tax on bank checks will not be re-

quired after January 1 . . . 28

degrees below zero at Minneapolis

on Christmas day . . . So dry one doesn't feel it—yes, I know . . .

Every community has one or more

Scrooges-squeezing, wrenching,

grasping, scraping, covetous old

sinners, hard and as sharp as

flint from which no steel has ever

struck out generous fire. This is

the Scroogs of Dickens, and like most of the Dickens characters

somewhat exaggerated. The only

man I ever knew who seemed to

me to be in full keeping with the

Scrooge characterization dropped

around one day when a depres-sion was upon the land and the

banks were curtly refusing to make loans and prevented a cer-

tain man's business from toppling

over the brink by placing a roll

of currency on the man's desk.

"Sign a note without interest," he

growled," and don't talk, I'll be

damned if I'll let you or anybody else impose on me. When there's

any imposing to be done on me

I'll do it myself." This is a true

story, and the moral is whatever

you wish to make it. . . It is not

a matter of exact record, but it

is safe to assert that never in the

history of Salem have so many

and "Happy New Year" as have

said it this season . . . Biff Grump

says this is because there are more

the "Anne of Green Gables" play

follows Anne's bedtime prayer,

respectfully." . . The dining table

under which I was privileged to

put my feet on Christmas day

was graced with a centerpiece of

santhemums, as beautiful as if

there were no such thing in the

world as frost. A family gather-

ing at Mrs. Jennie Woolery's on

25th street. Mrs. Woolery has the

magic touch in chrysanthemum

culture . . . I know a feller who

here he would be able to tell us

Swedish to Jennie Lind when he

because it completely busted up

the banquet . . . Here is hoping

that 1935 will be-well, what you

what Phineas Barnum said in

which she closes with

die Oregon Salatesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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INDIAN WONDERMENT "Frequently they have asked us when it would take place—the itsorol-eigh, or end of the world."

-Alexander Ross, Adventures on the Oregon

New Whipping Boy

THE new vendetta of the Washington administration is I directed against the "power trust". Just after his purported "truce" with business interests Roosevelt made a tour of the Tennessee valley and there bluntly said what he was doing there would be duplicated in every state, which sent cold shivers up the spines of private investors in utility bonds and stocks. Returning to Washington Mr. Roosevelt took offense when the president of the Edison institute proposed a test of the constitutionality of TVA. Then the president offered to lend New York money to build a municipal plant if the existing utilities did not cut their rates; and made a blanket extension of the same offer to other cities over the country.

The consequence is seen in the slump in values of utility securities on the stock exchanges. The drop was some \$275,000,000 in the first 20 days of November. The sagging has continued since then; and these declines, it must be remembered are on top of several years of declining quotations. If recovery is one of the goals of this administration, this is a very singular way in which to bring it about, by washing away through executive denouncement the accumulated savings of thousands of thrifty citizens. If the government desires to encourage owners of capital to make fresh investments and thus start anew the wheels of industry this is a strange method of inducing them to invest in enterprises, for surely none is so essential as electricity, water, gas, telephone, etc.

The president has expressed the view that power rates are 50 per cent too high. Yet in practically every state these rates are determined by regulatory bodies. In this state a diligent utility commissioner has not succeeded in securing rate reductions save by negotiation. John Taxpayer may say with equal point that taxes are 50 per cent too high; but the "new deal" has merely succeeded in increasing them for the time-honored mousetrap axiom. present and for unknown years to come.

Utility companies have sinned; but the wounds of these new bludgeonings are falling not so much on the few who not entirely qualify as Phineas have committed the offenses as on the tens of thousands of ordinary citizens who thought it was both safe and honorable to invest their savings in bonds and preferred stocks and some common stocks of utility companies. Yet the new deal Mighty Barnum," which opened which seeks to ease mortgage burdens of land and home owners even to the extent of bankrupting some creditors who may be equally needy, does not hesitate to pauperize those who were investors in utility enterprises.

