

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Gubernatorial Candidates

RECENTLY the Medford Mail-Tribune went a step farther than the Oregonian in defining the gubernatorial campaign in the state, on the basis of recent remarks of Gen. Charles H. Martin. Gen. Martin had branded the republicans as defenders of pre-1929 wickedness, Zimmerman and his "boobs" as rampaging zealots who might wreck the whole program; and himself as the peerless leader of sound progress. The Oregonian accepted the classification by saying the republicans would resist the new deal policies which Gen. Martin espoused; while the Mail-Tribune went on and pasted "reactionary labels on the republicans, radical on Pete Zimmerman, and landed squarely in the center for itself and the general.

Comes now the Eugene Register-Guard and points out fallacies in such exact classification. It says:

"It is difficult for instance to visualize the peripatetic Dunne as tethered to stand-pat Republicanism except by a very long string, and some of his measures such as a state grub-stakes for mine prospectors are certainly hard to reconcile with orthodox Republican individualism. Likewise, though Gen. Martin has been on the whole a loyal supporter of the president and the New Deal, he is inherently conservative and it is difficult to visualize him conducting a home-grown program of innovations. As for Mr. Zimmerman, whose program is neither pure socialism, communism, nor anything except a mess of 'ideas', he offers little hope to those who believe in fundamental change, and even the socialists were reluctant to back him for this reason."

The Register-Guard is right. Gen. Martin is by temperament and training the most conservative candidate of the three. Dunne is anxious to please, without consistent philosophy, while Zimmerman's program goes not much farther than a lot of the new deal proposals. The Register-Guard goes on to say:

"To Lane county voters we are going to recommend very little loss of time studying 'party principles' and a good deal of concentration on the MEX. What Oregon needs right now is some careful and conscientious management by a governor who will stick to his desk in Salem. We can depend on Washington to provide plenty of innovations. The issue as we see it is which of the three men can do the best job of managing. Take each one and figure out what kind of people he is likely to gather around him. What are his ideas on spending and saving? Which of the three can keep his feet on the ground? What Oregon needs right now is the most reliable man."

In view of past history it is almost a fair prediction to say that no matter who is elected the voters will think they made a mistake after he has been in office awhile. Only one governor has served eight years (Penneyer); and only four have been re-elected (Grover, Penneyer, Chamberlain and Withycombe).

Carbonized Trees

OREGON offers a fertile field for geological exploration. The eastern portion of the state was once a great inland sea whose borders were inhabited by prehistoric animals. The subsequent aridity of the climate has acted to preserve the remains of animal and vegetable life; and scientists come from all parts of the country to study the fossils. This summer a party of scientists from the University of Oregon have gone to the southeastern part of the state to engage in exploration hoping to make fresh discoveries.

Another unique discovery was recently made in the Crater lake area. An upright log was found buried under 60 feet of volcanic overburden. It was exposed in the grading for the new Union creek-Diamond lake highway, and like other logs found lying in horizontal position in that area, is carbonized. Last year an upright tree was found inside the rim of Crater lake. It was three feet in diameter at the base and was leaning an angle of 74 degrees away from the direction of the site of old Mt. Mazama. Part of this tree is carbonized, and another part is still natural wood.

The evidence points to the covering of these trees suddenly with volcanic material, probably at the time when old Mt. Mazama was an active volcano. It spewed its lava and pumice and ashes over the surrounding landscape and either "blew its head off" or else sank into some internal lava kettle, leaving Crater lake in the caldera.

Knowledge of the story of the earth adds much to our interest and appreciation of the geographical features of the state. The carbonized tree at Crater lake and the fossil remains of primitive horses in the John Day country form chapters in this history which deserve widespread study.

Salem Housing Needs

RECENT decreases in prices of building materials ought to stimulate construction in Salem of houses, and that without waiting for the unwinding of the government's housing project. Lending institutions in Salem have money to loan on houses, where a fair margin of security is offered. Rentable houses are virtually all occupied, and rents are rising. It is not difficult to foresee a time when houses will be in such demand that rents will go sharply higher unless there is an early resumption of construction.

