

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Mixing the Parties

A. P. GIANNINI, San Francisco banker, head of Trans-America and Bank of America, has endorsed Pres. Roosevelt for reelection. Most bankers are regarded as hostile to the new deal, so the Giannini endorsement is something out of the ordinary. Some critics say that the new deal was very kind to Bank of America at the time of the bank holiday and that its head has reason to be grateful. All that aside, we consider it beneficial to the country for some banking and business support to be extended to Mr. Roosevelt. A division strictly on lines of economic cleavage would be a misfortune for the country. It has been a wholesome thing for the parties in this country to embrace in their memberships rich and poor, persons of high and low estate.

In many respects the new deal suffers from a lack of newspaper support, and this is bad too; because newspapers ought not to be unanimous in their views. Even the "wrong" side needs an exponent and interpreter. This newspaper shift has been remarkable. It is recalled how the president had the White House correspondents all eating out of his hand when he entered office. They were fed up on the dour and uncommunicative Hoover and he was mercilessly grilled by the press. Mrs. Roosevelt gave them food and drink on a cold night and these correspondents, as skeptical and critical a bunch as ever assembled, were captured by the Roosevelt. What happened to sour the soup? Something must have, because the correspondents no longer seem captivated by Rooseveltian glamour.

It may be said that the Washington correspondents write what their bosses back home want them to write. That may be true to some extent, but the independent writers are not beholden, and some of them are the severest critics of the present administration.

To revert to our thesis; it is dangerous for the country to have sentiments so unanimous with respect to so mottled a program as the new deal. An intelligent person cannot condemn it all without reservation; and no intelligent person can endorse it all without reservation. Bankers of less conservative type, like Giannini and Eccles, see no danger in rapidly rising national indebtedness. Let them express themselves to that effect. Others are convinced that down the deficit road lies chaos; let them speak out with words of warning. Likewise with newspapers and journalists and publicists; it would be well to have frank expressions of differences of opinion. The greatest danger lies in too great a unanimity, in too much regimentation of thought.

In congress for example the new deal itself has suffered for lack of powerful and aggressive opposition. The first congress under Mr. Roosevelt acquiesced blindly and dumbly in whatever legislation was handed down from the white house. The second congress had its eyes opened and was bold enough to speak sotto voce in the lobbies in criticism of much that was offered, but few there were to speak out in challenging tones. New deal legislation suffers from lack of having to face a tough and fighting opposition.

We should distrust a republican party composed only of bankers and industrialists. We should distrust a democratic party composed only of college professors and labor union organizers. The republicans can afford to spare a few bankers in exchange for leaders of labor; and goodness knows the democrats will need the bankers if they are returned to power.

Pipe for Water Mains

THE choice of materials on a big construction job is sure to excite spirited activity among sponsors of various materials. For the water line from Stayton island feasible materials are steel pipe, concrete pipe, and creosoted stove pipe or Douglas fir. Each material has its merits and its limitations as to cost, durability and feasibility. Where pressures are very heavy steel pipe is regarded as better. Where pressures are low concrete or wood pipe is practical. Engineer Koon is said to be recommending steel pipe for the intake and line under the river, concrete pipe for the upper section where the pressure is low, and steel pipe for the lower section where pressure is heavy. The life of the former if the job is well done is indefinite; for steel the claims are up to sixty years and for wood with creosote treatment up to fifty years. Wood pipe is said to be considerably less expensive than steel pipe, except where heavy pressure would require heavy banding.

It is up to the city council committee to study the merits of the materials thoroughly. The recommendation of the engineer is entitled to great weight and should not be overruled unless for very clear and impressive reasons. Salem does not want to buy an inferior material; at the same time it wants all it can get for its money. Other things being equal preference naturally should be given to products of Oregon material and fabrication. Above all, the entire negotiations for materials and for award of contracts should be open and above board so there may be no breach of scandal.

