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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Europe's Politics of Power

SELDOM has revolution come more swiftly than in the power politics of Europe. Up to 1933 French hegemony on the continent was firmly fixed, following the allied victory in the world war. With a powerful military machine and a formidable row of border fortresses, a "curtain of fire," with alliances or friendly relationships with the Little Entente powers, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania and with Poland, and with French influence dominant in Vienna, France held the European situation in fairly firm control. True, Hitler had come to power in 1932 in Germany, but he was still only a threat. Mussolini was still orating at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, but his commotion had never passed beyond sabre-rattling. Great Britain was busy with her own economic situation and with the job of administering her world empire; and was willing to let France act as Europe's policeman.

The passing months in the years 1933 and 1934 France was suddenly torn with dissension which culminated in rioting as an outgrowth of the Stavisky financial scandals. Governments toppled; and there were fears that some coup might effect an overturn of the Third Republic. At the moment Austria was beset with grave difficulties. One faction was pro-Nazi; another, the Heimwehr, was pro-Italian. A considerable body of socialists wanted no alliances but greater internal democracy. With France diverted by her internal troubles Austria fell into the lap of Italy, and the price Mussolini exacted was the wiping out of the socialists, a job thoroughly and cruelly performed. Mussolini further cracked French dominance by making overtures toward Yugoslavia, long jealous of Italian ambitions on the east side of the Adriatic. Germany wooed Poland and made a treaty to compose the differences over the Dantzig corridor, and this weakened France with Poland.

Emerging from the season of riots and disturbance about Stavisky, France took prompt steps to restore her prestige. King Alexander of Yugoslavia was invited to France; Foreign Minister Barthou made a tour which included Warsaw. But King Alexander was assassinated just as he landed on French soil. Then the Nazi putsch in Austria proved abortive, though Dollfuss was killed, but it left Austria even more firmly in the grip of Mussolini. Premier Laval then moved to placate Mussolini, and in the famous conversations of early 1935 virtually gave Mussolini a free hand in Ethiopia.

When Italy threatened Ethiopia Great Britain was roused from her lethargy. Under the dual stimuli of horror at aggression and at emergence of a new empire in the Mediterranean basin Great Britain challenged Italy's program, and with France reluctantly acceding, invoked the condemnation of the league of nations and economic sanctions against Italy as an aggressor state. The league, however, failed to go the whole way. Oil sanctions were not invoked. Italy courageously out-bluffed Great Britain, threatening to rain bombs from the air on the great British fleet massed in the Mediterranean; and then proceeded to crush Ethiopia, annex it and announce a restored Roman empire.

Maentime, taking advantage of Great Britain's and France's concern over Italy, Hitler made a dramatic entry into the Rhineland, thumping his nose at France and the treaty of Versailles. Now the sated nations, France and Great Britain, front the dynamic, unsatisfied nations, Italy and Germany. Using communist antipathy to fascism as a lever, France has renewed the pre-war alliance with Russia as foil to German designs in the east. France has swung left in its government, and her internal pains due to prolonged deflation, may cripple her hand in foreign affairs.

The present leading study is Great Britain, which now is shrouded in a fog of uncertainty. The British cabinet divides. One faction, headed by young Sir Anthony Eden, is pro-league, pro-sanctions, anti-fascist, willing to go to war to restrain aggression. More militant still are former cabinet members, Winston Churchill and Austen Chamberlain, who favor rapprochement with Italy to gain a new foe against Germany. Another group, Ramsay MacDonald, Viscount Hailham, Lord high chancellor, and others, hate Russia, and would humor Germany. Premier Baldwin is in the middle ground of doubt. He has restored Sir Samuel Hoare to a place in the cabinet, which he left when his peace plan with Italy was repudiated by the country. But Baldwin is following the old British custom of trying to "muddle through." He has lost much prestige himself; and his retirement as premier is predicted with Neville Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, listed as his probable successor.

Great Britain doesn't want war. The country is the most prosperous it has been since the world war. At the same time the Britons are feverishly arming themselves, enlarging their fleet, and greatly expanding their air force.

