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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHERIDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

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As a Business Proposition

LOOKING at the proposed school bond issue as a business proposition there are manifestly two sides to the deal. On the favorable side is the possibility of obtaining PWA funds of some \$385,000 to supplement the district funds of \$650,000 to provide new school buildings. Another factor is prevailing low interest rates on bond issues.

Weigh against these facts other considerations. The PWA grant is not an unconditional grant. The money to be spent must be spent in compliance with PWA regulations. Experience has shown that these cause delay and increase expense. Hockley's office says the increase is about five per cent. Careful inquiry in Portland among contractors developed the fact that the increases run from 20 to 35 per cent. It is a fairly safe conclusion that the excess would be at least 20 per cent, which makes a big hole in the gift from the government.

There is this further question: do the taxpayers want now to assume a load of \$650,000 in debt? The school district has been carrying a heavy load over a long term of years. It has reduced its bond debt to \$42,000, and its note debt is \$100,000. It recently wiped out its warrant debt, but that will probably pick up again in intervals between tax periods. Do the taxpayers want to enjoy a respite from the debt service burdens; or do they want to tackle new obligations in large volume? That is for the individual taxpayer to answer with his cross-mark, not for a newspaper editor to say.

It should be recalled however, that during the depression the frequent comment was that the debt load was what caused or deepened the depression, and the folly of communities rushing into debt was frequently cited. This issue will not put Salem in the silly class by any means; but it is sizable. Our debt-carrying capacity should be considered as a whole, not just by individual taxing units. The City of Salem is heavily bonded; and a new issue of up to \$125,000 is contemplated as an aid to the state for capitol construction. The city's valuation has declined from over \$18,000,000 to under \$16,000,000. Purchase of the water system takes that large property off the tax rolls and increases the levies on remaining property. Prospects are for some increases in tax levies as a result of restoration of wage scales, state capitol building, old age pensions, etc.

Besides considering the effect of the increased costs on themselves, voters should consider also the effect on others less fortunately circumstanced, on local industries needed to provide employment.

The proposal means the abandonment of the present senior high school plant. While its original cost was \$175,000 its replacement value is much higher. The building is of substantial construction. The older portion is 30 years old, which is not long for a building of its good materials; and the newer portion only 12 years old. It needs some changes for fire safety; and additional room is needed. But should the district abandon this property and enter into a new \$700,000 high school plant? We say abandon advisedly, because the building is not suitable for a grade school and nobody has been able to propose a practical use for it.

It is a practical question, how will the district meet the problem of more room unless the new high school is built? We do not believe it would be wise to spend a lot of money enlarging the present plant. Is it not wiser to look ahead to the time when Salem will be a two-high school city? Then the sensible moves would be to use the present plant with minor changes or temporary expansion for a five-year period. About 1940 erect a new high school unit about Olinger field with provision for future expansion, and continue using the present high school until such time as a new high school is required in South Salem.

If a new high school plant is built near Olinger field it will not be many years before the call will come for one in south Salem. Olinger field may be near the geographical center of the district, but it is far off the convenience center of the district. The present location is best in that respect, because the normal lines of travel both of bus lines and parents driving to work are in the business district as a center. Eventually the city will require two high schools; and the present plant may well be utilized after the Olinger unit is built and before the south high school is needed. By that time the present building would be pretty well depreciated and the ground should be valuable for business purposes.

In view of the building program already in sight for this community, is it wise to proceed with a big school construction program now? In sight are a new capitol, perhaps a new university plant, a new postoffice, an expensive grade separation project. These will fully employ the building trades for a considerable period. Would it not be wiser planning, in spite of the bait of PWA funds, to defer the school construction to a later date, and then build out of our own money, the buildings as needed? It is easy to see if all this building is done now labor will flock here and when the work is done float away; and then where will our own labor find employment?

The one unit which is urgently needed is the Leslie school gymnasium. This should be authorized; and if the present bond proposal fails this project should be resubmitted and approved.

The Statesman does not oppose but support school progress; and does not like to be parsimonious in school expenditures. But we can see many places where additional funds are needed,—higher school teacher salaries, attracting and holding better teachers; a fuller school program, such as music. If we start service of principal and interest on a new heavy debt load, these matters would need to be further deferred.

We desire to have taxpayers study this bond proposal from all sides; and then to have them vote their convictions next Tuesday. The question is important enough to draw out a very large vote.