Pres. Roosevelt was correct in looking ahead to the increase of population in the northwest. It is still a land of wide open spaces. The Willamette valley does not have to wait for irrigation works or other great projects to claim additional residents. In the next decade the migration here will be steady. So, without anticipating any boom, it is justified to look ahead and provide housing for the increase in population.

Besides the need for new houses is the need for restoration of old. Give a life of 50 years to houses and two per cent should be replaced annually just to maintain the housing provisions of the city. Add to this needed repairs and remodeling of homes and Salem has a sizable building program of its own which should begin work on.

There is no safer investment than real estate. Tax laws are going to be more kindly to the real property owner. It would be wiser to start work now than to wait a few years and have a big surge of building with higher costs and labor shortages.

Prune growers were warned that heaven isn't just outside the door when they sign up a code. Of course not; but they have been getting tired of the "hot place" they're been in for several years, so any change would be a relief.

Besides meeting Jim Farley in Salem two weeks ago, Editor-Postmaster Ingalls went down to Portland to greet FDR. Corvallis democrats better be on guard or there will be no appointment to the Corvallis postoffice.

Mrs. Roosevelt must have "looked at all three."

At the Ringside as Usual



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

EACH SUMMER the daily newspapers publish accounts of persons who have been overcome by heat. As a rule the victims are men who have been stricken while at work. Children and young adults are also overcome when exposed to the rays of the sun while at play or engaged in strenuous games. Sunstroke is caused by a disturbance in the heat regulation of the body. The victim complains of headache and dizziness. This is followed by a feeling of depression, nausea and vomiting. There is difficulty in vision and often the sufferer has colored vision.

What to Do
 The skin is clammy and wet. The pulse becomes exceedingly rapid and weak. The breathing is rapid and the sufferer lapses into unconsciousness. As a rule he recovers, but in an extreme case death may occur as a result of heart failure, convulsions and coma.
 In a case of heat prostration it is always best to consult with a physician. Delay in receiving proper medical attention may lead to a fatal outcome. Until the doctor arrives keep the patient in a cool and shaded room. Remove all tight garments and encourage the sufferer to drink water. If the body temperature is high, place the victim in a cool tub, kept cool with ice. Continue with the tub bath until the temperature of the body falls to 102 degrees Fahrenheit. The overheated blood will cool in the tub.

Should Not Be Neglected
 "A touch of the sun," or slight sunstroke, should never be neglected. A mild saline laxative should be taken at once. Absolute rest in a dark room and a diet consisting of whey and fruit juices should be enforced for three days. If the skin is red apply a saturated solution of magnesium sulphate. This should be freely applied and allowed to dry on the parts.

The prevention of sunstroke is far easier than its cure. During hot weather bathe often and wear loose and cool clothes. Elderly persons and young children should not be permitted to expose themselves to the prolonged action of the sun on hot days. Avoid severe and exerting work in the sun.
 A good plan is to wear sun shades and large porous hats when in the sun for a long period of time. Drink copious amounts of water and avoid overeating during the hot spells of summer.

Answers to Health Queries

M. T. Q.—What can be done for liver spots? 1: How can freckles be eradicated? 2: What will clear the complexion?

A.—Correct the underlying cause of the trouble first of all. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2: For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 3: For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
 (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

Sen. Pope of Idaho says the republicans have inaugurated a whispering campaign. Perhaps because they are so hoarse from shouting about the follies of the new dealers.

Pictures of Dollfus on the slab succeeded those of Dillinger in the patrol wagon. The press would do well to hold back some of the gawwesome offerings of zealous press photo.