The raw material of war is conspicuously exposed. Rival philosophies of government face each other in bitterness, with communism leering in the east. Existing prosperity is based very considerably on a rush for rearmament. Soon the nations will be prepared for the conflict which all dread and many think inevitable.

June Rains

THE singular providence of nature which makes it possible to grow wheat in the semi-arid interior of Oregon and Washington is the June rains. Almost invariably crop prospects hinge on the June rains. There are the hazards of winter killing, of cutworms, of smut, of jim hill mustard, of a cold season for germinating. But the real test comes in June. Given rains in June and there will be a wheat crop. That is why the heavy rain which visited the Inland Empire last week has been called a five million dollar rain. Coming at a critical time (as June rains always do) the rain has saved the wheat crop over a big area. Where prospects were poor ten days ago, what with prolonged high winds and dry weather, now they are excellent, and an experienced observer predicts a yield of 75,000,000 bushel in the three northwest states, not a record by any means, but a substantial crop.

There is no country in the world so stable in its wheat production with so low a total rainfall as the Inland Empire. Two factors permit successful wheat-growing on lands which get even less than ten inches of rainfall a year—we have known of good crops where the rainfall was only seven or eight inches. One factor is the distribution of the rainfall. After the winter moisture which may be poor or good, seasons vary, usually comes a period of drouth in April and May. In June, as a general rule, the clouds which are the bucket brigade from the ocean, float over the mountains and spill their contents on the thirsty wheat fields. Presto, the straw grows, the heads shoot out and fill. Then the harvest season is almost invariably dry. The second favorable factor is the soil, of volcanic ash or loess, very fine and powdery which is highly efficient as a conservator of moisture, and which is so light it may be tilled at very low cost per acre.

After lumber wheat-growing is the greatest single industry of the northwest. Probably nowhere in the world is wheat growing carried on with as great efficiency as in the Inland Empire. And there, if they worship any natural phenomenon at all, it is the June rain, savior of its wheat crop.

The democratic platform will not have an inscribed roll of honor for the apostates: Raymond Moley, Dean Acheson, Prof. Sprague, James P. Warburg, Gen. Hugh Johnson, George N. Peek, Lewis R. Douglas.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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The Old Guard Fiction

Washington, June 6. WHEN THEY begin to discuss his running mate, it is a fairly good sign that Governor Landon's nomination is assured. It is true that there remain several chances of failure, but certainly he is closer to the nomination than Mr. Hoover in 1928 or Mr. Roosevelt in 1932. Moreover, there is less opposition to him within his party than there was to either of those gentlemen.

THIS BEING the case, it is interesting to look at the Landon situation. For one thing, it must be admitted he has been on astute pre-convention campaign. In both parties the struggle for the Presidential nomination, when there is one, is always a struggle among the politicians. The people have little to do with it. The Presidential primaries reflect machine strength rather than popular sentiment. The game is to get the support of the politicians. All candidates try to do that. Even the gloomy and mysterious Mr. Borah tries that. For example, it was noticeable that in his attempt a few days ago to call the roll of Old Guard villains, whose mere existence he feels menaces the security of the republic, he omitted to mention Mr. Ralph E. Williams, of Oregon, one of the few undeniable Old Guardsters living today.

THE FACT is the number of true Old Guardsters left is so small that as his friend, Mr. Mark Sullivan, said, Mr. Borah had to pad out his absurdly thin list with a name—Mr. Schorr—of which no one out of Ohio had ever heard and which is not really widely known there. On the other hand, Mr. Williams is a real Old Guardster, who for more than a generation played politics with the gang. This time, however, he is supporting Mr. Borah—at least on the surface—and that, of course, purges him of all sin. As a matter of fact this Old Guard stuff has become so transparent that posted people generally are beginning to laugh about it, and most political writers feel the strain of having to master the fiction of its existence, except in such places as not to count. In the case of Mr. Landon not one of the four Old Guardsters named by Mr. Borah has been for him, and Mr. Hill, head devil in the Borah eyes, does not even control his own delegation. Neither does Mr. Schorr. One thing clear about the Republican convention is that it will not be dominated by the same set of politicians who up to 1928 wielded power in party conventions. Most of those who did those things have either lost their grip entirely or are on the ragged edge. And no real bosses have arisen to take their places.

