The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Story of Type

THE Statesman has had many compliments since it changed its headdress a few weeks ago. If those who thought the new type no improvement would now turn back to compare the paper with an issue of pre-change date we believe they will now modify their opinion.

This matter of typography is an intensely interesting study. Many people devote their lives to the printing art as designers of type and thousands as printers apply their skills to the use of type to produce beautiful and useful printing. It is singular that while the use of movable types is nearly 500 years old (outside of China), comparatively little "progress" has been made in type design. Or perhaps we should put it differently: some of the most beautiful types in present day use are recuts of types that were designed in the early days of printing.

In the early days a printer was also his own type founder. This remained true down to Ben Franklin's time. Printer Ben started a type foundry in Philadelphia which may still be in existence. Some early type designers were men of various occupations, having developed themselves in several of the trades of the post-Rennaissance period. Giambiasta Bodoni who designed the Bodoni type The Statesman now uses for headings, was originally an engraver on copper, and his practice in making fine lines with the engraving tool may account for the very fine lines he uses in his type design to contrast with the bolder strokes. Cheltenham type, a family with seventeen members, was designed by Bertram Goodhue, an architect, the designer, by the way of the Nebraska state capitol. He was far better as an architect than a type designer, though it is doubtful if ever there was a type face with as large a sale in this country as Cheltenham.

A catalog of type faces recently published is a ponderous volume but types naturally fall into just a few main divisions. Printing succeeded hand lettering, in the reproduction of books and papers. The inventor of movable types was probably not Guttenburg of Mainz but Lourens Janzoon Coster of Leyden. Later the development came at Mainz and other German towns, so the early types were merely copies of the old Gothic hand-drawn letters, very black, with many fine lines added by the pen for decorative effect. This is a sample:

In the Beginning was the Word

In 1470 Nicholas Jenson, a Frenchman who had gone to Venice, where printing was being rapidly developed at the Aldine press, designed a "white letter", the inspiration for which came from the cuttings on the old Latin monuments. This type is now known as "oldstyle" type. The new type Cloister is cut after the original Jenson; and Garamond is a reproduction of type designed by Claude Garamond in Paris about 1520. The following is a sample of oldstyle type, in Garamond:

Number among your virtues Piety

One of the most beautiful oldstyle faces is Caslon; but many Caslons have been cut and the variants, especially the Bold, fall below the standard set by the original Caslon Oldstyle.

Along came Bodoni in 1789 and set a new style in type design, called "modern types" (not to be confused with "modernistic"). The differences between modern and oldstyle types were: the sharper contrast between light and dark strokes in the modern; and the serifs or fine lines at the ends of the stems join the stems at a sharp angle, while in the oldstyle letter they curve into the stem. Century type, long standard in newspaper offices, developed out of Bodoni, but is giving way now to the revived Bodoni, of which this is a sample:

He lay dreaming on Genoa shores

All the types shown above have serifs, which are the fine lines at the ends of the stems of many letters. Another style of type is the Sanserif type, which drops all the serifs. It is also called Gothic, or Block letter. The heads recently replaced on The Statesman were Gothic or Block letters. Out of Germany after the war came a revival of the Sanserif letter:

Newspapers are servants of the Intellect

Sanserif type has its uses, also its limitations, chief of which is its lack of legibility because there is no variation in weight of the parts of the letter, and the lack of serifs also proves tiring to the eyes in continued reading. For display lines, with plenty of white space to give it air, the letter is very effective.

Another general type style is the Cursive or Script such as is used in invitations and in formal printing. Recently there have been designed some beautiful Script letters useful in magazine display lines, such as Trafton Script:

Charming Oriental Perfumes

Of the making of types, as of books there will be no end. New type faces must come into use to freshen the printing art. Your skilled printer is one who knows how to select the type appropriate to the job: for example, Caslon oldstyle for a book to be printed on antique finish paper; and how to handle the type chosen so the printed work will be pleasing to the eye. The public, the "consumer" of printing knows little about type, (that is why this little informative essay is written); but people with any artistic taste at all can tell whether a piece of printing looks good or not. And that is the real test after all.

Salem Committee

REFERENCES of a disparaging or patronizing character have been noted with respect to the group functioning as the Salem Capitol committee. They are referred to as "self-appointed" and inference is given that they are not representative. Whether prompted by hostility to the committee's work or petty jealousy or merely from lack of understanding we do not know.