Drouth Relief and Politics

THE Capital Journal chides us with being too partisan in strictures on the rush of federal officials to the drouth belt. Perhaps so; but our authority, in part, was Paul Mallon, the Journal's own Washington writer, who wrote in its Wednesday issue: "Messrs. Wallace and Hopkins have been rushing to the aid of the drouth areas so fast they are already a couple of miles ahead of the technical forecasters who are trying to find out the ultimate scope and effect of it." Mallon went on to imply the political angle of distribution of funds in the drouth belt when he said, speaking of how Lemke guessers were raising their hopes because of farmer wrath, "they really do not know yet how much money the new dealers will put into the area to cool off the wrath."

The plight of the drouth belt excites human sympathy and justifies measures for relief. We will withdraw any imputation of political significance in the extension of relief if Mr. Farley and the democrats will not follow up this fall with ballyhoo about "gratitude," and pressure for votes because of the money spent.

The Maltomah tax commission law was knocked out as an unlawful delegation of legislative power. That was the basis by which the supreme court of the United States ruled against the NRA and the AAA. Yet the Portland Journal, which hails the Oregon decision as a triumph of virtue and good government, damns the supreme court of the United States for applying the same principle of constitutional law.

Just how many leagues, associations and societies are there working for world peace? And every one has a secretary and headquarters and most of them are passing the hat for money. Peace, like sleep, is a blessed thing, beloved from pole to pole. But people seem to disagree violently on how it is to be secured.

Sen. Borah urges use of a tariff on farm products to keep out imports of agricultural products. He also berates monopoly. The best breaker-up of monopoly we know is a little foreign competition. How long would fixed steel prices last if the tariff barriers were lowered a little?

Ruth Bryan Owen played for high stakes as a diplomat in Copenhagen, winning a husband. The president will now be overrun with applications from widows, sad and grass, who would like a diplomatic post in Europe, one with royalty trappings preferred.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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A Strange Omission

Washington, July 10
THE STATEMENT is made by a correspondent that in the fifty-three speeches delivered at the Philadelphia alpha convention, every one of which reviewed the Roosevelt record and eulogized the Roosevelt achievements, not one speaker made one reference to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is not possible to read all the fifty-three speeches now, but personal recollection plus diligent inquiry from newspaper men and others in attendance appears to confirm this statement. Not one can recall so much as a mention of the prohibition amendment and the President's success in forcing its repeal in record time.

IT IS, indeed, a singular thing that in all that vast ocean of oratory there should have been not a single drop on this subject. Yet a search of the text of the major speeches—for example, those of the temporary chairman, Senator Barkley (the longest keynote oration on record) and of the permanent chairman, Senator Robinson (second only to Barkley's in length) fails to reveal a word about repeal. Every one of the fifty-three seconding speeches dwelt heavily upon the Roosevelt opening of the banks. Not a single speaker missed on that. It was his duty, and nothing else was overlooked. But if, from start to finish, there was so much as a whisper about repeal it cannot be recalled.

WHAT IS the explanation? The omission was so unanimous that it seems deliberate. Yet it is hard to see how it could have been. Certainly repeal was an outstanding achievement. More than that, it was one promise Mr. Roosevelt made in 1932 which he redeemed promptly and fully. Praise for him was to have been expected. It was his due. It would have been deserved. Through him, it could be claimed, an obnoxious amendment to the Constitution had been eliminated. It was something of which he could be proud. In the face of all that, not to so much as mention the matter appears almost incredible. A great deal has been made by his opponents of his repudiation of the 1932 platform. Here was one pledge to which he could point as carried out not only in the spirit but to the letter. It is even harder to understand the ignoring of this Roosevelt achievement when it is appreciated that the contrast between the Roosevelt wetness and the former political dryness of Governor Landon could be so strikingly made.

