

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Swatting the Recall

TALK continues that a recall movement will be launched next month against Governor Charles H. Martin. No bill of charges has been prepared for public consideration. No specific leaders have announced they will support the movement. The recall plot to date is a vaporous affair.

In far eastern Oregon the rumor of recall has been taken to heart by H. C. Boyer of Ontario who heads the Oregon Producers' and Shippers' association. "We believe the impending effort is so serious the voters of Oregon, regardless of political affiliations, should stand as a unit to resist this attempt to overthrow orderly state government," says Boyer. His organization knows the great losses suffered in the summer of 1934 by the longshoremen's strike which tied up eastern Oregon products. The organization is appreciative of Governor Martin's firm action in the recent lumber strike which did much to break the back of that sanguinary movement among Oregon's mill workers' minority.

The Statesman recalls that recall talk has been prevalent in other administrations. Governor Meier was subjected to it and a petition was filed by a Lane county man whose efforts came to naught. There was always talk of recalling Walter Pierce. We cannot take seriously the present backstage whispers by malcontents who failed to elect their man to state office and now are trying to whip up a recall. Who will lead the movement? Who will finance it? What will the indictment be?

In practice Governor Martin has been the exact type of governor his pre-campaign appearances and statements indicated he would be. He is conservative. He is economical. If his bent is towards the person of substance and capacity, what else could be expected of a man whose life had been that of an army-administrator?

The recall is a weapon reserved for citizens when an administrative officer has failed miserably to live up to his campaign promises or whose executive acts, while not sufficiently overt to lead to court action, demand his removal from office. Nothing Governor Martin has done lays the basis for a recall on such terms. If such an action is brought it would be the product of a minority who are poor sports, who are not content to abide by the decision of the electorate last November, who resent the firmness and straight-forwardness of the present administration. The governor would be supported by almost the entire press of the state and by the bulk of the members of his own and the republican party. Talk of a recall is malicious, inspired gossip, designed for no good purpose. Mr. Boyer has done well in stating bluntly how his organization reacts to the proposal.

Reviving Building

NO field of industry has lagged so far behind in recovering from depression as that of construction of buildings. Experts say that one-half the total of 10,000,000 unemployed men in the nation are directly or indirectly connected with the building trades and that a full revival of activity therein would nearly solve the problem of unemployment. Illustrative of the depths to which building has fallen are figures from 257 cities throughout the United States; in them average construction from 1921 to 1929 was \$1,837,000,000 annually. Last year that average had fallen to \$76,000,000.

The housing situation in particular is ready for great activity. In these same 257 cities there are uniform reports of a shortage of single family dwellings and a steady filling of all available apartment space. Rentals are increasing slightly. The doubling up of depression days has waned. In the past five years new construction has not kept even with the losses from fire and from the demolition of old structures. No provision whatever has been made for housing the average annual population increase of 1,500,000 persons.

Some of the preliminary steps towards building revival have been taken. Interest rates on sound real estate mortgages have been lowered. A few companies are offering fabricated houses which will stimulate construction. Many authorities on building contend that a lower hourly rate for workers in the building trades would stimulate construction that the worker could afford to take it in order to receive a much larger weekly wage.

Without construction activity is disappointing compared to the great upturn in a field like that of automobile construction. Rents have not reached a point where home ownership is as cheap as leasing of a residence. Distressed properties thrown on the market through mortgage foreclosures tempt the prospective home-owner as better bargains than new construction.

Unfortunately the huge public works program proposed for 1935-1936 plans augurs little direct aid to the potential home-builder. Some provision is made for non-profit apartment erection in large cities but no specific encouragement in the form of subsidies to builders of new homes or of exceedingly low interest is held out. England, which shied away from public works as a method of stimulating recovery, went in for home building in a big way. By direct subsidies and extremely low interest it made possible the erection of 300,000 housing units in the last year. The United States would do well to study England's home construction experiments; no attack on unemployment would be so effective as the prompt restoration of home building.

