

The Oregon Statesman

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

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

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The Cycle of Inflation

THE cycle of inflation is running true to history. When the desertion of gold was first announced it was hailed as giving the president a great trading tool at the London conference. It was also urged in support of the program that fresh stabilization would be made possible at the world meeting, so that currency values would not be indefinitely left subject to wide fluctuation.

When the conference is held, however it is the United States which resists stabilization. It is the United States which holds out for the giddy dollar. It is the United States which refuses to agree to definite standards of value for world monetary systems. The inflationists are responsible. They held out the hope of world agreement at London; but when the time comes they want dollar values left suspended in air. Why? Because, having tasted the first juice of inflation, and felt its first stimulus, they are afraid to clamp on the brakes. They are afraid to come out now for sound money.

History is thus repeating itself. Inflation feeds on its own frenzy. As the disease progresses it becomes more and more dangerous to "stabilize". The result is that we are breeding fresh instabilities into our markets. Price rises are admittedly speculative. At any day the markets may take a tumble; and what is sustaining them now is the prospect of further inflation of currency values in terms of gold.

If the London conference breaks up without adjustment of these vital questions of international commerce, then beware of an orgy of inflation.

Says Salem "Can't Take It"

ART PERRY, "smudge pot" columnist of the Medford Mail-Tribune, says "Salem can't take it,"—referring to the brief spasm of hell-raising recently attempted at the court house. Perry ought to know, for Jackson county raises the biggest rumpuses of any county in the state. In fact the chap who grabbed off the soap box leadership here, got his start in the Medford fuss. He was wise enough however to stop short of ballot larceny which most of the leaders of the "good government congress" stand convicted of or indicted for. Perry writes as follows:

"The fair city of Salem can't take it, for Salem up and heaves a transient Savior of the Nation, formerly oratorically employed here, into the calaboose, because of his chronic orneryness. The gent, with others, has been indulging in organized pestering on the courthouse lawn, and calling upon everybody to move but themselves. The constituted authorities viewed his monkeyshines askance. While flourishing in these parts, the gent never rose above the rank of John the Baptist, being subject to rational moments. Once he spoke aloud, and opined that the U. S. army was a trifle too much for the Jackson County Rebellion, Inc., and suggested that no rumpus be picked with Uncle Sam. Neither did he think much of Frederick the Great and Messiah taking the field in revolution. Now, that he is in durance vile, maybe when he gets out he will hie to Eugene and show that burg, so sympathetic to agitators, what it means to be infested by them."

Market Reporting

THE federal daily market reporting service may look like a needless expense to the general public. Market news is broadcast so promptly and so accurately by the daily newspapers, that the federal service may seem to be a duplication. However in this day of specialty crops there is need for daily information about markets and carlot movements for the intelligent marketing of perishable crops. The federal service is of little added value in the case of the great staples like wheat and hogs and cotton and corn. The value is great however in the miscellaneous crops which now enter largely into national trade.

Take cantelopes for an example. This crop ripens at a particular season and must be moved to early consumption. Different districts market at different times, but when the bulk of the crop comes on there are many districts competing. The problem then is one of moving cantelopes on an intelligent basis so that there will be no glut in markets in one city and a dearth in another part of the country. Marketing associations and concerns in cooperation with the federal reporting service keep daily check on cars rolling and their destination. Thus when danger of a glut appears in Louisville or Omaha, shippers divert to other cities.

Other perishable crops are handled the same way; and many of these specialty crops have proven profitable even in times of depression because of the better marketing system provided. Duplication and unessential material may well be dropped from federal reporting. But growers and marketers of fruits and vegetables in particular will want the continuance of the federal reporting service which has come to be quite necessary for their success.

Roses, With Thorns

"We want to congratulate Charlie Sprague on being elected vice-president of Rotary. We bet now, he'd die for dear old Rotary too.—Sips in Salem Journal. We are glad to see Charlie getting the recognition that his preeminent worth entitles him to. It's just another case of the home town boy making good. Hearty congrats, Chas.!"—Corvallis G-T.

Go on, you fellows, rub it in. You're just jealous. At least we aren't vice-president of a golf club!

