

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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## Wings Over the World

RECENTLY a dinner was given in honor of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, intrepid explorer. At the dinner Admiral Byrd declared his intention of devoting the remainder of his life to promote international amity, save for two years which he may devote to further exploration in a field he did not name. The impulse to consecrate his life in behalf of world concord came to him while he was alone in the south Arctic. There he pondered over the problems of the world and concluded it was the airplane which gave the world its new war fears. He said:

"It is the fear of wings over the world that is helping to drive us deeper and deeper into international insanity."  
Admiral Byrd then read a page from his diary written at Advance Base when he did not know that he would return alive. This was the page:

"I find that I must take charge of my mind or it will take charge of me. One of my diversions is to try to get an unprejudiced mental picture of civilization. The distance and detachment of this place seem to soften some human follies. Others take on added significance. But from here the whole folly of all follies is the amazing attitude of civilized nations towards each other. It seems a great madness. If this attitude is not changed, I don't see how our civilization, as we know it, will survive. I wonder if it is possible that the infinite diversions of civilization act as a narcotic to dull the mind of the human race to its danger."  
"Fear, antagonism and reprisals seem to be the rule among nations which, in their conduct toward each other, are, I believe, 20,000 years behind the individual civilized citizen in his conduct toward his neighbor. In fact, international relations are often highly primitive. The well-being of a nation depends upon the well-being of its neighbor nations and fair and friendly trade relations with those nations."  
"Therefore, it appears to me that if a citizen desires reasonable prosperity and well-being for his family and his fellow citizens, he should strive for friendly understanding among the family of nations. That seems the loyal and efficient thing to do for his country. I feel this so keenly that if I survive this ordeal I shall devote what is left of my life largely to trying to help further the friendship of my country with other nations of the world."

Wings over the world. Will they be black wings, the wings of fear that ride on the grey bombers of war? Or will they be white wings, the wings of peace that ride on the planes of commerce and travel? Admiral Byrd will dedicate his life to making the wings white instead of black, to driving out black fears which foment wars, and building up understanding which sustains peace.

## A Backward Step

THE announced plan of Governor Martin to transfer youthful convicts from the state penitentiary to the boys' training school is a throw-back to antiquated ideas of penology that Oregon ought not to tolerate. It defies all progress in treatment of wayward youth. If carried out it will probably demoralize the constructive work of the state training school. It may be granted that it is a mistake to incarcerate youthful criminals with mature and old felons. By the same logic it is dangerous to include with boys guilty of minor offenses, some of them mere children, the young men who have committed crimes as heinous as to merit commitment to the penitentiary.

The proper person to assign youth for correction or confinement is the judge. He hears the case, knows the principals, knows the conditions surrounding the youth and should know something of his possibilities for reform. He is the committing magistrate. He has wide latitude in exercise of parole powers. When therefore the judge commits a young man to the penitentiary or a boy to the training school that commitment should stand until the sentence is completed or parole is granted.

If to save money, because the penitentiary is filling up, the state transfers the young convicts to the training school, it is apt to breed more convicts for the future. Undoubtedly the announcement of the transfer will arouse those interested in the training school and its inmates to strenuous protest.

The state does need an intermediate institution where first offenders may be confined, and thus segregated from hardened criminals. That the state has not established such an institution does not justify shipping the young convicts to the training school where boys are sent whose offenses are minor and whose prospect of reformation through training is good.

With no previously developed program for receiving the convicts or for their instruction and training, and no special staff trained for this new type of work the training school cannot help but suffer in the task for which it was created. Furnishing loose a few tough eggs of 19 and 20 with the children of 13 and 14, whose steps already have faltered in the path of right conduct, is a threat which citizens interested in the training of boys will not fail to recognize.

## Lemke a Candidate

HERE on the country's rim it is hard to see where William Lemke will get far as third party candidate for presidency. He is not very well known, and his announcement was prefaced by no "build-up" of his name. Father Coughlin announced his support after Lemke declared his candidacy. Dr. Townsend said the matter would be referred to the Townsend convention which meets later in the summer in Cleveland.

Lemke is not the candidate of the nascent farmer-labor party. That group plans no national ticket for this year. It looks to 1940 with Governor Olson of Minnesota or Senator LaFollette. Organized labor will not back him officially, because labor leaders are more astute and try to throw their influence where it will have real weight.

While the chance for Lemke's winning the election are so slim as to be negligible, in spite of the talk of 20,000,000 votes and all that, his vote might have influence as a balance of power factor. Even there the result is not clear. Some republicans predict that Lemke will draw off the radical fringe from Roosevelt, thus weakening the latter. Here again one may not be too sure. Lemke is best known in the central northwest which is normally republican. Defection there might injure the Landon cause.