SO FAR as this convention is concerned most of them were concerned out long before the date was fixed or the place selected. The truth is there has been no Old Guard with real power since 1924. In the Kansas City convention of 1928, it proved futile to prevent the Hoover nomination and in 1932 it was still futile. It has made no "come back"; it has all but disappeared. The politicians who have swung in behind the Landon movement are not Old Guard affiliates. They are influential State politicians who saw the advisability of Mr. Landon. On their own initiative and without any managerial direction they jumped for his band wagon. The strategy of the groups of Landon managers—and they are pretty smart fellows—was to convince these men that Landon was the best bet.

HIS GEOGRAPHICAL location was his best asset to start with. The first job of his managers was to add to that asset by solidifying in his support the group of Middle Western States conservative, or nearly so, to Kansas. Once they had them, the Landon boom rolled easily enough. Convinced of the necessity of naming a man from the agricultural section, the shrewd politicians spotted Governor Landon as the man. The Landon people had to do three things for his hand wagon. First, develop a sufficient public sentiment to supplement his geographical asset; third, convince the politicians there was no inherent or hidden weakness in the man. That they have done all three pretty successfully is attested by their present position. The so-called "Old Guard" had nothing to do with it. Senator Borah is talking in terms of a decade ago. The name has become meaningless—not to say ridiculous.

Chester C. Davis, the Iowa man who went along with Henry Wallace and became \$10,000 head of the AAA, was recently eased out of his job by being sent to Europe "to make investigations" for the president, although the government has consuls in every principal city on the continent. When Davis returned and had to be taken care of he was "kicked upstairs" into a \$15,000 job as member of the federal reserve board. He is as well qualified for this job as the other, being neither farmer nor banker.

The historic old Marion hotel passes into the very competent hands of W. W. Chadwick, Indiana, in the political life of the state and the social life of the city, the Marion has a real place, despite its age. It will be renovated and altered and adapted to meet modern needs and conditions. It has suffered as have many hotels in the country from the falling off of business during the depression, the losses then being too heavy to overcome without financial readjustment. That completed the hotel will return to prosperity, along with the hotel business in general and Salem in particular.

The weather appears to be clearing, just in time to save the late strawberries, and in time for the Portland Rose festival which comes next week. The roses are very beautiful this year, and abundant. With the city election out of the way and few grudges running rampant in Portland, that town ought to have a very successful festival this year.

Leading the opposition to independence for Puerto Rico are the natives of the islands themselves. They fear the cessation of relief monies which they are now getting out of the federal treasury.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Third husband of Mrs. 6-7-36 Bennett, who first was California gold discoverer, who was he? Good buy, Salem lots.

(Continuing from yesterday.) The annual address of Hon. John Minto to the Oregon Pioneer association in 1876, in which he told of the 1844 covered wagon immigration, undertook to give the names of the able bodied men, carrying arms.

Of course he included the name of Charles Bennett, also of James Marshall. They two were the discoverers of gold in California, along with Stephen Staats, of the 1845 immigration.

But no one kept the names of the women. There were three companies headed by three captains when the 1844 immigration left their starting places.

Mrs. W. M. Case, second white woman to settle on lower French Prairie, from memory, furnished Mr. Minto with the names of the women in one of the three companies—the one captained by Nathaniel Ford.

Mrs. Bennett was not included in that list, and no one ever tried to get the names of the women in the other two companies.

So it is a bare possibility that Charles Bennett married Mary Ann in Oregon.

But there is a little item in the L. B. Judson recital of Oregon and Salem history in the 1871 Salem Directory which indicates

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

ONE WHO signs himself "A Constant Reader" has asked me to write on pyelitis, particularly as it affects the middle aged. I am glad to do this.

Pyelitis is a common infection of the kidneys. As its name indicates, the infection and inflammation are confined to the lower portion of the organ, to what is called the pelvis of the kidney.

As a rule pyelitis can be traced to negligence. In many, many instances serious damage to the kidneys could have been prevented if proper precautions had been taken.