The New York Herald-Tribune comments pointedly on the issue in a recent editorial entitled "Government by

"There are various ways of governing. One is by setting up impartial agencies, first to find the facts and then to make rules just to all concerned. That is the system which the leadership of Charles Evans Hughes created in this State in the Public Service Commissions. It is government by laws, not men: it is the American way of order and fairness

"Another way is that being pursued by the Mayor and the President with respect to the local utilities. Nobody in Washington or at the City Hall takes seriously the threat of building a city plant and distribution system. The cost is so enormous and the delay so great as to make the loud talk something less than impressive. Very likely the President and the Mayor would go through with the plan if they were clear as to the political advisability of it. Both would probably prefer to have the companies yield a price concession in response to the threat and call the

"But what a vicious and un-American way of governing!" Without a hearing, without any proper consideration by any one, these powerful executives swing a club over the head of the utilities and threaten to ruin them unless they surrender what they regard as their right. And they do this summary job of conviction and execution at the very moment that a duly appointed body, the Public Service Commission, has the issue of rates before it for investigation, hearing and decision

We have before expressed the opinion that the President had selected the utilities as his whipping boy for 1934. Having finished off the bankers, he yearned for a new victim. He is forgetting one point, however. When he cracks the whip over the Consolidated Gas he is welting also some 120,000 stockholders. His whole campaign against the utilities, through the Tennessee Valley Authority, and so on, is melting away the values of utility obligations and destroying the savings of millions of Amer-

"The life insurance companies, the colleges, the charitable organizations-all have great holdings in these companies. To get a few cheers from the mob Mr. LaGuardia and Mr. Roosevelt are willing to wipe out hard-earned savings of father, mothers, widows and children without a hearing, without a pretense of

"Such a wanton and wasteful duplication of plant and distributing system as is proposed here could not happen in the most unplanned system in the world. And it is seriously proposed, or at least noisily threatened, in the name of a 'planned economy'! A more deflationary proceeding it would be difficult to conceive. If the President really intends to continue such disturbing and destructive shocks to business and savings generally, he might as well abandon all thought of recovery and turn the nation over to the Tugwells and the soviets.'

The New Three R's

THE new congress will soon assemble. Its first lessons I from the Great Schoolmaster will be the new "Three R-s". They are Relief, Revenue and Recovery. They might be designated the three horsemen of the poltico-economic crisis. Congress and the country are awaiting the syllabus on the new courses which the White House is preparing, waiting with interest, some with fear, some with hope.

Relief. A big issue itself. Doles or Work Relief? Whether to hold down costs and dole out the money or the goods to provide more subsistence to folk out of work; or to set up work projects and give employment at going wages, which runs the cost up enormously,—that is the question. This "R" is a hard lesson to teach, and a hard one to learn. And will congress and the country follow the text which the president dit constantly augmented? Given the correct lesson in this

Revenue. How much money will be required and where work. will it come from? Shall we keep on borrowing, loading the banks up with government bonds, running up the national der in mastering them? Will it be lavish with relief and debt at rapid rate? Shall we raise taxes or levy new ones? bonuses? Will it authorize more and bigger borrowings and were lost on the east side of the Shall we soak the rich some more and confiscate incomes in vaster public works? There is little preliminary revelation | Coast Range.) the highest brackets? The good spenders give no thought to of congressional purposes. Even the keyholers are hazarding where the money is coming from; but there are conservative no long guess on government policy either from the White and honest souls still left in congress who have grave doubts and honest souls still left in congress who have grave doubts and honest souls still left in congress who have grave doubts House or from congress. But this week will see the congress will see the congress. The elements of this "R" are merely the primary sional school assemble, and see the president offer his ideas on these stubborn "R's". And the country will see, what it when done on a big scale with many ciphers after the first | will see.

"Ring in Thousand Years Peace" Yet Unrealized but Grand Dream

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

D. H. TALMADGE

one of his attacks of stomick

"The Gospel is not merely a

with the same pleasure."-Nap-

The years surely fly around!

Here it is New Year's day again

and only 50 per cent of last

year's good resolutions busted

Historical note for future gen-

erations of Willamette valley

folks-Christmas 1934, the day

Showman Barnum's most pro-

Downtown sidewalks have had

complaint. However, who wants

s the average town clock.

be a sidewalk?

Six weeks near Astoria

tian friends again."

Quoting:

to near Salem and return:

(Continuing from yesterday:)

reaching the residence of Brother

Leslie and O'Neal in the after-

(This meant the house of

James H. O'Neal, across the Wil-

lamette river from the Lee mis-

sion, where Rev. David Leslie and

family made their home after

their house was burned at the

Quoting again: "As our busi

ness was urgent, we set about

preparing for our return as soon

as possible. I purchased 10 head

of horned cattle and one horse

from Br. O'Neal; and two horses

and a mare and colt from other

individuals. Br. Smith collected

his horses and cattle, and Mr.