A safer conjecture, it seems at this stage, is that the Lemke vote will be small, far smaller than that of Senator Bob LaFollette in 1924. Most folk want to use their vote where it will really count. That has always meant in this country a two-man race. Only the switch of the Townsend group to Lemke would give him a vote of much size; and even there partisan feelings are apt to be strong enough to hold the Townsend followers in their regular parties.

The democrats are considering abolishing the two-thirds rule. The results in the future can hardly be foretold; but looking at the past the Baltimore convention of 1912 comes to mind when Champ Clark had a majority but failed of two-thirds and Bryan finally switched the nomination to Wilson. Speculators may spin their might-have-beens on that instance of the operation of the two-thirds rule.

A speaker before the Pacific coast society for experimental biology and medicine said the other day that cigarette smoking may be beneficial in cases of diabetes and kidney disease. Looking at the statistics of cigarette sales one would hardly think there were that many diabetics in the world.

District of Columbia doctors are puzzled over Zioncheck. Perhaps they are considering keeping him confined until after the Washington state primaries. That doesn't promise to solve the matter. Seattle once elected a man to the legislature while he was in jail on a morals charge.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### Democratic Dissenters

Washington, June 20.

THERE ARE a great many regular Democrats this year in an uncomfortable position. They have to choose one of three alternatives—first, they can remain Democrats and support a man whose judgment they distrust, whose policies they abhor and whose Democracy they deny; second, they can stay away from the polls; or they can vote the Republican ticket.

WHAT THE individual Democrat does will depend upon the depth of his dislike of Mr. Roosevelt and the strength with him of the party label. It is the first time such a choice has been forced upon regular Democrats in a good many years. No one whose memory goes back to the days of William Jennings Bryan can fail to be impressed with the similarity of the present situation to that existing during Mr. Bryan's three candidacies for the Presidency. While there are many differences, of course, still the party is split along identical lines and the political strategy as well as the political philosophy of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt are essentially the same. The Bryan effort was to array the workers and the farmers against what he called the "interests." This is exactly the Roosevelt plan as made plain by his own speeches, by press announcements from such spokesmen as Dr. Tugwell and by the general tone of the Democratic publicity. Both men make precisely the same class appeal. Each pictures the opposition to him as wicked and each has the same effect upon conservative Democrats.

IT IS TRUE that the Constitutional issue was not raised in the Bryan campaign, but the revolt within the party was against what was considered the unsoundness of his economic policies. It is true, too, that Mr. Bryan did not go as far to the left as Mr. Roosevelt, but he had the support of the labor leaders of his day and, like Mr. Roosevelt, he was the hero of the silver statesmen and inflationists. And he had the support of the Progressive Republicans of his period plus the crackpot radicals. Mr. Bryan was beaten three times, because in addition to opposition from the almost solid business element, a vast number of regular Democrats would not vote for him. That is exactly the situation today. The business and professional elements are overwhelmingly against the New Deal and in every State there are Democrats who will choose one of the three alternatives above mentioned.

HOWEVER, this does not mean that Mr. Roosevelt will be beaten, because Mr. Roosevelt has political advantages of which Mr. Bryan was completely destitute. For example, Mr. Roosevelt is President of the United States, backed by the weight of the greatest office-holding machine the world has ever seen. He is clothed with immense Federal powers and the full strength of the State Democratic organizations. Mr. Bryan was on the outside, without money, machinery, patronage or power. And he was not in position to force hostile politicians of his own party into line. As a Roosevelt asset, too, can be listed the billions of dollars placed in his hands for relief and public works and the other billions poured out in subsidies to the farmers. However much he may disclaim any political use of these vast sums, the fact remains that the local politicians supporting him and his own political managers are squeezing the last ounce of political advantage out of this money. Then, too, Mr. Roosevelt has the radio, which Mr. Bryan lacked. He has besides the most elaborate and extensive propaganda and publicity organization ever dreamed of in politics and a large army of press agents on the Government payroll whose real job is to popularize his Administration. All of these things Mr. Bryan lacked and yet it required a great deal of work to defeat him.

THOSE WHO feel that Mr. Roosevelt can be defeated despite his great advantages rest their hopes upon two general convictions: first, that the Republicans are normally the major party and are united behind the Landon ticket. There is no such Republican disaffection as caused by prohibition and the depression in 1912. Second, the Democrats are normally in minority and are not badly split. Those things being true, under normal conditions the Democratic ticket should be doomed. But these are not normal conditions and it narrows down to two things—first, the

weight and effectiveness of the unusual Roosevelt assets; second, the number of disaffected Democrats. No man can accurately answer these questions. They can guess but there is no way of knowing.

