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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Candidates Test Their Strength

GOVERNOR ALF M. LANDON is profiting by a favorable press and a strong pre-convention organization to make him at the moment the outstanding favorite for the republican nomination next June. Landon has the advantage of being the most outstanding of the few republican governors now in power and behind his candidacy is the support of the eastern republican group who see the necessity of nominating a western man. Landon has received an excellent build-up in the papers and magazines and the effect of this continuous publicity is to make him the man of the hour and the candidate other seekers must defeat if defeat is possible.

The campaign of Senator Borah is a one-man effort to obtain bargaining power in selecting the nominee. Borah at 71, a senate lone-wolf who has depended on forensic power rather than administrative ability to come to national prominence, cannot be seriously considered as the eventual nominee. Borah has a loose record on monetary matters. He has never been a steadfast republican although he does now assert that he did not desert the party in 1912 when Frank Knox and Landon followed Theodore Roosevelt and his progressives. He fell out with Hoover shortly after the latter's inauguration and failed to turn a hand for the party's choice in 1932 when Hoover was carrying alone and courageously a desperate battle for reelection.

Frank Knox of Chicago will get farther at the convention than Borah. He is better balanced, more experienced as an administrator. He is a liberal conservative. He lives in the west but knows his way around in the far east where he has retained his newspaper holdings. The Knox organization is more extensive than Borah's and far more efficient.

Senator Vandenberg must not be overlooked as a possible nominee. Vandenberg is a forceful, sound, well-balanced statesman. His brand of republicanism appeals to that great majority in the party who has no wish to go on with the die-hards but is rightfully alarmed by the follies and futilities of New Dealism. Mr. Hoover cannot be entirely passed by in appraising the candidates. Undoubtedly the most scholarly of all the men discussed as republican nominees, the only practical objection to Hoover is the disastrous campaign of 1932. The mud-slingers of democracy have pretty well convinced the American voter that Hoover is the epitome of depression, whereas the passing of the years reveals him steadfastly as a man of courage and true liberalism—unwilling to promise from government impossible performance or performance attainable only by economic sleight-of-hand which ends only in disaster.

The return of the republican party to power is not going to come through the rise of some master-mind, some political spellbinder, to promise the rebirth of prosperity and the coming of the millenium six weeks after his election. It is coming as the common sense of the American people re-asserts itself; as the nation learns full well that a balanced, consistent government is more to be desired than the flighty, intransigent experiments of the New Deal.

Selection of an able candidate is important but the candidate is second to the platform. The party must erect a platform to which thinking people can repair. It must select a nominee who will support the party's pronouncements, not run out on them the moment he has gained power.

Governor's Statement Deserves Study

GOVERNOR MARTIN'S formal statement on the inadequacy of office space planned for the new state capitol building cannot be dismissed lightly as the putting of an executive thwarted by the legislature.

Acts gathered by the state board of control show indisputably that only 5000 square feet of space for offices now occupying 37,000 square feet of space in downtown quarters in Salem are provided for in specifications of the new building. Such important bureaus as the banking department, the state police, the labor commissioner, the liquor commission and the forestry department have no headquarters available in the new building.

The capitol commission would do well to announce how it proposes to accommodate these departments. If it seeks additional funds for a new state office building, the exact site of the new statehouse is of greater importance for the added building should be blended in location with the new capitol. If the commission expects to accommodate these orphan bureaus in the main capitol structure, competing architects have a right to make decent arrangements for the departments in their preliminary plans.

Apparently the capitol commission has come to the conclusion that the statehouse proper should be kept a rather modest building, accommodating only the legislative branches of government and the offices of the board of control members along with affiliated departments such as the land board and the tax commission. The state on that basis would continue to pay \$20,000 rent in Salem for departments scattered throughout the downtown area.

The governor's statement deserves study. The Statesman is fully cognizant that the capitol commission is considerably restricted by the legislative act. Subject to these restrictions, it believes that commission wants a capitol which will be an ornamental center for state affairs and yet a practical, efficient building. There is no need now for rancor and recrimination in discussing the state capitol question. The governor does not need to feel that his advice is unwelcome and his responsibility for counsel and advice preempted by the legislative act. The uncolored facts are that the projected plans for the new statehouse do not provide space for existing offices and make no provision for expansion. No one can be satisfied with such a situation; either the state must provide now for an office structure or get more departments into the new statehouse.