The Capital Journal, which weather-vanes with FDR, now seems quite content with sea locks in the Bonneville dam, against which it protested with characteristic vigor only a short time ago.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Men in Oregon Indian wars who attained high commands in other wars, and rank in civil life:

(Continued from Sunday)
 Quoting Meany further: "All this was to be changed by General Clarke, and, in fact, by October, 1858, that officer had arrived at so radical a change in the ideas inherited from General Wool that he wrote to the adjutant general of the United States army that the Indian treaties made by Governor Stevens ought to be approved and ratified, and he also recommended that Wool's policy of excluding settlers from the Columbia valleys should be changed, and the lands thrown open to settlement."

"Another officer was to receive the credit, however, of putting that idea into execution. On September 18, 1858, the department of the Pacific was divided. General Clarke remained in California, and General W. S. Harvey, who had been earning laurels in Utah, was placed in command of the new department of Oregon. He arrived at his new post on October 29—and two days afterward issued an order to open the Walla Walla country to settlers."

Col. J. W. NeSmith had had experience in fighting those Indians, and one of his first acts in assuming the duties of Indian superintendent of the united districts of Oregon and Washington was to send in a recommendation for the ratification of the treaties as one of the first steps toward a settlement of the troubles on a permanent basis."

Now going back to the spring of 1857. The Indians of eastern Washington and Oregon did not appreciate the mistaken kindness of Col. Wright of the year before. A band of Palouses entered the Walla Walla valley and ran off a lot of cattle belonging to the soldiers; two white men on their way to the Colville mines were killed; 40 settlers near Colville petitioned for protection. In April, Col. Steptoe notified General Clarke that an expedition against the Indians north of Walla Walla seemed necessary. He left that place May 6 with 130 dragoons. May 16, he encountered 600 Indians—Spokane, Palouses and Coeur d'Alene. A parley showed the savages intended to fight. Early May 17, Steptoe began a retreat toward Palouse. The engagement became general and raged all day around the hills above the present city of Rosalia. Capt. O. H. P. Taylor and Lieut. Wm. Gaston were killed. The men picked their horses and lay flat on the ground. Six men lay dead, 11 wounded. That night they ran through the savages' lines and escaped to the Snake river, arriving there May 19. That was called the battle of Steptoe's Butte; a high hill there has since been known as Steptoe's Butte.

Gen. Clarke called a council of his officers at Fort Vancouver. Col. Wright and Steptoe being present. Decision, those Indians must be punished, and this time, properly.
 Aug. 31 the command, with 1000 U. S. soldiers and 20 friendly Nez Perce Indian scouts in U. S. soldier uniforms, had reached Four Lakes and intended to rest a few days, but next morning the Indians came, looking for trouble. A surprise was in store for them. In the Steptoe Butte battle their muskets were superior to the pistols of the soldiers.
 Now the new rifles, the howitzers and the charging dragoons gave them no rest—shot them down more easily and at longer distances. The Indians lost 18 killed; Wright not a man nor a horse.

After a rest of three days the march was resumed. Sept. 5 the Indians collected and set fire to the grass, through which they prepared to charge on the blinded troops; but the charge came from the Indians and again the Indians scurried to cover in the timber; through the forest there was fighting for 14 miles. That was called the battle of Four Lakes. After resting a day on the banks of the Spokane river the march was resumed, when Indians appeared on the opposite bank and asked for a parley between their Chief Garry (of the Spokane tribe) and Col. Wright. At a ford two miles below the falls (site of present city of Spokane) the parley was held. Chief Garry said he had been friendly, but now his people threatened to kill him unless he joined the war.

Col. Wright told him to say to his people that he had not come to make peace but to fight, and unless the Indians made a complete surrender, he would fight them that year and the next, and so on until they were exterminated.