As the time approaches for preparing the county budget it is not apt to suggest that more money will need to be spent on the gravel roads of the county. Take the much-traveled road from Salem to Independence, from the end of the paving at Roberts to the ferry there are several very bad spots. The Mill City-Detroit road now gets very heavy travel as it connects with the North Santiam and the Breiten-Ollalie roads. While waiting for complete reconstruction of the portion above Gates, more work needs to be done in proper maintenance of the present road. It is not only rough, but in places dangerous because of the falling rock. The county just can't continue to pay old age pensions out of money needed for highway maintenance.

Business men are to have a referendum conducted by the U. S. chamber of commerce to get their attitude toward new deal measures. We can save the chamber all the expense. The business men think the new deal is the bank, but what they think doesn't count. Opinions wanted now are from the jobless, the brain trusters and the Farley political machine.

An Oregon City janitor suddenly remembers that Tom Mooney was on a roof with him in San Francisco the day of the bomb killings, though he can't remember any others who were. Now you tell one.

Three showdowns yesterday. Italy calls for showdown in Africa; ship operators call for a showdown in San Francisco; and Ralph Moody calls for a showdown in the local gambling investigation. Now who will show up in each case?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How Sheridan got four trains of rations routed for Lee's hungry army the day before its surrender:

(Concluding from yesterday.) Quoting further Sheridan's Memoranda: "The capture of Ewell, with six of his generals and most of his troops, crowned our success, but the fight was so overshadowed by the stirring events of the surrender THREE DAYS LATER, that the battle HAS NEVER BEEN ACCORDED THE PROMINENCE IT DESERVES. . . . By General Grant's directions the 6th corps had been following my route of march since the discovery, about 9 o'clock in the morning, that Lee had decamped from Amelia court house.

"Grant had promptly informed me of this in a note, saying: 'The 6th corps will go in with a vim any place you may dictate,' so when I sent word to Wright of the enemy's isolation, and asked him to hurry on with all speed, his gallant corps came as fast as legs could carry them, he sending to me successively Major McClellan and Colonel Franklin, of his staff, to report his approach. (This was General Horatio G. Wright.)

"It was well advised as to the position of the enemy through information brought me by an intelligent young soldier, William A. Richardson, Company A, 2nd Ohio . . . At the close of the battle (of Sallor creek) I sent one of my staff . . . to General Grant to report what had been done; that we had taken six generals and from 9000 to 10,000 prisoners. . . . In the same despatch I wrote: 'If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender.'

"When Mr. Lincoln, at City Point (Virginia), received this word from General Grant, who was transmitting every item of news to the president, he telegraphed Grant the laconic message: 'Let the thing be pressed.'" (This indicates how great was Sheridan's part in ending the Civil war.)

Writing of the morning of April 7, in his Memoirs, Sheridan said, in part:

"It was clear that Lee had abandoned all effort to escape to the southwest by way of Danville. Lynchburg was undoubtedly his objective point now; so, resolving to throw my cavalry again across his path, and hold him until the infantry could overtake him, I directed the 5th Cavalry to march on Appomattox depot. . . . On the 8th he wrote: 'At break of day, April 8, Merritt and Mackenzie united with Crook. . . . and the cavalry all moved then toward Appomattox depot.

"Hardly had it started when one of the scouts—Sergeant White— informed me that there were FOUR TRAINS OF CARS AT THE DEPOT LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR LEE'S ARMY; these had been sent from Lynchburg, in compliance with the telegram of Lee's commissary general, which message, it will be remembered, was captured; and transmitted to Lynchburg by two of Young's scouts on the 4th.

"Sergeant White, who had been on the lookout for the trains ever since sending the despatch, found them several miles west of Appomattox depot, FEELING THEIR WAY ALONG, in ignorance of Lee's exact position.

"As he had the original despatch with him, and took pains to dwell upon the pitiable condition of Lee's army, he had little difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the trains to bring them EAST of Appomattox station—but, fearing that the true state of affairs would be learned before long, and the trains returned to Lynchburg, he was painfully anxious to have them cut off by breaking the track west of the station.

"The intelligence as to the trains was immediately despatched to Crook, and I pushed on to join him with Merritt's command. Custer, having the advance, moved rapidly, and, on nearing the station, detailed two regiments to make a detour southward to strike the railroad some distance beyond, and BREAK THE TRACK.