As a general rule nothing much is accomplished in this world without the energetic work and self-sacrifice of a few individuals. They are the ones "self-appointed" oftentimes, who take the criticisms and the jibes and drive a worthy project through to success. They supply leadership for lack of which many a worthy project dies a-borning. Already this group has suffered plenty of discouraging setbacks in its object of providing the state with a more spacious area for its new capitol; yet it has overcome many obstacles and is going into the legislative session prepared to fight vigorously for the program of expansion.

The committee is representative, its members including the mayor, the president of the chamber of commerce, three former presidents of the chamber, and other public-spirited citizens. They have no real estate to sell, no private interests to foster, save as the whole city and state are benefitted by a program which looks to the future.

Undoubtedly the committee has made mistakes; perhaps the biggest one was that it did not announce when it was organized, its authority and its function. It has made some mistakes on the public relations end. But these errors of judgment should not result in defeat of the main purpose of the committee, which is to aid the governor and the state planning board in their effort to inform the people of the state of the wisdom of providing NOW for a proper campus for the capitol group of the coming centuries. Only by exercise of such vision can the disaster of the fire be turned into a blessing.

In a matter like locating the capitol every person has his own formula and an ambition to lead the procession. So it is to be expected that the committee will suffer from objectors as well as snipers. Its purpose however is worthy; and the committee deserves support and cooperation rather than backfiring and tangent-shooting.

The district attorney's office ought to be in the county court house; but in its present crowded condition, if more office space is provided it will have to be up on the top deck among the empty ballot boxes and under the pigeon roosts.

Governor Martin has a favorable opinion of the legislature. He expects it to do in twenty days what his department has accomplished in six months.

Salem had a cleaner, but not a dry cleaner.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The old Oregon trail journey the theme for Y. M. C. A. campaign again:

The campaign to raise the expense budget for the Salem Y. M. C. A. was last year built around the idea of a covered wagon journey over the old Oregon trail.

A map was made of the trail, drawn to scale, by Anton Piers, well qualified Salem artist.

This map hangs on the west wall of the main hall of the Salem Y. M. C. A., and it is worthy of study by students of all ages.

Last year, several Salem public school teachers took their pupils to see and study the map.

It makes a good lesson in Oregon history. The Oregon trail was the road over which 350,000 people came west in the covered wagon days, in the 35 historic years up to 1869, when the golden spike was driven, joining the Union and Central Pacific railroads.

That was the greatest trek in the history of the human race, and its conditions can never be duplicated.

Besides the 350,000 who completed the journey, 25,000 to 32,000 who started it died on the way and were buried in unmarked graves, dust being returned to dust without a trace, so that Indians or wolves might not find the bodies.

The old Oregon trail is something over 111 years old. The South Pass through the Rockies was discovered around 1824, by Jim Bridger and Jedidiah Smith and their companions, and then for the first time used by white men.

In 1834, 101 years ago, Jason Lee used it, on his way to establish the first Christian mission west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish (California) line.

The old Oregon trail, as shown by the map on the Y. M. C. A. wall, began at Independence, Mo., near the site of the present Kansas City.

Next is shown the point where the old Santa Fe trail left it, where the sign board was—and is—directing travelers to keep the right hand road, to Oregon.

The town of Gardiner, Kansas, is now there; 10 miles from which, on the Little Blue river, Prof W. I. Staley, president of the Salem Y. M. C. A. board, was born.

Then to Fort Kearney and on to Julesburg; historic names. Next, Chimney Rock, and after that beacon of the plains old Fort Laramie.

Then the North Platte crossing, and then Independence Rock, with many thousands of names written or rudely carved on its sides—giving it the designation, guest book of the plains.

Next, the South Pass, over the summit of the Rockies, backbone of the continent, whence, at a finger's breadth, water runs in three ways—to the Pacific ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and the tides of Hudson Bay.

Next, Fort Bridger, near the famous rendezvous on Black's fork of the Green river, branch of the Colorado.

Follow the Soda Springs, and, after many weary miles, old Fort Hall, scene of dramas filling thousands of pages of history books.

And, after fearfully rough going, Fort Boise — the last one built, for there were three forts Boise.

Then Grande Ronde, and next Waillatpu, the Whitman mission, where the city of Walla Walla is now.

Next old Fort Walla Walla of the Hudson's Bay company, now Wallula.

And then The Dalles. This was the end of the trail for covered wagons up to 1843. Four kinds of trails from there, and, after 1845, five.

Then Oregon City, once the metropolis, and the provisional and territorial government capital, until 1851, Jan. 13, when Salem was voted the capital of the territory.

