

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Member of the Associated Press

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Portland Representative  
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.  
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Bryant, Griffith & Brinson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 Year \$80.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 6 cents.

## Russia Enters the League

QUINCY SCOTT had an effective cartoon the other morning in the Ogn showing the Russian bear donning bourgeois clothes to enter the "society" of nations represented by the league at Geneva. Ralph Barnes in his speech here confirmed the change in Russian attitude under Stalin. No longer is soviet Russia entranced by the old ideal of world revolution. It is quite content to work out its internal policies of state socialism, which involve numerous retreats from pure communism; and to let the rest of the world work out its problems in its own way.

It took the Japanese menace on the Siberian frontier to complete the Russian return to "nationalism." Since the Manchurian incident of 1931 Russia has been just another political power. She is consolidating her position in the west by non-aggression pacts with her immediate neighbors and is virtually returning to the "status quo ante" of 1914 by an alliance with France.

European politics at present embraces the establishment of a "cordon sanitaire" about nazi-Germany instead of about Russia as in the first bolshevik years. It contemplates the isolation of Hitler. Austria is to be neutralized, like Switzerland. This is preferred to the restoration of the Hapsburgs in Vienna because of the opposition of Czecho-Slovakia which fears restoration would inspire a revival of the old Austro-Hungarian empire. An attempt to establish an "eastern Locarno", or general treaty of peace is not succeeding because Poland refuses to sign. The "little entente" group continues under French influence however. In fact, in the developments of recent months France has rapidly regained prestige in east central Europe which she lost at the time of socialist riots in Vienna and her own riots in Paris with threat of revolution. The abortive nazi putsch in Austria, Hitler's bungling in handling his Vienna connections, and his botch of murders of June 30 have caused the nazi power to wane everywhere outside of the reich.

It remains to be seen what will happen now that Russia is a member of the league of nations. The league may become another "holy alliance" to preserve the Versailles settlement. That seems most probable. It is too much to expect that Russia, now gone "nationalist", will do much to make the league potent for disarmament and world peace. She appears rather to solicit support on the west while she watches Japan's moves on the east.

## Fool and His Money

ALL the new securities act fix-ups didn't prevent another bunch of suckers being bilked for a million or so by schemers who said they had a plan to refine oil without the cracking process. They had a process of refining the suckers by the cracking process instead. The stockholders, alias suckers, are now angry and racing to the court house which is the usual morgue for defunct concerns.

A man with some money to invest is between the devil and the deep blue sea. If he puts it in something like Pratt & Whitney and cleans up a million per cent he gets branded as a thief and a scoundrel. If he puts it in Cox Process and loses 100 per cent, he is posted as a poor sap who deserved to lose what he had.

Once we heard about "six per cent and safety" but so many six per cents showed mildew it is no longer safe to say what is safe. A good danger signal however is where a fellow "guarantees" you fabulous profits on your investment.

## Lumber Price-Fixing

PORTLAND has a group of lumbermen who will go down in history as rugged individualists. The big operators there are urging elimination of the price-fixing provisions of the lumber code. The Portland group have long been known as non-cooperators. They faced competition from all the world and seemed to like it. Their acceptance of NRA was a big concession for them. For a long time they were not members of the West Coast Lumbermen's association, dominant in the industry.

Perhaps they would be willing to continue price-fixing, if the prices were being respected. But lumber mills have been busy borrowing chisels from other crafts to pare down prices; so the Portland operators think it better to end the hypocrisy of code prices and go back to free competition. They say prevailing practice "places a premium on dishonesty and a penalty on code observance." Quite true; and this result was apparent from the time price-fixing was proposed.

## Priming the Pump

FOR 18 months the new deal has been busily engaged in priming the pump. Its formula was to spend ourselves into prosperity. Comments the Satevpost:

"The pump has been primed with billions, but when the priming slacks, it shows signs of sucking air, perhaps because the wrong pump is being primed. That pump simply brings up what is poured into it from the generous buckets of government."

But no one can accuse the Roosevelt bucket brigade of not trying. And Morgenthau seems to think the supply of water for the priming process is inexhaustible.

A firm of Boston bond lawyers holds a Portland bond issue is illegal because the plans were not definite so the voters knew what they were voting for. How is it possible to make plans so Portland voters would know what they are voting for? All they want to know is, is it bonds? then they vote yes.

