# de Orecon de Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . . . . Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing-Editor Member of the Associated Press

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#### The End of the Trail

WILLIAM SUNDAY, who led thousands up the sawdust trail, himself came to the end of life's trail. It was long, past the scriptural three-score-and-ten; and it was crowded with incident, with experience, with sunshine and with shadow. In his early life he was a baseball player, and a good one, playing with the Chicago Cubs; was converted; became an aggressive evangelist. His permanent home on a ranch in the beautiful Hood River valley; but he was on the go much of the time conducting his revival services, accompanied always by his wife, "Ma" Sunday.

Sunday marked the culmination of the period of the organized mass revival. He was severely condemned by many churchmen for his unique methods, his gymnastics, his dra- one of the other in the past al- about made up the neighborhood matics, his emotional appeals. Others defended him saying ways supplied a sense of direction school for many years. that even if many who traveled the sawdust trail later back- for the party and provided an anslid, those who remained faithful justified the methods and thor or landing place for the the cost. And there were many whose conversion stuck, who swingable delegations from the became active in religious work; and who trace their changed states. Even when they lacked

life to the preaching of Billy Sunday.

Few mass revivals are held any more. The younger generation do not recall them. Thirty years ago and earlier, they were the major midwinter effort of many cities. The preach- neither exists. There is no republiers would get together and conclude their town was ripe for a revival. A committee would engage an evangelist,-Billy Sunday or Biederwolf or Gipsy Smith. A big frame structure would be built, heated with big stoves, the ground covered with sawdust, or at least the aisles; and with plank seats for the crowds. Preliminary organization work included prayer meetings over the city, organization of workers, and liberal publicity.

Leading feature of the revival was the chorus. The choirs of all churches were assembled with the evangelist's song leader as director. What Sankey was to Dwight L. Moody, Homer Rodeheaver was to the revivalists of a later day. The great power of music expressed in stirring hymns, played mightily upon the hearts of men and women, giving them the emotional stimulus for the preaching that followed.

Sunday was a great preacher. He might jump on the table or a chair; he nearly always would peel off his coat, later bit" politicians who want to dodge take off his collar and tie; but he was working and preaching all the while. His religion was the fundamentalist religion. Hell was real and so was heaven. You were saved or you were damned. All the fury of imprecation he launched against the devil and his works. All the insistence and plead- mean, will be noisier and more ing at his command he leveled at the poor sinner whom he numerous. sought to pluck like a brand from the burning.

After the sermon came the invitation, with personal work- IT means a wide open coonvention ers passing through the crowd urging those who appeared with no individual or group in moved, and who had not indicated by show of hands or other- | control, and that means scant oppwise that they were Christians, to "hit the sawdust trail" of repentance and conversion, or at least to sign a card. Hundreds, sometimes thousands in the course of a several weeks' best contained and carefully planned action. It means a horse-trading, logrolling "When he moved up to a pordreds, sometimes thousands in the course of a several weeks' back-scratching convention. It is campaign, would be accounted as converts, would later be about as hard for a good candiwelcomed into churches there either to function or to lose date and a good platform to

The Billy Sunday revival used all the tools of crowd vention as it is for Congress, unpsychology to attain success. Papers were induced to give der the same conditions, to pass columns of space. There would be high school night, and it can happen. The confusion inmeetings for men only on Sunday afternoons, or for ladies cident on lack of control is, howonly. Crowds would come. People who never darkened a ever rather in the Roosevelt inchurch door thronged the overheated tabernacle and joined in terests. the singing. The meetings would work up to a great climax on the last Sunday, which was the day for taking the collection THE better ..grade Republican as well as making the last harvest of souls. Sunday never worked at a salary but for a free will offering which usually ran into thousands of dollars. He was criticised for the amounts he took away from communities but he said it all went for the Lord's work.

Few have been the mass revivals since world war days. The war or something gave a jolt to organized religion. The big evangelists found their calls growing fewer. Billy Sunday, peer of them all, has been a waning force for some years. Whether his passing marks the end of an religious epoch we do not know. But he was unique, a phenomenon in Christian service. There is surely none who does not hope he enters into the heaven which was so real for him.

