—

" 'He accompanied me to our camp and the Kioos chief and others came to see us off. . . The atmosphere was so filled with smoke that we could see but a short distance. . . The two chiefs knowing we should be likely to miss our (route). . . . rode with us some miles. . . Who would have supposed that these Indians would have shown such kindness and generosity toward strangers on account of their religion?'

"Shortly after Jason Lee established his mission school on the Willamette, a son of Peopeomoxmox was enrolled there. This boy was given the name of Elijah Hedding in honor of the Methodist bishop who ordained Jason Lee as a missionary to the Indians.

"The Reverend Joseph Williams, who came to Oregon in 1841 and returned east the following year, describes an incident of his return trip thus:

" 'The Indians helped us across (the Umatilla river) as formerly, and we paid them in tobacco. . . About 20 of them staid with us part of the night, and I sang and prayed with them. . . A young man by the name of Elijah, a son of one of the chiefs, who could talk some English, had obtained religion, and was my interpreter. He exhorted them some himself. They seemed to be much effected,

"Although the United States had not as yet assumed sovereignty over what is now called the Pacific northwest, in 1842 President Tyler appointed a representative to look after matters involving our nationals and the aborigines of this region. This representative, or 'sub-Indian agent,' was Dr. Elijah White of New York, formerly a coworker of Jason Lee's at the Willamette mission. On May 16, 1842, White set out from a rendezvous near Independence, Missouri, with more than 100 persons and 18 wagons, Oregon bound. While en route this party was joined by F. X. Matthieu and Stephen Meek.

"The arrival of such a party may well have filled the Indians with apprehension. It was not difficult for them to conjecture that White's immigrants might be followed by others in the years to come. At the same time, they were not entirely ignorant of the white man's tendency to appropriate Indian lands and of the havoc likely to be wrought by the white man's diseases."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 17, 1908

Salem school district spends $53,103.30 past year, income $59,556.11, ballance on hand $6452.81; bonds and notes outstanding $47,275.

Oregon institute graduates of Willamette university presented at commencement by Prof J. T. Matthews: Lee Unruh, Raymond Jones, Arta Anderson, Hazel Caldwell, Pearl Kingsbury, Paul Anderson, May Woods, Viola Snell, Fred O. McMillan.

CHICAGO. — Taft rules with iron hand as republican national convention opens at Chicago coliseum; big fight being waged over injunction plank with both labor and capital represented.

June 17, 1928

Salem high school graduates 180 pupils; Veta Fitzhugh and Mary Edickson tie for scholastic honors; George Rhoten, students' choice, speaks on student self-government; Eugene Savage, chosen by faculty, plays piano solo on program.

Walter C. Winslow, P. M. Gregory and William Gahisdorf, candidates for school director; two positions to be filled.

"STOLEN LOVE"

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Joan Hastings and her sweetheart, Bill Martin, are separated when her stern aunt, Evvie Van Fleet, learns of the romance and sends Joan away to school without seeing Bill. Enroute from her home in Sausalito, California to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Joan slips off the train and goes back to Bill's home only to learn that he had left town. Unknown to Joan, Bill had gone to see her and learned from Evvie that she had gone away. Evvie upbraided Bill, saying that if he really loved her he would not try to find her as he had nothing to offer Joan. So he left home to make good. Unable to return to her aunt's home, Joan goes to San Francisco. She lives with good-natured Mrs. Maisie Kimmer, whose daughter, Francine, gives Joan a position modeling in her exclusive Maison Francine. Wealthy Curtis Barstow falls in love with Joan but her heart is still with Bill though she believes he no longer cares. Lyla Barstow disapproves of her son's interest in Joan. Bill is befriended by Rollo Keyes, wealthy playboy, whose father gives Bill a position. He learns surveying and is well on the road to success. Unable to stay away any longer, Bill returns home to try and find Joan. He learns Joan's whereabouts and waits outside Francine's shop for her. She comes out with Curtis and does not see Bill. Stunned, he walks the streets all night and waits for Joan to come to business the next morning. She turns white at the sight of him, but feeling he no longer cares, holds herself aloof.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI

"I thought you had gone away," she managed to say, and dropped her eyes.

"Yes, I've been down in Bakersfield for a while. I have a good position down there, with an oil company. I've been kind of lucky—"

She stiffened. "That's nice."