Pass the Traffic Ordinance

LACKING one vote, due to the absence of four members from the city council meeting, the new traffic ordinance for Salem was defeated Monday night. The failure of the ordinance to pass is unfortunate; it should be reconsidered at the next meeting of the aldermen and passed. For many weeks Alderman Cuyler Van Patten has worked on a systematic, sensible revision of the 20-odd ordinances which now make up the hit-and-miss traffic code here. The new ordinance cleared the books of the surplus accumulation in overlapping and conflicting measures. It made it possible for stop streets hereafter to be designated by the council without passing an ordinance and again cluttering the books. More than two-thirds of the aldermen present Monday night favored the new ordinance and their views should be respected by a passage of the ordinance on reconsideration at the earliest opportunity.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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Smoke Screen

Washington, June 5. ONE of the evidences of true greatness in a public man is his ability to accept political defeat with balance and composure. Not very long ago, while he had none up to then, a great and friendly newspaper expressed the belief that Mr. Roosevelt was that sort of a president. It hardly would do so now, because his reception of the supreme court decisions has convincingly disproved the idea.

EVEN in his press conference he has not been able to conceal his bitterness and resentment, nor refrain from portentous prophecies of things calculated to inflame and alarm the emotional people to whom he is a hero. In private conversation he has been much more bitter. After four days of dismay and confusion during which his chief conferences were with Dr. Frankfurter, Dr. Moley and General Johnson, three gentlemen as responsible as any for the mess in which his Administration is, there emanated from Mr. Roosevelt an analysis of the NRA decision, made to some 200 newspaper men, which reeked with rancor and exuded gloom.

THE more discriminating among those who heard him recognized that here was a man whose ambitious plans not only had been ingloriously brought to earth but who had been hit in his self-esteem and was very sore. Instead of philosophical acquiescence in an inevitable and irrevocable decision, instead of wisely trying to adjust himself to the facts, admitting and correcting his mistakes, making the best of things for himself and for the country, he painted for the press a picture appallingly dark. With a solemnity in striking contrast to the usual merry bantering press conference mood when things were flying high, he was full of fears for the future, and cited evidences of the dire results already flowing from the failure of the court to uphold him.

HE pictured it as a body without vision, which had struck down the glamorous and beautiful contrivances with which he had all but rescued the nation from ruin, and which his professional advisers from Columbia and Harvard had assured him were sound. Talk such as his about 36-cent wheat and 5-cent cotton was designed to create reaction in his favor among the bonus-fed classes, to which he especially appeals and which have most completely swallowed the socialistic, sugar-coated doctrines which saturated his New Deal. Declarations that the court had put us back to the hoodlum and hungry days because it had the temerity to knock out an experiment the soundness of which even the more balanced of his own supporters distrusted from the start, may sound well to worshipful members of the press, but it seems a little ridiculous to those who keep a sense of proportion and humor. It may be natural for a man in the President's position, who sees the giddy structure he has built so high suddenly crashed to the ground because the foundation was not solid—it may be natural, but it is hard to regard it as big.

THE ROOSEVELT outburst against the court was really an amazing performance. Reading what he said, one would have thought that all of his experiments had been completely successful. One never would gather that he had failed to create reaction. There was not so much as a hint from him that, as everyone knows before the court decided, the NRA was a discredited agency, which had ceased to function and was in a state of demoralization and confusion. He did not touch upon the fact that he could have had a Supreme Court decision and found out where he was 18 months ago. He did not mention that the tragic situation in which he finds himself is due not to the court but to lack of logic, experience and judgment upon the part of his advisers and upon the part of himself in taking such advice. Nor did he point out, as he might, that the decision against which he now inveighs with such journalisticly originated phrases as "horse-and-buggy-days" was rendered not by five justices, nor six, nor seven, nor eight, but by all nine. It was a unanimous court which said he was all wrong from the start.

NONE of these quite obvious things seem to have occurred to Mr. Roosevelt and, of course, none was called to his attention by the newspaper men. On the contrary, the impression Mr. Roosevelt sought to create was that he and his New Deal advisers were wise, right, farsighted and enlightening; the Supreme Court, bad, blind and benighted. If mistakes were made, it was the court which made them, not he. In effect, that is the tone in which a President receives a unanimous Supreme Court decision declaring unconstitutional an already defunct governmental experiment. His gloomy forecast of disasters is a smoke screen to hide his discomfiture. His effort to make the Constitution an issue is an evidence of which his counsel to which he listens. His purpose seems to be to use the Supreme Court as an alibi.