"These regiments set off at a gallop, and in short order broke up the railroad enough to prevent the escape of the trains. Custer meanwhile taking possession of the station—but none too soon, for almost at the moment he did so the advance guard of Lee's army appeared, bent on securing the trains.

"Without halting to look after the trains further, Custer attacked this advance guard and had a spirited fight, in which he drove the Confederates away from the station, captured 25 pieces of artillery, a hospital train, and a large park of wagons, which, in the hope that they would reach Lynchburg the next day, were being pushed ahead of Lee's main body.

"Devin, coming up a little before dusk, was put in on the right of Custer, and one of Cook's brigades was sent to our left and the other two held in reserve.

"I then forced the enemy back on the Appomattox road to the vicinity of the court house, and, that the Confederates might have no rest, gave orders to continue the skirmishing throughout the night.

"Meanwhile the captured trains had been taken charge of by locomotive engineers, soldiers of the command, who were delighted evidently to get back at their old calling.

"They amused themselves by running the trains to and fro, creating much confusion, and keeping up such an unearthly

Wherever Statehouse is Built Some Will Growl, Some Will Grin

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

Where'er the statehouse may be built, Or what the cost may be, Some folks will growl and some will grin— Sweet human harmony!

I once knew an old gentleman who closed the door slapping in the faces of a party of friends and neighbors who were gathered to surprise him on his birthday. He said when he wanted to have a party he'd invite it. He was a leading citizen of the town and whatever he did was accepted without open protest. Just at the same, folks did not like him. D. H. Talmadge very well. When he died, a year or two after the surprise party incident, his funeral was very prettily attended. It was not a very satisfactory way of getting even, but it was better than nothing.

At long intervals a man wearing a full beard appears on the street, and folks turn their heads to look at him. Some of the kids sit on the curb and watch him as he cultivates his beard. This was done to get the syrup remaining from the morning buckwheats and possibly a taste of the coffee still lurking in a long and sweeping mustache. This is a very old-time means when he says that life had more flavor in them days.

Another lesson we learn in the course of the years—"best" is not always good nor "worst" always bad.

Preclous is our right to utter What we think—in short, to sputter.

It is not always possible to tell from the way a man goes at an undertaking how much of a success he will make of it. The slow-starter sometimes wins, and the fast-starter sometimes wins, and at times each loses. Results are that count. Still and all, some question exists as to what results are worth the counting.

Goosepimples are the penalty folks pay for not wearing clothing suitable to the weather. Aunt Mary Jane used to say that the biggest loss she ever had was that person who did not wear suitable clothing to prevent goosepimples. "Believe me," said she, "I'll wear the duds I've got and keep myself warm. Maybe I won't be in style. But what's style? Humph! Style can go to—Hall-fax." Aunt Mary Ann was one of those folks who never leave any doubt as to where they stand on any question. Sometimes she made a mistake, but not often.

Probably there is no person who can forecast the weather infallibly. However, there are those who do pretty well at it. They observe conditions at that day, and the subsequent weather over a term of years, and by the time their hair turns gray they are fairly weatherwise. Care for a reminiscence? Thanks. My dad and I hitched the old horse to the old buggy one 30th of October several years prior to the Spanish war and rode seven miles to the river without coats. Wonderful weather that day, and the leaves in the timber, mostly hardwood, were grand to look upon. As we drove out of town that morning Aunt Mary Smith hailed us from her doorstep. "You boys got your overcoats along?" she asked. "You may need 'em." We did not bother to answer the question, but the old lady waved a hand and a smile and plodded along.

We returned to town at about 5 o'clock that afternoon in the midst of a small blizzard. Snow and wind. Cold as all get out. "Drive around so we won't have to pass Aunt Mary's," ordered father. "She'll be watching for us, and we'll fool her." And that is what we did.

O, well, it was not so smart of Aunt Mary at that. Everybody knows that any kind of weather may come at that time of year. Still, we would have been more comfortable if we had taken our overcoats.

After 50 or 60 years of determined effort I now find myself able to withstand the allure of a passing fire-truck. But I am still weak. A brass band brings me running every time.

I trust it is a favorable sign, screeching with the whistles that I was on the point of ordering the cars burned.