INQUIRY AS TO the reasons for this remarkable silence evoked from certain practical political sources two suggestions, which explain perhaps as well as any. One is that if repeal were put forward as a Roosevelt accomplishment it at once would recall the Roosevelt "straddle" in the fight against prohibition. Mr. Roosevelt was not really a leader at all; that the late Albert C. Ritchie, Alfred E. Smith, the Du Ponts, Mr. Raskob, Mr. Shoups and others now no longer his friends took a far earlier and far more effective part in that great battle than he. It would also recall that in 1932 the original platform approved by Mr. Roosevelt did not contain a straight repeal plank; that the Roosevelt plank differed little from the Hoover "straddle," which he later fiercely denounced; that the plank adopted was forced on him by Smith, Ritchie and other uncompromising wet.

THE OTHER reason suggested is even more interesting. The repeal battle was not played up, it is said, because of the desire not to alienate further from Mr. Roosevelt the clergymen of the country, most of whom are dry and many of whom deeply resented the White House effort a year ago to take them into camp through a bogus "personal letter." It will be recalled that in 1935 a large number of ministers received a letter purporting to come from Mr. Roosevelt personally, asking that they write him giving their advice and views. A considerable number responded in good faith. Then it was discovered that the letter was "phony"; that it was an old political dodge letter copied verbatim from one sent out some six months before by Gov. Philip L. Follette (great friend of the President) to Wisconsin clergymen.

WHEN THIS was revealed, Mr. Roosevelt got a lot of pretty hot replies from indignant clergymen, properly resentful at what seemed a cheap political trick. Various polls since taken indicate a major cleavage, unfriendly to the new deal. Not many weeks ago the Rev. Stanley High, former editor of the Christian Herald, was taken on as a Roosevelt campaign helper. The Democratic National Committee is financing Mr. High's activities. He has organized a so-called "Good Neighbor League" from which he draws a salary and which is an adjunct of the National Committee. The belief, however, is that Mr. High concentrates on writing campaign speeches and articles and on trying to win the ministers over. In 1934 he was an ardent dry. He announced about that time a plan (later abandoned) for publishing a dry daily newspaper in New York and

Bits for Breakfast

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James M. Bates was most versatile of Lee mission family; erected the first house of whites in Jefferson.

(Continuing from yesterday):
"Mrs. Vaughan wishing to get more information on this, to her, interesting subject, interrogated her father as to the family history, and drew out from him the startling information that there was a secret drawer in one end of the trunk, and she found a letter from one of his brothers which had been locked up in the drawer and known only to himself for above 30 years.

"On opening the drawer the old letter came forth, to tell the secrets of nearly half a century. "Neither of these letters had ever been answered, and the writers having given up that brother for lost, had long since been laid away to their final rest.

"Miss Ora Vaughan, a granddaughter of 'Uncle Jimmy,' wrote to Washington City, and finally succeeded in getting in corre-

spondence with two daughters of 'Uncle Jimmy's' youngest sister. "One is Mrs. McElhinney and the other is Mrs. Julia B. Schoepf; also a nephew, Edward Lundy.

"While Mr. Bates was encountering the gates that closed his back into the jaws of coral reefs his relatives on land were vainly trying to buffet the storms of financial adversity which he taught them how the transitory and fleeting nature of riches, and from what we can learn, no doubt 'Uncle Jimmy' enjoyed, especially during the last years of his life, as much pleasure and tranquility in his humble home in his far west as he could have done in the bustling city of Washington, the nation's capital."

Thus ends the second Rigdon article.

In August, 1927, Mrs. Julia S. Vaughan furnished for publication some of her recollections of early history in Jefferson and vicinity. From this matter is culled the notes that follow:

Her mother's maiden name was MARY FARR, born in Newcasttle, West Virginia, April 9, 1808. She was early married to Bartley K. Caldwell. Eleven children were born to them.

With eight children, Mrs. Caldwell moved to Missouri to the covered wagon immigration of 1846. The children were Gerard, Calohill, Direly, Laurilla, Lioma (twins), Mabury, Mary and Almada.