For example, the germs responsible for the infection may reach the kidneys from a center of infection within the body. By this I mean that infected organs such as the tonsils, adenoids, nasal sinuses, gall bladder, bad teeth, and other diseased structures, may be the place where the original cause of pyelitis actually resides. There they set up irritation and inflammation. This may explain the exceptionally high number of cases of pyelitis among children.

Symptoms of Disease

The victim of this infection complains of lack of "pep," loss of appetite, headache and a general feeling of weakness and uneasiness. As the trouble progresses the symptoms become more marked. There may be constant fever. Nausea, vomiting and digestive disturbances are other signs.

The diagnosis is easily confirmed by urinalysis. The presence of the urine reveals the bacteria, pus cells, and pus cells. As a rule, the amount of urine is below normal and there is some pain or discomfort in one or the other kidneys. Sometimes there is some smarting or burning on urination.

In the acute form of pyelitis the patient should be put to bed. This is particularly important if fever is present, when under no circumstances should any activity be permitted. Sweating is encouraged, because this takes work off the damaged kidneys. The condition is aided by giving plenty of plain water, lemonade and alkaline buffer water.

Medical Treatment

The medical treatment should be directed by the family physician. Undoubtedly he will prescribe a liquid diet to be followed for several days. A urinary antiseptic is advised, but it should only be given upon the advice of the attending medical man.

Special tests should be conducted as soon as the acute attack has subsided. These should include kidney "function tests," blood studies and x-ray examination of the kidneys.

The results of these examinations will determine what must be done to prevent later relapse, or any other disturbance of the kidneys. The organs involved are vital and should be protected against infection and disease.

Answers to Health Queries

J. K. Q.—What do you advise for the "itch"? This is more troublesome at night and when it is warm.

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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that Mary Ann was Mrs. Bennett in 1847.

The item tells about a Mr. Popham of Salem coming to his sudden death in the summer of 1847. The eldest of two Popham boys was a mischievous, troublesome lad, out of control of his parents. Part of the recital:

"While Mr. Popham was absent from home, the boy in going home from school went out of the direct route toward home to do mischief, and was found throwing stones at Mrs. Bennett's chickens in her enclosure by her residence, which was on the same block where the Bennett House now stands. Mr. Bosworth, who was boarding at Mrs. Bennett's, warned the boy not to come again and molest the chickens. The boy used insolent language to Bosworth, telling him he would throw stones at the chickens just when he pleased. Bosworth prepared himself with a switch, and the next day when the boy came to fulfill his threat of stoning the chickens, Bosworth caught and gave him a thorough switching."

To make a long story short, when the Popham boy's dad came home, he hauled up Bosworth working on a house west of and opposite the site of the present First Methodist church. They fought; after a blow or two, Popham staggered back and fell dead. He was buried, but public sentiment required a post mortem; the body was dissected, and the lungs found filled with blood—and the doctors concluded that death came from an arterial rupture, caused by violent passion. But Bosworth was held over to the grand jury, or however they arranged such things under the provisional government, had a jury trial, and was acquitted.

The recital just made indicates that Mrs. Bennett kept boards on or near the site of the present Masonic temple, and that she kept chickens in an enclosure there. It indicates that the Bennett were in that summer husband and wife. Bennett was then, or soon thereafter, near Fort Sutter, and, not long after, working on the construction of the Sutter mill race.

It may be that Mrs. Bennett, keeping boards, helped earn the money to make the down payment on the valuable Salem lots. In that case, she was evidently thrifty, though she could not write her name—had to make a mark. But the world had had many rich people who could neither write nor read.

"The Territorial Supreme Court met in Bennett's new hotel, moved his office to Salem, wrote Judson for the 1871 Salem Directory, speaking of July, 1852. This shows the Bennett house was finished in 1852, and that it was new. Bennett no doubt brought a good sized pile of gold dust from California."

In the same Directory, under the 1854 date, same author, are these words: "By order from Washington, the surveyor general, C. K. Gardiner, moved his office to Salem. The office for a while was kept in the Bennett House."