Tibbets concluded to send his cat-

tle and horses down, he himself

having engaged to go to Califor-

nia with a party of the exploring

expedition, which was then en-

camped on the bank of the Wil-

lamette, and here Br. Kone met

us, having come up in a canoe,

and engaged men to take his

horses and cattle down. So that,

when we were ready to return,

(The Wilkes exploring expedi-

tion was the one mentioned. Part

of it, under Lieut, Geo. T. Em-

mons, went overland to Califor-

Reading on: "Our party on our

Lewis, Wallace, a black man em-

ployed by Mr. Tibbits, Cooper, the

man who had been through to the

way back consisted of Br. Smith,

we had a band of horses and cat

tle amounting to 55 head."

nia.)

digits, the simple rules of addition and subtraction go out

durable? How much farther do we have to go? What will im-

pede and what stimulate recovery? What to do with NRA and

AAA and other alphabetical assortments? Should Reform be

mixed in with recovery against the advice of Keynes, British

economist or should this team be driven tandem? Has gov-

ernment spending primed the pump, or has the country mere-

"R" then the other two "R's" would be easy problems to

ly been dipping over and over again on this government cre-

Recovery. How much recovery have we registered? Is it

character of early Oregon.)

noon, happy to meet with Chris

"We succeeded in

oleon at St. Helena.

of the big wind.

trouble, and he died from acute people said "Merry Christmas"

book-it is a living power-a people here than ever before . .

book surpassing all others. I never But that does not entirely account

omit to read it, and every day for it . . . The biggest laugh in

or lack of time. Discouraging. chrysanthemums-outdoor chry-

itable venture was the Jenny has begun to keep a diary every

ind engagement. He paid the year since 1880. He has what is

Swedish nightingale \$1000 a perhaps as complete a record of

night for 150 nights, and netted each January from the 1st until

for himself \$350,000. This on about the 15th as there is in ex-

authority of the Encyclopedia istence. . I miss Dick Carlson.

Britannica, which is as reliable I miss others also. But were Dick

comparitively easy time of it thought he was telling her she

this week. Good old sidewalks, was the loveliest woman in the

giving freely or understanding to world. It must have been some-

those in need of understanding, thing pretty terible that Ole, the

bearing their burdens with never rubdown artist, taught him to say,

There are indications observed would like it to be. We have dif-

n many quarters by folks whose ferent ideas, but most of us are

digestive forces are working nor- reasonable, and those who are un-

mally that the people, as a whole, happy without real reason will do

have come through the depression most of the year's suffering as

of the past several years with a usual. . . Tick Tump is growling

more active interest in abstract because he does not like to make problems, such as fair play in the figure 5. But he just loves to

ousiness, efficient government, make the figure 6, so he has some-

civic responsibility, economic se- thing to look forward to-some-

curity as a human right, protec- thing to revive his drooping spir-

tion of the aged, helpless and un- its through the twelvementh to

Bits for Breakfast

fortunate and a multitude of such | come . . . Life isn't so tough.

Another year! Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky! Ring out the thousand wars of

Ring in the thousand years of peacel Lord Alfred's poetic dream of almost a century ago is still a dream. But it was, and is, a grand

I have noticed this about men -those who talk long and loud of how much easier life is for the wife than it is for the husband are usually pretty poor excuses for what they should be.

The December number of Murray Wade's Oregon Magazine contains a sketch by Ella McMunn, Illustrated by Mr. Wade. Miss McMunn's literary contributions are always interesting.

The best that can be said for the "A Wicked Woman" picture, among recent offerings at the Elsinore, is that it introduces to the American public a new and vibrant personality. Continental Europe has sent to us many candidates for stardom. Few of them have manifested greater brillancy than Mady Christians, the central figure of "A Wicked Woman." who comes from Austria.

Well, that's over-as Aunt Pany said when Aunt Lobelia, Uncle Hezekiah's sister, and her three children went home.

"On the floor below, he heard the doctor taking his departure with that spurious cheerfulness which deceives no one."-From Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest story. Mrs. Rinehart knows doc-

There is a behavior more important than etiquette. A person may follow Emily Post's instructions to the letter and still be a less courteous dinner companion than one who violates them.