### End the Deadlock

N unfortunate tangle delayed house passage of the amended conference report yesterday afternoon and brought before next July a group leaderturmoil and frayed tempers. It is hoped a good night's ship may develop that will mean are drooped head, round shoulders rest has soothed tired nerves and moderated opinions so the competent convention control, inhouse may give early dispatch of the capitol bill to the senate. Time presses, with only two days of the special session remaining. Unless there is speedy accord not only in the house but with the senate there is the chance that the session may close without any capitol bill at all.

This would mean not only delay but the probable loss of the federal grant of \$1,575,000. The federal government has been patient with Oregon; but it will not wait indefinitely while legislators debate and disagree.

The legislature dare not go home without authorizing the capitol construction. To do so would be to acknowledge that it could not function and that it had wasted some \$60,000 of taxpayers' money. Neither the governor nor the leaders of either branch can take the responsibility for wrecking the THERE are about 210 of these whole work of the session.

Members of the legislature must know that all the conflicting views cannot prevail; that compromises will have to be made; and that some must accept defeat. It is sincerely to be hoped that the leadership of the legislature will assert itself and enact today a capitol bill which will meet the needs of the situation.

While no pillars were painted athletic relations between Medford and Klamath Falls are strained since the ball game last Saturday when Medford failed to lope over KF with several touchdowns. In fact KF claims Medford won only with the assistance of a Medford umpire at a critical point, namely the goal line. To counter that Medford brings up the naughty work of a Klamath man after the game and exercise the deciding voice in was over, who assaulted the offending official. Coach Bowerman of Medford dares Klamath to come over the hump and play the game again and guarantees a 50 to 0 beating. The rest of the state hopes that the feud will not result in meetings in the court house and hillbilly guards patrolling the main streets.

Oregon newspaper workers note with regret the passing of S Sumpter Smith, who long was manager of the Medford Mail-Tribune. He was a regular attendant on gatherings of publishers, took a keen interest in the developments of the business and in public affairs as well. He was a republican leader in southern Oregon though he dld not seek office for himself. Death released him from the suffering of a long illness.

Senator Aitken of Milk (Washington) county has introduced bill requiring school districts to furnish children under 14 with a half a pint of milk daily. Undoubtedly the bill will be amended so the district will furnish the nipples too.

UCLA had a fine player named Key, who has been found inelirible. No wonder he was good; with that name he ought to find

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT Copyright 1935, by The Baltimore Sun

In Whose Pocket? Washington, Nov. 7. ROM the practical political angle, not in more than a generaion has the republican party, full of hope as it is,

been in so leaderless and confused a condition as today. In every preceding campaign as far back as can be remembered. there was either a republican years. president in the white house or a recognized practical boss in the organi-

Frank B. Kent

balance of convention power both as to ticket and policies. This time can president and there is nothing remotely resembling a party held in eight months is utterly unthe choice seems limited to Landon, Knox and Vandenberg. But

best candidate and the best plat- river bank. form emerge it will be by accident. It means that the blatherskites freer field and a wider range. It means that the "hound and rabvital issues like the AAA, who are flirting with the Townsend plan leaders and howling for a "liberalization" of the party, without in the least knowing what they

emerge from that kind of con-

leaders know this but can't do anything about it. With a strong case against the New Deal leader. with most of the Republicans who bolted their party on prohibition back in line, and a chance to win very much better than any one of them hoped last year, they are handicapped through lack of a steering gear and a party chauffeur for the Republican machine The net result is apt to be a hodge-podge performance, out of enly fashion. which the party will go before the other, partly New Deal and partly anti-New Deal, not wholly conservative and only partly radical.

AT least, that is the way it seems | more readily maintained. now. Of course, it is possible that geous course. However, that sort of control will not be achieved by the "favorite-son" racket. The "favorite sons" are far 100 unrerun the show if they have the skill to play the game-a simple and, so far as the Republicans are concerned, a very old waythe south.

delegates-mostly colored and mostly controlled by colored leaders. Always they have been an administration convention asset easilly secured through the Federal patronage-largely controlled by the Republican Postmaster General. There have been times when such delegates were bought with cash. Some of them still expect money. So far as Lnown, no one has yet corralled these delegates. Yet is clear that the man sition to dominate the convention every real controversy. In the past there have been several experts credited with skill in solidifying these Black and Tan delegates.