Fascism and Communism Head the Same Way

MUSSOLINI has seized upon a time of nation stress in his country to take another long step towards the complete domination of business. In this respect fascism and communism are akin; both inevitably lead to the absolute seizure of economic power by the state. In Mussolini's long-talked "corporate state," a council of guilds representing industry will be Italy's ostensible legislative body. In actuality it will be a compact industrial organization on which will be laid the iron will and the steel hand of the dictator.

There is ironic humor in Mussolini's grasp of industrial power. Originally he came to the dictatorship on a program attacking socialism and capitalism. Industries, worried by post-war breakdown in Europe, supported him ardently. Labor was the greatest sufferer; its right to unionize was dispensed with, wages were diminished, prices went up. But the hunger of the state was unappeased. Steadily it has extended its power over finance and industry. Government and business became one. Mussolini has well stated this thesis of fascism: "There must be the supremacy of the state, so that the state may absorb, transform and embody all the energy, all the interests and all the hopes of the people."

The corporate state is not original with Mussolini. Lenin had the same idea in a congress of the soviets where the heads of the government owned corporations were to legislate for the country. Transportation, manufacture, agriculture—

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

"Closer to Our Ideas"

Washington, March 28. SOME time ago it was pointed out that the real risk Senator Borah runs in becoming so deeply

involved in his present political candidacy is that for the first time in his political life he might wind up by being ridiculous, and that, of course, would be very bad indeed. It would grieve his real friends to see a fine man un-necessarily damage his own image.

Recent developments seem to lend substance to this view. For example, there was this week the hearty endorsement of Dr. Francis E. Townsend, author of the well-known Townsend Plan to give everybody over 60 years old \$200 a month provided they spend it all in a month. The plan is as unsound as it is alluring, and to any other candidate the doctor's endorsement would seem like the kiss of death. To the Senator from Idaho, it does no damage at all.

THE reasons are clear. First, his real following is among the people who believe in the Townsend plan, or in other plans of a similar kind, and these are a small degree of economic health. Naturally, these would not be alienated by the Townsend plan. Second, it would not alienate the politicians, who take no real stock in his candidacy and are behind him because he fits into their "local reputation" and serves their local political purposes. It is true Senator Borah has not committed himself to the Townsend Plan and Dr. Townsend does not say so. All he says is that he is for Borah because his ideas are "closer to" those than any other candidate, and that he is more "in sympathy with us." But that would seem to be enough.

IT isn't really going to hurt Senator Borah to have the Townsend endorsement, and it is not going to hurt him from a number of Western States where the plan has not yet bogged down. It does, however, make rather pathetic his own recent efforts to divert himself from the onus of being involved on fiscal matters generally, and that any other candidate speeches he declared that he favors a stable dollar and is not an inflationist.

AT once a lot of unkind editorial writers and correspondents re-echoed the name of Mr. Borah, in 1933, had voted for the Thomas amendment to the farm bill giving the Government power to issue \$2,000,000,000 of greenbacks; that he has endorsed the "principle" of the Frazier-Lemke bill, generally regarded as inflationary; that in 1934 he voted for the Silver Purchase Act, but complained it did not go far enough; that he advocated and voted for an amendment providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver; that he has voted for the bill to pay the soldier bonus with "United States notes not bearing interest." Further, the New York Times says he often has urged that more money be put in circulation, and quoted him as following: "We have sufficient gold in this country to justify upon a sound basis currency expansion to the extent of billions if necessary."

