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 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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# "I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

### SYNOPSIS

After three years' travel in Europe, where she had gone following her father's death, young and beautiful Stanley Paige became bored and returned to New York to find the "something sort of sweet and important" which she felt she was missing. Stanley finds Perry Deverest, handsome young lawyer, still as much in love with her as ever, but her own heart is untouched. She longs for someone to love—someone to really belong to. Then she meets the fascinating Drew Armistage. It is love at sight. Drew's most recent heart had been sophisticated Dennis St. John. In breaking with her, he said: "You know, Dennis, you're a lot like me—you know when a thing is ended and you accept it—gracefully." Marcia Wingate invites Stanley and Drew to a dinner party.



"He's certainly gone to pieces this spring. Still handling your affairs, Stanley!"

### CHAPTER SEVEN

Marcia's dinners were always pleasant affairs. She liked to entertain and did it graciously and incessantly. Tonight she sat at the foot of her long Italian table and admired the high candles in their Renaissance candlesticks, admired the yellow roses that spilled carelessly over onto fine damask, admired her husband who sat eating his fish at the opposite end of the table.

Ned was good-looking, he was a little brilliant, he was entirely successful. Marcia was glad she had married him. They agreed on all the little things in life and ignored the bigger ones. It made their relationship pleasant and uncomplicated.

Ned was doing exceedingly well in the dignified profession of the law. Tonight Marcia looked at him down the length of her table and wondered how it would seem to be the wife of a justice of the Supreme Court. She hoped he wouldn't get fat.

Conversation was always rapid and even a bit sparkling at Marcia's parties. Not being particularly clever herself, she was wise enough to surround herself with people who were—as a consequence, she basked in a sort of reflected glory. People always spoke of "Marcia's clear parties." One naturally inferred that Marcia, herself, was clever. There were a few who knew she wasn't. Nigel Stern, for instance, and Marcia herself. Her husband had never even suspected it. Which proves, perhaps, that Marcia wasn't so stupid after all.

By the time they had passed from fish to entree, Marcia had decided satisfactorily in her own mind exactly how much of a check Rand had paid for her Vionnet gown, whether Beth Crampton really couldn't have children or just didn't want them, whether or not Nigel Stern was having an affair with Sandra Frayne. Perhaps that was why Marcia missed so many opportunities to say clever things—she never really put her mind on any conversation—it was always wandering off by itself, quite oblivious to what her lips were saying.

Tonight, having disposed of these questions satisfactorily, she turned her attention to Stanley and Drew Armistage. She had known Stanley for years—intimately, she would have said and not been quite sure about it. She rather thought that no one had ever known Stanley Paige intimately. Even as a school-girl there had been a certain aloofness about her, a shy withdrawal from intimacies. Marcia decided the girl had been too much alone—first in a big house with only servants for companions, later at

schools where she had never really lost her shyness, then those years abroad with that impossible person, her aunt. There had been that one winter in New York, of course. Stanley had been very gay that winter—very happy. Marcia thought it a pity she had not married Perry Deverest then and escaped those years in Europe. And now she was back again and anyone could see for the looking that she was hopelessly in love with Drew Armistage. And the humorous part of it was that everyone had been so sure she had come back to marry Perry. And now Perry had gone off north on a fishing trip and Stanley was seen everywhere with Drew. Well, things happened that way, Marcia supposed, and sighed and looked at Ned at the other end of the table, beyond the glow of the roses, and was glad she had married him and hoped again that he wouldn't get fat.

An hour later Ned Wingate, being dummy at the same time that Stanley happened to lay down her hand at the next table, strolled over to her and suggested that they go outside for a cigarette. They went out through French doors onto a narrow balcony. He held a lighter to her cigarette, sat down beside her on the slender iron railing. There were boxes of petunias on the balcony—they moved softly in a gentle breeze.

"See anything of Charles Carleton lately?" he asked, referring to the man who was legally responsible for Stanley's inheritance.

"Not for a week or so—he had dinner with me and I took him back. I thought he looked sort of shot—" Through the half-opened doors Stanley could see Drew's dark head bent over his cards—as usual the heart-twisting line of his profile clutched at her heart, left her sweetly shaken.

