

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Machine Comes to the Pacific Slope
Junipero Sera was to California and the Catholic church: founder of missions to the Indians. Lee did not have the conspicuous success with the Indians which Fray Junipero did, but he caught the vision of a white man's empire and became more active in white colonization. Agnes Repplier wrote a little time ago a sympathetic biography of the Franciscan friar who "planted the cross nine times in the wilderness." The historians of the southwest, Bancroft and Bolton and Richman have had high praise for Serra. As Miss Repplier says in her introduction:

"California's historians are united in praising his purity of intention, which is one thing; his fidelity of execution, which is another; and his far-sighted wisdom, which is a third, and which insured the success of everything he undertook. Richman, author of 'California Under Spain and Mexico' . . . says that Serra was 'seraphic in spirit, simple in faith, and pure of heart,' a force in the Christianization and the colonization of the country."

San Diego, San Carlos at Carmel near Monterey, San Gabriel Archangel near Los Angeles, San Antonio, San Benaventura on Santa Barbara channel, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco, Santa Clara were the beads on Serra's Rosary which he "told" through years of arduous travel on muleback from San Diego to San Francisco.

But in reading Miss Repplier's delightful narrative one thing made a dent on our mind. In 1786, just two years after Fray Junipero's death, a French vessel in command of Jean Francois, Comte de la Perouse, which was exploring the Pacific coast line, dropped anchor in beautiful Monterey bay and visited the mission. La Perouse has left an interesting description of the mission and the Indians, and Miss Repplier writes of him:

"So genuine was his concern over the all important question of food that he and his associates, M. de Langle, presented the friars with two valuable gifts: some 'well-preserved' seed potatoes from Chile, which thrive to perfection in the new soil, and a hand mill for grinding corn, which enabled four women to do the work of a hundred."

Thus were introduced to the Pacific slope the grave problems of agricultural surplus and the "machine age," culminating in AAA and NRA in this year II, N.D. (New Deal).

What, we wonder, happened to the 24 squaws thus released from employment by the technological improvement of a hand-mill? Did they introduce a planned economy by which one squaw worked one day in twenty-five, having the other twenty-four to live the "abundant life"?

The introduction of the hand-mill and the improved potato seed however could not have worked to the detriment of the population as our modern new dealers say the industrial system of today operates. Bancroft "with his usual finality" says that the California Indians lived in exceptional poverty and degradation, "having no boats, no clothing, no laws and no God." Miss Repplier says that Palou and la Perouse do not give such a devastating report; but there is no doubt their living was exceedingly primitive.

Came the hand-mill and twenty-four twenty-fifths of the working squaws were put on the unemployed list. Why should not this crime of technological dislocation have started to operate right then, becoming increasingly destructive as time went on and new improvements came in? For after the hand-mill came the stone burrs for grinding, propelled by animal power or by a crude water wheel. This must have created additional unemployment. After the crude stone burrs came the high-speed steel rollers driven by steam or electric or water power. And that must have made even more people idle and on the relief lists of California.

At each one of these stages of economic development could not Stuart Chase have written his book on the "age of abundance," and the necessity for a better distribution of products? Could he not at each stage of this machine development announce that the problem of production had been solved? True, there are other factors such as the swelling population of California with the white invasion. But is there not a parallel expansion of demand, not per capita in flour and potatoes, but in other wares and services?

Somewhat we find in the small item of the introduction of the hand-mill among the impoverished California Indians clustering about the mission at Carmel a clue to the whole economic process in the introduction of machinery. The machine has improved living standards, brought to humble folk luxuries and conveniences which kings of old did not possess. There is need for better distribution of the bounties of the machine, whether hand-mill, stone burrs, or steel roller mill. But each period in its own way works out the problem so that white flour is the normal possession of every kitchen.

Johnson Cracks Down
At last General Johnson has cracked down. This time it was not on a poor pants presser nor on a big hosiery manufacturer, but on the president himself. It may be more accurate to say that instead of cracking down the general blew up. Clash of ideas and personalities within the NRA grand headquarters staff culminated in a clearing house before the president news of which is belatedly appearing. The squabble which has been poorly suppressed for some time, finally became a blow-up and the general himself walked out of the meeting and penned his resignation.

