

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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

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Old Books with Hot Dogs

Do you ever pause and browse in an old bookstore? We mean a store or shop dealing in old books, not an old store dealing in new books. Most every city has one or more such places. The literary debris of a half century or more accumulates at such places, just as the flotsam of a stream collects in the eddies. Old books, dog-eared, with torn covers, fly-leaves inscribed with names of former owners; old books that have reposed for years with leaves uncut in some home of false culture; old books about the stars, about prophecy, about history,—what a weird assortment may be found in the second-hand book shop!

The experiences of one who ran such a bookstall by the roadside in a Cape Cod village frequented by tourists were recently set down in an article by Alan Devoe in the Atlantic for January. The amazing discovery, (amazing to the reader and to the proprietor too) was that there is such a demand for old books, and secondly "de gustibus non est disputandum" (there is no disputing about tastes). As the writer says: "I found that people almost invariably bought the books which I had supposed would be the least likely to sell." He accounts for this by the fact that most of the customers were sentimentalists, not bibliophiles, buying books they had read in childhood or others they had missed reading in the long ago.

Personal peculiarities naturally stood out in such a public. One man bought an old spelling book, simply because it had a picture of an owl stamped on the cover and he was an "owl fan". Another bought every calf-bound volume on the shelves, remarking "They will look charming in the library of my new house." Another lady bought any book that had a metal clasp. A Portuguese fisherman bought an old copy of Quackenbos' "History of the United States" simply because he had heard that Quackenbos was the only historian who said Vasco da Gama was a "portygee" and he wanted the book to satisfy his racial pride. An old colored woman bought a volume at a time a quarter of a ton of old lawbooks.

The author-bookseller compiled a list of "best sellers" among the old books, and they ranked in the following order: "1. The works of Charles Dickens  
"2. Books of any kind bound in old calf; old textbooks  
"3. Works of Oscar Wilde and Elizabeth Barrett Browning (neck and neck).  
"4. The novels of Ouida and Miss Braddon; Civil War books.

"5. 'Freak' books—that is, books with peculiar titles.  
"6. The novels of Charlotte M. Yonge, The Duchess, Mrs. Opie, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (the younger), and the poems of Louise Sigourney, Felicia Hemans and Lucy Larcom.  
"7. Old hymnals, Bibles and religious treatises.  
"8. (Way below any of the others) Scare collector's items."

The method was novel. He set up a stall much like a hot dog stand along the current of tourist travel, sold a thousand titles during the season, most of them rescued from attics of old New England homes. There indeed was the working out of an idea, and regardless of financial gain, there was certainly a rare chance for the study of human nature.

Eva LeGallienne

NOW we know why Ethel Barrymore told the dowagers of the "Philadelphia lecture assembly" that Eva LeGallienne did them a great honor to appear before them. And Ethel was right; and Portland and Oregon had a genuine distinction conferred upon them when Miss LeGallienne and company appeared in a presentation of two dramas of Henrik Ibsen. For in her graceful and competent person the spoken drama becomes marvellous art, as compelling as a Rodin sculpture, as vivid as a Rembrandt painting. In her the stage of the past with its great and now legendary figures, lives again. The banalities and artifices of Hollywood are swept away by this revival of flesh-and-blood-acting of great dramatic works.

We saw her in "Hedda Gabler", one of Ibsen's great plays, whose architecture follows the style of the ancient Greek tragedy. It dramatizes the tragedy of frustration. Lives of a few characters in a small Norwegian village are intertwined with somewhat conventional maladjustments. Hedda herself, neurotic, arrogant, bored with a marriage to a scholar-husband, moves with almost serpentine malice to shatter dreams of others. The play moves to its remorseless end as a tragedy of Aeschylus. Frustration ends in self-erasure.

Eva LeGallienne was Hedda,—and what a Hedda! Her cameo-like poses, her clear, well-modulated voice, her lustrous personality made her auditors captives to her art. She dominated; but she had marvellous support, particularly in Paul Leyssac who played the part of the poorly-mated husband. We have only one criticism of her acting, and that is her seemingly excessive use as gesture of the extended right arm. It was gracefully executed, but done too often.

It may be set down that Oregon responded admirably to the visit of an artist. Not only was the theatre entirely filled; but the audience was appreciative in the finest sense of the word.