THE Hon. Bascom Slemp is one. The Hon. Frank Hitchcock another and the Hon. Walter Brown a third. All three in their day have been "good," Many a Republican President has been nominated by these Black and Tan delegates from States no Republican has carried since the Civil War. The real question about the next convention is where these delegates go when the convention gathers? In whose pocket will they be? To O. A. W. Q .- Would it be adviswhose cause will they be tied? If able to correct protruding ears by anyone is busy lining them up surgical operation? I am 25 years now-and usually it is done be of age. fore this period-he is working so far under ground that he is hidden even from the political moles.

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# Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Statesman is next most popular paper at Portland public library, says this old timer; pioneer memories:

Coming to the desk of the Bits man from Lafayette Keizur, 2032 S. E. 7th avenue, Portland, is a letter containing the interesting pioneer recollections that follow:

"I found your article on the old mission place below Salem quite interesting, as it was a reminder of old associations.

John Keizur donation claim, mission claim - lived there 35

"It was John Lord Force that owned the mission farm. Jim and Carlton Force lived somewhere

"Us children, the Stephens children and the Force children- and read. Annie, Mary, Amy, John Manning,

"The school house was built on my grandfather T. D. Keizur's place about half way between our house and the Force house, which complete control they had the latter was the grand old two and a half story mission building. "Grandfather's place laid be-

Willamette. John Force sold 90 acres off the north end of the mission farm to boss. Hence the convention to be | Horace Holden, who in 1832 was shipwrecked, and, with one other predictable. It is still true that survivor, held captive two and a so far as the nominee is concerned half years on one of the Sand- must have been one of the earliest wich islands.

tween the mission place and the

"They tattooed him gorgeously no one can tell what a convention and artistically with a full suit of as completely uncontrolled as this barbaric design, as I frequently train, the first considerable comsaw when we went swimimng in the altogether nude. And could IT means of course, that if the he swim? We lived near to the

"Holden was our nearest neigh- name. bor from my earliest recollection, and stories of his captivity, slavand breast beaters will have a ery and hairbreadth escape never

"That name 'Wallace Prairie' is new one on me.

"As I recall, it was the money the first sawmill in Salem that broke him down financially. That mill stood on the bank of South of Commercial street.

library of books in a big, light,

### Health By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOT LONG ago I explained the importance of exercise in maintaining a healthy, active body. Today I want to tell you something about

posture and its relationship to

health. Maintaining good posture is really a form of exercise, because when we hold ourselves properly we are exercising the muscles that support the body framework. Good posture promotes better breathing, besides giving mild exercise to the various mus-

Good posture and good health go hand in hand. In the schools it has been shown that children who hold themselves properly progress in their studies more rapidly than those who slump in their seats or stand in slov-

Children suffering from malnutricountry neither one thing or the tion are likely to have poor posture. Just as soon as they are made to take the right position the appetite and digestion improve. As the child gains in health there is increased strength and this better position is

Faulty Posture Signs Among the signs of faulty posture and back, flat chest, "pot-belly", knock knees and flat feet. In most instances these deformities can be entirely prevented by attention in early childhood to posture and the simple rules of hygiene.

A child who shows a tendency toalong satisfactorily. There is a ward round shoulders or any other way by which a small group can postural deformity should be made to take a simple exercise for its correction. This should be practiced regularly morning and night. This consists of standing erect with hands clasped behind the neck. The body to .. wit, the corralling of the is then brought slightly forward, Black and Tan delegates from drawing the shoulders and elbows as close as possible together. Then the erect position is resumed with the hands still clasped behind the neck. The time given to this exercise may be gradually increased as the child becomes accustomed to it. It should never be continued to the point of fatigue. Of course, there are many other forms of exercise, each suited to a particular deformity.