Such action was quite in character. Johnson is mercurial. He is temperamental as a prima donna. His chief asset is his vocabulary. He ought to be a lawyer in police court, a candidate for office, or editor of a spite sheet so versatile is he as phrase-maker.

The president "couldn't take it," so he capitulated and restored Johnson to his place in the sun, whereas Richberg and Ma Perkins had opened the door for him and pointed the way out. Now it is Richberg who is on the way out, and to the horror of conservatives, on the way up,—to the U. S. supreme court.

The plain truth is that no matter who is boss, NRA needs to be reorganized. The ballyhoo age is over with. Most of the NRA program should be scrapped. Perhaps there may be some salvage for lumber and oil concerns. NRA has proven a strike breeder, has made prices sky-rocket; and its gains in employment have been meagre compared with the vast organization and propaganda. The country is needing a new "new deal."

Iowa joins the now about two-score states with general sales tax. In that state the general property tax will be abolished. Oregon, which has twice rejected the sales tax, will vote this fall on the near-abolishment of the general property tax, with no substitute offered for meeting government expenses.

How Times Have Changed



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Greater love hath no man:"
Pioneer mother of pioneers:
Foremother of useful clan:

(Continuing from yesterday:)
There has persisted a tradition that the body of the brave and faithful woman, Margaret Hadley Irvine, who died at the end of the trail, was buried where the state house in Salem now stands.

Some of the sons and grandsons have maintained the truthfulness of this tradition, and so it still persists.

The writer has for some years been aware of the tradition, and has made efforts to establish its truthfulness, which would add something of interest to the story. So has Edith K. Chambers, wife of F. L. Chambers, prominent citizen of Eugene. After the 1934 clan meeting, the Bits man wrote Mrs. Chambers, inquiring concerning her findings. She is the historian and secretary of the clan. Her answer in full, dated Eugene, Aug. 16, follows:

"When I commenced to ask questions about the resting place of Margaret Hadley Irvine the only child left was Benjamin Irvine of Lebanon. He was then 90 years of age. He said: 'We had just moved into a house when my mother became very ill. I was sent for a Dr. Belt (Dr. A. M. Belt), and soon after we arrived she was gone; I should say in three hours. I am not sure where she was buried—but it was on an elevation overlooking the settlement and near the corner of the grave yard.'"

"When the question came up at one of our meetings, later, Jackson P. Irvine surprised me by saying he thought it was where the state house stands. I have searched for evidence that such a grave yard ever was at that location. Then I asked Nina McNary, and she was very confident that her grandfather (Charles Claggett) had told her the Jason Lee cemetery. Since there were three unmarked graves in the corner overlooking the city, we assumed one was Margaret Irvine's."

"The ceremony (on Sunday at the Lee Mission cemetery) was very simple:

Song, Mrs. Greta Hiatt.
President, Mrs. Olin Hosford, 'Why We Are Assembled,' Benjamin F. Irvine (editor of the Portland Journal).
"Unveiling ceremony, Maude J. Kerns: placing the holly wreath emblem of the Irvine clan; each branch represented by some member placed a holly branch.
"Prayer by president.
"Song, Mrs. Greta Hiatt, (a member of the clan.)"

"The inscription on the headstone reads: 'Margaret Hadley Irvine, born in Baltimore, Maryland, 1794; went to Kentucky about 1800; to Missouri in 1834; to Oregon in 1852. Died October 12, 1853.'"

"The children were:
"Ann Elvira McCormick (remained in Kentucky).
"Mary Irvine Claggett.
"Elizabeth Hadley Irvine Claggett.
"Samuel Irvine.
"James Nelson Irvine.
"Robert Armstrong Irvine.
"Benjamin Irvine.
"Jesse Irvine.
"Margaret Jane Irvine Miller."