"They finally wearied of their fun, however, and ran the trains off to the east toward General Ord's column.

"The night of the 8th I made my headquarters at a little frame house just south of the station. I did not sleep at all, nor did anybody else, the entire command being up all night long; indeed, there had been little rest in the cavalry for the past eight days. (The reader will observe that this was the night before Lee's surrender. Tense moments, great minutes, epochal hours.)

"The necessity of getting Ord's column up was so obvious now that staff officer after staff officer was sent to him and to General Grant requesting that the infantry be pushed on—for if it could get to the front, all knew the rebellion would be ended on the morrow."

Some incidents of the day of surrender of the army of General Lee will be given later, perhaps beginning Wednesday.

I have gazed at the portraits of the Capital Journal's bright young men, printed in that newspaper during the week, and have been much cheered thereby. Another boy and I had our pictures taken once in a Mississippi river city. The other boy wanted a portrait to send to his girl, and I wanted one of me to enter in a beauty contest which was going on down at St. Louis. When my portrait was delivered I asked the photographer how my face measured up to the standards established by the national academy of design, or whoever it was that was that was establishing beauty standards at that period in the republic's history, and he cocked his head first to one side, then to the other, and squinted his eyes. "Well," said he, "you ain't so dam' handsome, but you're a fair average."

I have of course, like everybody else, seen a heap of portraits during my life—portraits of people celebrated for one thing or another, and a number of the originals of these portraits I have met face to face. Almost without exception my estimates as to their personalities, drawn from the portraits, were incorrect. All looked different from their portraits—the same, but different. Some better, some not so good. Portraits of people with whom we have a personal acquaintance are interesting and of definite value, but portraits of people with whom we have no personal acquaintance lack definite value. Their value is indefinite, and sometimes they are interesting and sometimes they are not.

A hick is whatever anybody thinks a hick is.

I note in the morning paper announcement of the death of Gordon W. Laflair. He died at his home on South Liberty street Thursday of this week, aged 80 years. He had been able to leave his home only at long intervals for many months. It seems to me that his passing deserves more than the customary notice. He came to Salem 25 years ago from Manning, Iowa, where he had published a newspaper. He had also been postmaster, and he had been a successful operator in real estate. A man of keen business perceptions and possessed of an engaging personality, he did well in Salem until his health failed, and there, as I am sure, none of those who knew him who will not feel a pang of sorrow in his death.

Twenty Years Ago

September 22, 1915 The Oregon Hop Grower's association estimates the yield of hops in Oregon this year at 30,000 bales.

The state fish hatchery at Bonneville yesterday shipped to Salem a carload of 21,320 trout to be distributed in streams of Marion county.

Governor Withycombe has issued a proclamation designating October 9, the 43rd anniversary of the disastrous Chicago fire, as fire prevention day in Oregon.

Ten Years Ago

September 22, 1925 Work of erecting a new guard tower at the Oregon state penitentiary is now under way. It is located near the front gate and will house the arsenal.

Willamette university regents recommend that plans for a student cooperative store be abandoned yesterday.

Mickey Walker of New Jersey retained his world's welterweight title last night by defeating Dave Shade of California.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE CENTRAL OREGON Powerful arguments were presented to the highway commission at Burns last week for completion, in this instance, means the grading of the unfinished 2 mile section near Burns, the surface grading of the whole highway and oiling of the completed surface as a means of ending the dust nuisance.

Leading in the presentation were representatives of the Vale and Owyhee projects who look to the highway as a profitable for their best outlet to market for the many, many carloads of agricultural produce that will be coming off their lands beginning next year. They recognize the fact that the Willamette valley raises produce sufficient for the needs of northwestern Oregon. It is their belief that if they can go into northern California and the bay region they can sell what they raise profitably and thus achieve success themselves and at the same time demonstrate the wisdom of the many millions of expenditure for reclamation in their country.

Bend, too, figures in their plans for they would bring their livestock to the railroad and then send it either north or south as the Portland or California markets seemed to promise the best returns.

There was the argument from expediency. Other speakers asserted the justice of the claim based on the original highway act of 1917 with its amendment approved by the people, that the central Oregon was one of the highways of chief importance in the state and "should be permanently constructed and finished with a hard surface."