Don't Scold Him The child should never be scolded for his slouching or careless posture. But he should be gently corrected and taught to walk, stand and sit correctly. Early education in the establishment of good postural habits will help prevent certain constitutional disturbances.

Where habitual faulty position is the result of rickets, poor hygiene, malnutrition or mental overstrain, f congenital defect, such as curvature of the spine or other orthopedic condition, medical advice must be sought.

Frequently, adults suffer from bad posture because of occupational strain. It may be the result of mental or emotional distress. Sometimes albuminuria, indicated by the presence of albumin in the urine, can be traced to faulty posture. This is medically termed "orthostatio albuminuria" and quickly disappears with correcttion of the carriage of the body.

Answers to Health Queries

A .- This operation is often performed. Talk with your doctor. He will advise you. (Copyright, 1935, K. F. S., Inc.)

tion of the old John Stoughton place, somewhere southeast of Salem, he had to cord up his books in a rail fence corner and cover them up any old way.

2 2 2 "As a consequence, they were all ruined, so we were told. "Shortly after Force was paralyzed and soon passed on. "This is written simply for your own information, as possibly opening up a new lead.

sionally in the public library here, "I was born and raised on the but not often—not copies enough to go around. which cornered with the original - "The Statesman seems to be

"I read The Statesman occa-

next to the most popular paper in the state. "OUGHT TO BE AT LEAST TWO COPIES CLEATED DOWN

ON A SPECIAL TABLE, with a 10 minute time limit, stand up "I find your 'Bits for Breakfast" especially interesting." Mr. Keizur added in a postscript:

"Abbie Force married Lafe Fish down in the Sacramento valley. The last time I saw her they were up visiting at Holden's, and that was some years ago. "After introducing her husband, she remarked, jokingly, 'Well, Lafe, you see I got a Lafe

of my own,' and the laugh went around' Thanks to Mr. Keizur.

The middle name (Lord) John Force is new to the Bits man; also the Force library. It libraries of any size in the Oregon country-for John Force came in 1842, with the Dr. Elijah White pany coming for settlement. Something should be said about

the Kelzur way of spelling that Three donation land claims vere granted, in what has since been known as Kaiser bottom. They were given to T. D., J. B. and P. C. Keizer.

The abstracts of title running down from those claims have John Force borrowed from Bush members of the family themselves from which to build and equip spelling the name in the three ways mentioned.

For a long time, beginning some 50 years ago, members of Mill creek about two blocks east the clan in the vicinity of Salem nearly all spelled the name Kaiser. Wm. Kaiser, well k no wn "John Force had an excellent lawyer, a member, spelled it Kaiser, always.

After the breaking out of the World war, the people who managed the affairs of the Kaiser school district changed the spell ing to Keizer.

It is a dictionary word, meaning emperor or ruler, comes from the Latin caesar, and is correctly spelled kaiser. The school at least should be changed to Kaiser, as the neighborhood or bottom

(Concluded tomorrow.)

### Twenty Years Ago

November 8, 1915 Forty soldiers of Villa's ranks at Nogales garrison have deserted to Carranza

The University of Oregon de feated U.S.C. with a score of \$4 to 0 in Los Angeles.

London . . . The debate on the conduct of the war and censorship was resumed in the house of lords late today.

### Ten Years Ago

November 8, 1925 The University of Washington overcame Stanford 20 to 14 in Se attle yesterday.

An orthophonic victrola is be ng demonstrated at the Heilig

A cut shows the new bridge spanning the Willamette river at Harrisburg which will be dedicat-

## Lodge Will Send Gifts For Home

SILVERTON, Nov. 7 .- At this veek's meeting of the Pythian Sisters reports of the grand lodge, held recently in Portland were made by Grand Representative Chloe Stayner and Alternate Hen rietta Loe, Mrs. Helen M. Wright man, past grand chief, gave a re on the Oregon-Washington Pythian home. Mrs. Wrightman has served several terms on the The Sisters voted to send their