The public is doing considerable hollering because the price of gas has shot up in recent weeks. But they must remember that six and a half cents of the price are for federal and state taxes. Even take the price as it is, and deduct the taxes, deduct the three cents differential to the retailer, deduct the freight for moving the crude to the refinery and the gas to the retail outlet, and the amount left is probably less than 10 cents a gallon to pay for the drilling, pumping, and refining. The oil companies are now doubtless on a profitable basis; but the first four months of the year their deficits were tremendous.

The whole state of Oregon regrets to see George L. Baker retire as mayor of Portland. He was a state as well as a city asset. He proved one of the ablest mayors of a large city which the country has had; and retired with the goodwill of the vast majority of the citizens of Portland and of the state. Few men have such capacity to discharge executive work and at the same time to keep up the civic and social end of a mayor's job as did George Baker.

This rehearsing of the Northwestern Electric case in Portland is about as dull as warmed-over fried potatoes at breakfast time. Commissioner Thomas better hire the auditorium again and hold a meetin' if he wants some fresh publicity.

There are so many "insiders" syndicating Washington correspondence that the keyholes they purport to peek through must be as wide as the exit for republican office holders.

Yesterdays

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

July 1, 1908
Hot fight among state board of normal school regents ends in decision to recommend abandonment of normal school at Drain and appropriations for normals at Monmouth, Ashland and Weston.

All stores excepting groceries to close at 10 a. m. July 4, board of trade decides; groceries close at noon, barber shops all day.

George Jacobs places a watering trough in front of his business house in North Salem for the convenience of those who might wish to water their teams in passing by; trough supplied from elevated tank at his residence.

July 1, 1903
Salem Woman's club trustees decide on purchase of Cottage Street Evangelical church for use as clubhouse.

Lee Eyerly reports many Portlanders coming to Salem for July 4 auto races; Eldy Bishop to sing between races; returns from Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby to be announced by megaphone.

Company F, Salem unit of national guard, back from camp; is star of camp in all points; captained by Paul Hendricks.

AUGUST 1 SLATED FOR BRIDGE FETE

JEFFERSON, June 30.—A meeting was held at the Masonic hall Wednesday night to discuss plans for the dedication ceremonies of the new Highways bridge spanning the Santiam river here, which will take place August 1. A committee from Albany, W. L. Marks, R. H. Cronise, R. M. Russell, F. H. Hough and Dr. Joseph Grey met with the Jefferson group.

At the meeting a number of people appointed on the committee are: Mrs. Karl Stewer, J. T. Jones, J. G. Fontaine, James Johnston and Fred Looney and the two committees will complete the plans for the dedicatory program and the place it is to be held.

Mrs. Fred Barnard and sons, Billie and Gary, have returned from a week's visit with relatives at Klamath Falls. Jimmie Richardson left for Chinook Wash., Thursday where he will be employed in building the dike. His parents will remain in Jefferson for some time yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kelly, Mrs. Robert Kelly, Mrs. R. C. Thomas and Miss Margaret Wall, members of Euclid chapter O. E. S. attended a reception in Salem given in honor of Monnie Hauer, grand matron, O. E. S., of Oregon; Pearl Pratt, grand marshal, and Melton Myers, associate grand matron.

Sisters Hold Reunion for Pupils Aided

MONMOUTH, June 30.—The annual reunion Sunday at the home of the Misses Maggie and Allie Butler was happily celebrated with guests from various parts of Oregon and Washington. For more than 40 years the Butler sisters have been helping boys and girls to secure the advantages of a higher education at the normal school by doing household chores in their home here. To date 37 young men and 10 young women have been so benefited.

The day was spent in visiting, exchange of reminiscence and impromptu talks, with a basket dinner served at noon. The big white green-shuttered house resounded with merry voices, and children of several families presented romped for some time yet.

It was the big day of the year for the Butler girls, who are "Miss Maggie" and "Miss Allie" to everyone in Monmouth. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Beesley and daughter Mrs. J. E. Beesley, Mrs. E. Warren of Astoria; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith and daughter Barbara Jane of Portland, Carl Rasmussen of Corvallis, Clyde Blodgett, Monmouth; W. A. Tupper and son Kenneth of Hillsboro; Miss Virginia Beesley; and the butler D. Rowley of Astoria; and the Butler sisters. Many messages were read from others who could not be present.