Extending Civil Service  
ONE of the most hopeful signs for good government is the growing sentiment for civil service in federal offices. Already the civil service extends to most of the regular departments of government. Unfortunately it was evaded in the new agencies which were filled with appointees who had democratic "clearance." Friday the lower house defeated a bill to put all first, second and third class postmasters under civil service. A roll call on the bill was forced by Minority Leader Snell but it failed to receive a majority of the whole membership, the vote being 204 for to 112 against. Eventually the reform will come, however.

One of the bold stands taken by Governor Landon was his unqualified endorsement of universal civil service for all officials in the government under the higher ranks, such as assistant secretaries of departments, and including all postmasterships. He made this clear in a telegram read at the convention before his nomination. It is a challenge for real political reform.

James Montgomery Flagg, artist, has left Clark Gable's name off the list of the six most handsome actors. That is all right with us; he could even be left off the list of actors as far as we are concerned.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dick Smith the "Kid" character in the story of Kit Carson, who can elucidate the history of the country.

(Continuing from yesterday.)  
Quoting further from Vesta: "The others stood and watched him, somehow aware that the moment was important."  
"At the glance of them, then passed the ball of his thumb over the sharp edge of the knife. He looked inquiringly at Ewing Young. It would be war—up to the hit—up to 'Green River' . . . 'War' the gringos, Cap'n? he asked."

"Ewing Young let every one in Taos suppose he was headin' for the States. He led his 40 mountain men on the trail to the Haton pass and the Arkansas river, then the boundary between the United States and Mexico."  
"But after 50 miles or so, as soon as he had left the Mexican officials safely behind, he turned his face to the southwest—back to the country of those Apaches who had bent his last brigade."  
"Well, see who has a right to this country," said the Captain (Young).  
"The 40 trappers rode with him, a motley cavalcade, the French Canadian gay and garrulous, the Americans grim and taciturn as usual, though ready to burst out into furious spasms of rough mirth or profanity."

"Their ponies moved steadily along at rack or Indian for trot, and the pack mules shuffled along through the dust, to the movement of flopping possible (supply) sacks and the clink of traps."  
"Most of the men wore blue shirts, long, full skirted buckskin hunting coats, leather breeches and leggings, moccasins slouch hats, or bandanas turbaned around their heads."  
"All carried rifles, sheath knives, bullet pouches and powder horns, whetstones, cases for pipe and tobacco. . . . Some had pistols in their belts, some hatchets."  
"They pushed on day after day, passing through the country of the Navajo, passing the pueblo of Zuni, where Kit looked in vain for the 'white Injuns' fabled to inhabit there."  
"At last they reached the headwaters of Salt river, here swift and fresh and wooded—quite unlike the brackish stream it would be below the salt beds downstream."

"Soon after they made camp, Jim Heston, an Indian on the skyline and Ewing Young made preparations to receive his guests. He knew he would have to entertain them in camp."  
"The Apaches were in great force, and full of the pride of their late victory. Young had no desire to stand a fight with the Indians, as usual, wishing to have a look around before they attacked the party."  
"They approached, and Captain Young beckoned them on."  
"At the first alarm, Kit and three-fourths of the men were ordered to conceal themselves. Before the Indians had time to estimate the number of whites, the ambush was laid."  
"Young and the rest of his men stood in the middle of the creek to receive the redskins, who poured down from the hills on every side, expecting to reconnoiter at their leisure, to intimidate the trappers, confiscate their stock, perhaps kill them. Down they came until they were within a hundred yards in the middle of the creek. Then the captain (Young) gave the signal, called out, fired."  
"Kit . . . heard the cries, the

outra, the gloe of the mountain men, as the Indians fell, and the survivors ran. As the smoke arose he saw on the ground among the packs the strangely distorted brown bodies, the blood, the bows and lances dropped."  
"Kit Carson examined the body of the Indian he himself was sure he had brought down. 'Rather proudly,' wrote Vesta, 'he hammered brass tack number one into the old brown stock (of his gun) . . . All around him was the obscene merriment of men who had just killed . . . He himself was quite content, being new to danger. He had aimed and fired with all the deadly singleness of purpose that belongs to 15 years. But now he, too, felt a little queer . . . His reward came when he saw a man, Captain Young say, 'Kit that's a likely young man. He'll make a mountain man yet.'"  
Reading on: "Young and his men trapped down the Salt river and up its tributaries, taking great quantities of furs."  
"Sooner than they found dams that could be broken down and the beaver killed with clubs and hatchets; sometimes they had to use all their finest skill in wading, placing their traps, using the luring castor to outwit the cunning creatures."  
"So much fur was taken that Young decided to send back 22 of his men with the catch, and to lead the remaining 18 into California and up the Sacramento."  
"It was always the farther part of the trip, the trapper, and the Indians had become very troublesome since the late massacre (by Young and men)."  
"Nearly every night they crept into camp, stole traps and packs, cut the throats of horses and mules, made themselves generally a nuisance."  
"When the news of the intended division of the men got about, Kit Carson's heart sank. He was the youngest. More likely the Cap'n would send him home with the packs."  
"But when the names were called, Kit found himself among the choicest 18. He was making good."  
(Continued on Tuesday.)