Cubans have a new way of taking it out on editors. Instead of shooting them they take them out and dose them with castor oil. A Havana afternoon paper had to suspend while two of its staff members went off for the cure. Speaking of castor oil, let it never be said that an editor "can't take it."

The country gets a new warning that our oil reserves will be used up in 15 years. The first time we heard that story was about 20 years ago. Just wait till the drill at Steiwer dome punctures the oil strata and then they can move up their estimates again.

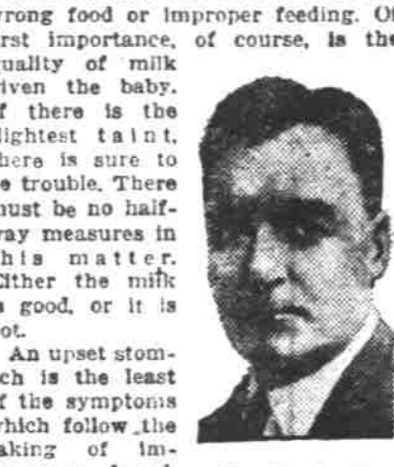
The munitions inquiry resolves itself into Sze vs. Nye. Chinese Minister Sze denies the report that the Nye hearing that China used part of her food relief credits to buy guns with which to fight the Japanese. But in America the "nyes" seem to have it.

Something must be wrong with reports of Nomo's fire. Haven't read of the burning of any dance halls there; and according to the movies that's all they had in Nomo.



## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. By R. J. HENDRICKS



IT is safe to say the majority of infant ailments can be traced to the wrong food or improper feeding. Of first importance, of course, is the quality of milk given the baby. If there is the slightest taint, there is sure to be trouble. There must be no half-way measures in this matter. Either the milk is good, or it is not.

An upset stomach is the least of the symptoms which follow the taking of improper food. Fever and other general symptoms will appear, too, certainly if there is serious poisoning of the system.

Infected Food. A chemical poisoning or poisoning with germs, we need fear. These are bad enough, of course, but infected food may carry the eggs of various worms which will hatch and thrive within the body.

Of the several types of such worms three forms are most commonly found in young children. They are known as tape worm, the round worm, and the thread worm.

There are several symptoms children sometimes have which we consider as among the chief signs of the presence of worms. This is the case no matter what type of worm may be responsible for the trouble.

One of these signs is touching the nose. When a young child keeps tussling with the nose you must be suspicious of this disability.

Another common symptom is grinding of the teeth. It is surprising how much noise a sleeping child can make by rubbing the teeth together.

Usual Symptoms. Itching and smarting and burning at the feet are evidences of this form of infection. The child cannot resist the impulse to scratch and rub the parts. These efforts will attract the attention of the parent.

The signs I have mentioned are those found in older children. In infants, long before the age when teeth appear, there are other symptoms, equally suspicious. Loss of appetite, disturbed digestion, tossing in bed and constant restlessness—these may be evidences of worms. Convulsions, too, are not uncommon.

You must bear in mind that these symptoms do not prove the worms are there. They merely suggest the possibility of their presence.

When worms or parts of worms are discovered, all doubt is removed. Then your doctor should be asked to advise the treatment. He will be able to remove the trouble.

Answers to Health Queries  
R. T. Q.—What can be done for a child who is subject to ear sickness? My little girl's eye is always affected in this way even on a short ride.

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

M. R. S. Q.—What foods should be avoided by a patient suffering from high blood pressure? 2: What can be done to keep the system clear?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

## Having Illegal Liquor Admitted

Peter Scott 590 Union street, pleaded guilty to a charge of possessing intoxicating liquor in violation of the state law, causing a nuisance, when he was arraigned in municipal court yesterday. Judge Mark Poulsen collected a \$100 fine from him.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesmen Readers  
CALL FOR POLICE  
Birds are well protected in Marion county, "jail birds" included. We had thieves break into our store 12 miles north of Salem and carry away considerable merchandise. We had considerable clams, tracks, etc., to have embroiled an amateur Sherlock Holmes to have caught the parties in a couple of hours, but our police and sheriff's office won't even take the trouble of investigating.