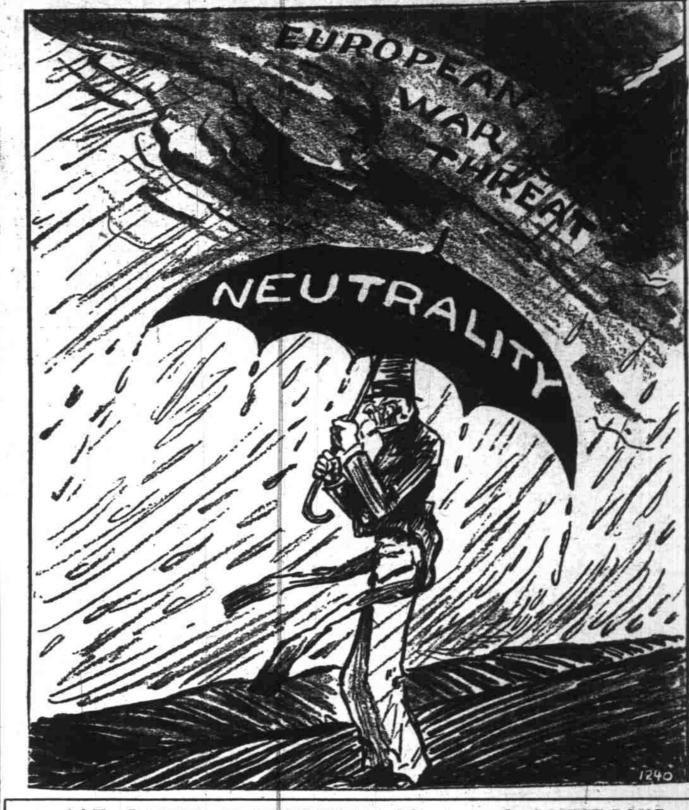
annual contribution of canned fruits and jellies to Pythian home before Thanksgiving, and all members were requested to bring their donations to the meeting on November 19 so that these could be prepared to be sent before the

The Sisters voted to cooperat with the Knights at their benefit dance on Saturday night of this

#### Frank Miles President Of Young Builders For School at Hazel Green

HAZEL GREEN, Nov. 7 The 4-H Handieraft club has conpleted organization. The memers and officers are: President Frank Miles; vice president Keith Miles; secretary, Marion Wampler; La Roy Duda, Irine Kasper and Rodney Miles. They Will make a fire place for the Christmas program. Louis Wampler is leader. The ten dollars won by the carpenters' club on their poultry house at the state fair was used to buy tools. The club adlso won a hammer. This club will meet in basement of the school house.

## Keep the Old Bumbershoot Up!



"LOVE DENIED"

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

CHAPTER XXXVIII "Look here, Sharlene," he said more quietly. "Be reasonable. You must know that to a man of my temperament, a little flirtation is necessary! I want you to remain my wife—the head of my home—my protection against the kind of wom-

an I don't want for a wife." "I see," Sharlene said gently. Julie, in the background, began neavuy wrath. Her eyes darted fire at gone!" Kent's back. He did not notice her. For

"I resent your coming here, Sharene. It's cheap. We should have had this out at home, decently, no melodrama. Cora would never have

Julie, unable to contain herself any longer, flounced into the room to face him, like a small red fury. "Do I understand you, Mr. Kent Damerell, that you expect me to be kept in the dark, hidden, while she remains your wife? You've got another think coming!" Her voice rose to a shrick and she stamped her

"Look here, Julia," he began sternly.

humiliated this way! You smug mug!" She broke into a storm of sobbing, glaring at him through her tears, stamping her

A negress in cap and apron, shaking a wet umbrella, clattered Into the corridor from some back entrance and looked into the room where they were standing.

new easy stone steps, and a forest of slender eucalyptus shoots taking hold on the hillside. The pool where they were standing.

her rage on her maid, "what d'you mean, going off so this woman could red on the surface.

eyes rolled toward Kent. "Get out of here!" screamed Ju-"You're fired!" She pushed her furiously out of the room and slammed the door in her face, sob-

ing hysterically. Sharlene shrank back, feeling ing at some incredible moving pic-ture. She roused herself with an effort, beginning to feel again the gnawing, clutching pain that wanted to reach up into her brain and take away her consciousness.