"That's what I thought—saw him at the club this afternoon. He's certainly gone to pieces this spring. Still handling your affairs, Stanley?"

"Oh, yes—" She brought her

eyes back to Ned, smiled at him absently.

"Full power of attorney, I suppose?"

"I suppose so—I really don't know much about it. I'm like father, Ned, I hate business. I don't understand it—he didn't either, you know. Charles Carleton always managed everything for him, they were very close friends."

"Yes," Ned nodded slowly. "I've heard my dad tell about them. Well, I was rather shocked to see the old boy looking so ragged. You don't happen to know what your money's invested in, do you, Stan?"

"Oh, the usual thing, I suppose—whatever money is invested in on Wall Street," she shrugged lightly. "It's never interested me much."

"No," replied Ned, equally careless. "I suppose not. Everything's probably all right, anyhow, but when I saw Carleton looking so sort of shot—I rather wondered. They say he's playing the market pretty hard, Stan."

Stanley tossed her cigarette into the darkness; she wondered if Drew had missed her. If he would look up from his table and smile at her when she went back in. If she only imagined it, or if he did have a different expression in his eyes, which was just for her. "I thought men who had offices on Wall Street always played the market hard," she told Ned lightly. "Anyhow, he's made a lot of money for me—I can afford to lose some."

"You probably won't. Carleton's pretty shrewd. He's been in the game a long time."

"Hey, you two out there," called Johnnie Crampton, "are you playing bridge—or aren't you?"

They went in. Drew did look at her and Stanley felt suddenly warm and breathless. She slipped into her chair and failed to raise Nigel's heart bid. They made three extra tricks. Stanley hoped Nigel didn't mind too much; Nigel assured her he didn't.

(To Be Continued)

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# Bits for Breakfast By R. J. HENDRICKS

Winema, Oregon Focahontas: Indian History of Modoc War by Jeff C. Riddle, her son:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

"The evening hours glided by, the strangeness wore off, and by the aid of an interpreter the conversation became interesting.

"Winema sang love songs in the Modoc tongue. Frank told stories of civilized life. When the parting came Frank was more than half in love with the little Winema, and she altogether so with him.

"The visit was repeated, and soon Frank learned enough of the language to understand what Winema meant when she sang 'Kam-ino-into' (a Modoc love song). He trembled when he remembered his betrothed. He faltered; he hesitated. What had been only a possibility in the beginning became a probability.

"Driven on by his growing love for the Indian maiden, he at length proposed to her, and she accepted, on condition that he would, in conformity with the usage of her people, give her father a present. Among the Modocs it is thought to be a disgrace for a woman to live with a man who does not think enough of her to give presents to other people. Frank assented, and in the presence of her cousin and her husband, the compact was made, and they were married, after the forms of the Modoc Indians. Winema collected her personal effects, and went home with Frank Riddle, his wife.

"The miner's cabin began to change its appearance. Under Frank's tuition, and through the occasional visits to her cousin and the other white women who had come with their husbands to this mountain world, Winema soon put away her squaw dress and habits. She learned to cook according to the model she had before, and was not long in attaining to the distinguished title of 'a first rate housekeeper.'

"When the dry season had come, Frank and Winema visited her people. Scot had been dissatisfied at the marriage, and was not appeased by the half dozen horses Frank had sent him as a marriage present; but when he found Frank to be a good shot, apt at story telling, and strictly temperate, he manifested his approval of the marriage by returning the horses and adding to the band from his own herd.

"As the summer months wore by, Frank won not only the heart of the father, but of the whole tribe. He went with them on fishing and hunting excursions, and, being a brave man in times of danger, and a splendid shot, with either pistol or rifle, he soon took rank as a brave.

"It was during this visit that one of those stranger than fiction affairs transpired. Uleta had felt grieved at the loss of Winema, and gave signs of aberration of mind, which disappointed love so often produces in life, for the Indian is human, with all of humanity's attributes and weaknesses. He had not, however, manifested his insanity to such an extent that his people should keep watch of him; he was permitted to go upon the hunting and fishing journeys. He was observed to be alone much of the time, and seemed especially depressed in the presence of Frank and Winema. Nothing passed before the eyes of the tribe to create suspicion that he meditated harm to either Winema or Frank; but Winema for some reason suspected him, and when the band went into the Cascade mountains on the annual bear hunt, at huckleberry time, he was of the party, as were Frank and Winema.