"Yes, it's a big field down there. I was kind of lucky," he stumbled on. It wasn't what he wanted to say, what he had come to say. "She's changed!" he thought, miserably. Anger flamed against this new Joan, this city girl with gardenias on her coat. This girl who walked past him, unseeing, last night. "Joan!" he called to the old Joan, the real Joan, the Joan of the fly-a-way hair, and the old gingham dress. The Joan who told him she'd always love him, and never be sorry—ever — "Joan!" — but she couldn't hear. . . .

He wanted to tell of the black despair and the loneliness and the fight he had made to stay with the job—for her—he wanted to take her into his arms, muss her too smooth hair, but he was afraid. Afraid she wouldn't understand. So he talked about the big job he had, and the money he had put in the bank. And Joan, who would have claimed him before all the world had he been poor or sick or needing her, writhed at his boasting.

"Why did you come back, then?" she asked coldly, so coldly he could not believe that he had heard her aright.

"Why did I come back?" His hold on her tightened. He searched her eyes hungrily. "Joan—don't you know why I came back? Don't you? Don't you—"

She began to tremble. Why did he come back. Now—after all these months, when she needed him, and wanted him, and he could have come. Why did he wait until the pain had grown numb, until she was learning to forget, building a new life out of the wreckage of the old one . . . and Curtis . . . Curtis had come. . . .

"What do you want?" she whispered. "Why did you come here—where I work?" Involuntarily, she looked behind her as she spoke. She didn't want the girls to see, to ask. . . .

He saw her look back. She hadn't looked back last night, when she walked into the car with her hand on another man's arm. She hadn't been ashamed then.

He dropped her hand. "I guess I'm too late."

And now she saw the weariness in the slouching figure, the pain in his heavy eyes. "He's ill—he isn't really happy—"

She was reaching out her hands to him again, but he jerked away. Swung his shoulders with the old reckless, devil-may-care gesture, managed a laugh. "Oh well—that's all right too. Sorry if I upset you, turning up like a bad penny. I must look like a tramp—I'm on my way to bed. Goodbye Joan. Good luck!"

'Goodbye, Bill," she said. Pride kept her voice steady.

* * *

September, and the long, easy days in the shop were over. Fall styles! Francine's harsh voice grew more rasping. The long cutting tables were never clear. New girls came, sat humped in their chairs, stitching, whispering, giggling. Joan worked early and late.

"Poor kid, she looks real peaked," Maisie said.

"I wish you'd get out of that madhouse," Curtis begged. "I never did like your working there."

Joan only smiled and went on working, but she leaned on Maisie and Curtis more than she knew. Especially Curtis. He was the benevolent despot, forcing her to rest at last, to take long, peaceful drives with him under the stars, in the cool evening.

"What makes you so darned ambitious? What do you care about it for?" he scolded.

"I don't know—too busy to think right now!"

Too busy to think. Too busy to mourn.

Marguerite Sanderson sold a crystal and jade evening gown three hours after she stood and watched them lower her soldier-husband into a narrow, deep hole in the green. Maudie's prediction had come true. He didn't last the summer.

"Will Madame try the gown on?" she asked the blowsy banker's wife who coveted the wisp of silver and jade she was selling. And her voice was natural and calm.

"I have no tears left," she told the girls. "I used them up, long ago. When he first fell sick. And later, when I knew he would never get well, and I'd be left—to live alone."

Maudie couldn't understand her. She didn't think it was quite decent. "I don't see how she can stand to work—right after the funeral!"

"I don't see how she could stand not to work!" That from Joan.

"But Joan's another one of your cold ones," Maudie told them. "I don't make any pretense of understandin' either one of 'em myself."

September passed, and October. The work slackened, grew dull. There was time to sit around, and talk. Or think.

One day Marguerite did not come to work. Everyone was upset for days when they found she had shot herself with a small bluish pistol that belonged to the one she couldn't live without.

"She always seemed so calm!" Francine mourned.

Nobody could understand it. Nobody but Joan.

* * *

October passed, the first rains fell. The winter season was ushered in. In Francine's shop stiff formal brocades replaced summer's fluttering chiffons. Velvets from France, and woolens from Scotland. The remnants of summer were hidden away.

Marguerite Sanderson was just a pale, ghostly memory.

"Thank heaven she didn't shoot herself on the premises anyway," Ruthie giggled. Ruth was the new girl they got to take Marguerite's place.

"And thank heaven for another live wire," Maud Murphy said, fervently. "This place was turning into a regular morgue."

Everyone liked Ruth, even Curtis, though she flirted with him outrageously, and he felt she wasn't just the right companion for Joan.