New officers elected were: president, W. E. Smith, Portland; vice-president, J. E. Beesley, Astoria; secretary-treasurer, W. A. Tupper, Hillsboro. The reunion will be held next year on June 10.

MARY E. DAUGHERTY BURIED AT MOLALLA

MOLALLA, June 30.—Mary Eliza Daugherty, 77, died at her home near Molalla June 28. Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at the Everhart funeral home. Burial will be in the family plot in the Adams cemetery.

Mrs. Daugherty spent all her life near Molalla. She was born here July 21, 1855 of pioneer parents. She is survived by four of her five sons, Henry, Louis, George and Otis; one sister; one brother; and six grandchildren.

Picnic Is Held
Members of the Boy Scout troops, the Camp Fire girls, the Four-H clubs and their leaders were guests of the Parent Teachers' association Thursday after-

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

FOURTH OF JULY and the fire-cracker season are with us. To some this will be a day of happy celebration. To others it will be saddened by accident and death.

Many, many permanent and disabling injuries are traced to the careless use of firecrackers and fireworks. Let us plan to make this a safe and sane Fourth of July.

The danger of injury from firecrackers cannot be overestimated. Fireworks injure hands and feet, cause severe burns, and too often lead to serious and fatal accidents. The greatest danger is that of "tetanus" or "lockjaw".

Tetanus is an infection caused by a germ called the "bacillus tetanus". This germ is found in dirt, soil, and dirty clothing. It is carried into the skin by a ragged injury such as is commonly found in firecracker burns and accidents. If not treated, the germs and the poisons they generate quickly spread throughout the body.

"Tetanus Antitoxin Serum"
Fortunately tetanus can be prevented by the administration of "tetanus antitoxin serum". A recent report of the department of health of the city of New York confirms this. It states that all victims of an injury in which there may be a possibility of tetanus infection should receive an injection of 2,000 units of tetanus antitoxin. In addition, it is advised that all deep and jagged wounds be widely opened and thoroughly cleaned. When these pre-

cautions are taken there is little danger of tetanus.

Bear in mind that the administration of tetanus antitoxin is beneficial only when it is given shortly after or as soon after the injury as possible. Too often serious infections occur because of delay in seeking the proper medical attention. No matter how slight the cut or injury seems to you, if it has been caused by fireworks, consult with your doctor.

Prompt medical attention and immediate injection of tetanus antitoxin is imperative. It is only by immediate and general use of tetanus antitoxin in all Fourth of July injuries that death and untold suffering will be prevented.

Safest Way to Celebrate
I am glad to say that in many states the sale of firecrackers is limited or prohibited by legislative act. Community celebration of the Fourth of July is the safest and best method of celebrating this national holiday.

In case of accident, my advice is to seek immediate medical attention. Never overlook a simple and seemingly harmless bruise or break caused by a firecracker. Burns, poisoning and injury can be prevented by avoiding dangerous explosives.

Let us have a glorious Fourth, but let us be sensible about it. I recall the joy of my own celebrations, but they were in a time when there was no knowledge of the hidden menace of lockjaw. Now that we as parents know the dangers, we will guard our children.

Answers to Health Queries
V. S. Q.—What do you advise for athlete's foot?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Mrs. M. B. Q.—What do you advise for high blood pressure?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.
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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

4th of July
in Salem, 1846:
The Salem Directory for 1872, in its historical section, furnished by L. H. Judson, had this paragraph:

"The 4th of July, 1846, was celebrated in a style highly creditable to the people. The Oregon Rangers were out in full force, and marched to the camp meeting stand, where prayer was offered by Rev. David Leslie. The Declaration of Independence was read by J. S. Smith, and an oration delivered by W. G. T'Vault. The account states that it rained heavily that day. Col. T'Vault's address was published in the Oregon Spectator."