"Those present as far as I can remember were: Elizabeth Claggett Kerns, Samuel Irvine, Mattie Irvine Ford, Benjamin F. Irvine, Milton Armstrong Miller, Ellen Claggett Welch, John H. McNary, Chas. L. McNary, Ellen Stolt, Archibald Claggett, Mrs. A. Claggett, Warner Claggett, Raymond

Claggett, Willard Claggett, Benjamin Claggett, Mrs. B. Claggett, Honza Claggett, Mary Allen Mahoney, Margaret Mahoney, Maxine Mahoney, Mrs. Harriet Miller, Martin Miller, Martin Miller Jr., Marjorie Miller, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chambers, Maude J. Kerns, Mr. W. S. McKinney, Mrs. Elizabeth McKinney, Mr. Olin Hosford, Mrs. Frances Hosford, Mrs. Clara Hembree, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrans, Clarence Irvine, Ernest and Ivy Ford, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Thayer, Mrs. P. D. West, Mrs. Bessie Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Irvine and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rigdon and daughter, Helen and Ruth Chambers, Mrs. Greta Hiatt.

"Some time ago I injured my foot, so sat in the car. It was difficult to hear the program, and did not see all who were present. I may have some errors in names.
"Do I understand you are compiling a list of pioneers and that you contemplate publishing your findings?
"As soon as I have the Claggett and Irvine families traced, I hope to do something of that kind. The Mason-Berkley lines are sufficient but the Claggett lacks one connecting link. The Irvine line is more difficult—just back to 1798. The Hadley-Armington line will not be hard, when I get to them in Maryland.
"This is a fascinating game—only with I, or some one else, had started sooner. I have written up some short articles from facts given me by Irvine Claggett of Independence, Jackson P. Irvine of McMinnville, Benjamin Irvine of Lebanon, and my mother, Elizabeth Claggett Kerns, now the oldest member of the clan."
(Continued tomorrow.)

DUNNE IS MAKING GOOD IMPRESSION

PORTLAND, Aug. 28.—Campaigning in August, say the greybeards in politics, evidences an unusual interest in the fall election in Oregon by both candidates and voters. Senator Joe E. Dunne, republican gubernatorial nominee, has just completed a swing through the central Oregon country where he was greeted by large crowds at each of the towns he visited. The highlight of the foray was a crowd of 350 persons who gathered at a chicken dinner at Sisters, Oregon, to hear the republican standard bearer.

Senator Dunne, a dynamo of human energy and ability, seems to thrive on a hard driving type of campaign. He will start about the first of September on his next major drive for votes into the far eastern part of the state where he will attend the fairs and rodeos of the various cities. Accompanying him on these trips will be Arthur W. Prialux, youngest state chairman in Oregon's history, who is personally managing the campaign of the popular republican gubernatorial nominee.

Complete list of officers of the republican state committee announced this week by Arthur W. Prialux, state chairman, are as follows: Mrs. Elizabeth Pettigrew, Oswego, assistant chairman; Douglas McKay, Salem, vice-chairman; Ben Liffitt, The Dalles, vice-chairman; Cicero P. Hogan, Portland, vice-chairman; Charles Erskine, Bend and Portland, secretary, and Lloyd R. Smith, treasurer.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOT SO LONG ago an extraordinary exhibit was held in New York City. I refer to the annual "hobby show" for boys, held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association. There are more than one hundred exhibits by boys ranging in age from eight to eighteen years.

No one will deny that a hobby is desirable. It is instructive, entertaining and of special interest to children in that it often develops talents that might otherwise remain hidden. Of course, hobbies are equally beneficial to the adult. Many of the leading citizens indulge in such simple but appealing and beneficial hobbies as collecting stamps, old coins or books. Others take an interest in photography.

I cannot speak too highly of the value of hobbies for children. The child who develops one or more hobbies at an early age is indeed fortunate. He is assured of an enjoyable pastime which perhaps will give him happy moments all through his life.

Good for the Nerves
A highly emotional and nervous child should be encouraged to develop a hobby, and so cause one to deprive himself of the necessities of life. If you are sensible you will not let a hobby become an obsession and hide from view other and more serious aspects of life. At no time, certainly, should a child be allowed to indulge in a hobby at the expense of his school work and health.

To every child and every adult I strongly recommend a hobby. To indulge it, is an excellent method of relaxation, entertainment and education. You can help your child by stimulating interest in some relaxing and instructive hobby.