Down the Willamette and up the Columbia was old Fort Vancouver, where Dr. McLoughlin ruled in regal sway an empire in extent.

Then Salem, end of the trail, after 1840, with the coming of the Lausanne, Mayflower of the Pacific.

It was, first, Chemeketa, Indian name, then The Mills, for the mission grist and saw mills, in the first building erected by whites on its site, then The Institute, for the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university — then Salem, when its town plats were filed, in 1850, after Salem, Mass.

Chemeketa meant place of gathering, or city of peace (probably an Indian city of refuge), and Salem means peace. So Salem is the city of peace, marked by wealth of natural resources to become in good time the solidest city in this country.

Study the map, and, if not already a supporter of the Salem Y, become one, as a civic duty.

Next to the churches of the world, and next to Rotary International, the Y. M. C. A. has come to be the strongest organization for good will among all peoples, lands, races and religions, pointing the way to the time when the world will make war no more.

"Last Man" Was Real Hero in War; Like Other Heroes, Wouldn't Talk

By D. H. TALMADGE, *Sage of Salem*

THE AMATEUR POET

Sometimes when the poetic urge
gets in a feller's head
He thinks of things he feels to say,
but can't tell how they're said.
So about the only thing to do is let
the durned urge surge
And hope that from the urginess
he'll presently emerge.
I do not think that poetry's entirely made of words;
The man who cannot warble still
enjoys the songs of birds.
Nor is it quite essential that a man
who'd beauty know
Must write or tongue the reason
why the thoughts he feels are so.
There's beauty in the woods and
hills, there's beauty in the sea;
I reckon there's poetic sense deep
down inside of me.
I reckon there's poetic sense somewhere inside of you,
And e'en the rudest savage feels
it somewhere inside too.
A man may feel as Wordsworth
felt, and still be rather dumb;
A thousand march along life's way
to the beating of one drum.
But silence may be overdone—we
all may try and trust;
I don't propose, dear brethren, to
hold it till I bust.

A recent issue of The Statesman carried an announcement of the death at Minneapolis of Charles M. Lockwood, last survivor of the famous "Last Man Club" of Civil War veterans. Mr. Lockwood was 93 years old. There is not much of sadness in his passing. He was very old and those of his generation about whom his affections were entwined are gone long since. Back in the '70s, in an Iowa town, I knew Mr. Lockwood and his family. The elder Lockwoods and the elder Talmadges were very close friends. The elder Lockwoods were church people and the elder Talmadges were church people. And, mostly to save a row and perhaps something worse, the younger Lockwoods and the younger Talmadges were church people also. Many a service we wriggled through and many a session of Sunday school. I trust the younger Lockwoods were more faithful to the church than were the younger Talmadges. The younger Talmadges backslid rather badly after the parental prodding ceased. They did not go really bad; they merely went skeptical; what grandmother termed "too smart for their breeches." I reckon a good many boys have a spell of that sort while they are growing up. We recovered from ours, I think, without suffering any great damage to our moral natures.

D. H. Talmadge

At any rate, that was the way it was with the younger Talmadges. As to the younger Lockwoods I cannot say, because in 1880 or thereabouts the family removed to Chamberlain, South Dakota, and I never saw any of them afterwards, with the exception of Mrs. Lockwood and a baby girl, who came to our house one winter for a visit.

It is no more than natural, I think, that I should have taken a special interest in the closing years of the "Last Man Club" and in the story of Mr. Lockwood that has gone over the nation. He was intimately associated with many pleasant memories. He was a fine man, a good friend, and for a number of reasons I always looked on him as having been a first-class soldier, a real fighter.

My early boyhood was largely colored with post-war reminiscences. I reckon we youngsters listened to thousands of stories having to do with what our folks did in the civil war, and we attended hundreds of Grand Army campfires and reunions. But this I observed: there were a few of the veterans who seldom told of where they had been and what they had done in the way of putting down the rebellion. And this I further observed: these were men who had really done things.

Mr. Lockwood was one of these. We knew his record—five years of active service, first in McClellan's army, later in the west with Sherman. A number of citations for bravery. And as he had been as a soldier so he was as a citizen. A man modestly unafraid.