Chief Polatkin of the Spokes came into camp with some warriors. The chief had been in the Steptoe fight and, with one warrior, was held. The others were sent off to bring in the other Spokes. At the next encampment, the Indians were tried and convicted of being one of the murderers of the two recently killed miners, found guilty, and hanged the same day.
 Sept. 8 it was found that, instead of coming in to surrender, the Indians were driving off their stock; a skirmish resulted in capturing 800 horses; they were too wild for the white men's immediate use; they could not be driven on the contemplated campaign—so one of the first steps of the ones, the balance of the whole band were shot, on Sept. 9 and 10. Almost immediately Chief Big Star of the Spokes surrendered. The Coeur d'Alene now wished to surrender. Col. Wright said he would meet them at their mission, which he did, September 17, when they all surrendered, with also a number of Spokes. The terms were severe; the men who struck the first blows at the Steptoe fight must be delivered up to General Clarke. One chief and four warriors must be given up to be taken to Fort Walla Walla; the property taken from the Steptoe command must be returned; they must sign an agreement to permit troops and other white men to pass through their country; must stop all hostility against white men.

A council with the Spokes was appointed for Sept. 23. Chief Harper (thanking the council) opened to settlers. On one day, March 8, 1859, the U. S. senate voted to ratify every one of the treaties of Governor (then delegate) Stevens. (Continued tomorrow.)

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"DEATH SONG" By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