VISITS IN PORTLAND

MARION, June 5. — Miss Marjorie Pickard is spending the week with relatives in Portland. She is also putting in an application at a hospital for a nurses' training course.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Before steel pens, before typewriters, when men were neighbors:

The Bits man has before him two scrap books and a collection of the papers of Dr. L. L. Rowland, first elected state superintendent of public instruction for Oregon, superintendent of the state hospital, etc., etc.

One may find in the first deed records of Marion county made in the fifties, the work of quill pens, employed before steel pens were invented and came into general use. The quill of the goose was most popular.

In the sixties, seventies and early eighties, most of the recording work in Oregon was done with steel pens. It was generally hand-written matter. It is signed by the first and craziest vertical style came into vogue.

In the Dr. Rowland collection is a certificate to teach in the schools of Oregon. A handsome document. But not a word of printing on it, and of course no typewritten matter. It is signed by the governor, who up to Jan. 30, 1873, had as part of his duties those since given over to the superintendent of public instruction. The certificate reads:

"State of Oregon. To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know ye that I George L. Woods governor of the state of Oregon by virtue of the authority in me vested do hereby certify that L. L. Rowland is of good moral character and has passed an examination in the following branches with the following result: Orthography 1, Reading 1, Writing 1, Arithmetic 1, English Grammar 1, Written Arithmetic 1, Mental Algebra 1, Mental Arithmetic 1, Modern History 1, Teaching 1.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the State to be fixed. Done at Salem this 13th day of February, A. D. 1869. Geo. L. Woods, Governor of Oregon. By the Governor, Samuel E. May, Secretary of State."

Early in 1873, being on the point of making a trip to Europe to pursue his studies, the principal officials of the state wrote a letter of recommendation for Dr. Rowland; so did Archbishop F. N. Blanchet of the Roman Catholic Church. The one by the principal officials, of course in long hand, was written on the letter paper of the chief executive, his office being in the present Statesman building in the corner room over the W. G. T. U., but with the entrance in the rear by a stairway that years ago was torn away to make room for what is now The Statesman press room.

This letter of recommendation reads: "State of Oregon, Executive Office, Salem, March 5th, 1873. To all to whom these presents may come: "This may certify that Prof. L. L. Rowland, A. M., M. D., pastor of the Christian church of Salem, in the state of Oregon, a graduate of Bethany college, Virginia, and a graduate of the medical department of Willamette university, Oregon, about to travel abroad, is a gentleman of eminent scholarship and high character. He has been engaged as an instructor in our higher institutions of learning and is a person worthy of the association and confidence of all whom he may meet, and as such I take pleasure in recommending him. L. F. Grover, Governor of Oregon. Attest S. F. Chadwick, Secretary of the State of Oregon." (The great seal of the state is of course attached.)

After the above, on the same sheet, appear the words that follow: "We the undersigned fully concur in the foregoing statements of his excellency, Governor Grover, respecting our esteemed friend, Prof. L. L. Rowland of our state. S. F. Chadwick, Secretary of State. L. Fleischer, State Treasurer. David Fleischer, Ass't. State Treasurer. T. H. Cann, Ass't. Secretary of State. S. C. Simpson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction."

Concluding the significant paper of recommendation, one finds these written words, all in the same hand: "I heartily concur in the foregoing. Thomas Condon, State Geologist, Oregon."

Another significant paper of recommendation, all in one hand, reads: "A. M. D. G. The Archbishop of Oregon, to all who may see this present, greeting: "We, the undersigned, take much pleasure in giving this letter of introduction and commendation to the bearer, the learned and illustrious Dr. L. L. Rowland, of Salem, Oregon, who intends leaving shortly for Europe, to visit Rome and the principal establishments and universities of the old world. He carries with him the best recommendations from the governor of the state of Oregon; we also recommend to all he may apply as a man of learning, integrity and honor; and in special manner to the attention and care of the President of our American College in the Etteron City, to assist him in all he may want. Given, Portland, Oregon, Jan. 24, 1877. F. N. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon and Administ. of Idaho."