Newspaper headlines, what they are and what they should be or what they should not be, offer an ever fertile field for discussion in certain circles. I once worked for a time on a New England weekly newspaper; the news headings in which were a bit different from any I have ever seen elsewhere. The headline writer was inclined to be literary, and he had no hesitancy in using a pun if it served his purpose. A citizen whose name was Higgins died. He was the sole survivor of a once numerous family, a sort of "last man." He was very old, and the paper made his death the occasion for quite a story. The story carried this head: "The Last of the More Higgins." The "More", I presume, had reference to the Higgins family when its rate of production was one each year. Probably as bad a play on the title of Mr. Cooper's story, "The Last of the Mohicans," as was ever made.

A floor is no more perfect than one squeaking board, and that's flat.

We are as we are, and I cannot see that anything is to be gained by making a fuss about it. Some of us groan because we have work to do, others of us groan because we have no work to do, and others of us just groan.

Folks have a good many talks amongst themselves when nothing results but a completely ruined silence.

I reckon there ain't much sense in complaining about natural noises, but folks are writing to the papers every day, demanding that noises of one kind and another be done away with. Pete Rimp, back in the Turkey River country, experimented for years in an effort to produce noiseless poultry, and he was finally successful in doing so, but when his chickens ceased cackling and crowing they also ceased to produce eggs. So, you see, Pete simply wasted his time.

A person never fully realizes the noisiness of the world until he attempts to take a nap.

And, after all, noise is more largely a matter of the receiving set than of the broadcast.

Those elderly folk whose statements I took little stock in years ago were right. Time seems to go more rapidly in the advanced years of life. Actually, it does not seem so long from one world series to another as the last hour of school on a hot afternoon once seemed.

Old Mr. Cripley remarks that there is a powerful lot of talk going on in the world—all sorts of talk, ranging from the kind that weighs a pound to the bushel to the kind that weighs a pound to the pint. The statement appears to have something weighty about it.

Personally, if I am to engage in a conversation, I have a fancy for a subject of which none of the participants know anything and in which no personal responsibility is involved. One may, I have found, emerge from such a session considerably refreshed.

What is done with the leaves which are being raked from the lawns about town? Has the day completely passed when bonfires were bright spots in the lives of boys and girls as well as on the landscape? The smoke from oak and maple leaves was certainly sweet in the nostrils! Some of the leaves we used for banking the house, and then we brought dirt from the garden and placed it on the leaves to prevent them from blowing away, and then 'Tilda emptied the dishwater in the hole in the garden from which we had taken the dirt, and after the first hard freeze we had a skating pond. Them was certainly the days!

To numerous enquirers: "That *fly*" at this moment is riding back and forth on the carriage of this typewriting machine. I do not quite know what to make of it. Not another fly is in sight.

The fogs of fall are flirting with
the sunshine on the hills,
And potted plants appear once
more upon the window sills;
The winds that waft in from the
sea whisper of coming rain,—
They tell us that the weather god
has water on the brain.

The Casey of the famous poem, "Casey at the Bat," which the late DeWolf Hopper recited hundreds of times in the course of his stage career, was a pitcher on the old Philadelphia team in the national league. He now lives in Washington, D. C. In the many stories published immediately following the death of Mr. Hopper I have seen no mention of this fact.

(Continued on Page 5)

Twenty Years Ago

October 13, 1915

Hazing has been abolished at Annapolis, midshipmen of the three upper classes declare.

Approximately $7000 was cleared by the Oregon state fair this year.

American passengers who witnessed the destruction of a German submarine by a British patrol boat say that Englishmen shot the struggling Germans in the water and killed in cold blood those who clambered abroad a merchant-man laying alongside.

Ten Years Ago

October 13, 1925

October 27th has been announced as the official open house date for the new Elks temple.

The new Western Paper Converting company will employ 100 men, E. A. O'Neill, vice president, told the chamber of commerce luncheon yesterday.

Justice George H. Burnett of the state supreme court and Frances Lorena Wise were quietly married yesterday.

Emerging From the Summer Hibernation

"LOVE DENIED"

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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SYNOPSIS

Five days before his marriage date, socially prominent Sharlene Standring's fiance, Kent Damerell, millionaire sportsman, is called to New York to the deathbed of Cora Manning, a former love. Cora shot herself upon learning of his engagement. Kent grants Cora's dying request that he marry her. But after the ceremony, she rallies. Kent tries in vain to suppress the newspaper stories. He then telephones Sharlene. Her mother takes the message. Though it is a terrific blow, Sharlene takes the news stoically. To offset the publicity of her jilting, Sharlene asks her best friend, Stuart Pennington—struggling young artist, who has loved her for years—to marry her. Though it is the realization of his dream, Stuart knows her proposal is a mere reaction to hurt pride. Enroute to Yuma, Arizona, for the ceremony, he wonders if it would not be wiser for Sharlene to wait until Damerell were free. She insists on going through with the marriage. After the ceremony, the young couple fly to the Grand Canyon. . . . Julie Devore, Stuart's model, who loves the young artist, is stunned at the news of his marriage. She goes to Mrs. Standring and tells her she was engaged to Stuart. Lucien Morrow, the motion picture director and friend of Stuart, enters on the scene.