## Health Bits for Breakfast

When Oregon went to war with \$43.72 in her treasury, no soldiers, not any credit. (Continuing from yesterday.) No man in the Oregon of that day was more capable in every way for such a mission. He was a hardy pioneer, a surveyor, cultured, a statesman, and his patriotism overtopped all partisan feeling. He accepted the trust instantly; James M. Fulkerson, assistant commissary for Polk county, made the purchases for the California expedition. The Applegate settlement was then in Polk county, near the Rickelaw, northwest of the site of Dallas.

Feb. 2, he wrote to General Joe Palmer: "The party from the Institute (as Salem was then called) with our blankets have not arrived, but we start in the morning, blankets or not."

Sixteen men made up the expedition: Jesse Applegate, leader of the expedition; Levi Scott, captain of the escort; James M. Fields, John Minto, Walter and Thomas Monteth, James Lemon, William Gilliam, George F. Hibbler, A. E. Robinson, J. M. Scott, William J. J. Scott, Solomon Tetherow, Joseph Waldo, James Campbell and E. C. Dice. (There is a note in Mrs. Victor's "Indian Wars," reading: "Applegate and Minto gave only 16 names, while the muster roll gives 18. Minto says he went as a substitute for Evans; and others may have fallen after starting." John W. Owens, mentioned by Applegate, went with the army (the citizen army) to Wallatpu, and there joined Meek's expedition.")

They were entering upon a hazardous undertaking, brave and true men as they were, and several of them, too, like Levi Scott, Solomon Tetherow, Jesse Applegate and John Minto, experienced frontiersmen.

There were no settlements south of Lane county. The country was soaked with rain—except in elevations great enough to turn the rain to snow. The route lay through regions roamed over by the Molalla, Rogue River and Klamath Indians—and men had to stand guard every night to prevent their horses being stolen. But the 16 brave men refused to regard themselves as martyrs, and they took enjoyment in spying out the land which later was to flow with milk and honey.

"Around the evening camp fires," wrote John Minto, "we listened to the sage utterances of our chief (Applegate), whose discourses on political and natural science were valued entertainment, varying with songs of Tom Moore, sung by Fields and myself and echoed in the hearts of all—for who has written songs like the Irish bard?"

Two weeks were spent in reaching the foothills of the Siskiyou range of mountains; and here descent if not worse faced them. The horses could not be taken over the unusual depth of snow between the valley of the Rogue and Klamath lake. The situation became grave. Here are extracts from a letter written by Jesse Applegate years afterward to Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor:

"To give up the expedition and return without further effort was not to be thought of. Abandon the horses and outfit, and continue the journey on foot we could not, for many of the party were unequal to so laborious an undertaking; and to attempt to take them with us would so delay the party as to cause us all to die together, thereby defeating the purpose of the expedition. . . . It was urged that half our number, or even 10, would be too small a party to stand guard on such a march, unless Scott (Levi Scott) and his son John were with them.

"I believed it possible, with Tetherow, the two Scotts, and the two Monteths, to run the gauntlet of the Indians, overcome the natural obstacles—and someone of the six reach Sutter's fort—and if they thereby saved Oregon from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage, the survivors, if any, would deserve well of their country, and those who fell would die in the performance of a high, holy and patriotic duty. But I could not have these chosen companions. . . .

"When a division of the company was effected, the two Scotts, Waldo, Campbell, Dice, Hibbler and (I think) Owens, were to return with the horses. Tetherow, the two Monteths, Lemon, Minto, Robinson, Fields and myself were to continue on foot. . . .

"The only thing known by any of the party about snowshoes was that they had once seen a pair used by the northern Indians for going on loose snow. We aimed to imitate, these shoes, but could get nothing in the vicinity of our camp better than willow for the bows; nor for weaving the meshes than string cut from old rawhide, which on trial were found altogether too weak to sustain our weight upon the snow. Each man had a pack of 10 days' provisions of flour and bacon, some salt, ammunition, a blanket, a pair of extra socks, a heavy rifle and a pistol, all of the weight of 50 pounds—the packs being carried on our backs. . . .

"At length all were ready, and I led the way as guide. Our route lay up Jennie creek, about a mile north of the present road to the lake country. Through all that trail, and once seen a pair used by the northern Indians for going on loose snow. We aimed to imitate, these shoes, but could get nothing in the vicinity of our camp better than willow for the bows; nor for weaving the meshes than string cut from old rawhide, which on trial were found altogether too weak to sustain our weight upon the snow. Each man had a pack of 10 days' provisions of flour and bacon, some salt, ammunition, a blanket, a pair of extra socks, a heavy rifle and a pistol, all of the weight of 50 pounds—the packs being carried on our backs. . . .

