The Oregon and Internan

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

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CREDO

"In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little kirk, the dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial stones. in hope of a happy resurrection.' Dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of mouning midnight, when such kirk hung spectral in the sky, and being was as if swallowed up of darkness) it spoke to thee-things unspeakable, that went into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a church, what we can call a church: he stood thereby, though 'in the center of immensities, in the conflux of eternities,' yet man-like toward God and man; the vague, shoreless universe had become for him a firm city and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in belief, in these words, well spoken,-I believe. Well might men prize their credo, and raise statliest temples for it, and reverend hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for." -THOMAS CARLYLE

Getting the Facts

CLOWLY the fact-finders are closing in on the demagogues and loose users of mythical statistics. We have previously referred to two studies completed and published by the Brookings Institution of Washington, D. C., "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume" which exploded many of the theories of technocrats that there exists vast excess capacity in this country.

Another bit of fiction which has gone the rounds and been quoted frequently is the declaration that four percent of the people own 80 per cent of the wealth. This mouth-filling assertion has been hurled from many a political platform, but no one has ever presented any evidence to prove it. Nor can one; for the statistics of wealth which we have show a very wide diffusion of ownership.

The federal income tax reports are becoming mines of valuable information respecting distribution of wealth and particularly incomes. They do show what we readily grant to be an unsocial division of income; but they do not show any such concentration of incomes as has sometimes been alleged.

Interesting studies have been made from census reports which show the increase in production of goods covering the period from 1899 to 1929. We reprint it from the December news letter of the National City bank which uses the tables from the studies of Prof. Frederick C. Mills of Columbia university for the National Bureau of Economic Research and published by it in a book "Economic Tendencies" Here and suffering. I rather enjoy the The new building and published by it in a book "Economic Tendencies". Here is the table showing production in the manufacturing industries of the country.

Year	Popu-	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	The second secon	per Wage
Acar	lation	Production	Earners	Earner
100	(In	dex Numbers)		AT WASHINGTON
1899	100	100	100	100
1904	110.4	120.2	108.1	111.2
1909	121.1	154.5	130.0	118.9
1914	130.9	176.3	136.1	129.6
1919	140.3	225.1	169.4	133.0
.1921	144.5	186.3	136.2	136.9
1923	148.9	275.6	177.3	155.5
1925	153.4	282.2	169.1	166.9
1927	158.0	287.2	163.6	175.7
1929	162.3	311.4	164.2	189.7
ידי	ne significant facts	rovenled in	this table	

The significant facts revealed in this table are: 1, the great increase in goods produced in 1929 as compared with heart. Then he ran around in 1899; 2, the fact that the machine did not "put men out of front of himself and stabbed himwork" because the number of wage earners more than kept | self in the gizzard with a cheese pace with the growth of population; and 3, the productivity per worker nearly doubled in the thirty years, in spite of reduction in number of hours worked per week.

Here is a record of social progress which deserves praise rather than censure. Three times as great a volume of goods was being produced in 1929; and was being consumed. Insofar as material wellbeing of the people is concerned there is not the slightest doubt that the machine age has brought luxuries to the masses. The mythical "four per cent of the population" could not consume an "eighty per cent" of the but a little plant we moved, the automobiles, toothpaste, cornflakes, newspapers, doorknobs, press weighed but a ton, imposing watches, light bulbs, etc., etc., which the factories are turning out. In fact modern wealth has come through making naught to warm once we were on goods in larger quantities at lower costs, as Henry Ford has the trail, our bodies fairly ached done with the automobile.

Constant improvements in production, in machinery, in techniques, in organization, in training of workmen have made possible this tremendous gain in volume of goods produced, which must find a market among the masses of the people. That is where management in a business enterprise comes in,-to be successful the plant manager must keep abreast or ahead of competition; otherwise he is left behind

Inequities do exist in distributing rewards of business; but it would be fatal to enterprise to destroy the stimulus which prompts men to labor and to sacrifice in hopes of achieving ultimate success. In the present craze for "redistribution of wealth" the country needs to guard against what Herbert Hoover in his book says may come through unwise measures,-a "redistribution of poverty." In other words instead of lifting the poor in the social and economic scale it is | muslin and pyjamis in colors?easily conceivable that by bungling we may merely accomplish a general lowering of our standards of living.