The reader will recall that Charles Bennett set aside \$100 by his will to pay his debts. But that he had no debts, as the final report showed. Rather unusual.

Who was George Smith, the man who kept the live stock of Charles Bennett in Benton county, and went on Mrs. Bennett's \$10,000 bond as executrix? This man has evidence to the effect that George Smith was in 1852 steward of the Bennett House, Salem.

Also, that in 1852 Mrs. Bennett was with Capt. Bennett on a steamer trip from San Francisco to Oregon.

Also that "Mary Entz, the orphaned girl" for whom Capt. Bennett willed his gold watch, later lived in the Entz family, of which Mrs. Henry W. Meyers, Salem, is a member, and that she was married to Charles Uzavore, Salem councilman, shoemaker and merchant, wealthy citizen, which fact may be proved by the fact that George Smith was in 1852 steward of the Bennett House, Salem.

But there is so much yet to relate about Charles Bennett, his will, his work in California, the orphaned Entz family, etc., that another issue will be required to come to a conclusion—and, after that, another series on the Entz family.

(Continued on Tuesday.)

Twenty Years Ago

June 7, 1916

Frank Lloyd Wright, noted architect, having trouble with his divorced wife who has been storming his palatial Wisconsin home for admittance.

The Eugene Register is moving into its new building in Eugene today. A rotary press is one of the outstanding pieces of equipment.

Graduates of Salem high are pictured in two full pages.

Ten Years Ago

June 7, 1916

London—Earl Kitchener, secretary of state for war, and his staff were lost off the Orkney islands last night.

A strike riot occurred at the Salem docks yesterday.

President Yuan Shi Kai, "strong man of China," is dead.