Miss LeGallienne has done some really constructive work in the field of the theatre. First, she is a trained actress, who has devoted her profession long years of study and practice. She is not a flaming Broadway success who glows briefly until some new star appears; but one who is now a real artist. Courageously she has fought for the life of the drama, and for the great plays of literature. Finally she founded the Civic Repertory theatre in New York city and has actually made a success of it. Now she is taking her company on a tour of the country. She is a young woman, but her work has gained her unusual distinction with honorary doctorate degrees from such institutions as Smith college.

Her tour, it is easy to see, will be triumphal, will add greatly to her fame, and give impetus to the living stage and to the immortal plays of literature.

It's a long time since we heard of anyone missing a train; but General MacAlexander, the "rock of the Marine" did so at Medford Friday. As the Mail-Tribune reported it, the general "held his ground in the wrong place" and missed the Shasta limited. An extended stroll which took him too far from the station was set down as the reason.

Unemployed!



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dream of great flax and linen industry coming true:

Progress is being made in the state flax industry at the Oregon prison. No idle days are seen there. With the coming on now of the planting season, activities will of necessity be speeded up.

The fondest dreams of the enthusiasts who have visioned a gigantic flax and linen industry in the Willamette valley, with Salem its center, are coming true. They were bound to come true, in good time, because of the very nature of things certain to finally bring them to full fruition.

Fiber flax here is what this writer has been pleased to call a franchise crop, meaning one that has all the favoring conditions of success and permanency—the right combination and sequence of soil, sunshine and showers.

Besides, it supplies franchise raw materials for processing and manufacturing, which operations here are carried on under ideal conditions, with soft water for retting, many days of summer sunshine for drying and holding the "fleece," or softness of its fibers; near sea level, thus freedom from "electricity," or static, for spinning its gossamer-fine threads, and comparative absence of severe heat or cold the 12 months through, making for near perfect operating advantages.

Thus, we have a franchise crop supplying the materials for franchise factories, and the fields within eyeshot of the mills. No other section of the entire world can boast of such advantages, or combination of them, on anything like so large an area—some 500,000 acres of land.

In the opening lines above, the statement was made that progress is seen in our state flax industry. There is progress in several directions.

This writer has said a great deal, in the past several years, about the introduction here of the J. W. S. flax seed, and nursing and increasing it from year to year, until our whole acreage was replanted in this variety. That has been the case for a few years, and will be this year, with the exception of some small plots for experimenting with still better varieties.

The J. W. S. seed has almost doubled our per acre production of flax straw from the field, and also the straw's yield of both seed and fiber. That was wonderful; a great advance.

But, last year, three-fifths of an acre, sown to another variety, yielded 3900 pounds of straw, practically two tons—and the straw gave 13 per cent of its weight in fiber. A 10 per cent yield of fiber is excellent. Since 1930, the Oregon state flax plant has been getting an average of about 9 per cent of fiber to weight of straw.

B. B. Robinson, working from Washington headquarters of the U. S. department of agriculture, is and has been for some time giving all or most of his time to experiments in new varieties of fiber flax, with headquarters at the State college, Corvallis. He has been trying literally hundreds of varieties, and has been planting in the prison is trying out for him several varieties, in addition to the one mentioned above.

The seed from the three-fifths of an acre, planted last year, will be this year planted on selected pieces of land—so that by next year, or the year following, we will be well on our way toward having enough for all our acre-

age. With the J. W. S. seed, in the meantime, the slack will be taken up—and much better than it could have been done before that improved variety came into the picture. Also, there is good prospect that some of the other improved seeds being developed at Corvallis may come into use and hurry the improving process.

Flax sowing time is here. The sooner, now, seed is in the ground, and the right ground and in the right shape, the better, for the 1934 crop. The advantage in early planting is to get the "usual" June rains, or to do without them in case they may not come. Flax is a 90 to 120 day crop, from seed time to harvest.

The acreage sown to flax for the state plant is fixed at 2500 for 1934. The full amount will be taken. More would be taken if that were not the limit. The price is \$22.50 a ton straight, and none will be taken at harvest time that is not fit to pull.

In other words, short or inferior flax will be waste, excepting for the seed, which the farmer may thresh or have threshed and sell, or the state flax plant will market it for him if he desires. The reason that only pulled flax will be taken is that short or inferior flax must go mostly into upholstering tow, and the market for this product is too low to show a profit for processing. The state plant has a large surplus, taking up needed warehouse space.

The 2500 acres will likely yield about 5000 tons of flax. With a fair weather season it will produce two tons to 5000 pounds per acre. With reasonable weather, including June rains, there should be no poor yields; very little flax not fit for pulling.

The probability of much poor flax is largely eliminated by the fact that contracts are not being made until after the land is examined. Also, there are requirements in the contracts for proper cultivation, etc., etc.