The immediate problem is to get our vast industrial machine to working producing goods which will find their way into consumers' hands. Restriction of production, code prohibitions against plant expansion, limitation of hours are wrong ways of distributing wealth because they create mere lack of goods to distribute. Codes which put a premium on inefficiency and antiquated equipment are anti-social.

Death from "Dehforn"

EPEAL was urged as one way to put an end to deaths be better were they correct." Not from poisoning due to drinking denatured alcohol or very flattering. Still, we always other alcoholic substitutes for more potable liquors. Port- sot along first rate. land now reports 11 deaths from drinking denatured alcohol, this nightgown question that in among men in the waterfront district. An attendant at the the literature of the ages heaven's emergency hospital is quoted as saying: "We are picking them up like flies". The source is reported to be a north end drug store which engages largely in illegal sales.

So repeal hasn't stopped either the sale of "dehorn" or Its consumption. Nor has repeal spurred the officers of the law to greater vigilance in enforcing the law. Officers appear to be indifferent, as they were in the period when pro-

hibition was on its way out.

It would seem if repeal is to be justified officers ought angel in pyjamas. Hence pyjamas to show no mercy to 'leggers, jointists, speakeasy proprie- and the colors thereof are in no wise subject to the vague precetors. The vast majority of voters in the country, whether they dent. voted dry or wet, want existing laws enforced and the illicit I fear this is a rather weak litute. sale stopped. Those who worked honestly for repeal because of the bad conditions under prohibition ought to take the lead now in cleaning up deplorable situations which exist.

One May Have Curls or Only Fuzz But Han'some Is as Han'some Does

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

But han'some is as han'some ETTI GALLIAN, the French young woman the Fox pubicity works have described

as a "find" and a "sensation," (may she have better luck than was had by Lilian Harvey, thus also described by the Fox publicists!) has been seen at the Grand theatre the past week in a picture called "Marie Galante," a somewhat complicated story of the attempt of a "master mind" to precipitate a war between Janen and America. Out of the usual run of such stories is that the heroine is quite innocent of any intentional complicity in the matter. Mlle. Gallian has a winsome personality, and her winsomeness is enhanced, strange as it may seem, by her broken English.

Said one small High street newsboy to another, his eyes intent upon a headline, "Chimmy, what's a bridegroom?" And Chimmy replied, "Aw, it's somethin they have at a weddin'." Not a really illuminating reply, but sufficiently so perhaps.

In "The Painted Veil," which picture has been shown at the Elsinore the past week, we have a new Garbo-a Garbo almost free from the mannerisms and accent which have characterized her in former pictures. Not necessarily a more artistic Garbo, but a Garbo who has adapted herself to the taste of a greater percentage of the public without loss of those faithful ones who have insisted from the moment of her first appearance in motion pictures that possesses many, if not all, of the qualities that make for greatness in an actress, including an intelligence somewhat over and above the smartness which sometimes passes for intelligence. "The Painted Veil" is the story of an Austrian girl married on impulse to an English doctor with whom she goes to China. An overworked and neglectful husband (a very fine character as portrayed by Herbert Marshall), an epidemic of cholera, another man and a woman who in the midst of darkness and confusion finds her true self -such is the story. Not an entirely cheerful one as it runs along, near to tragedy at times, but with a satisfactory ending.

Personally, I am distinctly partial to happy endings-books. plays, life itself. But I note a difference in unhappy endings. If an ending must be unhappy, and of course it must be at times, I prefer the frankly fatal one to the ending which totters on the brink of tragedy for, say, five swallowings of the lump in one's throat. and then does not topply after all. However, everybody to his taste.

I have known of instances in kerosene days when an audience, held in suspense by the uncertainty of an ending, have drawn such a long breath of relief when it took a happy turn that all the lights went out for lack of oxygen.