Answers to Health Queries
Ada. Q.—What can be done to make the face seem less full. I cannot go on a diet since my body is too thin.
A.—Little or nothing can be done in this case. The fullness is probably due to the formation of the face rather than to any excess fat. Changing the way in which the hair is habitually arranged will sometimes alter the shape and apparent size of the face.

M. R. Q.—My father has high blood pressure which is further aggravated by poor elimination. What foods would be most helpful in this case?
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and request your question.
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PLEADS NOT GUILTY
SEATTLE, Aug. 28.—(P)—Eddie Griffin, 20, who previously had said he was ready "to take his medicine" for the admitted slaying of police sergeant John S. Donlan, entered a plea of not guilty when arraigned here today on first degree murder charges.

"CAROLINE" By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS
Caroline Rutledge and Howard Dunworth become engaged despite the opposition of their fathers, Philip Rutledge and Henry Dunworth, who have been enemies for years. Then Henry ruins Philip in business and Caroline breaks her engagement when it is obvious that money means more to Howard than love. He explained he would be disinherited if they married and now that Caroline had no money, he did not see how they could marry. The Rutledges live in "Hawthorn," their luxurious home, and go to live in a poor section of town. Alva, Caroline's mother, collapses from shock and fatigue. Their neighbors, Malcolm Stuart and his mother, come to the family's assistance. Malcolm is an inspector at the Rutledge factory. Though Philip, himself, is helpless in their adversity and leaves the burden on Caroline's shoulders, he snobbishly resents the idea of accepting aid from "these people" as he terms the Stuarts. One day, Philip warns Caroline: "You must be careful of that Stuart boy, my dear. It's quite possible that he would be presumptuous enough to fall in love with you." Malcolm overhears the remark. Caroline tells Malcolm not to mind her father for he never thought any boy was the right one for her, adding: "I shouldn't want you to fall in love with me because I couldn't return it. Their eyes meet. Caroline's pity for Malcolm prevented her from realizing how perfect had been the fusion of their minds in that one glance. Never before had she been so close to Howard as she was at that moment so electric and breathless as this. Next day, Malcolm avoids Caroline. At a party, Gwendolyn Hoffman, a social climber who has always been envious of Caroline, asks her if she is too sensitive about her broken engagement to come to a party Gwendolyn is planning for Howard upon his return from California. Caroline leaves without answering, realizing that Gwendolyn wanted her to bait to draw Howard. The following day Malcolm comes upon Caroline washing her car. She asks him to pin back a strand of hair which was putting out her eye. "It put mine out too," Malcolm answered. "The first time I saw it in the sunlight!"

CHAPTER XVIII
"Take this pin out of my hair and fasten it all back tight, please," she begged.
Malcolm gave her the required assistance. Standing so close to her he felt all over again that surge of emotion, the memory of which had kept her away from her wedding.

"Have you been away?" she asked when he had finished—not very quickly.
"You have," he returned, for he had seen her several times leaving the house early in the morning. "Working?"

"Of and on—mostly off. Why haven't you been to see me?"
As she asked the question Caroline knew that she had misused him. "I don't know," he said. "But any time you need me . . ."

Caroline started to say she had needed him most of the time, changed her mind—he was much too nice to be encouraged simply because she had an uneasy conscience over her father's offense—and said instead:

"I'll remember."
"You need me now," he told her, feeling like a fly caught in honey, but not minding it. "I'll finish this for you."

The next morning Caroline rode to call on Mrs. Harmon in a spotless car. She knew after the first five minutes with her friend that Temple had already heard of the rumormongering she had taken.

"I want to be your governess, Temple," she said when Mrs. Harmon had expressed her sympathy. The large room, faultlessly furnished in French period, the atmosphere of refinement and luxury that was so natural to her, had given Caroline a feeling of confidence. She was in a world where she belonged, and in a world where she belonged she was self-reliant, assured.

"Of course you must have a B.A., but two years at the U ought to qualify me for elementary teaching," she went on, as yet not noticing that Mrs. Harmon's expression was not very promising.

"Why . . . it's true I am without a B.A., but I can't say doubtfully," but . . . she laughed uncertainly. "I hadn't thought of you, Caroline. You see—we are so much abroad—the children's French, you know—it is so important."