"The February sun shone bright through the day and softened the snow on top; but as night approached it became intensely cold. A clump of dead aspens furnished us firewood, and a huge Lambert pine broke away a little of the keenness of the wind from our camp; but it was too cold to sleep in our single blankets; and around that stick fire we discussed subjects the gravest that ever fall to the lot of man to consider.

"The last to arrive in camp was James Fields. He was a large, rather fleshy man, weighing over 200 pounds. As soon as the duties of the camp were completed, Mr. Fields addressed the expedition to the following effect: "It is my painful duty, gentlemen, to announce that I can accompany you no further on this expedition. It has been only by the assistance I have received from others, and the fortunate crusting of the trail this evening, that I am able to camp with you tonight, not two miles from the place of starting. It is impossible for me to accomplish the remaining 20 miles of snow that we know lie before us on this mountain. I regret that I volunteered upon this walking expedition, not so much because of the loss of my

# "CAROLINE" By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

Howard was obliged to spend Christmas day with his parents but on Christmas eve he and Caroline put up a tree in the house on Edge Street and festooned it with silver and hung it with blue lights. There were masses of white and yellow chrysanthemums in tall glass vases that showed the long stems, wreaths of holly and holly, and—just where Howard wanted it—a bunch of mistletoe.

The house was gay and festive in appearance on Christmas morn when Caroline and her father sat down to a breakfast of waffles and honey, but their hearts were heavy. Suddenly Caroline put down her fork, pushed her chair back and flew around to her father. He held her like a child while she sobbed out her loneliness.

Presently, with Mrs. Stevenson, they gathered up their gifts at the foot of the tree and opened them. There was a wristwatch for Caroline from Howard, and a vest watch, and chain, for her father, a camel's hair sweater for Mrs. Stevenson, and all the small things Caroline had made for Philip. From him there was a surprise for her—her mother's wedding ring. Caroline made him wish it on her finger—just for the day.

It was, for a moment, the old Philip, aside and distinguished bearing as he slipped the platinum band over his daughter's slender finger and bent his lips to it with the wish in his heart that he was being her more happiness than it had brought to her mother.

There were more presents to unwrap. Caroline's hand-bag for Mrs. Stevenson, a box of child-made cards from the twins, a knitted scarf and beret and hemstitched handkerchiefs from Fern. And then there was left a square box with a card from Mrs. Stuart and Malcolm. It was addressed to the Rutledges, and Philip opened it.

Caroline was conscience stricken when she saw that it was a Christmas cake that obviously Mrs. Stuart had baked for them. Her father, noting her expression, said: "Didn't you send anything Caroline?"

Caroline shook her head. "Only a card. I've scarcely seen them for weeks. I know I ought to be ashamed—after all their kindness—and I am."

Mr. Rutledge glanced over the room. You might take over the chrysanthemums," he suggested, nodding toward the largest vaseful. "And this box of glass fruits," Caroline added, picking up one of Howard's gifts. "Wrap some paper around the flowers for me." "I'll do it for you," he said to Mrs. Stevenson. "I'll go right over."

There was an eagerness in her manner that was slightly perplexing to her father. Caroline herself was aware of it. She hurried into the hall and got a coat from the closet, but she did not stop for hat or gloves, although it was snowing heavily.

She was almost hidden behind the flowers when she rang the Stuard's doorbell. Malcolm answered. "Merry Christmas!" she cried gaily. Then, "Oh—this box under my arm. It's slipping! Take it quick!" Malcolm reached out and took the box. "Come in," he invited. "If you're really there, I can't see you."

Caroline still held the flowers as she stepped across the threshold. Malcolm closed the door behind her and turned to take them. The day was darkening; he had snapped on the hall light. It glistened on the wedding ring as Caroline extended her hand.

"Why, what's the matter?" Malcolm had uttered a smothered sound, expressive of unhappy surprise. But he smiled as he took the flowers from Caroline's arms and said: "Is it just Merry Christmas, or Merry Christmas and much happiness?"