Sarcasm by Spencer Tracy in the "Marie Galante" picture: "Sufcide? Of course it was suicide. The man shot himself in the back,

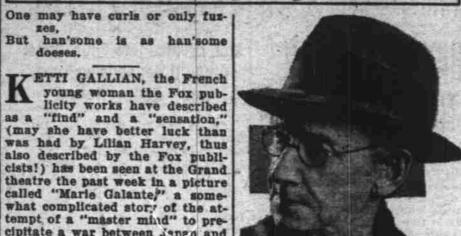
'Twas back in 1880, a time of cold and snow - the mercury at Morse's store was 22 below-when we moved the People's Paper a long and bitter way to a county seat location and finished in a day. Ten miles of drifts and nipping wind, six heavy-laden sleds, 12 stones, a jobber, type and things, with cold, but, sir, we did not fail. We brought the People's Paper through and printed it that week, when of moving people speak, And thus it is when modern plants are moved a block or two I do not voice the sympathy which some may think is due. Accomplishment is difficult only as we may know of greater odds o'ercome before in life's ceaseless ebb and

Anyhow, congratulations to Mr. Putnam and the Capital Journal force on a successful movin' day

Why do men's nightgowns almost invariably come in white Editorial in Statesman, Decem-

My last teacher in the public schools was Professor John B. ableness. He was later state superintendent of public instruction for Iowa and ended his career as a member of the faculty of one of ing. I mention him in this connection because of something he once said to me. He said, "Your

children have ever been clad in "raiment pure and white." Perhaps the white muslin custom which prevails among the children of earth may have in a sub-conscious sort of way resulted from this influence. Heaven's children at no place in the literature of the ages have worn pyjamas. One almost giggles at the thought of an



D. H. TALMADGE

each night. But the darn thing persists in projecting itself into the picture like a guilty con-

In the summer muslin white Makes the coolest gowns for

In winter gowns of flannel seem

To better fit the slumber scheme.

And there is something powerful comforting in colors.

Mr. Thurman of Ohio, who spent

or stolen. A white handkerchief failed utterly to comfort him.

Grateful acknowledgements to Mr. A. N. Sheldon of Salem for a happy little letter received during

Salem town characters, a high type of citizenship many of them, are becoming fewer. Col. Annon Baldwin, aged 77, killed instantly by an automobile Wednesday, was somewhat of a character. One day months ago, when he was down town in his silk hat and his Prince Albert coat, jauntily swinging s gold-headed cane, (he enjoyed an occasional parade thus attired, but he failed of a perfect effect because he always carried the same old pipe between his teeth)
he said to me, "This old age thing
is a good deal of a joke. (We had been comparing ages.) The average normal person has experienced everything worth while in life before he is 40 years old. The man who goes out at 40 has had everything we shall have had at 80. should we survive that long, and will have been spared a lot of monotony, some of it painful." I was impressed by this remark of the colonel's, because he had never seemed to me one much affected by monotony. We do not know a great deal about one another,

Practice may make perfect as general thing, but no amount of practice will enable a person to sharpen a pencil perfectly with a

The Salem city council, I understand, has moved to curb the crow ing of roosters within the city limits. Perhaps the action is warranted. Roosters are roosters and human nerves are human nerves and never the twain shall harmonize. Ellis Bibby, town marshall at Stubbs Junction, once said to Ed A story was told years ago of Tuff, who was shooting off his mouth in main street, "I ain't a night of misery on a B. & O. aimin' to interfere with your right train, the misery due to no better to freedom of speech, Ed. but reason than that his red bandanna | you've got to be inaudibler or I'll handkerchief had been either lost put you in the callaboose."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Congratulations to George Putnam on his fine newspaper home: 5 5 5

The writer wishes to extend sincere congratulations to George Putnam, publisher and editor of the Capital Journal, on the occupation of his unique new build-

It is worthy of mention as having been erected in this time of depression, showing what the Bits man calls commendable faith in this city and section, and this

The new hullding to ern, constructed of concrete and glass, giving the maximum of for such an institution is essentially, first, a factory.

The Safety

Statesman Readers

December 8, 1934. Editor of The Statesman: In last Saturday's Statesman our reporter said Senator Mc-Nary convinced the Townsendites their plan was far from being sound.

Now that is something can't be done. We believe it is sound. When the president signs the bill, 10,000,000 people are taken from the relief and unemployment rolls. Industry will have to speed up to meet the inreased buying power and will very soon take on the balance of

he unemployed. Judge Frame of Alaska stated the plan in words that everyone the old folks, won't own the mongovernment to spend it according o certain rules, and will get our made. board and clothes for doing it. We must buy utilities and can pay on our homes." They talk about a good time, but it will take some work and pleasure to place the money every month. There will be less crime, because young man and boys would rather work than be idle. Those to get pensions will go straight because a criminal gets no pension.