The commission has in prospect heard a denial of the justice of

He Seems to Be a Little Late



"CAST INTO EDEN" By HENRY C. ROWLAND

CHAPTER XXVIII

Jerome led the chest wad and went back to go out by the front door and discover what all this was about. On the threshold he fetched up with a gasp. His jaw sagged, which was unusual for Jerome. He was the sort of man to become tight-lipped under the stress of any sudden strong emotion.

Linda was standing on the edge of the porch. Her bright hair was adorned by a chaplet of orange blossoms and round her neck was a garland of jasmine. She wore a garment that any man, however much of an ignoramus in the field of feminine costume, could not help but recognize instantly as a bride's dress. But no modern couturier furnished such a bridal dress as hers. It was of very old Spanish lace; not trimmed or bordered or appliqued with this priceless material but completely made of it.

This wondrous fabric entirely clothed Linda, and at the same time it unclothed her. The lace wedding dress had been made to wear over some other garment, however light, and not to be put on next to the skin. Linda's face shone and shimmered like a flawless skin. Linda's fresh coloring had ripened to the rich old ivory of the tropic zones but it was perfectly evident that the lovely old lace was spread over a lovely young skin. There is a luminosity about a fresh cutaneous surface, even when sun-darkened. This glowed through the open meshes of the lace as a rich old candle-glow through a finely figured design of rare cut glass.

But Jerome's vision did not at the moment detail the beauty thrust upon it so startlingly. He had grown accustomed to Linda's gray natural loveliness so that his first impression was that it had been profaned by its artificiality which in its way embellished it. But for the moment his mind fastened on the only possible source of such an exquisite costume.

"Linda . . . you've been into the chests . . ."

"Yes, and if we hadn't been so dumb we'd have been into them ten days ago."

"What else was there?"

"More clothes, and some lovely sheets and pillow slips and gorgeous covers—all hand embroidered as they were."

"Jerry, it was a bride's chest for her trousseau."

"Good Lord, Linda, you shouldn't have rummaged it until I found this exquisite lace gown. Then I couldn't resist trying it on. Just for you to see. I'll put it back."

"What about the other chests?"

"Haven't opened them. Thought I'd wait for you."

"Please, take this off, Linda . . . and try to put everything back just as it was. You're superb . . . glorious . . . but it isn't right."

She said contently: "I know it, Jerry. Like rifling a tomb or an altar, I just wanted you to see . . . to see me as a bride."

"Well, I've seen . . . and it makes things even harder. Please go take it off, Linda, and put things back as they were."

and that's no working rig to rattle a dory down over the dam and coast her along the slippery stones of the creek. Go take off the dress and stow it away just as you found it."

"Let's get breakfast first. You don't know how glorious it feels to be so beautifully dressed after slipping round naked for days on end."

"All the same it makes me nervous. Too much like stealing the votive offerings from a shrine."

"I felt that but I'm getting over it. It was made for . . . who could she have been? What has happened to her?"

"His bride, of course. There may be some awful tragedy for all we know. He hesitated, then said in a lower voice: "Perhaps it suggested that terrible story of Kipling's about Bimi, the chimpanzee, that got jealous and tore the naturalist's bride to pieces."

"No . . . don't . . ." the color left her face. She reached for the fastening of the gown. As she did so the macaw gave a series of harsh, grating cries, then screeched with a different note than that of the raucous irony that usually emphasized its single emphatic query: "What in blazes do you want?"

It leaped itself from the branch and flew above the natural dam of the pool where it flutered about, gyrating and squawking. Then came from an invisible source below the ledge a deep and resonantly musical voice.

"The rest of the greeting was in some Teuton tongue that Jerome knew to be Dutch.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "It's the Dueno!"

Linda might have bolted back into the house but it was too late. A dazzling white sun-helmet capping a strongly animated personality swept up into view as if carried by a vigorous bound, and then became absolutely motionless in the bright slanting rays of the sun that had risen above the plateau to the eastward. Jerome and Linda standing on the edge of the porch were also powerfully illumined. The white lace wedding dress shone and shimmered like a creation of frosted silver.

"God . . ." said Linda, faintly. The Sacred Name was not uttered blasphemously. Neither was it prompted as an expletive. Even in his palsied state Jerome understood what had inspired it. . . . Fear, Reverence, and Awe . . . but chiefly Fear.