"And in the end he was stripped of most of his fortune which he thought was his to enjoy in his later years."-From an editorial in the Statesman on Dr. John McLoughlin. The scale which weigheth the weak.

The visits of some folks are vershort. But it is a good fault.

"The world will make a beaten path to your door if you can make more and better claptrap." -From the Northwest Poultry Journal. Revised version of the

Although Wallace Berry may T. Barnum to a native of southern New England, who saw the big show and the great showman in the 70's, the Fox picture, "The on Christmas day at the Grand. has been in no sense a disappointment. Something not unlike the good old circus spirit has prevailed during the week at this house -everybody smiling and the cashier busy. Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes" comes on New Year's day, which indicates another week of big business.

If wishes were horses, beggars might ride. A folly old saw, time-tested, fire-

tried-But geewhiz, if all the wishes that were uttered during the past week were horses what a circus we should be having!

The man who asserts that world peace will soon be a reality is entitled to high rating as a prophet of good cheer, but I'll bet that when he was a youngster he rehung his stocking on New Year's eve and expected to find something in it the next morning. Which he did not.

I have seen Claudette Colbert in many and all kinds of pictures. Never have I known her to turn n what I would call a poor performance. I think "Imitation of Life," the picture made from Fanny Hurst's mother-love story of that title, which opened the week at the Elsinore, a more than ordinarity good picture. But the stellar honors of the picture are divided between Miss Colbert and Louise Beavers, the colored actress, who gives a remarkable performance as "the other mother."

"To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first necessary to believe in life."-Robert Louis Stevenson.

We remember a heap of things about some folks and not much about others. I reckon if Bill Barton had not said one thing to me 40 years ago I would have forgotten him completely. He said, 'Half the fun of bein' sick is in keepin' certain folks from findin' out about it." I have never heard the particulars of Bill's final illness, but I suspect somebody caught him in the act of having Tillamook country the year before

the window.

By R. J. HENDRICKS and whose trail we had followed and Hopeo, a Hawaiian, the last two being now employed by Mr. Kone; and Wakilkil and Chano and myself, in all consisting of eight men. We bid our friends farewell and set out again for Clatsop expecting that we would lose a number of our cattle and horses before we would reach the

5 5 The party was joined by Wawanahpah, the Indian on the Yambill river who helped them mission, which happened Dec. 19, find their way to the mission -1838. O'Neal was a member of the friend of Colomon Smith. te second Wyeth party, in 1834, Reading on: "Our party now conand was an important historical sisted of nine men. We took the trail leading to Na-Cheesno laying on the coast to the south of Nea-Stocka; this way to the coast being, according to description, much the best."

Clatsop plain."

(That probably means that they took what is now known as the Salmon river route, landing them on the coast south of the Nestucca.) They crossed around the point

at Barview, the northern entrance of Tillamok bay, and, the next day, having gotten across the Nebalem river, were at the foot of Neahkahnie mountain, where they rested and camped for the night, anticipating the hard task before them. But they got themselves and their stock over that mountain

They profited by their experience of a few weeks before. Pioneers found the fear of crossing Neahkahnie one of the greatest hindrances to a safe crossing. The writer had the experience, twice, on horseback-only he did not ride but led the horse, and

with an ease that surprised them.

Though Frost's party, with the stock, got over without a slip, he wrote a final line about it in his! journal: "We descended this

crawled parts of the way.

bad-even over Tiliamook Head for hey now knew the way. Some of the concluding words about the journey in the diary of Frost read:

"Having been nearly six weeks disqualify him for future usefulfrom home, I was very happy and thankful to meet with my family again, and to find them in health. grown without a team. And notwithstanding the many difficulties in our way we had secceeded in reaching our plain with 50 head of horses and cattle out of the 55 with which we left the Willamette." (Most of the five

Copying: "If it be asked why the same object. And no one I undertook this journey to the would move in this matter unless only place to which we can look and prosperity of this missionary for supplies, is 160 miles from station through the blessing of

decencies, long neglected. Heaven "BEACH BEAUTY" send that the signs are not mis-Salem business men generally report the biggest holiday trade in five years . . . The two-cent

CHAPTER IL Kay took his arm suddenly. "Oh-Pete," she said. "I must be aw-

"No, you're not. No, you're not. Please, darling. Don't get started feeling sorry for me. I do that too well myself. Just do whatever seems right to you and be honest

Kay gave a little start. The same thing Harrow had told her in other words: "Be true to yourself." "What's the matter?" Pete asked. "Nothing," Kay said, but she

could see he was puzzled. There was no dealing with Pete; nor would there be any with Harrow, if things kept on. Life just continued to get more complicated and someone always had to suffer. Somehow, some-time, this whole business would

known he was in the room.

beer and eat hard-toasted crackers she was a very timid, though outspread with cheese, Spike sat down with Kay, apart from the rest.