Taxes will be less. All poor farms can be sold. State Old Age Pensions must stop, and state and national relief will end, for everyone will be busy. Income taxes reduced to allow more money to be invested. Inheritance taxes increased. The sales tax Oregon. s just. Everyone pays according o their ability to buy. It is right and proper for all to enjoy the privileges and protection of our government, People will gladly pay for they will be paying on their old age security. It will be impossible for money goes through designated another Chemeketa. banks. One cashier to get to

know the pensioners. Checks to be paid only to the eceiver. On the back of the check would be listed what we home would have to be uniquecan buy. W.en the check is be checked, thus, the receiver must prove to the cashier that exclusively used: to or credit given on same. The giver and receiver of labor or ser- time a competitor of George Putrice checks must each sign the same slip of paper and pin to check so the cashier will know he is paying the right person.

pay a reasonable banking service fee and carry on from there. There are places where an investigator or advisor would be a great help in keeping off the

In addition to the new building, a new press has been installed, the first of the exact

model to come into use; a Du-

plex unitubular machine, mean-

ing that units may be added with

the growth of the paironizing ter-

ritory. There are, now, three principal makes of newspaper presses for large cities and for what are termed in the trade "small city dailies." They are the Scott, the Hoe and the Duplex machines, mentioned in the order of their precedence in time of invention.

The Oregonian uses Hoe presses, as it has from the first, the nal is equipped with Scott machines, and The Statesman press light, needed in newspaper work; is of that make, while for several years a considerable proportion of the presses that have been installed in this country, and other countries, have been of the Duplex type.

The Duplex presses are made at Battle Creek, Michigan, in the plant oiginally called the Cox Duplex factory, after the name of the man who invented the Cox duplex press, designed for printing from the type direct, but using paper from a roll. This is the only press of the kind ever built. It was the one that preceded the preesnt Statesman Scott press. But the flat bed type style, while giving many advantages, including moderate speed and a lower price for paper, saving the unrolling and folding of it in the paper mill, is not capable of serving a large circulation or a plant that must occasionally print a good many pages, and do it quickly; at high speed.

The writer went to the Battle Creek factory when The Statesman's flat bed Duplex press was bought. He met the man who was then working on the principle of the tubular style press-the Soon thereafter, some 30 years can understand. He said, "We, ago, that factory began turning out tubular presses. The press ey. We will be the agents of the of the Register-Guard at Eugene is of that type; among the first

But it is not the unitubular, the first one of which has come to Salem.

It is not likely that George Putnam, when, beginning years ago, he agreed with the writer hereof that the name of Salem should never have been changed from the original one visioned that he might one day have his newspaper home front on meketa street. The new home of his newspa-

per plant is at 444 Chemeketa street. If the name had not been changed, it would be at 444 Chemeketa street, Chemeketa,

That original Indian name meant place of meeting, and the writer believes, signified peace. That is what Salem means, too, but there are many Salems -one in 32 of our 48 states the money to go wrong if the and there would not likely be

dist church met Tuesday after-George Putnam is unique in noon at the home of Mrs. Henry many ways. There is only one Jones, Mrs. F. L. Cannell had George Putnam. His newspaper charge of the devotional program. Mrs. W. R. Osborne gave an in drawn, what is purchased will just like it. It was built for the purpose, for which it is to be in the Far East and plans were made for the members of the soclety to attend the missionary society in McMinnville Wednes-

> held at the home of Mrs. W. R. nam. In many things, the com-Osborne, January 8. petitors did not agree. But it can be truthfully said that Mrs. A. W. Single and little George Putnam was a worthy daughter Joyce Ellen of Schneccompetitor, and that he never tady, New York, who have been visiting here this week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Nette Toviolated a promise or refused a neighborly accommodation. vey, left Wednesday for Ashland will say this is high praise. where she will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gosnell before

Congratulations, again. returning east. sharks, especially in places where people live in cabins and are destitute.

Yours truly,

M. W. RULIFSON,
Route 2, Box 59,
Salem, Oregon.

Salem is a progressive city partly because the publishers of its newspapers have generally believed in its great future, and have invested means and time accordingly.