"Well," Caroline replied, not yet realizing what he meant, "I'm really a very happy one, either, in our house. But you and your mother were very sweet to remember us. I hope you'll have a happy one, too."

"I'm sorry," Malcolm said softly. "Mother's in the kitchen. Shall I tell her you're here, or will you come with you?" Caroline said quickly, "I love your mother's kitchen. It always smells of spice or something nice."

She held some vague, high hope that Howard would eventually carve out life, as that by overrating his own ability to perform it I occupy the place of some better man, where men are already too few. Before I joined this expedition in the Willamette valley I fully understood the gravity of the undertaking.

"Against the performance of so great an object I weighed my own life as nothing; in fact, if only one of my party should reach the end of the journey, and the rest fall by the way, the object of the expedition would be cheaply obtained.

"My loss will, I know, increase your own dangers and hardships; but I would to inexcusable circumstances, I will get off the snow in the morning while the trail is hard, and take my chances alone with famine and the savages. I am not so pusillanimous as to die in the camp, or throw my life away without an effort!"

"That speech was received in profound silence. No man ventured to express what was in his heart, lest he should be alone. When the silence was broken, Tetherow alone remained firm to the expedition."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Mrs. Stuart was happy to see her. She put down the goose she was dressing, dried her hands, and took the chrysanthemums from Malcolm. "I never saw such big ones!" she exclaimed in delight. "How nice of you, dear, to bring them yourself. Here, Malcolm, reach down that big pitcher for me until I find something better to put them in."

Relieved of the flowers she turned back to Caroline. "Let me look at you. Still too thin, but you're stronger, aren't you? Poor child." She added the last word in tenderest sympathy, shaking her head. Caroline struggled to keep back her tears.

"There, there, cry if you feel like it," Mrs. Stuart soothed. "It wouldn't be natural if you didn't want to on the first Christmas."

"But it—it won't do any good," Caroline said brokenly. "And it will be harder for Father if I let go." She held out her left hand. "He gave me Mother's wedding ring," she added in a whisper. Suddenly she looked up at Malcolm. "Oh," she said, "you saw it, didn't you? And you thought that . . ."

"You were married," he admitted. Mrs. Stuart frowned. "Malcolm, how could she know that?" she stopped in embarrassment.

"Please," Caroline begged, "let's not talk about me. I came to thank you for the cake, Mrs. Stuart. I know it will be delicious. We'll eat it at dinner. Father and I will be alone. Mrs. Stevenson wants to go to her son's after she's roasted our turkey."

"Christmas alone isn't Christmas," Mrs. Stuart said sadly. "Malcolm and I hoped his Uncle Dan would come with his family and spend the day with us but they had to go to his wife's folks. We're just going to have a goose all by ourselves."

"Why," Caroline cried, "that's silly, isn't it? You two alone, and Father and I. There must be some family in the neighborhood that would like a goose. Let's find one, and then you and Malcolm can help us eat the turkey. It would cheer Father immensely. And I just can't bear the thought of that lonely dinner. Say you'll come—please."

The day, from that point on, became brighter for all of them, although the snow continued to fall in flakes so heavy and thick that the daylight was turned into a semblance of dusk.

Caroline brought out more red candles and softened the rooms with their light. They ate their bowl of punch at the dining table and red candles there, too.

Mr. Rutledge mixed the Christmas drink from an old family recipe and they drank to each other's good cheer. Mrs. Stuart watched him, first in anxiety, then in surprise and finally in a newly found respect as the dinner progressed and he served the wine that Howard had brought, filling his own glass only a second time, and thereafter leaving it untouched.

And he had carried the turkey beautifully. Mrs. Stevenson had declared it ready to serve, partaken of the toddy with them, and departed. Caroline had decorated it and Malcolm had carried it to the table.

By common consent no one spoke of sadness except during the brief moment when Philip stood before Alvo's portrait—the one rare possession left to her—with bowed head and trembling lips.

The dinner was not without interruptions, however. Every hour a messenger boy arrived with a telegram for Caroline—a series that Howard had arranged in advance. There was after she had read them a brighter light in her eyes, but she avoided Malcolm's gaze. He seemed so pathetically happy. She hoped he did not guess her messages were, but if he had she did not want him to see how much they pleased her, letting her know that Howard had having to spend the day away from her as much as she herself hated it.