"They had been in the moun-

tains several days, and Uleta had not shown a spirit of dislike, but nevertheless Winema kept her eyes on him, lest he should injure her husband. She discovered that he would wait in camp until Frank had left for the day's hunt, and then start in an opposite direction.

"This was to her sufficient reason for following him, which she did on one occasion, and found, as she suspected, that he changed his course to that taken by Frank. As he crept slyly along the trail of the white hunter, Winema kept in sight of him, and discovered that he was more intent on striking her husband's trail than in raising the grizzly bear.

"Late in the day the report of a rifle was heard in the distance. Uleta quickened his steps, and Winema kept on his trail. Suddenly she stopped, and, raising her gun—for she is a good shot—fired apparently at some object. It was not at a deer or bear, nor at her disappointed lover, but simply to give him knowledge of her presence. He turned at the sound of the rifle, and precipitately fled in another direction. He had been detected in drawing his gun on Frank Riddle.

"He left the camp, returned to the village on Link river. Here he wandered about several days, and at last threw himself from a canoe at the outlet of the lake and was drowned. His body was afterward found on the shores of Lower Klamath lake.

"Another circumstance occurred during this hunt that demonstrated the courage and sagacity of this remarkable woman. Her husband, being ambitious to excel in hunting, was reckless in his encounters with the grizzly. He raised a young cub, and thinking to capture it, dropped his rifle and ran after it. The cub made good his escape by climbing a tree. Frank, unwilling to be out-tredden, began throwing stones. Very soon the cub raised the cry, much to Frank's encouragement. He piled the stones; the cub cried again. Frank had thrown with good aim, and had evidently wounded the cub, which gave signs of letting go the limb.

"Just at this moment his fun was interrupted by a sound which put life into his limbs, such as he had not felt since his boyhood. 'Wah, wah!' came to him from the breaking bushes.

"He knew well what it meant. And lost no time in putting in his very best Kentucky jumps down Main St., Adams, N. Y.—Adv.

the mountain side. He turned his eye to see an old she bear, tearing after him. Away went Frank and on came the she bear. As he now describes the race, "it was nip and tuck 'twixt me and the bear," with the latter closing up the space at a fearful rate, considering the stakes they were running for. Every muscle of the man was going duty, while Mrs. Bear was paying out energy in quantity promising to be extremely unhealthy to the hunter.

"Frank shouted with every jump, the bear 'wah, wahed' at every bound. Frank thought his 'time had come,' and was almost in despair of ever seeing his brown skinned wife again, when, suddenly, as if she had dropped from the clouds, she sprang between the racers, and, spreading her skirts, shouted in Modoc so loudly that the mother bear suddenly halted, and turned about, making way to her cub.

"The breathless Frank crept cautiously to where he had dropped his gun, covered at each step by the little rifle in Winema's hands. When they were in camp again she read him a short chapter from her Modoc vocabulary which he will not soon forget.

"It is said on good authority (Turn to page 7)

## If Ruptured Try This Free

Apply it to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You Are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands

**Sent Free to Prove This**

Every ruptured man or woman should write at once to W. S. Rice, 663-N Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of his wonderful Method. Just put it on the rupture and the opening closes naturally so the need of a support or truss or appliance is eventually done away with. Don't neglect to send for the free trial of this Stimulating Application. What is the use of wearing supports all your life, if you don't have to? Why run the risk of getting an hernia and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt or prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in healing ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once to W. S. Rice, Inc., 663-N Main St., Adams, N. Y.—Adv.

SCENE: Anxious motorist consults garage experts Dave Ogden: "Fix her up so she won't KNOCK." Garage Superintendent: "Your CAR is all right—what you need is Tetraethyl STANDARD Gasoline—it's unsurpassed."



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Using STANDARD Gasoline with Tetraethyl Lead you get this added power—and stop the knocking that comes from inferior motor fuels.