She was a very timid, though outthe stage came the sound of bumping and angry voices. Kay and
Leschin turned and looked down into "I'd better start putting you straight on some of the plans," he said. "Now, the main thing is you aren't supposed to be anybody yet. Fact is, I've talked Earl into not tall, dark man with a long dark cigar dragging you around town so much and a derby hat anchored squarely until we're ready to shoot. Some on his head at an even keel, and one of these columnists or somebody is liable to shoot the works. You kay, in her excitement, caught only quick glimpses of them, but she saw can't trust them all, you know; gossip is what they're after and you can't blame them."
"I like that," Kay observed with

mock anger, "putting a stop to my good times!" Spike grinned, a little sourly, Kay thought, and continued: "You may not realize it, baby, but your good times are over for a long time. It's hard work from now on, a few chances, a big front, lots of ballyhoo and push, and you've got to have plenty of poise and self-reliance until this frame-up is popped on the public. Get it?"

that's what I'm here for—to work."

Spike grinned at her more warmly. "You slay me, Kay; honestly, you do. But I'm for you and don't forget it. Now, one of the other stagehands, Leschin turned first things we're going to have to again to Kay and said, "Grab a do is spring a little romance-when the time comes, that is." 'Romance? Really now!" Kay

said. "How so?" "The public's got to see you as Earl's new big thrill. But we're not going to push it at them. They've got to start wagging their tongues, and you and Earl have got to make calf eyes at each other. But not till the time comes. Get

"But, won't that be a littledon't know-a little too much?" she

She could imagine how Pete would like that. "It's part of the job, sister. Harrow's going to hate it. Oh, how he's going to hate it! Am I right or am I right?"

Spike smiled at her slyly. "And it isn't going to be any hardship for you," he accused.

It was on the next day that Kay began work with Ben Leschin, the director. Because Leschin was a busy man, so he insisted, Kay had to run in to the city for her appoint-ments with him. For all her amateur experience, the first day was an ordeal. She rode with Pete in one of Harrow's cars with a Harrow driver and a Harrow "watchdog" in the front seat and reported to Harrow's Manhattan theater. It was the first time she ever had entered a real theater by the stage door and the experience was among the thrills she knew she never would forget. It was as if in that simple

provisions must be transported

from that place to this at great

expense. The missionary must

leave his family, take an Indian cance and go after any supplies.

he may want, as a general thing.

And in a trip of this kind he is

exposed to everything which is

ruinous to health. He must not

unfrequently brave the storm by

day and camp on the bank of the

river by night; and at times have

his frail bark broken or wrecked

on the passage. Five or six Indians must be paid and fed, whose

aid is necessary to work the can-

mind, during the absence of the

person upon whom they are, un-

der God, dependent for all things

son of the year is spent in secur-

ing these supplies by the mission-

ary himself; . . . his bodily

strength is thus exhausted and

his health impaired which must

ness. . . Well, now, bread

"Milk, butter, beef and pork

stuffs and sauce, etc., cannot be

cannot be made without cattle.

And cattle and horses could not

be brought to this place without

driving them over land, except by

paying more than the worth of

them to get them here by water,

length of time in accomplishing

was essentially much the same as backstage in the local movie and vaudeville house in Daytona Beach sant house and your mother and your ways had to suffer. Somehow, sometime, this whole business would come to a climax, and then what? Well, she was prepared to suffer in her turn. But so far she was safe. Cold and selfish as it seemed, the career was the thing.

And as if the interview with Pete weren't enough, Boris Warren returned that afternoon and wanted to talk to her again in his shy, futile way.

Boris said: "When this play is over—and that may be very soon, you know—there is something I want to ask you."

Kay tried to pass it off lightly. "Oh, don't be cynical about the play, Boris. You know it's going to be good, and it'll run for at least a year if the leading woman isn't a fail-ure."