It would be, she hoped, their last Christmas apart. But if it were not . . . well, she would be in her own home, in his home, and Howard would stay on forever with a secret marriage merely because of his father's disapproval.

She held some vague, high hope that Howard would eventually carve out life, as that by overrating his own ability to perform it I occupy the place of some better man, where men are already too few. Before I joined this expedition in the Willamette valley I fully understood the gravity of the undertaking.

There are days that are gloomy and dark. Here's a year for the joys that are past. The bravest effort comes short of the mark—In despair we cry, how long, how long can it last?

The compelling word that drives us on to do Vanishes completely before the effort is made. Goals that we sought fade from our view Until forced by hunger we ask for aid. How oft have we joined in singing "Our Country 'Tis of Thee"; Deep yearnings they're called us o'er plain and dell. We have dreamed of the land of the noble free But our fate has been the "Minto Hotel."

There are codes so many and a wonderful NRA—Why should toll or labor cause a worry for me? Two hundred dollars per month, did I hear you say, If I were willing to go on a spending spree?

When it was over, and the Stuards were departing, Malcolm took her hands to say goodnight. Caroline could have cried over the way his fingers held to hers, as though if he let them go he never would find them again. But his voice held nothing more betraying than a slight catch as he wished her a many more joyful Christmases in the future.

When he was gone she felt indescribably lonely. Perhaps they would not be together again, except for a few moments of passing company. In a few weeks she would be Howard's bride, go away on a wedding trip. She might not return to South Town after that. And Malcolm had been a dear friend. She could never forget the afternoon when he had been fun—in spite of everything it had been fun to ride on his motorcycle, to lunch with him in parks and go to the movies with him. And the U—how far away that seemed! She wondered if Malcolm had given up his studies too. She hated herself for being too absorbed in her own affairs even to ask him that. She felt like going to him and begging him to let it be true that all she had brought him was unhappiness. She wanted to know that he would go on with his shining hopes and ambition, that he would not waste precious time just because girls in millions had not fallen in love with him.

But of course she did not go. And at some time between eleven and twelve that night Howard and she phoned each other. She slipped out of the Dunsworth family party for a little fresh air and exercise, as he told his mother, but in reality to call Caroline.

He had missed her, had missed her dreadfully, had thought of her every moment, and would never let himself be separated from her another Christmas day.

Caroline fell asleep assured of his love, in the belief that she still loved him more than anyone else.

The few intervening weeks before Gwendolyn was to receive her portrait had been busy night and day, making most of her own trousseau with Mrs. Stevenson's help, fighting her father's temptations with him, encouraging Philip to sing every week-end with Fern while the baby came, trying to give Howard all the time she could, and still working on at the factory.

Even her father thought this was far-fetched, but he was silent on the subject, because he had not yet found a way to earn money. He wanted to give Caroline her mother's portrait for a wedding present and so he would not sell it, although it had been painted by a good artist and would have brought a handsome sum in any market. The house he planned to put on the market and repay, with all it brought him above the mortgage, his debt to Howard, and certain others. In the meantime Caroline's small salary was practically all they had for their living expenses. And Caroline was determined that Howard should not feed them. It ranked still in her mind that it was his father who had taken the factory away from them. If she must accept Howard's support for her father, she must, but not until they were married. Howard had given up trying to persuade her to a different course.

Gwendolyn did not communicate with him when she was free but he received a copy of her decree from his own lawyers. He had talked his father into granting him a vacation, saying he wanted to be out of town while the gossips had their way with the news. And he couldn't, he declared, play the sorrowing ex-husband for Mr. Hoffman's benefit and get away with it, because he was glad it was over and he wasn't married any longer to a frizzle-headed nitwit.

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## AUTO THEFT CHARGED

DALLAS, Sept. 20—Jesse Keene of Tillamook was arrested at the Pankella hayward south of Independence today by Deputies William and Center. He will be held in jail for the Tillamook authorities who have him booked for stealing an automobile from that city.

## "My Mother Took It, Too"

"My mother used to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After I grew up she gave it to me. I have been doing housework for eleven years. I'm weak and tired. I can't do my work. Your medicine gave me more strength and built me up when I was run down."—Mrs. Mary Gorman, 415 Adams St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

If you are weak, nervous, miserable and rundown give this medicine a chance to help you. Your druggist sells it.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

38 out of 100 Women Report Benefit