And there is, of course, inspection at harvest time.

The state advances the seed. It is being cleaned now—cleaned and re-cleaned, and cleaned and re-cleaned some more. All weed seed is eliminated.

When the pulled flax shall have been delivered by the grower to the state plant, he will get his money—cash "on the nail"—with only the cost of the seed deducted.

Thus, before the end of August, considerably above \$100,000 will have gone into the pockets of our farmers.

It is conceivable that the acreage will be as high as 5000 for 1935. That is about as high as it may go, for the state plant. After that, the acreage will run to 100,000 or more in time; allowing for a five year rotation crop, which should be the rule.

The state plant cannot supply the present demand for fiber. Considerable quantities have been going to Italy. Orders from here are now limited to car lots, on account of the filling of previously placed orders from American mills.

The outlook is now that there would be a demand, at remunerative prices, for all that could be produced by the proposed 12 retting and scutching plants that reports indicate may be backed by federal funds. And, in fact, if the dream of getting the use of such funds should come true, in full, it might conceivably follow that the whole Oregon supply might be needed in Oregon.

But the season is now too late to expect any planting for the proposed new mills in 1934; any of them. The fact is, suitable seed

could not be had for more than three or four of the proposed new plants, if even for a single large one; large enough for well-balanced operation, under modern conditions.

And such conditions would be required to get cooperative support at all. It has come about within 20 years that the flax and linen industries are modernized; born over, from conditions that were, most of them, 6000 years old; as archaic as the pyramids of Egypt.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:  
Now that we have heard the arguments pro and con about the hairy chested gent that was trying to make a living working on the highway, maybe you can spare a little room for arguments on a subject of more vital importance to the working people of Oregon, and that is the sales tax. In the past in the U. S. A. there has been no division in the human ranks in regards to wealth, one division lapping onto the other from the poor to the millionnaire which might be described as a wedge, with the wealth being represented by the big end of the wedge.

But of late this evenness has been broken up with more money going to the few at the top of the wedge and more people dropping to the poor class levels, which, if it keeps up, will eventually separate the wedge near the top and form just two classes, one will be the rich and one the poor, with no intermediate classes.

At the present time a very large part of the real property in the U. S. A. is mortgaged with bankers and loan associations holding the mortgages. Of course, they are letting people hang onto this property yet because as long as these people pay some interest and taxes and the future looks like higher taxes and lower property values, the banks and loan companies don't want it.

But just as soon as enough states adopt sales tax plans to run the state and United States business, then there will be a big property grab. Then they will want the property, and the poor class will have to pay the amount of rent that is asked.

One argument for the sales tax is that some people of means have been delivered by the grower to the state plant, he will get his money—cash "on the nail"—with only the cost of the seed deducted.

There should be some other way to get at these men than a sales tax. Why should a working man cut his own nose off by voting a sales tax to get a few pennies out of a fellow that it won't hurt at all.

Another argument is that some poor devils are coming here from other states to work and own no property so pay no tax.

But those people bring no money with them and take none away so Oregon gets it all anyway. They spend it all for groceries and gas so why not tax the people more that gets his money.

If this thirteenth worker paid a tax he would just have a little less for necessities of life and in addition to paying a profit to the retailer he would also have to pay to the state in a sales tax.

It is necessary to get more money why not put some kind of a tax on foreigners, including Japs, Filipinos, Chinese, Italians, Greeks, and what not. They pay no property tax and a sales tax would not hurt them as a peck of rice or a box of macaroni a month wouldn't bring much revenue.

These people always can sell

"I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

SYNOPSIS

Lovely Stanley Paige could have married any eligible man in her set—there was, for instance, the young lawyer, Perry Deverest, loyal and reliable, but she fell in love with dashing, irresponsible Drew Armitage. Drew told Dennis St. John, his former sweetheart, that although he would have loved Stanley under any circumstances, he would never have become engaged to her had she been poor.

Then comes the crash and Stanley's fortune is wiped out. She does not care as long as she has Drew's love, but... he says it would be madness to marry on his income. So with a dramatic... "Stanley, I shall never forget you and I shall always regret having hurt you—but never having loved you!" he passes out of her life. Though broken-hearted, Stanley accepts the blow stoically. She refuses to accept charity from her friends and leaves her luxurious apartment. She rents a cheap furnished room where she meets Valerie Blair, a salesgirl. Valerie is very kind to Stanley. Warning against poverty, Valerie urges Stanley to return to her wealthy friends, but she refuses.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

"In the mean time, what are you going to do? About a job, I mean?" "I don't know. But there's nothing to be done," Stanley frowned a bit anxiously. "Stanley, I'm thinking that she had thought about nearly everything in the past week except the future. She realized suddenly that from now on, if she was to exist, she could no longer ignore it. She had decided definitely to keep away from Marcia and Ned and all of their crowd. But there was Nigel Stern. She wrinkled her forehead, said aloud, "There's a man I met a few weeks ago at a studio party—he might be able to help me get a job."