"Remember," Boris repeated, as it was a sum to ask you and the same to leave and the same to leave a large and some salaries, none of them very high as the business goes, and he hopes in Daytona Beach during preparations for such Community Players' shows as were given there. She told Harrow about it jokingly and his answer was, it's he had set heave a safe. She told Harrow about tit jokingly and his answer was, it's he had set heave a safe. She told Harrow about tit jokingly and his answer was, it's he house and your mother and your sweetheart are sitting waiting for such Community Players' shows as were given there. She told Harrow about the players was show business is show business seems by sweetheart. Now, come walking in."

With all this in mind, Kay crossed the stage, stood by some stacked-to he safe, the stage, stood by some stacked the safe, stood by some stacked the

"Remember," Boris repeated, as if he had not heard her, "there will be something I want to ask you."

Ior nimself. Here in New York with the it's the same. We work with the same tools, only on a larger scale. We pay more, lose more, win more. the had not heard her, "there will be something I want to ask you."

That evening they all stayed home and played bridge. Boris Warren was staying the night, but took no part in the game. He lay down, his full six feet four, by the formulate smaking his cley nine and played bridge. When you get that feeling, Kay, maybe you'll have lost a little of the formulate smaking his cley nine and the formulate smaking his clear his cley nine and the formulate smaking his clear his clear his clear his clear his clear his clear his fireplace, smoking his clay pipe and reading some huge old book, bound in stained calf, that he had selected lose much—and you'll look upon from Harrow's library. Except your work as a grand job to do as when she happened to look in that well as you know how, not as somedirection, Kay would not have thing bordering on magic and mys-

Ben Leschin was busy talking to a man in overalls. Nearby sat a three other men and two women. quick glimpses of them, but she saw that both the women were dressed for the street and had their hats and coats on, and that one of the three men was a pert, self-assured looking chap turned out immacu-lately in the sort of clothes Broadway actors always seemed to wear in Hollywood films.

Leschin wore his huge horn-rimmed spectacles and his tight-fitting little beret. He had on a rough, and his small feet were in little brown buckskin shoes with Cuban heels calculated to make him ap-"Of course," Kay said. "And pear an inch or so taller.

Kay found an empty chair and sat down a little apart from the group and Harrow's "watchdog" sat down near her. Leschin went on with his rehearsal, for that was what had been in progress. Kay was surprised at the casualness of the affair. It was very much like a Community Players' rehearsal, the actors reading their parts from flimsy paper booklets, only being much more businesslike, much less inspired, it seemed, than the amaaccuracy.

"I'm going to have you read a little and walk a little," he said,

olay, which one she had no idea. Look it over a minute. Girl about your age. Naive, but refined. I'll cue you.

"All right. Reading from a simi-lar booklet, Leschin said, '—And you aren't going to tell me?" Kay replied in the lines before

"But I think you owe me some-thing,' "Leschin shot back. "I'm sorry, mother. You don't un-

Once inside, with Harrow's man it over. Then read it for me."

Kay studied the speech, the sheets

hang on the words of a famous di-

brown tweed suit and a tan sweater

When the group seemed to be through the actors rose and wandered away and Leschin came over

"just so we can get the feel of things. Try this." He handed her a part from some

Kay puzzled through the typed sheets, then said, "I guess I'm

her: "'No, mother. It's nothing. It doesn't matter . . . "

act of walking beneath fire escapes, down a dusty passageway and through an ordinary little door into a dingy hall she had bridged the great chasm between the theater of make-believe and the theater of reality.

The reading went on, Leschin feeding her cues in a curt, matter-of-fact voice, and Kay reading her speeches with what seemed to be the proper emphasis and attitude.

"All right," Leschin said. "Now try this. Here's a long speech. Look

Once inside, with Harrow's man leading the way, she began to feel timid and dwarfed. They came out upon a bare stage amid the mechanical furnishings of the theater—switchboards, scenery, properties, that she only half saw as she hurried along—and there they found Leschin.