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### County Gets an Agent

MARION county gets an agent "without cost to the taxpayers". The "without cost" part should be qualified for state and federal agencies pay half the expense; and farmers in the county who sign up for AAA benefits pay the other half. So much work was piling up for local administration of the AAA that some official had to be designated to manage the work. The extension service "loaned" Harry Lindgren during the wheat control sign-up period; and he did a good job. Now the county agent will undertake the local application of the corn-hog deal; and later of the dairy and beef cattle deal which is being planned under AAA.

This should give Marion county a good chance to test out the county agent plan. While his time will at first be largely taken up with AAA work, there will be periods when he can visit farmers and discuss practical farm problems. A county agent is not merely to encourage production, but to point out ways for economical production, for improvement in quality, for prevention of plant diseases, etc.

Marion county's agriculture is diversified,—everything on the bill-of-fare from soup to nuts is almost literally true. In Harry Riches, the county will have a practical farmer who is also technically trained. That combination ought to succeed. Riches will have the knowledge that comes from years of actual experience in this locality and have back of him the fund of information which the extension service is constantly building up.

City folks have no disposition to "wish" the burden of a county agent onto the farmers. But the experience of other counties has been that the farmers found the office so valuable as a clearing house for information, as an agency for directing work while farm activities that they themselves have insisted on its continuance,—in some counties they have raised funds outside the budget to continue the county agent. Now Marion county farmers will have opportunity to test out the agent plan. If they find the cost is more than offset by the gain then they will be fully justified in asking the county court to make the office permanent.

It's up to the farmers.

### Relief for Irrigators

WHEN a few weeks ago we criticised allotment of funds for investigation of the Benham falls site on the Deschutes as a possible location for a dam for irrigation purposes it was with the presumption that the purpose was the reclamation of new desert areas. Judge Sawyer of Bend, who is chairman of the committee, has sent us a copy of the brief submitted to PWA on which the allotment of \$50,000 for survey purposes was made. The object as outlined in the brief is to supplement the present water supply for the irrigation districts in the Central Oregon area. Due to the decline in stream flow of the Deschutes the lands now under projects have an insufficient supply of water. The stream flow averaged over 1,100,000 acre feet in the years 1908-1913, but only 820,000 acre feet in the period 1928-1932. The consequences have been that farmers on the five principal districts have suffered severely from shortage of water.

Benham Falls is located 10 miles south of Bend. If the site proves practical and a dam is built there, the impounded flood waters of winter and spring will be available for summer irrigation. Thus the effort is one rather of relief for present farmers than the opening up of new tracts to cultivation. This makes a different and much better case for the survey which has been approved.

This paper has never been among those that believes reclamation should be halted until all farming is made profitable. Cities do not stop growing because there are some vacant houses or because some old structures are unprofitable investments. At present, it seems practical to delay additional projects while those now in development are completed. On the other hand we can see in good irrigation schemes opportunities for thousands of people to find homes. We cannot think of the Rogue river and central Oregon and Hermiston and Vale just in terms of financial success or failure of the districts as units, but should consider also their success as locations of homes of thousands of people where they are living, thriving, and rearing their children under wholesome surroundings.

If Benham Falls can bring water to thirsty lands and sustain people in their homes, at any reasonable basis of cost, then its development would appear justified.

### Will the Dollar Come Home?

THE immediate question before the administration and the financial world is this: "Will the dollar come home?" What depressed the American dollar was the flight of capital when it saw the country was headed for devaluation. Those who took their capital to gold standard countries when the dollar was worth par or a little below may bring it back now and get \$1.66 cents in American currency. That will net the speculator a nice profit in terms of the dollar. Now if there is a sudden and general repatriation of the dollar from abroad, the effect would be to put American exchange at a premium. So the administration has the two billion dollar stabilization fund to play with to sell foreign exchange to prevent our 60c dollar from hitting back toward par.

We think it doubtful if the American dollar comes home very fast. Capital is notoriously timid; and the prospects are none too good in this country. Safety is still the first consideration, and until there is assurance that the American dollar is stabilized this fugitive capital will not return in great volume. It certainly will be better for trade and better for the administration program if there is no swift return of this capital. For if it does return, it will add to our excess reserves and lay the foundation for a credit expansion, which with the cheapened dollar, may make the inflation of the 1929 period look tame.