"Artist?" "No, I don't think so. Just sort of a connoisseur of art and music."

"And women, probably. If I were you I wouldn't count too much on him. You'll find that without money the approach will be entirely different. You'll either look less desirable to him or more. Either way, it's all in his favor. However, you might go and see him. I'd try to get Madame to take you on at the shop but she's letting girls out instead of taking them on. Business is rotten."

Valerie swung her feet to the floor, stood up, stretched her arms over her head and yawned. In her peach-colored brassiere and step-ins, she looked ridiculously little and childish. "Gosh, but it's hot! It's too hot to sleep or go to a movie or even undress!"

Someone knocked on the door. Valerie called a casual, "Come in!" picked up Stanley's pajama coat and wrapped it about her slim shoulders.

The door swung open and a young man in white shirt and a pair of irreputable old tennis trousers, bowed low over a tray holding three glasses of orangeade.

It's three and one-half degrees cooler and a breeze is reported rising off the coast of Labrador. A celebration is in order."

Valerie swooped upon the tray, then remembered her manners. "Miss Stanley Paige, formerly of Park Avenue—Mr. Jimmy Hunter—"

Jimmy bowed low. "Greetings! In my former incarnation I was one of the Vanderbilts and probably danced with your great grandmothers. Shall we drink to the good old days?"

Stanley took the glass of orangeade.

Excuses are mighty tiresome. Elle Tidge at Turkey River was the star of a home talent play, and she appeared to be a sort of Garbo in the rehearsals, but on the night of presentation she forgot her lines and just about ruined the production. She did shed a tear in her hair when she milked the cow that night, and her head itched so she couldn't think of anything else. Art has hard going at times.

Now and then someone says to me in a sad, sweet tone of voice, "We should live according to the Golden Rule." It is true; we should. But somehow I am always reminded of Gid Platt, whom I used to know back on the big river, when the Golden Rule is prescribed. Gid declared he had shirked his duty as a legislator, and he was considered to be a fair trial, but he had been compelled to alter it somewhat in order to get along with his fellow citizens satisfactorily. "I do unto others," said Gid, "as I know dam' well others will do unto me if I don't take care of myself."

Still and all, I think we would be astonished if we really knew how many and what people are trying to live in accordance with the Golden Rule.

Each of us days come I ween when sense seems absent from the brain—Having reference, you will please understand, to the species of sense known as "common," although why it should be so known is somewhat difficult to understand, because it is, as a matter of fact, rather uncommon. It is much the same thing as is occasionally referred to as "horse sense." One would naturally think that "common sense" being common, should be plentiful. But it is not plentiful. It runs in streaks. A person who appears to possess a plentiful supply of it today may act like a human goose tomorrow. If each of us were endowed with unvarying "common sense" it is their produce and most always have a job.

EARL SHARP,  
755 No. 20th St., Salem, Ore.

ade he offered her and drank it gratefully. Over the top of the hooded glass, she stared at him frankly. He was very tall and so slim she thought she could easily have reached around his waist with her two hands. His hair was brown and very curly and grew in a sharp peak on his forehead. His eyes were small and very bright and his mouth, which was as nicely shaped and as sensitive as a girl's, was continually flashing into a wide grin, displaying amazingly perfect white teeth.

He sat down on the bed beside Valerie and dived a casual arm about her. "I had a hunch I'd find her in here," he told Stanley solemnly. "She's a friendly little sort—wants everyone to feel at home. She appropriated me the night I moved in and there's been no escaping her since. She'll lend you cigarettes and get you up in time to go to work and wash behind your ears and make you save your money—she's a tyrant and a slave driver—but she's a pretty little thing, isn't she?"

"Don't mind Jimmy," Valerie cautioned, rubbing her head against his shoulder. "He's just a nice little boy who's never taken time to grow up. A nuisance at times—but sweet."

After they had gone, Stanley turned off the light and flung herself down on the bed. It had been nice of them to stay like that—to make her laugh and talk with them. But now she was alone. She was alone in the dark—and she wept for Drew. Dry, hard sob pushed up into her throat and choked her, tears, hot and salt-bitter, stung her eyes, scalded her cheeks. She tried to hate him. She wanted to hate him. But she couldn't. She could only hate herself for loving him.