CHAPTER XXXV
 "Miss Montague," Mark said, "this is Dr. John Calvert. You may have heard Mrs. Vail speak of him." She looked at the doctor and then at Mark. She moistened her lips. "No, I haven't," she said.
 "I asked Dr. Calvert to come here so that we could all be convinced that you're not Mrs. Vail," Mark continued pleasantly. "He was Vail's physician in New York." "The isn't Mrs. Vail," Calvert said.
 Miss Montague turned hastily to the sheriff. "Are you satisfied now?" she demanded.
 "Oh, no," Mark said softly. "You haven't quite explained yourself, Miss Montague. There was five hundred dollars in Vail's room when you went in, and it wasn't there when his body was found."
 The woman's face grew pale. Her skin looked greenish under the powder. The mask of youth dropped from her, leaving her an aging, unattractive woman.
 "It was in large bills—very easy to trace," Mark added, watching her.
 "Well, he promised me money, didn't he?" she cried angrily. "It was as much mine as his! I knew how he was getting it!"
 "So do we," Mark said. "He was blackmailing Dr. Calvert. Mrs. Vail told you about it, didn't she?"
 Miss Montague hesitated for a moment. "Yes," she said in a low voice. "Francine showed me a letter the doctor wrote her."
 "Mark!" John Calvert cried. "She does know!" His voice rang triumphantly. "I can tell about it now."
 "It will be better evidence if Miss Montague tells us," he said.
 Again the woman hesitated, and this time the sheriff prodded her. "Come on," he growled. "There's a grand larceny charge against you if you don't talk."
 When Francine left her husband, Miss Montague said, "she took ten thousand in Liberty bonds from the safe in their apartment. She told me they were here, that Vail gave them to her before they were married."
 "Just after she got to Europe," the doctor added from the doctor. He and Vail had been playing the stock market, and they had to put up more margin just after Francine left. The doctor said he went to Vail's apartment and Vail took an envelope out of the safe and gave it to him. Vail said there was ten thousand in Liberty bonds in it. The doctor was to take it to their brokers.
 "Well, Dr. Calvert wrote Francine that he didn't open the envelope until he left Vail's apartment. There was nothing in it but some blank paper, he said, but Vail wouldn't believe him. He said Vail acted like a wild man—threatened to have him arrested unless he promised to pay back every cent."
 "The doctor had heard Vail say once that he'd given his wife some bonds, and he wrote to her thinking maybe she had taken them. When she sailed to Europe, he asked her if she had taken them to write and tell Vail. But in the meantime, the doctor paid Vail some money, and once you start paying blackmail, you never finish."
 Dr. Calvert nodded in bitter confirmation.
 "Our brokers sold us out because we couldn't put up more margin," he said, but he couldn't escape that insane itch anger. "I acted like a fool. I thought a scandal like that would ruin me professionally."
 "It wasn't the loss of the money," Mark said. "Vail learned just about that time that his wife was having a baby back to him, and he took it out on you."
 "Why didn't Mrs. Vail help him?" Sue cried. "If they were her bonds, why didn't she tell him she had taken them?"
 Elaine Montague smiled patronizingly at her. "My dear child," she said, "Francine Vail disliked Dr. Calvert. She wouldn't lift a finger to help anyone she disliked. She used to laugh over it, thinking of Dr. Calvert paying back that ten thousand dollars. She looked archly at John Calvert. 'I shouldn't be surprised if she'd been disappointed by him.'"
 Sue looked at the doctor. There were tears in her fine eyes. "Oh, John," she said, "how cruel women have been to you!"
 He smiled at her radiantly. He looked young and attractive again.
 "No, only one woman," he said. "It doesn't matter now."
 "You might have trusted me, John," Mark said and then the sheriff. "I should have told you both, but the truth seemed so unbelievable." The sheriff looked at him with a perplexed frown. "It don't make sense," he said and then the sheriff. "It gives you a real motive."
 Nobody spoke. It seemed so apparent to all of us that the only thing John Calvert had been concealing was the reason for those payments to Vail and the sheriff. If a accusation was utterly absurd, his himself seemed to feel that, too, for he turned suddenly and angrily on Miss Montague.
 "I guess you wanted some of that blackmail money, didn't you?" he demanded. "That's why you wanted to see Vail?"
 Before she could reply, there was a knock on the door. Mark said, "Come in," and the door began to open, I saw Loren Ruxton.
 "Hello, Mark," he said. "Did you want to see me?"
 "Yes, thanks for coming over," Mark said. He gestured lazily toward Elaine Montague and the sheriff. "Loren started toward Mark's bed so threateningly that Finn stepped between them."
 "I don't admit anything!" Loren shouted. "Who are you to question my sacred privacy?"
 The sheriff said to Elaine Montague, "How about it?" She nodded.
 "He's Mr. Rivers," said Mark. "And he's something else, too. He's the man who married Seifert Vail. Arrest him, sheriff!"
 Loren's frightened glance darted from Mark to Dave Finn. Fear constricted his throat so that he could only whisper his denial. "It's a lie!" he said. "I ran away with Vail's wife," he said, "but I didn't kill Vail." His voice was hysterical. "Mark can't prove it! Nobody can prove it!"