Linda's ejaculation was descriptive. Just as she had expressed them as the Garden of Eden with its glamorous beauty and friendly beasts, the Tree of the Forbidden Fruit, etc., so now did the commanding figure that had so suddenly materialized herself suggest the Lord and Creator of all that was there.

The man was of magnificent physique and commanding visage, with full and evenly trimmed snow-white hair. His costume was of immaculate white, like the helmet and the white-bushy eyebrows set over eyes that looked dark and lustrous but were of a cobalt blue. The nose was straight, high-brided, and commanding, and the cheeks lean but fresh and fine of skin.

Jerome muttered under his breath, with a sort of grim despair: "So it is Eden after all! We've seen it!"

This acted on Linda like a tonic. Her lips figure straightened. "Nothing of the sort," she retorted. "There's been no Fall."

This reminder stiffened Jerome's own back. Like Adam, he became suddenly conscious of his near-nakedness.

edness. Linda (or Eve) was clad, but Jerome (or Adam) was in only shorts and shoes, and was embarrassed if not ashamed.

As if to prevent that sort of anticlimax that seems always a pity, however preposterous a situation, the illusory atmosphere was swept suddenly away. In perfect tranquility and in a deep bass resonant voice the lord of the premises said: "So I was right. You made this island and repaired your boat. Then it was perhaps my meddlesome ape that set her adrift."

"Yes, sir," Jerome answered. The big man who was in full view of him, or if at the same time venerable, walked over to the verandah. The cockatoo flattered over him then lighted on his habitual branch. Linda asked: "Are you going to be angry with me for putting on this gown?"

"The deuce. Why did you put it on?" A deep frown over his head straight down between his eyes. "The gorillas stole our clothes."

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She described briefly how this situation had occurred. The big man stroked his beard. His eyes seemed to bore into hers, but not accusingly. "I am Dr. Van Dieman. The wedding gown you are wearing was made many years ago for my bride. If you are like she was, there is no offense."

Jerome remarked quietly, "Sir, she is."

"That," said Linda, "is because of Jerome. He said that this might be the Garden of Eden, and that I might be Eve, but he declined to be Adam."

The big man looked quickly from one to the other. "Sometimes I wonder that the sin of Eve was generated."

"With what was not entirely her own," Jerome observed.

"Is anything entirely one's own?" asked the doctor. "Not from the point of stewardship, certainly."

"It releases me to hear you say that, Doctor," Jerome stated, "because we have helped ourselves to what we needed here. Even to tearing the planks off one of your chickens to use as a boat."

"And where is the boat?"

"Inside the house, sir. We were afraid the gorillas might damage it."

"But those apes are very shy and have been taught to keep away from the house premises. I am surprised they should have shown themselves at all. My servant, Mateo, has disciplined them."

"With a Transvaal whip," Jerome said. "Left handed."

Dr. Van Dieman gave him a sharp look. "So you found the hook I had made for him. Yes, I'm afraid that sometimes in my absence Mateo has been good to him. Some of my youngsters brought me a pair of young gorillas from Africa; male and female. Four years ago he brought me another pair, but the male died on the voyage. The others took kindly to this place."

Linda murmured: "I was wrong about the Deb."

"The Deb?"

"That's what we call the young lady that tags after Papa Gorilla. She's always with him."

He smiled. "Yes, I'm afraid that his conjugal fidelity is subject to approach. She is the latter immature. Another of her captives cured me some monition from Sardinia. I'm very fond of animals but dislike the idea of confining them. So she was a menagerie or zoo in like penal institution where the prisoners are innocent of any crimes deserving of incarceration. Other ships of ours have brought me specimens of different sorts that should live peacefully together."

(To Be Continued)

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Goetz Gets School

SILVERTON, Sept. 21 — Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goetz, Jr., have gone to Grand Ronde where Goetz will again teach. Goetz is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goetz of Silverton, the elder Mr. Goetz being superintendent of the Silverton schools. Mrs. Goetz, Jr., is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fry of Silverton.

Mrs. Rulifson Returns

KEIZER, Sept. 21—Mrs. M. W. Rulifson was returned from a trip north visiting relatives in Spokane and Rathrum, Idaho.

of money than has been available for years. The central Oregon should have a large share of this money.—Bend Bulletin.

its arrangement for a percentage allocation of funds among the four highway divisions of the state and also had called for attention the agreement of the coast counties to forego further improvements and