The international boundary line had been fixed by the treaty ratified by the U. S. senate June 15 of that year, but news of that event had not reached Oregon; it came and was first published in the Oregon Spectator Sept. 3, and reaffirmed in the Oregon Spectator in the next issue, Sept. 17. And the news of the commencement of the Mexican war had not arrived. Oregon was still foreign territory, under joint occupancy, for all the people who celebrated here on that day had not the Oregon territorial government received no official information of the ratification of the treaty; getting it only through newspapers, copied from the New York Gazette and Times in its issue of June 19, 1846.

With that setting in mind, the reader should find interesting that Fourth of July oration, which was recently copied for the writer by Nellie B. Pipes, historical editor of the Oregon Historical Society from the files of the Oregon Spectator issue of July 23, 1846. Get the setting. The "camp meeting stand" (manifestly Methodist) was on what is now Mission street, near High, in front of the Sallis Bush home. The town was unincorporated at that time, and was part of the donation land claim of David Leslie.

With these facts in mind, let the reader get the picture. Under the introductory wording, "W. G. T'Vault delivered an oration, applicable to the occasion, and satisfactory to the audience," as follows, "the article in the Spectator, Oregon City, the only newspaper then published west of the Rockies and north of the Mexican (California) line, read:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The importance of the occasion will be but little apology for my appearing in the situation I now do. The story of our country's sufferings, our country's triumphs, though often an eloquently told, is still a story that must not be forgotten; though I may tell you no new thing, of that which I shall speak, is to the descendants of the heroic men who lighted the beacon of liberty and unfurled by their bias the triumphant banner. The recital, however unvarnished and unadorned, you will listen to with vigor of youth; no maturity of manhood, will ever lead the nation to forget the spot where its independence was cradled, nourished, and defended."
(Continued tomorrow.)

noon at a picnic at Lantz' grove near Molalla. These organizations are all sponsored by the P. T. A. An appendicitis operation was successfully performed Wednesday night on Mrs. Mary Robbins, 87 years old, one of Molalla's best known citizens. Late Wednesday night she was getting along all right. She is in Oregon City.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Curtis— She couldn't keep her voice steady, because her teeth were chattering, chattering with fear. She knew how his face would look when she made him understand at last. Made him see her as the really was. 'How can I bear it? How can I bear it when he knows—'

His nose, tanned face, always a little stern in repose, a little band around the mouth and chin, but always so gentle for her. . . . She wanted to remember it that way. . . . to see it that way just a minute longer. The gentlest. . . . Before she sent it away. Just as she would until she got courage. . . .

And Curtis' voice going on, "I can't make you understand how much I love you, Johanna. I'm sort of a dull fellow about these things. Haven't any words. But if I love you now. . . . If anything happened. . . . I wouldn't be worth living now, without you. . . ."

She lay on his shoulder, listening, just as she had listened to Curtis' quietest whisper when he knew. She hadn't been thinking of that. Only her own. She could bear it for herself, but for him. . . . breaking his faith, spoiling his life. . . .

"I don't know, if I had known that it would be like. . . . to have to go on living, remembering. . . . No way out now. . . . unless she broke Curtis' heart. . . ."

"You shouldn't love me like that, Curtis. . . . because I'm not worth it. It's really 'I'm not worth it.' . . ."

He only smiled, and kissed her fingers gently. By one. . . .

"That settles it," Maisie said when Joan pushed her oatmeal away untouched the next morning. "You've got to give up your work and get some rest in the mornings. When a girl can't eat—"

"I'm just not hungry!" Maisie said when Joan pushed her oatmeal away untouched the next morning. "You've got to give up your work and get some rest in the mornings. When a girl can't eat—"

"Just not hungry! Why not? Because you're all worn out, that's why. I said to Miss Harvey only yesterday I said, 'They're like to kill her with kindness, those Barstows. Keepin' her up every night till heaven knows when, and them snug in their beds till noon the next day an' her ruffin' off to work.'"

"Maisie! I don't want to stay in bed. I couldn't sleep any more. I can't sleep any more. . . ."

"Of course you can't. Come in all full of excitement and know you've got to get out of bed almost before you get in. I never see such non-sense. Miss Barstow ought to have more sense. If she don't consider you pretty soon it'll be a funeral, not a wedding!"