"Oh, she's harmless," Joan laughed when he frowned on their friendship. "She flirts with everything, from Casey the cop to Mr. Isaacs the janitor, who chews tobacco, and is at least a hundred years old—but she doesn't mean a thing!"

Without knowing just how it happened, Joan was spending her noon hours, and many of her evenings with Ruth. Curtis' business often took him out of town now, and Mrs. Barstow never renewed her old friendliness. She remained frigid, faintly patronizing on the rare occasions when Curtis insisted on her accompanying them to dinner, or a play. So Ruth was a lifesaver, and Joan couldn't have found a merrier one. Maisie said she was as good as a show.

"I'm so darn poor, it's real charity to invite me to dinner," she'd grin, having a second helping of Maisie's creamed chicken. "I'm the original hard-luck story. My whole life has been a failure. I no sooner freeze on to a good thing when something happens to it.

"Every man that ever fell for me got struck by lightning or something. The last one got cut off without a penny by his cruel father, and the one before that got called up to heaven, right in his prime you might say, when any life insurance agent would have given him twenty years—"

"No!" Maisie snickered, having just a teeny, tiny bit more cream sauce.

"Yes! And that isn't the worst of it. I could have been a rich widow with black georgette and real pearls if I'd known, but as I say, how could I tell?"

"Well, I'm glad you didn't marry him. I may be old-fashioned, but I say money ain't everything," Maisie said severely. "I see enough of it in my own family. I wouldn't advise any girl to marry money unless it's love, too. Of course, if you are lucky enough to find a fine fellow with money, that's different. Then I say, grab him quick before he changes his mind, that's what I say," she concluded slyly, with a side look at Joan.

"But I did!"

"Why, Ruth Gillespie, you never told me you were married!" Joan cried. "I thought—"

"Yes, I know. Miss Gillespie. I always liked Miss better than Mrs—even with my first husband I was Miss Callahan."

"First. At your age—" Gracious! That child with two husbands! Maisie couldn't get over it. And there was Johnnie, innocent as a baby, going on nineteen.

Ruth's round dark eyes twinkled. She laughed and patted her permanently waved ringlets that had been alternately brown and yellow and red and brown again. "Twice widowed—grass—and sod!"

"But then—why haven't you got the black georgette and the real pearls?" Maisie wanted to know.

Ruth sighed deeply. "It's a long sad story, mates. My parents were poor, but honest. In my second year at normal school, by parents having intended me for a schoolmarm I eloped with an interesting stranger. That's how I'm a grass widow."

"What was the matter with him?" Joan smiled.

"Youth mostly. We were only kids, what do you expect?"

"You know," she said finally, "it's true about me being unlucky. I'm in a devil of a place with Rollo now. He's followed me up here."

"Aren't you glad?"

"No. Joan? Joan, will you help me out?"

"If I can—"

"Listen, I'm in love." Her brown eyes softened. She wrinkled her tip-tilted nose, and made a little face. "Ridiculous, isn't it? The real thing—Joan—"

Joan caught her breath . . . the real thing. . . .

"And Joan—it isn't Rollo."

"Oh—"

"Yes, that's the worst of it. Rollo's a peach. I hate to hurt him, I really do. If ever a girl was in a jam . . . listen, Joan . . . I can't face Rollo alone. Come with me when I go out with him, will you?"

"Why—" Joan fumbled for an excuse. It was one thing to pal around with Ruth, listening to her chatter, laughing at her escapades. It would be something else to take part in them . . . and . . . Curtis wouldn't like it, she knew that. Neither would Maisie.

"Tomorrow night," Ruth begged. "Just the four of us, Joan. Please—"

"But I couldn't possibly tomorrow. It's Curtis' last night—he's going north the day after—"

"Well, sometime soon then. Besides, I want you to meet my friend. I want you to tell me what you think of him . . . your honest opinion. . . ."

Reluctantly Joan promised. "All right then—sometime soon."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

FREE

5 pianos and other merchandise to more than $60,000 given away June 19.

See Final Ad in Sunday's Statesman Page 8

22 Years Ago

MORE BEAUTY LESS DANGER FOR JULY FOURTH

From the Nation's News Files, New York, June 17, 1911

Mayor Gaynor's Celebration Committee are appealing for $100,000 to carry out a patriotic celebration with all the beauty but none of the dangers of former years.

A pretentious ceremony if desired or one of utmost simplicity. A Rigdon Service is directed by an experienced staff and is complete in every detail, regardless of price.

W. T. RIGDON & SON INC
FUNERALS SINCE 1891
SALEM OREGON