NONE of which, Mr. Borah thinks, makes him an inflationist, but such great indignation and such tremendous repugnance to "reactionaries" and "Old Guardism" to boast about, but this reluctant regularity under conditions which would have been impossible for many men, is now advanced as an argument in his favor. It must be admitted that this at least border on the humorous. There is interest, too, in the fact that while he highly recommends himself as the ideal man for the Republicans to nominate against the New Deal Roosevelt, the New Dealers are heartily for him, too. He is a hot favorite with them. Next to having him actually nominated, they hope to see him, with a large number of delegates, turned down, but they are quite sure he will not be the sweet tempered about it, which will suit them just as well.

each class of work was to be represented in governing council of communism. Hitler's path parallels that of Mussolini. He came to power as a bitter opponent of socialism and communism. The wealthy industrialist class has been his constant support. Discipline was to be enforced by the ruthless suppression of all forces opposed to business. Germany now finds itself in a dictatorship where all interests are submerged to the state and its good—as the dictator sees it. The approach of democratic governments is antithetical. The state exists to mediate between conflicting interests, not to absorb them. The life of the individual remains the paramount concern of government; national greatness, imperial expansion is subservient to freedom for individuals to develop. No man or group is entrusted with the reins of business. A system of checks and balances must be in constant operation to estop the illegal concentration of power.

The United States trembles at any remote chance that the absolutism of Europe would come to our shores. The American dream has ever been the avoidance of the all-prevailing government such as Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin have created.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Former Salem boy has made good postmaster and gives way to a democrat soon:

Come to this desk the current copy of the Killekist County News, Goldendale, Wash., containing the editorial article that follows:

"The turn of events plus the recent decree of our American political structure will, probably within the next 60 days, give Goldendale a new postmaster. Dr. H. Hartley. To the appointee The News extends its heartiest congratulations and wishes for a fruitful and successful administration in the local office. 'To the one who will be replaced, W. F. 'Bill' Byars, The News extends its most sincere appreciation for an invaluable service rendered during his period as administrator at the office. 'Bill' has been a good postmaster. 'Though a bit personal, per-

haps, we could hardly refrain from saying that it's a good thing Postmaster Byars figuratively 'saw the handwriting on the wall' he did not wince in his seat to improve local service or aid employes in bettering their personal welfare.

"We recall with pride the fact that while local democrats were saying their role cards in an effort to get the appointment, the republican incumbent was in the center of the campaign to improve the rural service heretofore. He has not completed his campaign and no doubt before he leaves the office will be able to report favorably to the patrons affected. "We would further point to the announcement in The News just last week, the thought of the postmaster, regarding improvement of service from Maryhill. These are but two examples of the betterment accorded Goldendale and vicinity patrons; but vividly mark the interest and sincerity of 'Bill' Byars, outgoing postmaster. "Seldom, indeed, do communities enjoy the services of a such public official. 'Bill's' friendly good morning greeting to many of the local business houses as he 'fetches up' their mail foot, will be sorely missed by many. But, as 'Bill' has said, when one accepts a political appointment, the phrase 'abandon hope, all ye who enter here' may well apply. "And so Postmaster Byars receives the news of his replacement with the same dauntless spirit that has typified his appreciated administration."

W. F. Byars spent part of his boyhood days and the period of his young manhood in Salem, in a school and employed on The Statesman, in which his father, General W. H. Byars, had a half interest. The father was a state printer, surveyor general of Oregon, etc., and all sound good citizen.

Mrs. Ronald Glover, Mrs. Effie Dunlap and Mrs. S. W. Thompson of Salem, sisters of the retiring Goldendale postmaster.

A high compliment is paid to Mr. Byars when it is told of him that, preparing to give up his office, and having for a long time been in the office, he still labors for improvements in the service.

The BFs man was a member of the General Byars household in Roseburg when he, a very green country boy (the green part being his "new" job), began learning the rudiments of the art of printing of all arts. That is, became a printer's devil.

CHAPTER XXXIV
Juliet's voice, to the operator, was, with an effort, cool and unshaken. Instinctively it was in her character to present, even if anonymously, a poised exterior.

"Get me Mr. Herman Gottlieb in New York at the Warwick Hotel, please." The racing little clock on the table told her that, due to the difference in time it was now four o'clock in the morning in New York. It was an unearthly hour to rout Gottlieb from his bed, but the wires were five of traffic, and in several minutes the operator rang her back and Gottlieb's sleep-fogged voice came across the continent.

"Hello, hello. How are you—what's up?" His words had a substantial ring of respect. Gottlieb's romantic sting at life was a thing of the past. Lucky man! He was on the straight track, never again to lose the rails.