An older son Arthur had gone to California earlier.

Mary died and was buried on the plains. They were bound for California, but the captain of their train advised them to come to Oregon, and they took the "southern" route, to go with part of the members of the train. In Bear valley of the Sierras, Calohill with several other men enlisted to serve in the Mexican army and went with Fremont's expedition.

Food for the immigrants became scarce; had to be rationed before reaching the Oregon line. The mother went without food in order that her children might not starve.

The oxen kept dying, were replaced with cows; wagon after wagon was abandoned. Only a few were left when they reached the creek canyon. There Gerard with his brother on to the Willamette valley, secured food supplies and hurried back. It was December when the party reached Polk county. The lonely mother and her children had their meal on Christmas dinner on the Oregon bank of the Lucia.

Calohill, the eldest boy had been as a father to the family.

The next year, 1847, the family moved to Jefferson county, to what is now known as the old Hagan place, near Jefferson.

There was soon a double wedding, in which Thomas Holt and Thomas Ramsdell married the twins, Lioma and Laurilla. Ramsdell was going for Hamilton Campbell in the Cheulupum valley, and had to take his pay in butter and tallow, which he carried on horseback to Oregon City and brought back the muslin for the wedding dresses.

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The Lewis mission who upon its dissolution bought its cattle. He took them to that valley, between the Looney settlement and the junction of the Santiam and Willamette rivers. The writer notes that the sheep and goat department calls the creek running through that valley the Cheulupum. The writer disputes the spelling—contents it ought to be Cheulupum. "Who is right?"

The same year, '47, the widow was married to James M. Bates, who had taken up a place in the Cheulupum valley, where Sidney now stands.

They sold their squatter's right there and took up their donation claim that became the site of Jefferson—or the joint site, with that of Jacob Conser.

In 1849, Mr. Bates went to the California gold mines, returning the following year, and erecting the log house that was the first building of a white man on the site of what became Jefferson. Their first (log) house was about half mile below—and it had been washed away by high water in the Santiam the winter before—obliging Mrs. Bates and her children, including her Bates baby, Julia Ann, to live for a time in the home of her daughter, Lioma, and husband, Thomas Holt, near by.

Mrs. Vaughan recalled two early schools in the vicinity of the site of Jefferson, before the coming of the white man: "one out where Mrs. Rob Weddle lives, the other about a mile south of Hamilton Campbell's house where James Pate now lives. They had church occasionally in this (the latter) school house."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader. Q.—I have noticed several gray hairs in the last few months. I am a young girl of 24. What would most likely be the cause of this?
A.—Premature gray hair may be due to shock or worry. This may also be hereditary. Forget it and know that gray hair and a young face make an attractive combination.

R. M. Q.—When a young person's joints pop is it lack of something in the diet?
A.—This may be due to lack of spinal fluid. It pain accompanies this condition it would be wise to consult your physician. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers, who send addressed envelopes, and make their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.
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predicted Mr. Hoover's re-election in 1932 if he stood firmly for prohibition. Mr. High now ranks high as a Roosevelt propagandist and it is suggested that to boast that Mr. Roosevelt brought about repeal might lessen Mr. High's influence in ministerial circles. However, to treat the whole repeal incident as if it had never happened at all seems carrying the strategy a little far.