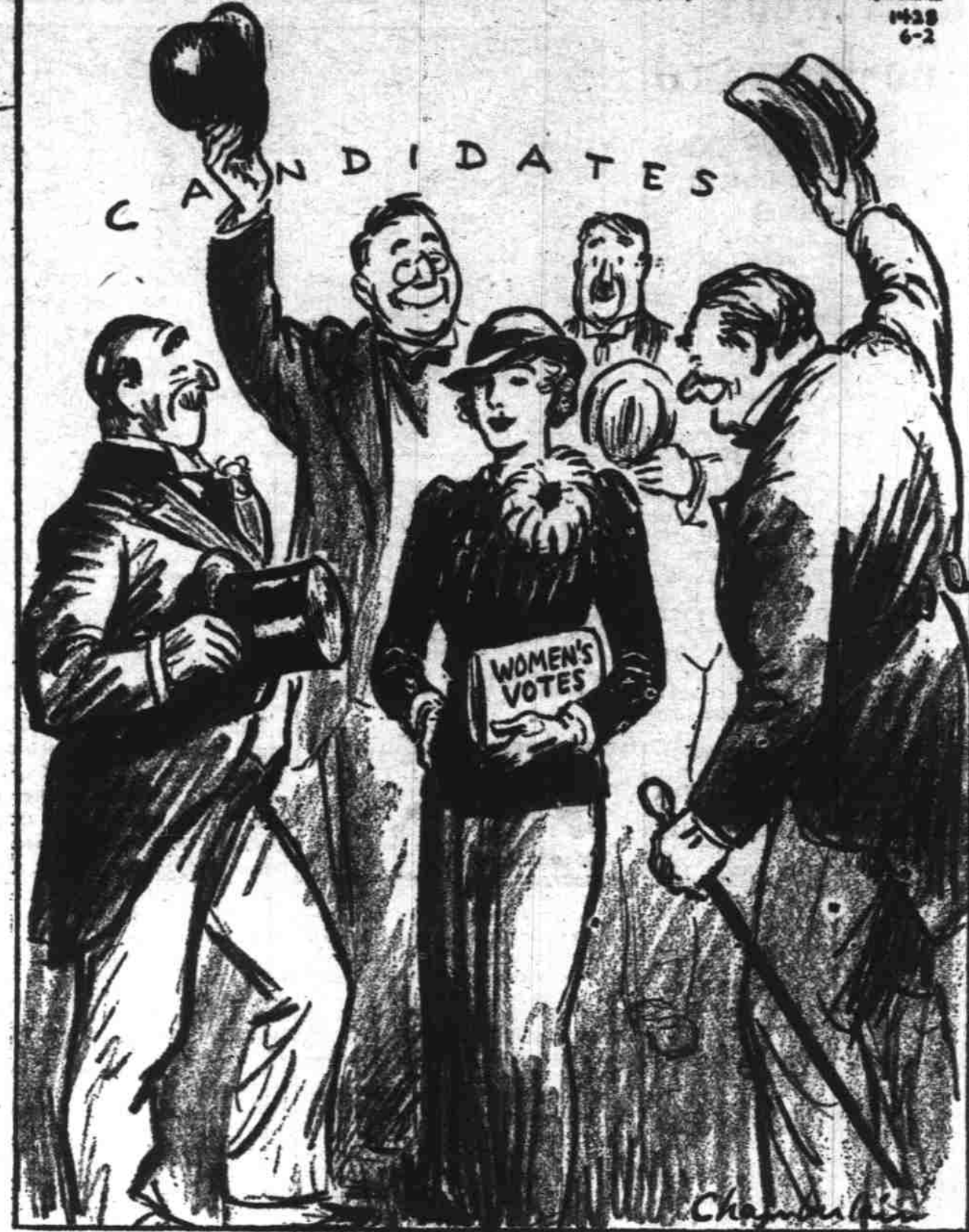
Missionaries to Talk

SALEM HEIGHTS, June 6.—Two returned missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, will speak at the Salem Heights community church morning worship service at 10 a. m., Sunday.

Hats Off!

(A Counter-Movement to the Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators)

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"BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXII

Margot pulled her new blue hat over her right eye, surveyed the result. Then she took her fur coat from its hanger and reached for her hat and gloves.

"Is it quarter past 6 yet? He's calling for me at quarter past. If it was anybody but Freddie, I'd stay home with you tonight, but he's just here from Los Angeles three days and he's such an old friend. I used to have the biggest crush on him, but I got all over that nonsense; we're just good friends now. Oh, back up, Mary, you're not in any real trouble!"

Not in any real trouble!

"Oh, no, just imaginary! I just THINK I'm going to be out of a job and get my name on the front page of all the papers—'Husband uncovers love nest in fashionable hotel. Wealthy clubman consorts with stenographers.'"

Margot laughed. Laughed as if it were really funny.

"You poor child. Now stop crying. There are other jobs and you aren't important enough to make the front page."

"No, but Sid Breen is!"

"Well, yes. It's too bad his race horse won that steeplechase and his daughter is getting married all over the Sunday sections. That does make him good newspaper copy—but don't worry. Now I must go. I'd like to take you along, but Freddie only has these three nights with me. Look! Would you wear earrings or do you think just the bracelets?"

That was that.

Not that Margot should be expected to care much. Only it does how you alone you are.

It even helped a little when Holden held her hand in the dark of the theater later.

On the way home he drove around to block, said, "Do you think it's too late to drive out to the beach? I would be pretty there tonight."

Why couldn't he just drive with asking her? But she said, "No, I don't think it's too late."

So they drove, out through the dark, shadowy park that smelled of spicy shrubs and wet grass, and where there had been sprinkled with undown, out past the windmills and the pines, to where the ocean rolled in over hard, dark sand.

"It's rather secluded here. You don't object to parking?"

For the first time that day she wanted to laugh. What did he take her for? Or what did he take himself for? Heavens, he'd be safe on desert island, without even a Man Friday for chaperon. That was the trouble with him.

No, it wasn't. . . . It was the advantage of a man like that. . . . Minutes passed. The surf boomed. They sat, quiet and alone, in the big, comfortable car.

She thought, this is what I needed. To get away from everything I've been through all day, and forget it.

And then she began to tell him about it. She hadn't meant to. But Margot had been so unsympathetic and Lalla had so little to say, and she was so worried.

He object interrupted. He just held her hand and sometimes it tightened over hers.

"So I don't know what's going to happen to me," she finished, "but I'm not going to worry—that is, any more than I can help. I suppose I'll live through it—whatever it is."