This record goes back to pio
Salem is a progressive city partly because the publishers of its city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, passed away Phanksgiving day at his home in Monticello, Minn. Mr. Strout visited here at the Fred L. Strout of this city has received word that his brother. Charles Strout, appointed as refreshment committee for Men's night at the January meeting were Cash Roberts. Charles McCarter, F. C. Ewing. Fred Cibson and Frank Rivett,

"BEACH BEAUTY"

CHAPTER XXII

At noon there was a small package by her plate. It bore a card with her name. Kay looked across the table at Harrow. He seemed engrossed in something outside. She looked at Spike Winch. He merely grinned enigmatically. So she began to ones it. gan to open it.

It was a wristwatch, slender and distinguished, obviously very ex-pensive. In the box was another card which said:

"Hereafter I'll keep better watch of the time. And you may use this to see that I do. Earl." She had to smile. But she was mbarrassed and a bit bewildered. "Earl," she said accusingly. "Guilty as charged." "You shouldn't have done this."

"Why not? I am a great and firm believer in the old fashioned virtue of punctuality. When on your way to work in the morning, you will be able to think as you linger over a second egg of the stern you will be able to think as you linger over a second egg of the stern taskmaster who awaits you. So, after all, you see, the act is nothing more than rank selfishness on my part. A Harrow trait, I'm afraid."

"Anything that hits you," Spike "Well, thank you," Kay said, "and I'll think it over and do what-

"It's lovely," she said.
"Here," Spike suggested, reaching for it and adjusting it for her wrist. He helped her put it on, then held her hand at arm's length in

His poise was consistent, "I'm sorry," he retorted cheerfully, "But

why not?"
That was really hard to explain She couldn't very well say that she didn't want to accept the watch because she was still hurt and a bit didn't want to accept the watch because she was still hurt and a bit angry. That would be an admission that she had not believed his story about Ida and the aspirin, and the truth was she didn't know what to believe. Nor could she explain that she didn't want to be in the position of having received a gift from Earl Harrow under any circumstances. Somehow, the gesture of giving her that watch seemed to bear out the stories she had heard about the man. An innocent enough procedure, giving a girl a wristwatch, but might it not be only a beginning? And might not her acceptance be an invitation to continue! She wondered Any of these explanations might be wrong; all of them together might be right. So she said simply, "because I don't feel that I should."

"Perfectly all right, Kay," he said. "Not angry with me, though?"

"But Kay wondered if she had lied. Maybe she was angry with him. Oh, why in heaven's name should she be in the position of everybody. There was another little gathering doubt and suspicion of everybody. There was another little gathering doubt and suspicion of everybody. There was another little gathering doubt and suspicion of everybody. There was another little gathering on the yacht that night. Ida Campton that to be in the position of anything all right that watch up in something all right but his angle's okay, if that's was a mixed up in something all right but his angle's okay, if that's was a sender little gathering on the yacht that night. Ida Campton that the isn't in any racket."

"Then was policien of everybody. There was another little gathering on the yacht that night. Ida Campton that to be in the position of the yacht that night that belief, but she doubt and suspicion of everybody. There was another little gathering on the yacht that night that to anything?"

"He's mixed up in something all right that is anything all in the cople. We'll the was all the isn't in any racket."

"Then why doesn't he call in the isn't in any recket."

"He has called in private dicks all in the coping and

"Perfectly all right, Kay," he said. "Not angry with me, though?"
"No," she admitted.
"Perfectly all right then."
But Kay wondered if she had lied. Maybe she was angry with him. Oh, why in heaven's name should she be, though? That was what worried her. Was there a change coming over her that made her prone to jealousy and spite? There couldn't be, she told herself, and in the next moment, there could. Better not to think about. Better to keep one's feet firmly on the ground.

That afternoon, alone for a while

in. He could have talled the police in right then, but he didn't—not till it was all over. And there were three hood funerals."

Do you mean—"
"Do you mean—"
Spike nodded benignly. "Two big ones and a little one. I got the little one myself."

Kay found it hard to believe what she was hearing. Yet here stood Spike Winch telling her this and obviously not joking in the least.

"Earl believes you can do things better yourself when you're dealing with muggs who don't know there is a law anyway. Sometimes I think a ferroon, alone for a while he actually likes this kind of think."

"Yes," she said.