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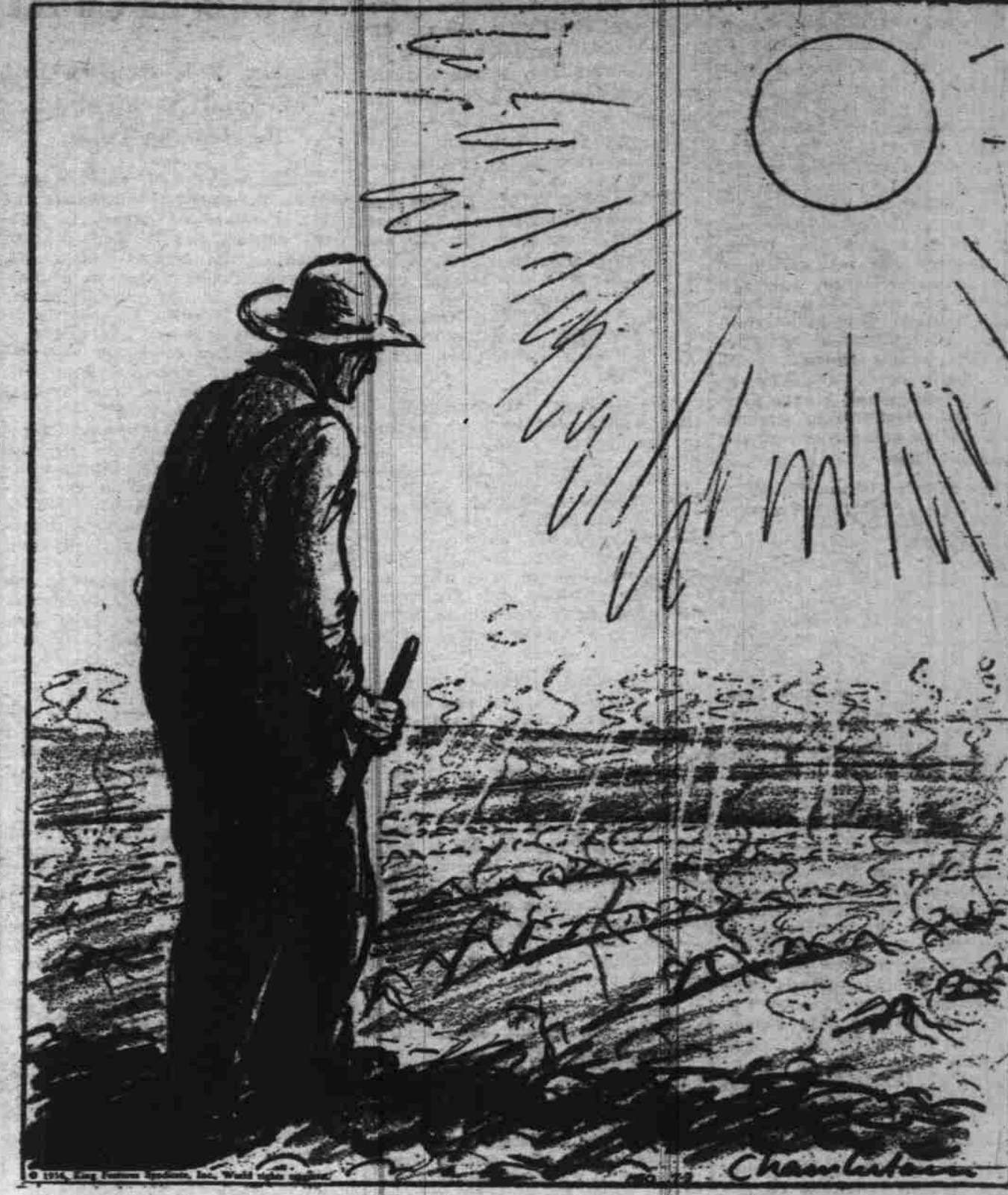
(Continued tomorrow.)

New Sidewalk and Tennis Court Almost Finished

WOODBURN, July 10.—Improvements at the Library square park consisting of a new concrete sidewalk and the finishing of the second tennis court have been almost completed.