The seal of the church was attached to this paper—the old fashioned way, with heated wax. The present seal of the instrument making its impression. (Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: The Economic Betterment League is an organization consisting for the most part of SERA relief workers. The purpose of the league is to enhance the economic status of the destitute by any proper and orderly means at hand. The league purposes to be non-political and non-militant and for the two months of its existence has been reasonably successful in that respect.

It early became apparent that there were individuals not only in the league, but others as well, who for the sake of another had been overlooked by relief agencies. The league has taken up 300 or more of such cases, and in about two-thirds of them has secured at least some recognition from proper authorities. It is only fair to say that there are petty chisellers in the league who are bent on using the organization to further selfish aims or fight their private squabbles. The league of course does not intentionally sponsor any such cause. Small use from the membership naturally accumulate slowly and the treasury has been depleted time and again by slipping some hungry persons, or family, enough for meal or two. One instance was a young mother with two small children who had been absolutely without food for two days and was unable to secure help from regular sources. The writer has seen men who were themselves budgeted for \$20 in wages for the week which they were to support their families dig up dimes and quarters to relieve the immediate distress in numerous cases, following the feeble gesture by taking the cases to relief offices.

This more or less unexpected function soon became, for the time, the main purpose of the league and a policy on that count was adopted—to ask recognition of special cases in a sane, formal and orderly manner. Cases which through desperation, hysteria or plain ignorance were likely to become disagreeable were given a chance to blow off steam before a league committee instead of exploding elsewhere. The writer personally explained to a member of the Marion County Relief League the reasons for the policy to minimize ill-advised "squeaking" in offices where at best they hear too much of such stuff. This official smilingly approved the policy, but we have no evidence to indicate that his capacity for appreciation as shared generally by his colleagues.

C. Hartley Grattan, writing "The Road to Destitution," in June Harper's in what he calls a dismal postlude, says: "Relief is not a cheerful subject. It must be faced resolutely. It is a matter of courage and inconsequential optimism of the prosperous overlying population that is making it impossible really to deal with the problem in a resolute fashion. When to the sickness of the relief population is added the more or less fatuousness of the employed and employing population, a combination is effected which can only lead to a dreadful social disaster. The existence of a destitute population in excess of 20,000,000 is a social portent of disturbing implications."

The writer is well advised in saying that there is not a single active member in the Economic Betterment League who would not welcome whole heartedly a plausible excuse to "wash his hands" of the whole lot and never be heard from again. But there is an inherent something or other that denies them restful indifference, to other people's misery.

R. D. COOPER, Salem.

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Berry Fields Are Sadly in Want of Thorough Wetting

NORTH HOWELL, June 5.—Many persons in search of work in the berry fields are driving through this community every day. By this time most growers have enough berry pickers signed up to harvest a normal crop. Whether the crop will be normal or not depends on weather conditions.

The long hoped-for rain failed to materialize and a few more days of hot weather may change crop conditions to a considerable extent.

Twenty Years Ago

June 6, 1915
Denmark went democratic yesterday by admitting women to suffrage and abolishing special electoral privileges heretofore exercised by the wealthier classes.

The apple and pear crops are ripening due to the continued warm weather.

A Villa-Zapata-Carranza coalition may be reached in Mexico following its receipt of the United States' note of warning.

Ten Years Ago

June 6, 1925
The Linfield board of trustees is considering moving the college to Portland.