 "So it's proof you want," Mark said. "I can furnish that!" There was something terrible, remorseless, utterly convincing in his unshakable confidence. "Mark can't prove it! Nobody can prove it!"
 "Just mark!" Loren cried. "What are you doing? You're here when I want you," Finn replied grimly.
 "Picture the situation, sheriff," Mark said. His voice was low and cold. "The first time Loren visited his uncle here, he discovered that in the same cottage was the man whose wife he had stolen—the man who had hunted him through Europe to kill him. But he didn't dare stop his visit. He was always in need of money, and he wanted to inherit his uncle's fortune. As months went on and Vail remained in ignorance, Loren's confidence grew, but he couldn't escape that fear that some day Vail might discover who he was—and use that revolver in his bureau drawer."
 "Then another factor entered the situation. He met a girl here and fell in love with her. Discovery now meant not only physical danger, but the probability that he would lose her if she learned how he had treated Francine Vail. His fear of Vail became an obsession, and it's fear that makes him a murderer. The idea of murder becomes less and less horrible as we consider it. It grew in Loren's mind. He evolved a crime that he thought was perfect—so perfect that he now he challenges me to prove it."
 "Following that plan, he stole the overalls and hedge shears from the tool house—easy enough for a person who had the run of the grounds for three hours. He took them to the case he should have to kill Vail. Then, unexpectedly, the crisis arrived. He learned that Vail was expecting a visit from his wife. He had to act on once and he did."
 "We know from his own admission that he was in the woods behind Lakeside Cottage that afternoon when Vail was stabbed to death in his bedroom. He changed there into the overalls, strolled across the lawn, entered Vail's room and murdered him. He had time to remove the overalls and throw them in the lake with the shears before Sue arrived to keep a dress with him. 'It's a lie!' Loren cried. 'Francine Vail was in Europe! Why should I think she was coming here?'"
 "Vail obligingly told you when you got him drunk on the night of the dance," Mark said. "Of course, neither Vail nor you knew that Francine had died and that the woman who wrote to Vail, using her name, was Miss Montague."
 Loren's face was haggard. His eyes swept our faces. None of us could look at him.
 "Sheriff," he faltered, "you don't believe that, do you? You don't call that proof?"
 "I'm still listening," Finn answered.
 "The day after the murder," Mark continued, "Loren lied to me. He had no alibi, and he tried to create one. He said he was with Sue when Vail was killed, although she didn't leave her until half an hour after the murder. No one had accused him. No one had the slightest suspicion of him, but nevertheless he tried to create a false alibi. He felt that he had to account for that half hour. He asked you to back up that story, didn't he, Sue?"
 The girl's eyes dropped. She nodded miserably.
 Suddenly Loren's cowering terror left him. He straightened his shoulders and looked at Mark triumphantly.
 "How do you account for the fact that I have a photograph of the murderer entering Vail's room?" he sneered.
 The sheriff exclaimed, "Yeah, how about that?"
 "Mark smiled. 'I wondered when you'd come to that, Loren,' he said. 'It was a better alibi than the first, wasn't it? But that's the thing that's going to convict you.'"
 Loren's face went white.
 "After Loren had lied to me," Mark said, "afterwards, mind you, he had some photographs developed, and one of them showed a man in overalls standing beside Vail's door. Immediately after that, he saw a perfect alibi in it. He dropped the first one, then, and told us he had taken the photograph at the time when he knew Vail was murdered. But we have no alibi for a clerk who had taken the photograph that afternoon."
 "The truth is, he took a roll of films two days before. He photographed his uncle and the cottage. He said he spoiled the whole roll, but the sheriff's clerk who visited and opened the two rolls remembers that one picture of the first wasn't spoiled. It was the picture Loren showed us—a photograph of an actual gardener who was working beside the cottage that day."
 There was a moment's silence. Then Mark went on:
 "One final proof: this morning an attempt was made to poison me. Someone substituted a salt cellar filled with arsenic for the cellar on my breakfast tray. Why? Because I was getting dangerously close. Because Bob was about to go to New York to find the woman who visited Vail—the woman Loren and I believed was Francine Vail. He paused and with slow emphasis concluded:
 "Except for Sue, Bob and I, no one in the sanatorium but Loren Ruxton knew Bob was going to New York."
 A look of horror grew on Loren Ruxton's face. He shuddered. His hand went to his collar, as though he were choking him. Finn reached into his pocket. His handcuffs clinked as he pulled them out. He slipped them on Loren's wrists, and arrested you for murder," he said.
 Loren winced at the cold touch of the steel. He turned to Sue.
 "Sue," he said, "it's a lie, every word of it! You believe me, don't you? Don't you, Sue? Tell me you believe me!"
 She looked at him with eyes misty with tears.
 "I don't know what to believe," she said.
 He turned back to the sheriff. "Let me call my uncle," he said. "I've got a right to do that."
 The sheriff looked questioning at Mark.
 "After all," Mark said, "Mr. Ruxton should know. Why don't you tell him, sheriff?"
 (To Be Continued)