The new sidewalk has been made possible by donations from the following contributors and through the efforts of Mrs. Ray Glatt and Miss Dorothy Austin: T. C. Poorman, R. L. Gulis, F. H. VanWard, Frank Proctor, Minnie Richards, H. M. Austin, Lester Gilbert, Clyde Whitman, Wilton Hunt, Ray Glatt, P. G. Wikkers, W. H. Broyles, Tom Ream, J. Melvin Ringje, George Besch, Blaine McCord, Mrs. Neva McKenzie, E. T. Sims, Alfred Klump and Mrs. E. A. Assin. The new dirt surface tennis court has been paid for with money appropriated by the Woodburn Women's club.

Give Me Rain and You Can Name Your Own President



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

CHAPTER XV

Zola had reservations on a balcony which commanded a view of two streets along the route of the Rex parade. She and Lynn laughed and talked together as they watched the antics of street revellers, awaiting the pageant. There seemed to be no end to the astonishing revelations of this festival, Lynn reflected as Zola continued with explanations of its customs and traditions.

At last the long-awaited spectacle approached in all its regal splendor. The procession climaxed that of Proteus, because it was the pageant of the long fleet, where the first float, surmounted by its glittering throne. The crowds roared with cheers of enthusiasm. "Hail to the King!" "Hurrah for His Carnival Majesty!" The about across like a mighty chorus from deep-throated organ. "All hail, Rex, our King!"

The throng surpassed all sycaritical conceptions of ornamental grandeur. Several hundred of high creation and flashed their facets in the bright sunbeams. Behind the king, his jeweled and ermine-bordered mantle spread its splendor to the end of the long float, where uniformed pages stood at servile attention.

The king accepted the cheers of the merry-makers with gallant gestures and friendly smiles. From a chest at his side he selected glittering tokens and tossed them to his admiring subjects. They caught at the baubles with eager glee and triumph glowed on their faces. Lynn felt her breath catch in her throat as the royal float moved before their balcony and Jack smiled directly at her. His elevation on the throne placed him on almost the same level and, as he passed before her he saluted, aimed carefully and tossed her a favor which she caught in her outstretched hands. It was a ring set with a large square crystal. She knew that it was a bawdy trinket and that the stone was only glass, because Dot had told her that her favor was a diamond-stone jewelry, but the significance of the gift set her heart racing and, for a moment, the chaos of color and sound swam dimly before her eyes. With an effort she adjusted their focus to watch the float disappearing into the confusion of the avenue. Her laughter mingled with Zola's as they inspected the ring, but she was vaguely relieved when the pageant again claimed their attention.

They discovered Dot and her attendants on the float of Roman myths, with Dot as Iris the messenger of the gods and posing upon the rainbow road which she traveled. Each of the girls tossed Lynn a favor, which she heaped with delight on her handbag, but with much less significance.

Finally, it was over, and the king had returned to his den for another year, while the crowds rushed to their homes to prepare for the innumerable balls of the evening. That majority which was not favored by membership or invitation to attend either the ball of Rex or that of the next important court of Comus, would celebrate with public and private balls of all kind and proportion.

will be early and very informal so we shall have plenty of time to get into our costumes and arrive early for the ball. I'm going directly to the auditorium to see that Dot is quite ready for her big moment. You might go with me, only Dot tells me that Dewey is taking you. That is better, because you will see the Comus pageant first and arrive at the auditorium in time for the tableau. You must not be late."

"I shouldn't miss it for anything," Lynn declared. "I'd much rather see the Comus pageant if you think we might be delayed."

"Oh, no, just tell Dewey to see that you arrive on time."

Lynn discovered that she was a trifle apprehensive about this evening with Dewey. But she hoped that he would keep his word with her and permit her to enjoy every delightful moment without concern for his personal attentions.

Excitement and happy confusion filled the Merchon mansion. There was an atmosphere about it which felt like a pulse throbbing with intense emotion. Even the servants betrayed a discreetly suppressed jubilation and their high cackling laughter echoed from rear quarters with frequent repetitions, interspersed with snatches of high pitched song. The day of Mardi Gras was always a special day of festive spirits, but when the daughter of the house was queen, there were no exceptions. Even the old maid, Old Mattie made a ritual of preparing the royal dinner and Andy served it with deferential homage.