## Repairing Stairs Ordered, Howell

Cowden, Steffen Renamed Directors For Central Howell District

CENTRAL HOWELL, June 20.—Al Cowden and D. Steffen were reelected director and clerk at the annual school meeting. Jasper King and W. A. Roth are the holdover directors. About 100 persons were present at the meeting. It was voted to give the board authority to repair and remodel the basement stairs.

Clifford O. Dougherty of Cloverdale and Jean Dougherty, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. R. Brownville Monday after spending a week at the Clarence Simmons family. Miss Ethel Simmons of Portland who visited friends and relatives in Salem Tuesday night and Wednesday at the Simmons home.

Farmers Making Hay  
Farmers here are anxiously awaiting the advent of good weather to cut hay. The clover hay is fully ready for cutting. Picking of strawberries and cherries is in full swing. Both crops are very short this year.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kuenzi, Donald and Emma Kuenzi, from a week's trip to visit relatives at Aberdeen, Wash., Wednesday. They drove as far as Seattle while there.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Werner and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Binogor had a week at the Rose Festival last week.

GATES, June 20.—Mr. and Mrs. EK Collins had as guests this week Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burns and daughter of San Francisco. Burns is a nephew of Ed Collins and was born in the Gates vicinity. While here they visited Breitenbush, Detroit and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith who have occupied the house belonging to Mrs. John Gardner moved recently to Mill City.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Sellard and family visited at Toledo, Wash., recently, where a reunion of the Sellard family was held. Relations were a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Casper Dippold of Virginia, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Sylvester of Everett, Wash., are at the home of Mrs. Sylvester's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Klutke for an extended visit. Mrs. Sylvester was Dorothy Klutke before her marriage. Her husband is a teacher in the Lutheran school at Everett.

## Edison Memorial Drive Is Started

With the appointment by State Chairman Franklin T. Griffith, of 15 members of the Oregon Sponsoring Committee, including Charles P. Bishop of Salem, the Oregon drive for participation in the nation-wide campaign to establish a "living" memorial to Thomas Alva Edison opened late last week.

## Always a Coward, and Every Inch a Fool



## "BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIV  
Mary's brand new indifference to the heir to the Todd fortune had that sudden it. It was as good as an order. She wasn't to go. It's all right to be philosophical, but when night came, and the lanterns were lit, and she knew that every other girl was adding a last minute dab of powder or rouge while she sat alone like a little old maid, it wasn't so easy. She could hardly hold back the tears. It wouldn't have hurt them to ask her. They might let her have SOME fun!

The guests were beginning to arrive. Beautiful speed boats whirled up to the pier, unloaded their cargo of gayly chattering boys and girls. The orchestra began to tone up. Mary looked down at the plain little pique dress she had worn all day. It would be fun to change just for her own satisfaction. Nobody would know. She went into the room, opened the closet door. The sheer pink cotton "formal" that she had bought the last minute, thinking it would be just the thing for a party in the woods was hanging there.

She lifted it out. It was just the thing, all right. Just the sort of thing the other girls were wearing. Mary Shannon slipped the soft pink ruffles over her head, felt better immediately. From the petal-like pinkness of the dress, her head emerged, like a rose.

Of course that isn't just the thing to say of oneself, but there certainly wasn't anyone else to say it. Except Jamie, maybe, and Jamie wasn't going to see her tonight. Early to bed, for lack of anything better to do, wasn't making her particularly wise or wealthy, but it was evidently good for her health. She'd never looked better.

Her skin was just as smooth and fresh and glowing as it used to be in the old days when she lived at home with the folks and Ma made her get eight hours' sleep every night.

Her eyes, that had been heavy and dark-shadowed, were the clearest blue she'd ever had. There was no doubt about it, she did have nice brows and lashes. They weren't long, but anyway they were thick and dark.

There had been no one to see her. She opened her top bureau drawer, took out a piece of narrow French blue satin ribbon . . . that shade of blue is so nice with pink. She took it around it. "Affected" when she tied a ribbon around her head, but since there was no one to see her, anyway . . .