"Wait, Julie," she said exhaustedly, putting out her hand as Julie whirled back from the door, "your time is coming—be patient."

Julie tried to stop her uncontrollable weening watching Sharlene

lable weeping, watching Sharlene uncomprehendingly while the tears the littered studio and laid them on the table.

"I'm going. I just mean, Julie, that you can have him. I—I don't want him any more." She pulled the damp coat about her and turned

"Sharlene!" Kent started toward her. She stopped him with a level look straight from her hurt, indig-

When she got to the door she stood for a moment painfully considering its ivery painted surface, fumbling for the knob. As she opened the door and let in a gust of wind and rain, she looked back at them, saying in a queer, amazed

"This is Good Friday!"

he was gone into the night. Kent and Julie stared at the closed door, "Is she euckoo?" asked Julie, sniffling. "It's not even Christmas Outside, Sharlene stood in the driving rain, trying to think what

to do. The water ran down her neck unheeded. She was alone on the litunheeded. She was alone on the little dark street of the described studio village. She stared down at her ungloved hand where she still clutched the telegram as in a vise. Rain stiffened the fingers with cold. "I'm all alone," she thought. "There isn't anybody, any more... Nobody needs me... How badly I've built—to have it happen like "I haven't said—execut for my like it here."

"I haven't said—execut for my like it here."

"He produced the little gold pen-knife, Stuart."

He produced the little gold pen-knife, Stuart."

He produced the little gold pen-knife at the end of the slender was smiling at her again lazily.

"Well, if I hadn't been a fool—the money should have meant insurance for you. Insurance against the worry of daily bread, so that your mind could be free for your work."

"This is the Gobelin mother wanted you had to deal with!

"Morton," she said, and he was would come up here. Now—there relieved to hear her old quiet tone are only her things to come—" of command, "I must get the Chief She pulled the tapestry out of its tonight East. Get me home and then wrappings and held it up. It was a phone about reservations—" rare old masterpiece and Stuart phone about reservations—"
"Would you rather take the Transcontinental Air Express,

ma'am?"
"No!" she shuddered. "Never-"Ne!" she shuddered. "Never— possessions. I set it down at the again! I should die a thousand time so I shouldn't forget." She deaths thinking — besides, there glanced around the room. "Where isn't any hurry, you see. She's shall we hang it? On the west wall?

For the first time her eyes filled now. with tears. They joined the rivulets of rain running down her face Morton put his arm about her and half carried her to the limousine waiting outside the gate.

ruary, when Sharlene drove up kitchen-if I can just lay my hands Stuart's hill.

The door of his garage was open so that she could not help seeing the shining little new car housed therein. She had a little pang at the memory of the "Ancient and Honorable Mr. Jingle," who had had been should be a support the shining little to the memory of the "Ancient and Honorable Mr. Jingle," who had had been should be supported that I... But "Shut up! I hate you! I won't become almost a personality to her you should have it, Sharlene-make your old picture! I won't be from hearing Stuart's whimsical "No. I have so much. Ar

by Morton carrying a big roll and cate design. several packages, she observed other auspicious signs. There were here they were standing. ing hold on the hillside. The pool and set her quivering lips. "Here"Maizie!" shouted Julie, turning now boasted gold fish in limpid here's her jade-" She held out the

red on the surface.

Half way up to the house, Stuart too valuable! "I jes went out a minute to tell came running down to meet them, my boy to wait for me 'cause I didn't know how late I'd be—" Her from a swift brushing, and blue eyes sparkling welcome.
"Hello, Sharlene! How good of

"When you phoned you were com-ing," Stuart told Sharlene as they continued up the steps, "I cleared out the models and gave myself a lick and a promise—but I didn't

have time to make the house pre-sentable." "Oh, you shouldn't have both-ered! I hesitated to break into your work, but I did want to bring these things to you.' Morton carried the packages into

"Yes, ma'am." Morton turned toward the door, then hesitated and glanced at Stuart in some embarrassment. "It's good to see you again, sir."