"I speak it," Caroline said, but now her voice lost the overtone of confidence.
"Yes, of course, but . . . not, as I remember, terribly well, dear."
Caroline saw now that her hostess's eyes showed a faint distress, and her manner, as she lit a cigarette, was perturbed.

"I see," Caroline said slowly. "Sorry to have made that necessary, Temple."
"Otherwise," Temple said quickly, "I'd be happier than you have any idea, to have you, Caroline. The association for the children, you know."

Embarrassment lingered between them, in spite of Temple's softening assurance. Caroline took an early departure, although Temple had urged her stay for luncheon and bridge—"just a few tables."

"Not with my luck," Caroline laughed. Temple told her guests that she was taking it all beautifully—a little absurd in looking for work when she could marry almost any man—but a good sport just the same.

"Well," Caroline said to herself on the way home, "what now? What price education? Mind training at college—and she couldn't do a single piece of worthy work—work that other people would pay for. Missions in their new world, all you could do was to be a mother, herself. Incredible—but the things they could do seemed to have no economic value."

For the first time Caroline was jarred into a thorough appreciation of the sociological aspect of her life. "I can't even know how to do a scrubwoman's job well if I got one!" Was she, were they all, of no worth? Would her mother slip deeper into apathy—her other into futility? And she, if she couldn't do work, what would she slip into?

Discouragement had settled heavily upon her by the time she reached her home. Her father was there. "I'm glad you came," he greeted her, and she sat at the table having to stop her work to prepare his lunch. I wish you could get someone else—a servant who knew her place."

"But father, Mrs. Wade does everything for me. It's very easy, you know, and we have so much to do."
"I only wanted a tongue sandwhich, but I wanted it grilled," Caroline prepared it, and a salad for her mother. Her own appetite had left her, but she sat at the table with them, sipping a tomato juice cocktail.

Her father observed her pallor, the droop of her lips. "Why don't you marry, and get out of this?" he threatened at her suddenly.
For a moment she did not answer, then: "Because I love Howard," she said unemotionally.

Her father looked away. "He's back. I saw him this morning," he said quickly.
Howard had not come back to her—Caroline could not escape the truth of that. But still she held to an unreasonable hope that he would call.

Her father knew—once she told him she was ashamed of being told slave to a love that was so utterly hopeless but that she could not help it. This was when her father, thinking Howard was standing in the way of her future, had denounced the young man roundly.
"I agree with you—you're isn't sound," Caroline had said wearily, "but love isn't a thing of sugar and spice and everything nice. You know as well as I do, Father, that we don't love people for their virtues. We're just lucky when those we love happen to be worth it."
He had said no more against Howard at that time. Caroline, at any rate, he saw with satisfaction, was not going to sit and pine for the young no-account.
Just as she was content and what she did during the days and weeks that followed he did not know beyond the mere fact that she was still looking for a position.

The disappointments, the discouragement, she kept to herself. But around her eyes dark shadows appeared and she was unaccountably silent except for infrequent periods of forced gaiety. Her mother—in ignorance of their increasing financial distress—was lacking in sympathy toward her ambitions. Her father did not seek to oppose her in her desire to work, but he felt he had no true understanding of her viewpoint. Their ideas and ideals had diverged; their talk was made talk.

Only with Malcolm did Caroline find a satisfactory companionship, and that was not wholly satisfactory. There was always that fear that their friendship would develop into something stronger on her part. She recognized the danger, not through vanity, but through her own suffering.
Malcolm might have told her it was too late to worry about that. He knew he was head over heels in love with her. But if it ever escaped him it was only in looks for he was determined she shouldn't know. He understood her well enough to foresee that she would put an end to their neighborly camaraderie if she suspected that the hours they spent together filled the remainder of his days and most of his nights with bitter-sweet longings.

It was Malcolm who listened to the recital of her troubles, who heard of her fruitless calls at offices, at institutions, at any place of business where she thought there might be work for her; the advertisements she answered.