"Hello, Mr. Gottlieb. Sorry to disturb you, but I'm a little upset. No, not ill. It's Madame Hubert. She's on a rampage. She created a scene tonight over O'Hara. Says she loves him. Yes, it's ridiculous. She's gone completely haywire. I'm afraid she's going to do something out of the Institute and take it back herself. Yes, I'll talk to your lawyer first thing. No, I won't worry. No, I'm not at all upset. Yes, thank, that's sweet of you. Oh! not yet, eh? Oh, that's unfair! No, don't get an inch. No, I won't worry. Good night."

She put up the receiver, suddenly. Gottlieb had encouraged her to keep a cool head and communicate with his attorney regarding Madame Hubert's threat. Sound advice, but bleak. She had sought sympathy but had found discouragement instead, for Gottlieb had suddenly become pessimistic over the negotiations in the East. He had told her frankly that the deal had started to go wrong.

The chain store people were obstinate in offering impossible terms. They were, he believed, dickering with another cosmetic firm. The agreement that had been previously promised a fortune now seemed scarcely more than a threadbare hope. Juliet's sleep was shallow and troubled. In the morning the bed was in utter disorder from her twisting and turning through the night. Both the pillows were on the floor and her skin was hot and unrefreshed.

O'Hara and Von Gerdon too showed signs of the strain. Von Gerdon did not appear in her office but phoned her from his surgical department in a dry voice.

"I stayed with her ladyship until six this morning. She's sleeping under a sedative now but I'm going to run out and see her this afternoon. I don't mind telling you, though I may be violating a confidence, that she's determined to bounce you and Gottlieb out of the Institute's affairs. Better get hold of your lawyer right away."

His conversation was brief and desolate. Madame Hubert, at the moment she was recuperating in a drugged sleep and therefore not an immediate menace. Juliet telephoned Gottlieb's attorney and learned he would not be in the city for several days. He was trying to see in San Francisco. Her head throbed violently. It was one of those days when everything turned to lead.

Shortly before noon O'Hara came in, rumpled look about his face, his eyes swollen, with an incipient puffiness under them. "Good Lord, what a night," he said wearily. "I wouldn't go through it again if Hubert gave me the Institute for a present. Were you able to sleep?"

"Yes, of course," said Juliet. "You see, I wasn't involved in the matter." A scornful light came into O'Hara's eyes. The whites of them were streaked with tiny red veins. Juliet, looking at him closely, saw that he was, indeed, under terrific nervous strain.

"I hope you didn't believe anything that crazy old woman said," he retorted. "She has always been off balance, but never this bad before. That rejuvenation business set her off her head completely. It's pitiful, I suppose, but I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to resign and get out."

Expressing any help from O'Hara, Juliet decided, was like leaning on a broken reed. The man was too temperamental, too sensitive to his own moods, to view the situation with detachment. He had no security, no inner castle of indifference to which he could withdraw. "Do you want me to accept your resignation now? It happens that I still am in charge here."

Twenty Years Ago

March 29, 1916

An ex-Oregon convict requests in his will that his amputated leg be exhumed from a field at the Oregon prison and sent to California to be buried with him.

The Salem Commercial club is reviving a move to get the Southern Pacific to build an electric railway line between Salem and Portland.

War blockades are effecting the silk hose industry. Dyes are hard to get and the color range is fast declining to just black, white and gray.

Ten Years Ago

March 29, 1926

Salem teachers were denied a salary increase by vote in the city election today.

California reports a new gold rush in the Kramer hills east of Mojave.

The post office staff has been enlarged by three men, two carriers and a clerk.

Honor Students For Term Are Six

MILL CITY, March 28.—Honor students at the high school for the last term are Virginia Mason, Wardine Foust, Constance Bookler, Velma Downing, Hollis Wood and Dwight Catherwood. The Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian church held an all-day meeting at the home of Mrs. Harry Wood. A buffet lunch was served at noon, after which the regular meeting was held. The subject for study was Japan, and was presented by Mrs. C. E. Rogers, Mrs. Lee Morris, Mrs. W. W. Allen, Mrs. Vern Clark and Mrs. Otto Geerten. The Mill City Woman's club met at the home of Mrs. Lee Dike, with Mrs. D. Henderson and Mrs. Dike as hostesses. This program was given: Book review, Miss Virginia Thompson; piano solo, Nina Kahler; reading, Miss Louise Fletcher; a committee consisting of Mrs. W. W. Allen, Mrs. L. E. Dike, Mrs. Frank Taylor and Mr. Dick, Mr. Scott appointed to plan a benefit card party for April.