CHAPTER XVI

Mrs. Standring looked at Lucien in dismay. He was studying the palpitating girl with narrowing, shrewd eyes. After a moment Julie jumped tempestuously to her feet again.

"I'll give my story to the papers!" she cried, with mounting hysteria. "My story—one top of that hurry-up Yuma wedding—and that other scandal in New York. It'll make swell reading—they'll pay me money for it. I'll tell 'em . . . I don't care. I love Stuart—I'd do anything to get him back—"

"See here!" Mrs. Standring spoke coldly, incisively. "How much money do you want?"

"Money!" sneered Julie, magnificently, "I don't want your filthy money! I just want my man back!"

"Well, well!" said Lucien, musingly, in the silence that followed this outburst. "I never realized you were such a good little actress, Julie."

One round dark eye appeared quickly from behind her handkerchief and she looked at the big director with sudden fixed attention—a sob suspended, as it were, in mid-air.

"It's too bad," he went on gently. "You see, I'm casting for this new Reno super-picture. You're exactly the type I want for one of the leads. I could persuade the Old Man to let you have the part—in two minutes—if you could put on an act for him anywhere near as good as this one. But, of course, it's all off if you marry. The part fits you like a glove, and it would be the big break for you—too bad!"

Julie was silent, twisting her handkerchief unhappily.

"'Tisn't as if there was anything to depend on in Stuart, either," Lucien went on pessimistically, "even if you could break up this marriage. An artist never makes any money. Besides, he doesn't love you—you know that, Julie, as well as I do. Don't kid yourself about that, he doesn't even know you're alive! You ought not to waste any more time on him. You're too attractive a girl."

"Ye-es," said Julie unhappily.

"Too bad about it all," sighed Lucien. "This part fits you like that dress you've got on—and it's a real feature part."

There was a long pause. Then Julie burst out:

"Mr. Morrow—would it—make any difference—if I told you—it isn't true?"

"What do you mean—it isn't true?"

"That engagement business. I was mad—I just thought that up on the impulse, you know."

Lucien turned away, exchanging an eloquent glance with Mrs. Standring, and walked over to a window. Julie watched him anxiously.

"All right, Julie," he said finally, "I'll see you get the part. Only"—he became severe—"you've got to promise to leave Stuart alone."

"Oh, I promise," agreed Julie readily, beginning to bear. "I'd rather have My Career than—even Stuart!"

"Want to come down now for a test?"

"Oh, please, Mr. Morrow—I've been crying—I look awful."

"Well, can you work up a good emotional scene like his any minute?"

"Any minute," she promised eagerly.

"Well," said Mrs. Standring with a sigh. "I'm glad that's settled satisfactorily. Will you have some tea?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Standring," said Julie. "Beer's my drink and there's a lot of it up at Stuart's house." She hesitated and then remarked clumsily: "I—I'm sorry to have bothered you."

Mrs. Standring shrugged a little and dismissed the apology with a wave of the hand. "But the scene brought you luck. I wish you every success in your new career."

"What about squaring some of the—ah—fiction you've told about Stuart, eh, Julie?" prompted Lucien.

"Well," Julie acknowledged, "I hardly know what I said—I was awfully upset. But Stuart wasn't—well, he took me in when I was just starving, and paid me to pose for him until I could get my break in pictures—"

Lucien glanced at Mrs. Standring and saw the relief in her face.

"All right, Julie. We understand it was all part of your act. Now suppose you come along with me. I'm going up to Stuart's place and get the rest of his stuff to bring down here, and then turn the house back to the landlord. You can have the beer. And he left enough money with me for you, Kid, to keep you in your apartment till your contract begins."

Julie's eyes began to shine at that magic word . . . "contract." She wrapped her fur coat more closely about her form, and walked elegantly ahead of Mr. Morrow out into the reception hall "set." Lucien turned to smile at Mrs. Standring before he followed her.

Mrs. Standring sank back into a soft, low chair, and rang for tea. "Perhaps I've seen a star in the making!" she thought whimsically.