She did not tell him—fearing it would sound cheap and cheap—that there were jobs she might have had only they weren't with men she was willing to work for. Reputable employers, she'd discovered by comparison with some men she'd met, weren't putting up with a theoretical attraction ahead of the experience and ability of trained workers among the unemployed.

Malcolm had his own unspoken ideas about this angle of her difficulty. "She's smart," he'd remarked good at a lot of things if someone would give her a chance," he thought. "But who can afford to hire a girl just because she's good-looking?"

Finally, on an evening when Caroline's spirits were lower than ever before, her father asked her to drive him to town. When they were away from the house he told her she only wanted to talk to her alone.

"You were looking for a position in order to show your independence, or for pin money, or just to pass the time," he prefaced the important things he had to say. "I must tell you that there's another reason so close to the mark."

Caroline waited in silence for him to continue.
Philip drew in a sharp breath for the plunge. "I'm absolutely strangled," he said. "Everything I had—my insurance—has been liquidated and used to pay off debts. There was a little left—it's gone—everything I've tried has been a failure."

"Spent?" Caroline uttered the word sharply.

"Stocks, mostly. I thought, a few weeks ago, the market was going up. I held on just a little too long. All I can do now is put a mortgage on the house out here—it's the only thing I have left. That won't last long—and then we'll be pawning things, I suppose."

"After that comes the breadline," Caroline said, "unless I get a job."
"That's what I wanted to tell you. You'll have to be in earnest about it now."

Caroline's answer confused him. It was nothing more than a jeering laugh.

The next time she saw Malcolm she said: "It's or die. Where will I get a job?" Her tone was deceptively light. He made a half-jesting remark about work at the factory. As soon as the words were out of his mouth he could have kicked himself. Caroline was not thinking of any tactlessness in them.

Greatly to his surprise she took his suggestion seriously. "What could I do there?" she asked him. "Why don't you know. I didn't really mean it. 'Fraid I was just trying to get a laugh.'"

"But I mean it," she insisted. "Tell me about it."

"Weren't you ever there?"

"Yes, but not in a long time. I liked it. It gave me a thrill to think that it had grown out of the brain of one of my ancestors and a ramshackle woodshed. I still have one of the kettles he used."

"It isn't a bad place to work," Malcolm said. "The factory, I mean."

"Tell me what a girl with no training could do!"

"Start at the bottom, for one thing," he said.

"That's where the first soap-maker in the family started. I'll take it!"

(To Be Continued)

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Prince George Engaged to Beautiful Princess Marina Of Greece; Consent Given

LONDON, Aug. 28.—(AP)—A Balkan romance, its setting the picturesque Slovenian Alps of Yugoslavia, culminated tonight in the engagement of Prince George of England to wed the beautiful Princess Marina of Greece.

Like any other young lover, King George's fourth son, asked first for the hand of the princess and then telegraphed home for his royal parents' consent.

It was given gladly.
"It is with the greatest pleasure," the announcement from the palace said, "that the king and queen announce the betrothal of their dearly beloved son, Prince George, to Princess Marina, daughter of Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, to which union the king has gladly given his consent."

An acquaintance that dates back five years to the young couple's first meeting in London ripened into love, London understood tonight, at the summer home of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, where Prince George and Princess Marina are now visiting.

The 32-year-old scion of Britain's royal family and the 27-year-old Greek princess, known through Europe for her beauty, had shown liking for each other's company on the several occasions that Princess Marina visited London.

Then Prince George, on vacation, went to visit Prince Paul at Bled, Yugoslavia. Marina, young sister of Prince Paul, was there, too.

Rumors immediately circulated that the couple had become engaged, but London refused to believe, all the more so because an official denial was entered here over the weekend.

The court circular tonight, however, brought confirmation of reports and the capital, recovering from its surprise, was soon discussing the royal romance with all signs of approval.

A close friend of Prince George said tonight he gave no indication before he left England of any intention of becoming engaged.
The Prince of Wales, now holidaying at Biarritz, was one of the first to be let into the secret, it was said.
It was understood no plans have yet been made for the marriage. Before the ceremony can occur the king must give his formal consent by an order in council under the terms of the royal personages' marriage act.
It was assumed the prince would accompany Princess Marina to see her mother and father in Greece before returning to England.

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