"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XIII
"Is that so? Well, I'll have you know that I can take care of myself. And I have no connection with the mess, as you put it... excepting an official one," exploded Betty.
"Then why did you dash out and get your uncle on the case?" "That's my business, and I can manage my own affairs," she said. "Don't let's quarrel, Betty." Her face softened in answer to his tone of pleading... when he made the mistake of saying too much.
"This is no time to quarrel," he said. "There is too much at stake. We'd better stick to each other now."
"Oh," she gasped, "so that's it. See, well, Mr. Wilbur Renton... I can look out for myself... and Uncle Cyrus will look out for Lawrence Vane. But perhaps you'd better look out for yourself."
"Betty, you're not understanding. It's only you I am thinking about... not myself at all."
"Yeah!" Betty asked slangily. "Well, that's what you told me when you were running after Isobel Vane."
"The name of the murdered woman sobbed both of them in a flash, out of their temper, but the suddenness of that flaming wrath remained."
"Skuy came to the door."
"Miss Betty, the newspaper office wants you on the phone," she said softly, and glanced at Renton with a veiled gleam of anger in her little heavy-lidded eyes. "I reckon Miss Betty's got to go now, huh," she said. "I'll get you hat and cane."
Renton shrugged his broad shoulders... what had gotten into his household? They all seemed at cross purposes, but then he was out of sorts himself. He'd try and make up with Betty before they parted, but she'd just have to tell her paper that she couldn't possibly handle this case. Why it wasn't decent... she couldn't stand it... and besides... there were other reasons... he'd rather not tell her about... but she'd just have to refuse to go on with this case.

Betty re-entered the room, hatted and cloaked. "I'll have to rush," she said, pulling on her gloves and avoiding his eyes.
"You'll have to call up your paper... you just can't."
"I don't have to call them," she laughed nervously, "they just called me. I have to go right away and interview Lawrence Vane." She lifted wide, tortured eyes to his. "You can drop me at the Tombs, if you want to," she said.
As Betty went from the sunshine of the day into the gloom of the Tombs, she was conscious of a horror such as she had never experienced before on any of her official visits to that building of sorrows and sighs.

"You shouldn't have come here," said Vane. "I had to; my paper sent me," explained Betty.
"Not Isobel?" she breathed faintly.
"Have you told anyone else?" she asked.
"Yes, I told Ingles, but he wouldn't believe me... and I told Cyrus K. Mantel."
"Has Uncle Cyrus been here?" her eyes dropped from his.
"Yes, this morning early. He's great... just great... and he said he was here to help me. Oh, do you think I can, Betty, do you think he can?"
"He can if any one can," she assured him sturdily. "Uncle Cyrus can find a clue where every one else had despaired of there being one... and he can follow a clue, once he's got it. He's got a sharp eye for deduction. Uncle Cyrus never gives up... and he doesn't fail... if there's anything for him to work on."
"Everything that there is seems to be regarding me," Vane was moody and somber again, his temporary brightness of interest gone. "I must say that if I were in their place, I would think as they do. It's a good lesson for anyone to learn. Not to judge too quickly on what seems to be a cruel thing," he laughed shortly. "They say that sometimes a talking philosopher can be a man, but I could choose an easier chair to do my thinking in than that over-warm one they have up at Sing Sing."
Betty straightened up, and looked him in the eye.
"Now listen to me, Lawrence Vane," she said, and it seemed to him that some of the fire of her hair had crept into her voice. "That's no way to get out of a jam. The thing to do is to keep your head, and keep cheerful." She held up a silencing hand. "Oh! I know how hateful it is when you are in trouble to have a Pollyanna come in and preach... and above everything, she begins to philosophize. I don't want the things that might help Uncle Cyrus to help you, and tell them to him. And don't sit and brood. Instead of that, think... think... thinking progressively, something that will help you out of this awful mess you're in."
"I don't seem able to think any more," he said simply. "My head's in a whirl. Lots of things that I could have sworn I knew, look different to me now, and lots of things that I was sure I didn't know, his eyes looked deeply into hers, "begin to seem almost possible," he finished quietly.
"Lawrence," Betty laid her hand on his arm. "Where's Isobel?" His eyes widened, and he stared at her wildly for a fraction of a second, then he closed his lids wearily.
"I don't know," he said doggedly. "But that's impossible!" Betty was impatient. "You must know. 'I don't know,' he repeated. "They say she's dead, and that I killed her. But I... I don't know." Betty studied the thin aesthetic face before her compassionately. Her eyes dwelt on the richly waving