For a long time he didn't answer. She tilted her head a little to see how he was taking it. Was he shocked, disgusted with her? She thought she could see tears glistening in his eyes.

"Mary, I know, it's too soon to hope for you to love me. Isn't it? It's too soon!"

There WERE tears in his eyes. She cried, hastily, "Oh, please don't be—serious! I don't love you!"

The large face drew back as if she had slapped it.

"I don't love ANYBODY!"

The face came closer again. "Mary, I know that you and I can be happy together. I can do so much for you. See you through this. . . . this, er, trouble. You should be protected, taken care of. You aren't meant to be a business girl, meeting all kinds of people. You should have been with me last night, as I asked, and then you would have been safe. I love you, Mary. I'm asking you. . . . do you, can you love me?"

She felt like a swimmer, about to go down for the last time. She felt the waters rising around her throat, her mouth, her nose. She actually struggled for breath. Here was the answer—the rich husband she'd wished for. . . . except that she hadn't counted on him looking like Holden or acting like him.

Something seemed to say in her ear. "You could do worse, my girl, much worse."

She thought of the protection his name would be now, and his money, now that she'd be out of a job.

She looked at him pitifully, but she couldn't say what she ought to say. She said:

"I don't want to love ANYBODY! Oh, please, please, take me home!"

Margot and her boy friend were parked at the corner. Mary saw them by the light of Holden's headlights as they passed. Hoping against hope that Margot had been too busy with the boy friend to notice them, she left Holden to garage the car, and raced up the dimly lit stairs.

She wanted to be in bed and supposed asleep before Margot came in and started telling about the good time she'd been having.

But she didn't have hurried. It was hours before Margot came. In the meanwhile she'd been violently ill.

"NOW what's the matter?" Margot demanded with real exasperation when she came in at 3 o'clock, found the reading lamp still on, and Mary huddled in the arm chair near the open window.

"Oh, nothing. Just something I ate, I suppose."

She certainly wasn't going to tell Margot that she'd just made her self sick, crying, Mary would think she was crazy, and she must be. So she got into bed and closed her eyes.

Here she was, jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Practically engaged to a man who gave her the cold chills when he put his arm around her, and made her sick to her stomach when he kissed her.

That is, he'd probably considered himself engaged. When, on the way home he said, "I think you do love me, Mary," she couldn't very well say, "No, I don't!" And then he'd talked some more, and she hadn't said a word.

She was crying in the dark, and that in the dim light before they parted for the night. . . . he wouldn't have done that if he hadn't thought she'd practically agreed. . . .

Ugh, she could feel his soft lips, his slick, hard body against hers. How do girls manage to get themselves loved? How do they STAND it?

"I wish you'd settle down and stop squeaking these bedspring," Margot said. "Good heavens, it's almost time to get up. Let's have SOME sleep!"

Tears stung Mary's eyelids, her nose smarted. But she wouldn't cry. She forced herself to lie perfectly still until she knew by Margot's deep, regular breathing that she was sound asleep at last.

After all, she could see him tomorrow night, make it clear—diplomatically of course—that she hadn't meant what he thought she meant at all.

She hated the office now. Its emptiness. Its forbidding pile of mail that she dared not touch. She was afraid to telephone Lalla, afraid not to telephone her.

There was the usual delay in getting her.

"How is Mr. Samson?" she asked politely first.

"Just the same. I don't know. I told you I don't like it. They won't tell me anything here. I can't stand much more of it. I'm going to start screaming pretty soon, and when I start I won't be able to stop. I'm willing to stick as long as he wants me, and I can do anything, but I tell you, it's getting me down. I'm SCARED! Wait a minute. They're calling me—I'll call you back later!"

She sat by the telephone, waiting to hear from Lalla again, but though everyone else in the world kept her busy answering, there was no word from Trinity hospital.

And then Bennett walked in. "Hello! I've surprised you! Oh, it's really me, in person—not my ghost!"

"But I thought you were in SEATTLE!"

"I was. Flew down."

He didn't seem angry with her. He didn't seem overjoyed to see her, either. He went right in to the inner office, and began opening the mail.

Well,