She tied it carefully, the perky little row on the top, let her dark hair curl around it. "Affected" if you felt that way about it, but flatterer! Anyway, there was no one to see her. She was just pleasing herself.

She wished Stephen Bennett could see her. If he thought she was "disturbingly pretty" in plain little office clothes, when she was all worn out with worry over that miserable Holden affair and had dark circles under her eyes and everything else, he'd certainly think so now.

If things had been different, if she'd met him at a place like this—anywhere but in an office, where he was boss and she was stenographer. Well, there's no use starting that "it might have been." It wasn't—and that was that. And here she was, all dressed up and nowhere to go!

It was getting dark now. She could go out and sit on the veranda without being seen. She arranged her ruffled skirts in the deck chair, settled herself to enjoy the sweetness of the night. She thought, I'm like Cinderella—only I lack the prince to take me to the ball!

The moonlight had turned the lake to silver, and all about her was the velvet blackness of the night. Hidden shrubs sent up their faint, spiky sweetness, the bobbing lanterns turned the distant lodge to fairyland. This is really the way to enjoy dance music . . . having it float to you over the water, through the trees. The dancers couldn't hear the lap, lap, lap of the water against the lake-shore, as she could. They couldn't hear the little night noises, the rustling of the trees, the crackly stirring of fallen leaves. . . . Oh, what's the use of fooling yourself? She didn't care a thing about the beauty of the night—she wanted to DANCE!

There wouldn't be any harm in walking down to the pier. Everyone was over at the lodge, dancing. Nobody'd see her. And if Janet's silly husband was looking around for her, as he had threatened, or Jamie should just happen to be taking a walk, she could say that she'd just come down to the lake for a little row. The pier was a little nearer the music, but that was about the only advantage it had over the cottage. So lonely—how do people enjoy things alone? Don't they honestly want someone near them? Can they just love beauty for its own sake?

It was mean of them—MEAN, MEAN, MEAN not to ask her! She wouldn't treat her worst enemy that way . . . and how would she ever stand it, just going on and on, never having any fun! Careers are all right if you like them, but personally she'd rather go to one good dance. . . . Someone was coming. She moved behind a pile. "I don't mind your making love to Caroline von Hess," Vesta Todd was saying in her unmistakable Vestaish voice—"but her husband does. So please try to control . . . ahem . . . Jamie, dear, is that Janet over there by the boat?" "I don't give a darn who . . . why, it's Mary! I've been looking all over the cock-eyed plantation for you!" "Oh, hello, Jamie! Good evening, Mrs. Todd. I—I was just going for a row!" "It's a lovely night for it, Miss Shannon. Come, Jamie—we must be getting back, dear." She walked ahead.

She walked ahead, like a jailer, expecting the trunk to follow. "Well, if that was all the spirit Jamie had left . . . Mary began to untie one of the boats. Perhaps she took a little longer than necessary, fusing over the knots, looking for the right oars. At last she had them adjusted in the oar-locks. She didn't care what he did—it was nothing to her—and she despised him already. But Vesta's cocksure attitude. . . . Hadn't she heard that husbands were easier to get than to keep? Didn't she realize that Jamie was a man and that a very pretty girl was going rowing alone on the lake? She stepped into the boat, pushed off from the pier. "Oh, Mary—wait!" She'd ahead, like a jailer. Now Mrs. Vesta, what do you think about that? "Mary," he called again. "Come on back, and have that dance with me!" She rested on the oars. "No, thanks. I don't feel like dancing. It's too nice a night." "Then we'll go for a walk. I've got a quart of champagne right here!" "What a pity I don't drink!" "Mary, come in closer. I want to talk to you." "Don't, I'm in a hurry." "Very well, I'll get in another boat and follow you." Again she grinned in the dark. What a picture that would make! (To be continued)

never interested! I rely absolutely on her own good judgment." That sudden it. It was as good as an order. She wasn't to go. It's all right to be philosophical, but when night came, and the lanterns were lit, and she knew that every other girl was adding a last minute dab of powder or rouge while she sat alone like a little old maid, it wasn't so easy. She could hardly hold back the tears. It wouldn't have hurt them to ask her. They might let her have SOME fun!

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ment fund which will be devoted to the perpetuation of Edison's interest in the advancement of American youth in science, engineering and invention.

Miss Coberly Visits  
SILVERTON HILLS, June 20.—Miss FRANCES COBERLY has been making a short visit with her mother, Mrs. Emma Coberly at her home here before entering the University of Oregon summer course at Portland. Miss Coberly taught at Burns the past year