That afternoon, alone for a while on the boat, she took stock. In a way, hers was not a pleasant position. Really, she was obligated to Harrow and she hated the feeling. It prevented her from thinking clearly and acting with freedom. Whatever the situation might be there was always the thought that Harrow had made a job for her, had halfway promised to help her begin a career. The more she thought of it and of his calm gesture in offering her the watch, the angrier she became. Did he think he could treat her as he might any se could treat her as he might any amusing little charmer? A slap in

the face, then a wristwatch as a balm. Not for her.

Spike came in. "Matter with you and the boss?" he asked. "Nothing," Kay said coolly.
"Excuse me."

"Nothing to excuse you for." "Well, that's good. Thought you night be miffed at me, too."
"I'm not 'miffed' at anybody," Kay declared with pointed preci-sion of diction.

Spike sat down opposite her and

squinting eyes.

"Earl probably thinks you're sore, though," he remarked.

"Why should he think anything of the kind?" "Because you wouldn't take the

neer days. Some of the great-

est men among newspaper work-

ers on this coast, and in this

country, received their training

and inspirations on Salem news-

papers; and some of the great-

est leaders in other lines of

FAR EAST MISSION

AMITY, Dec. 8 .- The Foreign

The next meeting will be

Missionary society of the Metho-

worthy endeavor, 100.

little Spike's benefit, though. That's first thought would be, 'We'll see outside of working hours. Get it?" what we can do with him through "Well, it's not especially subtle, the girl.' Do you see? Very much you know."

I am."
"I'm thinking about the hoods that have been tailing Earl."
"That's what I mean."
"Well, it's liable to concern you."
Kay frankly stared at Spike

could it concern me? They seem to be following Mr. Harrow, but I

like Spike was solemnly earnest. "Why, what do you mean, Spike? What do you know about it?" "Boy! Oh boy!" he exclaimed. "A honey—and I like the watch, too, Earl."

What do you know about it?"

I mean just what I say. And I to staying under the same roof with don't know half enough about it to both Spike and Harrow now that suit me. But I got a pretty good affairs had taken this shape. After

get it?"

"You mean—kidnap me?"

Spike nodded.

"Well—can't something be done about it? I mean, this is a law-

have somebody watch your house."
"Spike," Kay said, "I suppose ought to be scared to death."

"But you're not?" he said, grin "No, I'm not. I'm excited, course, and it doesn't sound like picnic, but I'm not really as scared as I am thrilled. Of course,

haven't been shot at or anything yet. But it's just the idea of some excitement. Spike elicked his tongue and shook his head sadly. "You're as bad as he is," he remarked. "Look. took out a fresh cigar. Nipping off Don't tell Earl I shot off my face. the tip, he studied her through He may want to break it in his own

"All right, Spike. And thanks for breaking it in yours." "Don't mention it," he said point-

Harrow did break it in his own

By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

"Well, it's not especially subtle, you know."

"And, having done some thinking about you, I want to tell you something."

"If you must."

"Things are kind of tough."

"What things?"

"Things. People." He made a vague gesture, fluttering his open hand beside his head. "Trouble around here."

"But how does that concern me? That is, if you're thinking of what I am."

"T'm thinking about the hoods that have been tailing Earl."

"Well, I appreciate your concern," Kay said. "And it all sounds very exciting, but I can't believe it can be so bad."

"Harrow's face was grave; he had

can be so bad."

Harrow's face was grave; he had dropped his light manner.

"Believe me, please," he said.

"Very well. I do. But I don't propose to leave town."

"Then come aboard the yacht. You'll be under no obligation as far as your social life is concerned. Just

She knew, though, that she had

utterly no intention of staying on the yacht. Somehow, she preferred any danger there might be at home claimed. "A honey—and I like the watch, too, Earl."

After lunch Kay waited until Harrow was alone. "I appreciate ever so much your giving me the watch," she said, "but I'm afraid I watch," she said, "but I'm afraid I were not to grab you. Do you get it?"

don't know half enough about it to suit me. But I got a pretty good affairs had taken this shape. After all, couldn't this be merely a ruse to get her to stay aboard? Kay had to smile to herself at the as like as not to grab you. Do you affairs had taken this shape. After all, couldn't this be merely a ruse to get her to stay aboard? Kay had to smile to herself at the as like as not to grab you. Do you get it?" It was all very peculiar, though "You mean—kidnap me?"