Live Wire Class Holds Party at Miss Libby's Residence in Jefferson

JEFFERSON, March 28.—Miss Addie Libby entertained members of the Live Wires Sunday school class Wednesday night at her home. E. J. Clark presided over the brief business meeting which was followed by a social hour and refreshments. Young people of the Evangelical church who attended the district convention of Christian Endeavor held at the Albany Evangelical church Thursday night were Rev. Herbert Bennett, George and John Kihls, Miss Helen Kihls, Miss Anna Klampe, Miss Ruby Marcum, Miss Elaine Chilton, Beulah and Edith Wilson.

Ronald L. Gilson Seeking Votes For Treasurer Post

LEBANON, March 28.—Ronald L. Gilson has announced himself as a candidate for county treasurer. He is a republican, a member of a pioneer Lebanon family, and has lived in this community all of his life. In-ated, they hope to see him, with a large number of delegates, turned down, but they are quite sure he will not be the sweet tempered about it, which will suit them just as well.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. P. M. Q.—I got a pain in my heart quite often—very severe pain. Can you tell me the cause of this? It is a terribly nervous attack. What is the cause of this? It causes my stomach to get upset from almost anything I eat? A.—This symptom should not be overlooked. Consult your physician and have an examination made. 2: Nervousness can usually be traced to some underlying disability. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 3: This is probably due to improper eating habits. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dr. Ogden to Pled to Answer Inquiries from Readers who send Addressed Stamped Envelopes with their Questions. Address all letters to Dr. Ogden in care of this newspaper at its main office

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Lilliputian



"DAUGHTERS OF VENUS" By Robert Terry Shannon

He got on his feet, wrenching himself out of the chair as though his body were a dead weight. Above the black eyebrows his forehead was corrugated darkly. "For heaven's sake, don't use that impersonal tone on me!" he cried irritably. "I'm not the office-boy you're talking to, you're talking to me. In the morning you thought you were in love with—some night. The guy that lost his head and bought a wedding ring on the strength of it. And if you want the truth—I've been a fool ever since. Do you think you can be in anybody's arms like you were in mine—that night—and have him ever be the same again? There has been something smoldering in me ever since and the fire won't go out. We're not casual strangers, Juliet. Without you I'm nothing at all, just nothing at all."

For the first time Juliet began actually to realize how desperately O'Hara clung to her. It was not that she fascinated him lightly or filled him with gross desires that clamored for satisfaction. Whether she liked it or not, the fact was that he believed her linked with his destiny. A slow, speculative tenderness seeped out from her heart. . . . Was it within her power to cure him and strengthen him and bring out the inherent manhood that trembled in danger of destruction because, like an unruly small boy, he needed the discipline he had never had.

The discipline of love. . . . He understood what it called "an abled man." There welled up in Juliet an almost irresistible impulse to take him in her arms, as a mother might, and whisper that everything was all right. But when she spoke there was no gentleness in her voice and her words sounded harshly critical. "Most of what you're saying is rubbish. Why should you care on me? If you can't have what you want, you start pitying yourself."

O'Hara looked at her steadily as though her coldness was the result of stupidity. She stubbornly refused to see the truth. "What I'm trying to tell you," he said, with exaggerated patience, "is that I have saved up enough money to clear out of all of this, and start over again. A man's job, I mean, that has nothing to do with women. Some place where they will have a blizzard once in a while. I've got to get away from the horrible smell of this creature. All this up and down, gurgled. I've got to get back to the good old earth where the real people live. Come with me, Juliet—it's the only thing to do. Let's see if we can't make up something. O'Hara had talked with an increasing fervor of earnestness until, at the end, his whole being was glowing with a seal so contagious that Juliet felt herself drawn slowly in the direction of his persuasive design.