Marcia was pouring tea on the South Terrace. The sun dipped behind the rose garden and spread soft, gentle fingers over the smoothing clipped lawns. Marcia loved serving tea in the late afternoon on the South Terrace. There was something delightfully English about it. Marcia was not a snob but she had a certain instinct about things like that. She liked the way the level lawns ran down to meet the ocean, the way the ivy clung to the gray stone walls of the house, the way the cedars Ned's father had planted threw long shadows on the grass. She liked the way women's laughter sounded in the still summer air and the way her hands looked moving among the tea things.

Today there were four in the little group gathered around the table. Ned would come in from town shortly with a few men for the week-end and the Johnnie Crampsons were coming over for dinner. But now there was only Sandra Frayne, in a perfectly impossible old tennis dress, Diane Truesdale, cool and remote in apricot chiffon, Gerda Lessing and herself.

"Whatever do you suppose she did it for?" Gerda sipped her tea languidly and fixed her eyes on Marcia.

"That, my dear girl, is what Ned and I would like to know! I rushed in to her the minute Ned called me and found her gone. That old Irish woman, Ellen, was as silent as a sphinx—simply said Stanley had ordered the car and gone out. I left word for her to get in touch with me—and what happened? She sent me a perfectly fantastic letter saying she was going away for a while—she was awfully grateful but she wanted to be by herself. Ned says she couldn't have had more than a hundred or so in actual cash with her."

"Imagine that! The price of half

age audience than a role under-acted.

I reckon an ode to a prune or to a peanut or to something of equal insignificance is more warmly received by the masses than an ode to the more exalted things. Fact is, most of us know what it is about when a prune or a peanut is mentioned.

Scenario writers seem to have fallen into the way of introducing a newspaper reporter who's touched of low comedy is indicated. I suspect preciously.

Small talk: The theatrical novelty of the local week—the puppets in "I Am Susanne" at the Grand... Monday is almost everybody's "bad day"... A Salem woman complains that her ankles and vicinity are covered with black and blue kick-spoes. She has, I presume, been playing bridge... Chanticleer told the news with the "Harris" and the rising sun did not come out of a crowd, but that when he crowed it caused the sun to rise, and some of the hens believed him... "The Private Life of King Henry VIII," accredited with being one of the best pictures in 1933, shown at the State during the week, set English history students to buzzing, and also a number of others... A local epidemic of petty thievery is reported... Mice are said to be making themselves heard in walls for the first time this season, and wise guys say it indicates cold weather to come... Our old friend, Henrietta Crossman, whom those who saw "Pilgrimage" will recall pleasantly, is with us again in this Carolina. Somehow, when I think of Henrietta, I am reminded of the years that have passed since I first saw her and of the vigor she still manifests, I feel as if the "weight of years" idea has been considerably exaggerated... The average man in the street, regardless of his politics, has wise good words for President Roosevelt.

Observed at a local restaurant... a man of Dempephic proportions sipping hot milk, and at the next table a young woman of about 90 pounds averduopit eating mince pie with cream... It was not unexpected that the announcement that Hal Hoos had passed on to another phase of life, yet when it came Tuesday morning, and for a day thereafter, people on the streets of Salem and in the stores

An over-acted role in a play is, I think, more painful to the aver-

(Turn to Page 5)

(To Be Continued)

What about Drew Armitage—was he a giving her an awful rush? Gerda appealed again to Marcia.

"There was something there all right but I never found out just what. Stanley was terribly in love with him. Not that she'd admit it, of course, but she didn't have to, one had simply to look at her! Drew left for Chicago right after the crash."

"He would," observed Sandra shortly. "One can't imagine Drew married to a poor wife."

"That's certainly was. There was nothing left—absolutely nothing. She sold her clothes and her car and paid all of her personal bills and got out. Isn't it all perfectly fantastic?"

"The girl really had nerve after all," drawled Sandra slowly in her odd, unaccented voice. "I thought she was merely beautiful."

"What do you mean by that?" Gerda asked curiously.

"Oh, it would have been so easy to just drift. I've seen so many do it." Sandra lifted her thin shoulders in a little shrug. "You remember Janetta Randall? She managed to live off her friends for years until she picked up that Pittsburgh man. Cecily Rand is becoming expert at it—between her invitations and what she makes at bridge she's doing very well by herself. There are dozens of others. It's an old New York custom."

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