"Well, you eat something. I'm not going to have you go out here without anything in your stomach. You ought to look at yourself in the mirror. Dark circles under your eyes, pale as a ghost. Hand shakin' so you can't hold your coffee cup. Now you keep on lookin' that way, and Curtis'll be findin' himself another girl!"

"I wish he would!" the words came out of their own accord, exultingly.

"We see BEFORE US A PROBABLE TRAIN OF GREAT EVENTS; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast, and it is therefore that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which has guided our course, and settled the condition of our hearts. . . ."

"We cannot read even the discovery of the new world without feelings of strong personal pride and interest in the event, without being reminded how much it has effected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is therefore impossible for us to contemplate with unaffected minds that interest, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer stood upon the deck of his own shattering bark, the shades of night falling upon the sea; yet no man sleeping, tossed upon the billows of an unknown ocean; yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair, extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eye, till heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy in blessing his vision with the sight of the new world."

"Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fate, therefore equally interesting to our feelings and affections, are the settlement of our own beloved country, by colonists from England, and the month pious few who landed at Plymouth Rock, on the 22d of December, 227 years ago, the then pilgrims and forlorn hope of the settlement of this mighty continent, as well as the achievement of our national independence."

"We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety, and we are justly proud of being descendants from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge."

"To us, the children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest and vigor of youth; no maturity of manhood, will ever lead the nation to forget the spot where its independence was cradled, nourished, and defended."
(Continued tomorrow.)

Placed it carefully on the table beside her.

"Maisie, I can't go on with it. I've tried. I—I can't do it. I can't—"

It was very quiet in Maisie's kitchen. A hostile, heavy silence, more expressive than words. The morning sun poured in the small window over the breakfast nook, the red tulips in the yellow bowl were drooping in its warm light.

And Maisie and Joan faced each other across the dishes, stonily. After a while Maisie folded her napkin, slipped it in its old-fashioned silver ring. She got up and began to stack the dishes. Her second cup of coffee on which the cream had settled in a cold, buttery scum. Joan's untouched plate.

The hot water steamed into the kitchen. Splash! The breakfast things slid into its warm, soapy depths. Maisie's head was still swayed.

And still Joan sat at the table, looking at the ping, twisting it in her fingers, wanting to talk, wanting Maisie to argue with her, to comfort her.

"Maisie—don't you think—"

Maisie clattered the forks and knives, let the hot-water roar from the faucet, drowning out Joan's voice.

Mechanically Joan took the tea-tray from the table, began to dry the silver on the drainboard. "Maisie, if I see I've made a mistake isn't it better to acknowledge it now? Isn't it better—for—"

Maisie turned slowly, as if her neck were stiff. "I hate a poor sport," she said coldly.

Joan's eyes were pleading. "Even for his sake?"

Maisie slapped down the last saucer. "You didn't go into this hurriedly," she said slowly. "You had plenty of time to think it over. You knew when you've got your pretty ring, and Miss Barstow has pretty near broke her neck bein' nice to you, you talk like that. I don't understand you." She poured the tea into the shappan and hung it on its nail over the sink, still with her eyes turned away.

Joan went on drying the blue cup in her hands. It was all true, everything that Maisie said. Everything. Maisie didn't see it too, from the shelf. "It's quarter to nine. You'll be late," she said.

"Yes, I must hurry."

And still she stood there, holding the cup.

"If you're going—"

"Yes, I'm going." Joan hung the tea towel on the rack. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the ring, twisting on the tablecloth. Maisie could see it too, from where she stood, pretending to make out a market list.

After a while Joan walked over to the table, and put the ring on her finger. "I'll see it through."

Even then Maisie didn't answer. Joan went to work with a stone in her side, where her heart had been.

Eugenia Laird gave a bridge party for Joan. All afternoon she hovered around the table at the corner of the room, her eyes on Joan. Joan was playing. She was hovering around Joan now. "And this is Joan Hastings," she'd gush, introducing her to some one she hadn't met. "You know Curtis is practically my big brother, so that makes Johanna a sort of sister-in-law, or something, doesn't it?" Poor Eugenia, who had expected to marry Curtis. . . .