"Thanks, Morton," responded ahead resolutely:

"I'd like to talk about it if you Stuart, surprised by his fervent tone. "Will you do something for me? When you come back take a look at my car in the garage—wait, here are the keys—and tell me if you think the clutch is all right or if I ought to go and make a row

about it."
"Oh, I'll be glad to!" exclaimed Sharlene shook her head, smiling. "You've certainly got a way with you, Stuart. There isn't a servant in the house who wouldn't gladly make a doormat of himself for you. And Katie—you know how prim she is-Katie sent you her

They both laughed. Then Sharlene pulled off her gloves and went over to the packages. "Let's have your knife, Stuart."
He produced the little gold pen-knife at the end of the slender watch chain which had been one of

She pulled the tapestry out of its

admired it anew.

"Mother told me once what she wanted done with her best-loved

She was looking at a pair of delicately carved wooden doors which had been set into the wall.
"How about over the fireplace?"

he suggested quickly.
"Perfect! Have you some tacks, fragrant, summer-promising days, which California can show in February, when Sharland in February, which is the February when Sha on them in the mess.

"No. I have so much. And she stories, but she was glad of his prosperity as evidenced by the new car.

As she climbed the hill, followed with never ending wonder its intri-

> "It's beautiful! And now it means more to me than ever-Emily's prayer rug. Sharlene turned abruptly away

Sharlene-I couldn't-it's "But it's her gift. She never

found anyone else who understo jade, and such an affinity for itknew so much of its fascinating his-"Hello, Sharlene! How good of you to come! Hello, Morton. Can I help you?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Pennington," said Morton, grinning affectionately at him, "I've got a good hold."

"When you phoned you would be seen thought that right the cause she thought the cause she thought that right the cause she thought the cause she thought that right then, you'd rather have—" She floun-

dered to a stop.
"Money!" he finished for her, fingering the jade. "Dear Emily-how she tried to help!" When he looked up his eyes were full of tears. He

op his eyes were full of tears. He rose and went over to the window, laughing to hide his emotion. "But it was like feeding Niagara!"

Sharlene regarding his back for a long moment, hesitating, then gathering her courage, asked: "You mean the flow of money?"

He came back to her smiling: He came back to her smiling: "Thank you, Morton," said Sharlene. "Now will you please drive
down to Mr. Folsom's office and get
the papers he has ready, and then
scenes!"
"Yes, ma'am." Morton turned
to you mean, Sharlene?"
"Yes—but that's over and done
with, thank God!" His eyes were
the papers he has ready, and then
come back here for me?"
"Yes, ma'am." Morton turned
to you mean, Sharlene?"
the came back to her smiling:
"Yes—but that's over and done
with, thank God!" His eyes were
down at her, whirling the little
knife at the end of his watch chain.
They were getting hack

> "I'd like to talk about it, if you don't mind. I've been doing a lot of painful puzzling over my various failures in life, lately..." "Don't do it!" he advised shortly.
> "What's the use? Besides, you weren't to blame—"

"That's kind, but it isn't true. lacked in tact if nothing else. The trouble was, money had never eemed important, then-

"Exactly. You don't really know anything of the value of money, Sharlene. Or how hard it is to get. How could you? You're an expensive article. You've always had anything you wanted instantly for the signing of your name on a check. You couldn't possibly understand the point of view of a fellow to whom fifty dollars was riches." He was smiling at her again larily. was smiling at her again lazily.

by I've built—to have it happen like this, when most of my life is before me. . . . But there's mother's poor broken body. I must do something about that . . " Morton, anxious about ther, left the tar at the gate and came down the little street to wait in the rain. He found her coming toward him, bending against the storm.

"I know. There isn't any use putting it in words. You loved her and she adored you. The last time she was here she so regretted not seeing you and promised herself that when she came West again she

tic male you had to deal with!
Raised as I was to the American plan of being the head of the house, I couldn't bear not to be the one to dole the money out to you, see?" He laughed heartily at himself. "Well, that's ancient history now." He went over to the table and picked up the pieces of jade.

(To Be Continued)