Spike nodded.

"Well—can't something be done about it? I mean, this is a lawabiding town, and after all, what are police for?"

Earl doesn't want any police.

He's funny like that."

Instant suspicion flashed through

Kay's mind. "Tell me Spike—is on the vacht that pight. Ide Campa

"Wanted you to come and stay on the boat?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I figured he would."

She turned to Spike and looked him searchingly in the eye.

"What about it?" she said.

"What about what?"

"Never mind."

"All right." Spike paused. "Tell you something funny." he said.

ou something funny," he said.

"The parts we were waiting for came today. Cap Johnson says we're all set to shove off." "Then, you're going?"
"I'd be the last to know. I only work here. But looks like we ought

"Then if I came on the boat I'd have to go with the cruise-down to Havana, after all? "Don't see how it could be other-

"He didn't tell me that."
"Lot of things he didn't tell you.
But he's all right." Evidently Spike had taken a few more drinks than usual, Kay de-cided. He seldom was so candid where his employer was concerned. Leaning toward her, he said, "And I'm all right-in my dizzy way. "Of course you are, Spike," she

said nervously.

"And you're all right."

"Well—thank you," and she laughed, wriggling away from his

"Oh, and so you think so, too?"

"I'm not paid to think of you."
Spike was being very pleasant, so pleasant Kay could not take offense. "The paid to think of Earl and to make the gu-reat pu-ublic think of him."

"I see."

"I see."
"That isn't saying I don't think about you, baby."

"So?"
Harrow did break it in his own way later that afternoon.

"The being you should know," he began. "T'm being bothered by some inconsequential rascals, if you don't already realize it—which I'm sure you do." He laughed easily. "Now, please don't think I'm being melodramatic, Kay, "That isn't saying I don't think of. There's a little possibility that these fellows may annoy you merely because it's the last thing I'd think of. There's a little possibility that these fellows may annoy you merely because you've a connection with my boat and my affairs here. Their

"So?"

Harrow did break it in his own way later that afternoon.

But he was too strong. His arms folded her close to him and crushed out her breath. "Don't mind me," he whispered. "I couldn't help this if I wanted to. And I don't want to."

"Spike!" The word shot, terse, cold, sharp.

Kay felt Spike's arms release her, looked up, and saw Earl Harrow, his eyes narrow, his thin lips smiling rigidly.

(To Be Continued)

Courtele, 1924, Bing Features Syndicate, Isa.

Granger's News Column

BRUSH COLLEGE, Dec. 8. One of the outstanding meetings yer, assistant to Ralph Beck, of the year for Brush College county agent, who was away. grange was that of Friday night when State Deputy Brown jointly installed the following Oak Grove and Brush College grange officers with impressive cere-Baughan; chaplain, Mrs. Ray Fawk; overseer, Ray Fawk and lady assistant steward, Mrs. Claud Hickerson, and Brush College grange master, Stella Henry, overseer; Frank Rivett, steward; John Simmons, assistant steward; Charles Glaze, chaplain; U. J. Lehman, secretary; Mrs. Charles McCarter, treasurer; Wayne Henry, doorkeeper; Clifford Smith, lecturer; Mrs. A. E. Utley, lady assistant steward; Mrs. Frank Rivett, Flora; Mrs. John Schindler, Pomona; Mrs. Audrey Ewing. Ceres; Mrs. Charles Glaze. Executive committee, Charles McCarter, Elmer Cook and F. C. Ew-Interspersed through installation were musical numbers by Hilda and Frank Crawford, on banjo and steel guitar, vocal solo. James Smart; installation num-bers by Mrs. C. L. Blodgett; plano, Corydon Blodgett; mandolin, piano solo, Margaret Smart, and ban-

and on program A. E. Utley James Smart, Lyle Thomas and Glen Adams. Preceding installa-Mountain View and Brush College were special guests at the dinner when the state medal was awarded. Jimmy Smart, F. C. Ewing presided as toastmaster and presentation was made by Mr. Saw-

LICENSED TO WED DALLAS, Dec. S .- A marriage license was issued here today to Lawrence Tilgner, 28, farmer, mony: Oak Grove master, Mr. and Louise E. Fink, 19, housekeeper, both of Dallas, route 1.

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