Sharlene took to her bed, in the luxurious suite on the Malolo, soon after they sailed out of the Golden Gate. She said she was tired and Stuart did not wonder. He himself felt as if he had been a toy top in the remorseless hands of a small boy, being spun and spun with frantic energy. He had whirred through the air until the noise of the motors dominated his brain with their maddening remembered roar long after he had landed. He had been whirled around San Francisco, dancing in night clubs, drinking, meeting an extraordinary number of gay people, of whom Sharlene was the gayest; hearing jazz, which nearly crazed him until it resolved its rhythm into the throb of the motors in his brain. Sharlene was possessed of a demon of restlessness. She had not whimpered since that outbreak at the Canyon, but she seemed bent on spinning herself and Stuart into a state of complete and lasting dizziness.

But once on shipboard, Sharlene stayed in her bed through Sunday and Monday, not eating, just lying there very still with her eyes closed. Stuart looked in anxiously on her now and again, and once she roused to smile wanly at him. She said she was seasick, but Stuart knew better. The sea was as placid as a sunlit pond and the ship moved through it without perceptible motion. The doctor came, and left a sedative which Sharlene did not take. She just continued to lie motionless, and Stuart knew that behind her darkened lids she reviewed and faced the first great catastrophe of her life. He could not help her, so he left her alone, which he divined was what she wanted. Her maid, Katie, whom they had found at the hotel with the trunks, was banished for hours at a time from the stateroom, and was powerless to do anything for her mistress.

Tuesday morning Stuart was pacing the deck when Sharlene came out of her cabin. He hurried to her in smiling relief, and led her to their deck chairs, where he had spent the best part of the past two days and a half in lonely state. Her sport hat was drawn over her exhausted eyes, and the big collar of her coat turned up. People sat up as she passed, glancing curiously at her, for she was *the* celebrity of the ship. They had all been twittering about how "too awfully bad" it was for a bride to be seasick. And the only person on board who was, except for a couple of timid old ladies who thought they must be seasick as this was their first ocean voyage.

The bride's tall graceful form, her clothes, the bit of her lovely face they could glimpse, whetted their curiosity. . . . "Yes, she did look like her pictures in the newspapers." Stuart received scant attention from them. He was just Miss Standring's husband—a poor artist or something. But excited whispers grew in volume, as other passengers speculated upon the breaking-up of that other so much more desirable marriage to the rich young man in New York.

Sharlene was quite unconscious of the excitement she caused. She had grown so accustomed to being stared at, that it no longer disconcerted her. Not even the lately deplored newspaper publicity was in her mind now. She sank down in the deck chair and Stuart wrapped her robe about her feet. The wind was chill, in spite of the sunshine, as they were not yet in tropical waters.

"Feel better, dear?"

"Yes. I've got hold of myself. . . . I've been perfectly rotten to you."

He settled down in his chair beside her.

"No, you haven't. I think you're—splendid."

"What about? I've been beastly selfish—but I mean to do better."

He squeezed her hand under the rug. . . . "I've thought it all out," she roused herself to say, presently. "But still I can't understand why it should happen to *me*."

Sharlene was going to talk about Kent Damerell at last. Stuart braced himself. "It's a plain case," she said, "of Kent not loving me—enough. Oh, I daresay he wanted me as a play-companion-wife. We like to do the same things. . . . But he didn't have any of the—the depth of feeling I had. . . . This other woman—he loved her over a period of years—she was the real one. . . . But, Stuart, why should *I* have been made to suffer?"

"You? Well, Sharlene, I reckon we all take our turn at that— Do you remember the time, years ago, that you dragged me to the Hollywood Bowl to an Easter sunrise service?"

"Yes—"

"I wonder if you remember what the venerable clergyman said—about Easter and Good Friday?"

"No, I don't think I do, Stuart."

"Well, I do—partly because it's all mixed up with a sunrise sky, jade and azure and rose and gold. A panoply of glory, you know, as a sort of diapason to his words. He said every life had its Easter and every life had its Good Friday—"

"Yes, I remember now. He did say that."

"Well, you've never had your Good Friday until now, Sharlene. If it's coming to each of us—I don't know . . ."

"He said, didn't he," Sharlene took it up thoughtfully, "sometimes your Good Friday came first, and sometimes last—but you always had it? Gethsemane—for everybody. . . . Yes, I suppose he'd say I'd had my Easter—all my life—plenty of it—"

(To Be Continued)