### Russia's Westminster Abbey

Russia's Westminster abbey is the wall of the Kremlin. That is, the likeness extends to the burial place for illustrious dead. Just as Britain's great are entombed in the abbey, so Russia honors those famous in the USSR with burial in the Kremlin wall. The Kremlin, ancient palace of the tsars at Moscow, is now the seat of soviet power. John Reed, American communist, is buried there; and the three balloonists who perished after reaching the highest altitude ever recorded by human beings, 13 1/2 miles, are to be entombed in the wall.

## 25 NEW STUDENTS ENTER LAST TERM

SILVERTON, Jan. 31.—School enrollment with the beginning of the second day of the new term, slowed 26 beginners; between 20 and 25 in the senior high school and four new entrants in the junior high school. Although the complete check will not have been completed until the end of the week, present indications, according to Robert Goetz, superintendent, are that the total enrollment will be larger than at any time heretofore.

Miss Katherine Slawson has charge of the beginners but some changes will have to be made as at present she has too large a group on hand. Miss Cathaleene Cuddy, who returned over the week end from a visit to Minnesota, is filling the vacancy left by the death of Esther Moore Neave. Whether or not Miss Cuddy's position will be permanent for the remainder of the year will be acted upon at the February meeting of the board, which falls on February 7.

Contrary to reports about town, contracts for teachers for next autumn will not be discussed at school board meetings until in April or May.

### Antrim's Birthday Occasion for Fete

DAYTON, Jan. 31.—Honoring George Antrim on his 65th birthday, 14 members of his family and four guests enjoyed a surprise birthday turkey dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Thornton and son Leo of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lawrence and family of Grand Island, beside local members of the family were present. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirkwood of Wheatland, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Stoutenburg were guests.

Mr. Antrim was born at Hopeville, January 28, 1866 and his home has always been here with the exception of five years when from 1939 to 1943 he taught school in Idaho. He owns a farm and raises loganberries and walnuts.

### DR. CHAN LAM

Chinese Medicine Co., 150 N. Commercial St., Salem, Office hours: 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. — 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. Tuesdays and Saturdays only.

DR. Y. T. Lam, N. D. DR. GOLDIE H. CHAN, N. D.

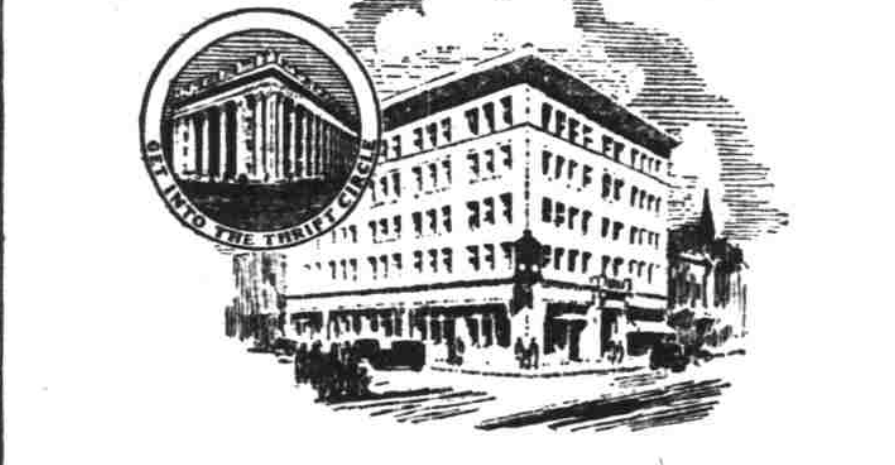
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### Policy Holder Gets Benefit Check

The one dollar invested by Eck Dutoit of route eight, Salem, in one of the accident insurance policies issued to Statesman subscribers, proved to be a wise investment. Mr. Dutoit was injured in an automobile collision October 4 and has been unable to work since that date.

He received a check for \$70 through the Statesman office Wednesday. This check was the final payment of his total claim which amounted to \$150.



## 51st in Size

During the past year United States National advanced from 70th to 51st size among America's largest banks. This is a tribute to the thrift and prosperity of some 100,000 customers of this bank and its branches.

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