"How cruel it all is," Joan thought. "She's in love with Curtis, and that nice Darrow boy is in love with her. I suppose she won't take him seriously because he's so short and fat. And Curtis is in love with me, and I'm in love with—"

But she wouldn't say Bill's name, not even in her thoughts. She was so fiercely loyal to Curtis. She was going to spend her whole life making him happy. . . . making it up to him because. . . . because. . . .

"Your play!" her partner called. "Oh!" Joan came back with a jump.

Eugenia came back to their table at tea time. "My dear, did you ever see anything like the way Connie Howard and I are getting on?"

"Oh! Joan came back with a jump. Eugenia came back to their table at tea time. "My dear, did you ever see anything like the way Connie Howard and I are getting on?"

"I simply had to ask her," Eugenia cut in quickly. "Her mother and mama were such old friends, you know, and mama intends—"

"Oh, of course!" the little matron said. "Everybody will have her, they'll have to. But isn't it weird!"

"Which is Connie Howard?" Joan asked lightly.

"Haven't you even seen her?" they all cried piously. "And four nice white hands shyly indicated the upward girl, at a table near the window. She was wearing a long, straight black bang, and sullen, drooping eyes. Insolent or shy, Joan didn't know, but she knew she was desperately unhappy, and terribly bored. "Ugh! thought you would of all people, because she and Curtis—"

"Gene, what are you telling the poor girl! The pretty matron giggled. "She'll think he's the man in the case!"

"Well, you see," Eugenia began, sparring for words. "She and Curtis did go around together—a long time ago. She was really very nice in those days. Highbrow, sort of. And this fellow she met was an accident. Not professional, you know. Little thing, but even all his own good looking. And so. . . . She began to laugh again. "Heavens, how do you tell it?"

"You draw the curtain," the little matron said demurely, with twinkling not too kindly eyes. "That's the way they do it in the plays. . . ."

Their voices broke over Joan, sharp and jagged, patting her head. Patter. Patter. Patter. The sharp edged voices, breaking over her head.

She couldn't stand it. Couldn't sit there listening. Have to do something. Do something. By the room was whirling so fast, and she wasn't any air. You can't do anything without air. "Let me. . . . window. . . ."

She whispered thickly. "She's going to faint." Eugenia cried sharply. "Here—help me—get her into the hall—"

But Joan didn't faint. She just clung to the window in the hallway, her eyes on the air, gathering courage, courage.

Someone must have sent for Curtis. She felt his arm around her, half carrying her down the stairs to the waiting car.

"Air's thick in there you could slice it. Cigarettes and perfume and food. Gosh! How do they stand it. . . . Poor child. . . . white as a sheet!"

She looked up into his eyes, so tender and anxious for her. "It wasn't that, Curtis. It was hearing them talk about Constance Howard. I—I couldn't bear it."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

SCHOOL DISTRICT ELECTS DIRECTOR

GERVAIS, June 30.—B. J. J. Miller was elected a member of the board in high school district No. 1 at the election here Monday to take the place of Sylvia Jones Brizey, whose term expires. Only 22 of the possible 500 voters in the district availed themselves of the opportunity to vote. Tax delinquencies in district No. 1 are much less than the county's average.

The new board Wednesday night re-elected J. A. Ferschweiler chairman. A. B. Minaker was re-elected clerk.

Hermosa Club Meets
Mrs. Robert Harper was hostess for the monthly meeting of the Hermosa club at her home Thursday afternoon. The club voted a recess during July and August and also to hold its annual picnic in August. Four tables of 500 were dejected. Prizes went to Mrs. A. DeJardin for high score and Mrs. Zeno Schwab second high.

Ice Cream Social Of W. C. T. U. Will Be Event Tonight

CLOVERDALE, June 30.—The annual ice cream social and program sponsored by the local W. C. T. U. will be held at the Cloverdale school house Saturday evening July 1.

Besides the ice cream and cake there will be a fish pond and a booth where home made candy

Celluloid

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Shipley's

SHOES HOSIERY

METHODIST CHURCH GETTING NEW SITE

FALLS CITY, June 30.—The moving of the Free Methodist church from