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black hair, followed down the aristocratic, thin-nosed nose, rested contentedly on the generous, curved mouth, and came to rest at the firm square chin. Here was a man, she thought, who would injure himself to help another, but who would be as helpless as a babe unborn to assist himself in any way outside of his own genius-known profession. And yet... she knew that man is capable of strange cruelties where his passions are concerned... and a little doubt crept into her heart. For had she not just glimpsed a warm light in his eyes as they rested on her, and had she not been in his life before the fatal Isobel had entered it? She shivered as she realized that perhaps she was more closely linked with this sordid tragedy than she had supposed at first.
"Has anyone arranged about bail for you?" she asked abruptly.
"Bail?" he was vague. "Why, I don't know that anyone has arranged about anything."
"Steps rang outside the cell door. "Time's up," Miss came the harsh voice of the guard.
"You gotta go, Miss," warned the guard, "and here's another visitor." Cyrus K. Mantel entered the cell. Without a glance at Betty he said to Vane.
"I've arranged for bail, my boy, you can go out as soon as the papers arrive. I've got several things I want to use for you, that will help considerably in the solving of this mystery."
"Is that straight, Uncle Cyrus?" Betty was exuberant. Cyrus K. looked her over through his pince-nez.
"As a newspaper woman I suppose you are interested in the 'scop," he said wittingly. "Well, run along, you've got it." "You bet I have," she cried and walked swiftly from the cell, with never a backward glance at the crestfallen Vane.
The evening paper bore headlines in bold print to this effect: "BETTY POTTS INTERVIEWS FAMOUS ARTIST, LAWRENCE VANE, IN HIS CELL AT THE TOMBS. HE DENIES BODY THAT OF HIS BRIDE. VANE OUT ON BAIL."
(To Be Continued)

West Salem News

WEST SALEM, June 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Max Gunter and Ernest Bradley were guests at a trout dinner at the Roy Stevens home Sunday. Saturday Roy Stevens and his father, Peter Stevens went fishing on the Santiam above Detroit with very good results and for the week and last Saturday visited Robert Groshong at Albany and made a fishing trip on which he caught 27 fine fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis of Salem have purchased the residence and lot known as the Greene place at 1254 Third and will fix it up and make their home there. Davis is a retired railroad man and purchased the property from a Utah owner.

Coming here for the summer from Burley, Idaho, will be Mrs. Lucy K. Mitchell, who will arrive this week at the home of her son, J. J. Mitchell.

Compensating the birthday anniversary of Mary Jeanne Otey, her grandparents gave a party at their home Tuesday afternoon. Those attending included Connie Coon, Bonnie Dickson, Tommie Wynn, Pauline Dickson, Dorothy and Doris Pysant, Shirley Swigert, Onedia Cudney, Ruth Shipley and Mary Jeanne Otey.

At a recent homecoming held at the home of Mrs. Fannie Moore, all of her living children were present, some grandchildren, making four generations. Those attending included Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore and Miss Thomas of Alpine, Mr. and Mrs.

BERRY HARVEST IS ON AT SUBLIMITY

SUBLIMITY, June 5.—Strawberry picking is now started and many campers are arriving daily from different parts of the state. The berries are large and fine so far. They are hauled to Stayton and some to the receiving station for the pool at Sublimity.

Miss Adeline Riestler of Portland is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Rose Riestler for a few days. Mrs. Adeline Rosters and daughter Virginia of Oakland, Calif., are visiting there and with other relatives for a few weeks.

The sisters who have been teaching the parochial school here the past school term have left Monday for St. Mary's home, Beaverton.

Monday afternoon was the funeral of Charles Henry Benson at the Whitney and Hobson cemetery near Sublimity. He passed away at the Deaconess hospital at Salem, May 31. He was a pioneer resident of this section. There was a large attendance at the funeral from far and near.

MARKETING LILIES

WHEATLAND, June 5.—Lilies from the Fred Bauer six acre aquatic garden in this locality are being marketed at the Portland florists. During the last week the warm days have greatly speeded up the blooming.