Kay studied the speech, the sheets of paper trembling a little in her hands, and then began to read, Leschin listened noncommittally. In fact, looking up once, Kay suspected he wasn't listening at all. He was a hard man to know, this dark little director with the face of some Yet hours later, Kay reflected swarthy, predatory bird.
that the backstage at the famous "Now," Leschen ordered, "go over there and make an entrance. You're

"All right, Mr. Leschin," Kay

said. She turned as if to go, then "Well-" and she began to smile

shyly, "I can't help wondering, you know, if I'm too terrible." "Is that what you think?" "I don't know. I don't know what

you expect of me." "Then don't worry about what I expect of you." It was like asking questions of a When they finally stopped the But that morning Kay had not dark, sharp-edged stone.

game and sat back to sip a little had this talk with Earl Harrow and From somewhere out in front of

ing and angry voices. Kay and Leschin turned and looked down into the theater. "Take your hands off me!"
It was the immaculately dressed ctor who a few minutes before had been sitting on the stage during the

rehearsal. Someone had him by his two arms in a painfully rigid grip.
"What's going on down there?"
Leschin demanded. It was then that Kay saw who the other man was. There were others, too, and they had been in the way, but now as the group separate, Kay saw Pete. It was he who had the

ctor by the arms shaking him. Leschin scrambled down into the pit and to the scene of the quarrel with an agility that surprised Kay. Sullenly, Pete let the actor go. The man drew back proudly and began straightening his coat sleeves. And, very tenderly, he touched one side of his face with the tips of his fingers.
"Well?" Leschin demanded.

"This half-wit hit me," the actor said, aggrievedly, "and climbed onto me like a lunatic. I'm going to have him taken in for assault and bat-

"What's your story?" Leschin Pete shrugged, still glaring angrily at the actor, and mumbled something Kay didn't hear. "Well, what excuse have you got to offer?" Leschin insisted. "What excuse do you want?" Pete asked with strained patience. Kay was afraid he was going to hit

Leschin, too.

"Well, break it up, all of you," Leschin said. "And I wouldn't advise you to hit any more actors around this theater," he warned Pete. "We'll let Mr. Harrow listen teurs of Daytona Beach. It was all to you. I haven't the time and I business, she thought, all painful can think of better things to do anyway. Now get along.

As soon as she could, Kay got Pete alone. "What was the matter?" she asked, anxiously. "Nothing," he said.
"What did he do?"

"Aw-he made a crack, that's "About whom? About me?"
"Maybe so," Pete admitted. "But, Pete; he seems to be important. Don't you know you're getting yourself into a lot of trou-

"I can't help it, Kay. I'm sorry as far as you're concerned." Pete turned to walk away, remarking as he left:
"I told you that you belonged up here in this racket and I didn't." She was going to call after him, to try to reason with him, but she bit her lip and ctood still. Pete walked on toward the front of the

theater. (To Be Continued) Copyright, 1824, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

complished what we did."

(Continued on Tuesday.)

this place, consequently all our God, we did undertake, and we ac-

PARKERSVILLE, Dec. 29 .-The school children gave an interesting Christmas program at the schoolhouse to a number of oe. The missionary family must parents and friends. Numbers of suffer, it may be, very much in the program were: body, and certainly very much in

"Welcome" by Oien Large; "Christmas Songs" primary room, "Santa Sons" by Dennis Manning. Tommy Harrison, Olen Large, mountain, and bade it, I hope, an portation of the supplies for the everlasting adieu."

Of an earthry factor of the supplies for the subsistence of the family of the House Was Cleaned" by Betty they are worth; and the best sea- Dunn and Margie Large; harmonplay "A Christmas Jinx" by pri- Astoria.

cia and Warren Brown; play "Rip Van Winkle" by upper grades including Betty Manning, Marjorie Manning, David Pfau, Esther Pfau, Margie Large, Pfares Cook. Lloyd Dunn, Edward Dunn, Edward Roosa, James Ireland and Earl Ireland; song by entire At the close of the program

mary room; piano duet by Patri-

Santa arrived with treats for the children. Teachers and pupils had an exchange of presents.

AIRLIE FOLKS ENTERTAIN AIRLIE, Dec. 29 .- Christmas

holiday guests at various homes were: Mr. and Mrs. Luther Ray at Loren Cooper's; Mr. and Mrs. Bevens, Dolph Bevens and Marjorie, Ellis Campbell at Storey's: Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hastings with missionary mounts to more than Manning, James Ireland, Lloyd Davis and family in Yambill. Mr. and Mrs. George Williamson and ica numbers by Chandler Large; sons Gilbert and Wayne went to

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