Dot arrived home late that afternoon with Jack, bright-eyed and chattering volubly of the day's events. She rushed into Lynn's shaded room which had been shuttered against the glaring sun for the rest of her summer holidays. But she could not sleep. Her thoughts were too chaotic, her impressions of strange scenes and strange people too vivid and disturbing. The shining glass-set ring was treasured deeply in her dressing-case, and her memory burned with the smile of a tall youth with crisp black hair.

"How was the pageant? Did you like it? How did I look?" Dot's questions pattered into the room like sudden large raindrops into the serene summer day.

the display of the later arrivals. Lynn felt somewhat like Alice in Wonderland, stepped into a glittering mirror of fantasy and delight. And when Colonel Merchon emerged from his room after dinner, cradled as a bearded Arab and presently Zola swayed down the broad Colonial stairs as a languorous Cleopatra; Lynn wondered if she might not have gone suddenly and delightfully mad.

And did not care. For the first time in her life, she felt as if she belonged, as if she might emerge confidently from her aloof retirement and become a natural part of this strange drama. She sensed within her a genetic endowment which her exiled life had denied her, and for the first time she doubted her mother's right to have taken all this from her. By inheritance, she had a right to all Dot possessed; by environment, she had nothing. But this night was hers. Until midnight, she could be a gay Cinderella at the king's ball. After midnight—what?

No pumpkin coach, even with the influence of magic, could have compared with the speed and comfort of Dewey's motor car which flew through the air by its own magic power, at his command. In spite of being a very modern girl who lived in a very modern city, Lynn had rarely been driven about in automobiles. The few people whom she knew well did not possess them and she seldom went about with anyone who did. Yet here, where walking would be a delight, she never stepped outdoors that a car did not await her.

Dewey was in a charming mood. Like all soldiers of fortune, he was at his best when he started on a new conquest. He looked at her closely at the king's ball. After midnight—what?

"I'm glad something brought you to the ball," Lynn said confidentially.

Lynn could not have explained the momentary revelation which she felt at his nearness, but she was aware of it even while she tried to dismiss it with the pleasure she knew should be hers in having this gallant escort for the Rex ball of Mardi Gras. She tried to imagine Suzanne's excitement and delight in her situation, but her power of projection failed at the very beginning. It was so much easier to imagine being with Jack like this—No, she disciplined herself severely, she would not think about Jack like that. If she did, even for a moment, her mind went berserk and she lost all control of her imagination.

It was the same while they were watching the dazzling pageant of Comus. Sitting beside Dewey and hearing his voice close beside her in the melody of surrounding sounds, she did not find the spectacle so alluring and exciting by any portion of a degree as upon the previous night when Jack had sat beside her.

National Officer Of Mailmen Stops

MONMOUTH, July 10.—Lawrence McDonald of Alamosa, Colorado, national officer of the National Rural Mail Carriers' association, who is national representative to the state convention meeting this week-end at Astoria, was a guest Thursday at the Philip M. Schwelzer home here. Today he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Schwelzer to Astoria and on Saturday he will address the convention group.

Suffers Bad Cut

ELLENDALE, July 10.—Mrs. E. Steel fell on a hard bucket Thursday and cut her right forefinger badly. She will be unable to use it for six weeks.

Linn County Chapter of Red Cross Sponsors Life Saving, Swimming Course

SCIO, July 10.—Swimming and life-saving instructions in Scio will be held each Tuesday and Friday mornings under direction of Leo Butts, Albany, sponsored by the Linn county chapter of the American Red Cross.

Swimming classes will convene at 9:30 a. m., with life-saving instruction to begin at 11 a. m. Junior life-saving will include children over 14, while senior life-saving instruction will be given to persons over 17 years of age. Classes will be held in the swimming pool just above the bridge on Thomas creek in Scio.