when Vail was stabbed to death in his bedroom. He changed there into the overalls, strolled across the lawn, entered Vail's room and murdered him. He had time to remove the overalls and throw them in the lake with the shears before Sue arrived to keep a dress with him. "It's a lie!" Loren cried. "Francine Vail was in Europe! Why should I think she was coming here?"
 "Vail obligingly told you when you got him drunk on the night of the dance," Mark said. "Of course, neither Vail nor you knew that Francine had died and that the woman who wrote to Vail, using her name, was Miss Montague."
 Loren's face was haggard. His eyes swept our faces. None of us could look at him.
 "Sheriff," he faltered, "you don't believe that, do you? You don't call that proof?"
 "I'm still listening," Finn answered.
 "The day after the murder," Mark continued, "Loren lied to me. He had no alibi, and he tried to create one. He said he was with Sue when Vail was killed, although she didn't leave her until half an hour after the murder. No one had accused him. No one had the slightest suspicion of him, but nevertheless he tried to create a false alibi. He felt that he had to account for that half hour. He asked you to back up that story, didn't he, Sue?"
 The girl's eyes dropped. She nodded miserably.
 Suddenly Loren's cowering terror left him. He straightened his shoulders and looked at Mark triumphantly.
 "How do you account for the fact that I have a photograph of the murderer entering Vail's room?" he sneered.
 The sheriff exclaimed, "Yeah, how about that?"
 "Mark smiled. 'I wondered when you'd come to that, Loren,' he said. 'It was a better alibi than the first, wasn't it? But that's the thing that's going to convict you.'"
 Loren's face went white.
 "After Loren had lied to me," Mark said, "afterwards, mind you, he had some photographs developed, and one of them showed a man in overalls standing beside Vail's door. Immediately after that, he saw a perfect alibi in it. He dropped the first one, then, and told us he had taken the photograph at the time when he knew Vail was murdered. But we have no alibi for a clerk who had taken the photograph that afternoon."
 "The truth is, he took a roll of films two days before. He photographed his uncle and the cottage. He said he spoiled the whole roll, but the sheriff's clerk who visited and opened the two rolls remembers that one picture of the first wasn't spoiled. It was the picture Loren showed us—a photograph of an actual gardener who was working beside the cottage that day."
 There was a moment's silence. Then Mark went on:
 "One final proof: this morning an attempt was made to poison me. Someone substituted a salt cellar filled with arsenic for the cellar on my breakfast tray. Why? Because I was getting dangerously close. Because Bob was about to go to New York to find the woman who visited Vail—the woman Loren and I believed was Francine Vail. He paused and with slow emphasis concluded:
 "Except for Sue, Bob and I, no one in the sanatorium but Loren Ruxton knew Bob was going to New York."
 A look of horror grew on Loren Ruxton's face. He shuddered. His hand went to his collar, as though he were choking him. Finn reached into his pocket. His handcuffs clinked as he pulled them out. He slipped them on Loren's wrists, and arrested you for murder," he said.
 Loren winced at the cold touch of the steel. He turned to Sue.
 "Sue," he said, "it's a lie, every word of it! You believe me, don't you? Don't you, Sue? Tell me you believe me!"
 She looked at him with eyes misty with tears.
 "I don't know what to believe," she said.
 He turned back to the sheriff. "Let me call my uncle," he said. "I've got a right to do that."
 The sheriff looked questioning at Mark.
 "After all," Mark said, "Mr. Ruxton should know. Why don't you tell him, sheriff?"
 (To Be Continued)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WOMEN NEED JOBS

To the Editor:
 I saw in your paper August 4 that the canneries of Salem would put 2300 to 2500 women to work. Will you please tell us how many women that they won't hire? I don't think there are one-tenth of the women working now that there were other years. I read in your paper that the canneries would put just as many women to work with the pear peelers as before, but it is not so. The women stand there and nearly cry for work and they come out and pick out the girls that don't need the work half as bad as the married women. Some of the girls will spend their money for fine clothes, cigarettes and liquor, while most of the married women need theirs for clothing and feeding children. And do you think it fair with the government feeding the people and spending millions of dollars putting people to work, and if there is some place a woman can make a few dollars the rich man puts in machinery to do away with our work? I think it is shame to put in such things these hard times.
 I for one stood there on the platform at a packing company for two days, waiting on a job, and they came out and took the good looking girls. Some of the girls who had never worked there before.

fore got on, and women who had worked there since they were kids didn't get a job. They'd better take the blue eagle down, they are doing their part to fill the Red Cross office fuller and to help break the federal government.

MRS. THOMAS, Turner, Ore.