Much, much could be said in O'Hara's favor. In his better moods he was undeniably a fascinating being, intelligent and kind. Too, he was unusually of me in a black-haired, blue-eyed Celtic way. His remarkable resemblance to Juliet's first sweetheart had all but overmastered her earlier in their acquaintance. But in the present O'Hara needed no such romantic advantage. His persistence and—more than all else—his human need of Juliet swayed her dangerously. There was weakness in his character, but this aroused in Juliet the protective instinct.

The decision moved in her heart like a pendulum. Whatever answer she might have given O'Hara was obliterated by a thing as simple as the ringing of her telephone. She picked up the receiver and was greeted by the shrill, shrill voice of the long-distance operator. New York was calling Miss Rankin. "Hello," called Gottlieb over plains and mountains and forests.

"It's bad news. The deal's off absolutely. They ended all discussion today. Looks to me like they played us for fools. Sounded us out and learned everything they could. And then they told me brazenly that they could hire their own chemists and manufacture the stuff as well as we could ourselves. It simply means they will save for themselves the margin of profit that we should have received. It's too bad, but that's the way it is. The last of her accumulated energy suddenly scooped out of Juliet's blood. It was the harsh awakening from a golden dream. Nothing, nothing remained of her career. It had disappeared as completely as a bubble blown by a breeze. Hubert, in the end, would have her way. Gone was the sustaining force of Gottlieb and the thrilling faith in her own dazzling plans. Once more I face the world empty-handed, she told her secret self sadly. "I went up like a rocket and came down like the stick."

The death of her own brilliant plan to market the Institute's products through the chain of ten-cent stores went to Juliet, as physically painful as though her flesh felt an actual pang. . . . "But can you locate another outlet?" she cried desperately into the telephone. "How about one of the rival organizations?" "I canvassed them all days ago," said the voice from New York. "They're not interested. No, it's a flop. It was a great idea but it didn't work. Will you call Mr. Gottlieb, please, and tell her I'm starting home? Thank you. And if Madame Hubert takes steps to break the contract don't oppose her. I'll be glad to get out now. There's no point now in continuing on. See you when I get home. Goodby."

No, there was no point in Gottlieb staying on with the firm. He had gambled for large stakes. The few thousand dollars he had laid down was a drop in the bucket. The bulk of the fifty thousand he had put up was still untouched. If he could withdraw and take his money with him, he would be a fool if he didn't. No, there was nothing for Gottlieb to worry about. He was a very rich man and this deal was just one little incident in his busy life to be dismissed and forgotten. "O'Hara," Juliet's face told the story more clearly than her part of the telephone conversation. "My great secret worth two cents," she said in a throaty whisper. "That's his fine!" returned O'Hara steadily. "I'm glad."

Her pencil rolled off the desk and picked it up. "There was nothing the matter with the idea," Juliet said in bewilderment. "Nobody—I don't care who they are—ever had a sounder business idea. Gottlieb himself thought it was a washout. I'll never understand why it didn't work. It looked as though tears were about to flood into her eyes. Her high position, the security she had tried so sincerely to create for herself, had been wiped clean and replaced telephone call from New York. Hundreds of such conversations went over the wire every day from coast to coast. "The telephone operator listening in would have found it unutterably dry. Her whole life had been like this—high hopes and then the inevitable signed it while she was delirious at the point of death, and she gave more attention to her distress than to his own. "Don't take it to heart," he said. "After all, it makes everything easier for you."

"Does it?" "Of course—there's nothing left here to stick with. Be sensible, Juliet. You've had your day up at the top, and what did it amount to? You've had your day at the top. Madame Hubert will soon be back in the saddle. Gottlieb couldn't hold her to the contract even if he still wants to. She can prove that she signed it while she was delirious at the point of death, and she gave more attention to her distress than to his own. "Don't take it to heart," he said. "After all, it makes everything easier for you."

"There's nothing left but to listen to reason," O'Hara told her, coming closer. "What looks like to be our heart out over a business that means nothing to either of us." "It wasn't just a business," said Juliet. Tears welled in her heart and presently they reached her eyes with an uncontrollable bling. "I thought it was my whole life. . . . (To Be Continued)

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