The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - *Editor-Manager*
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - *Managing-Editor*

Member of the Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Constable's Wife

WHILE London was somewhat excited over the threat to the king's life last week, not all the citizens were moved out of their daily routine. There was the wife of the constable, for instance, who displaced the mysterious woman in grey as the savior of the king. The constable detained in making his report at Scotland Yard, was called down sharply by his wife for being late to supper.

Now there's a wife for you. It is possible to imagine other women letting the fried potatoes burn to a crisp while they toured the neighborhood and told with pride how their own George William or John Andrew, him as is the constable, was the one that saved the king's life. One might also imagine the loyal wife with table set with best china and linen, with perhaps the husband's mother a special guest, greeting her spouse with beaming face and enfolding arms as he entered the home from his day filled with unusual exploit. Not the constable's wife. Dinner is at seven-fifteen; and the constable always comes on the six-forty bus; and where is he this night, with the vegetables boiling away their goodness and the beef getting dried out in the oven? The constable may save the king all right; that's part of his duty; but dinner's at seven-fifteen and here it is seven-thirty by the clock and the bus went by the corner forty minutes past. There he is stepping off the bus; and what do you mean, you blighter for being so late for dinner?

What's the life of a king compared with a juicy pork chop?

Gas Masks for All

THE Japanese are putting their people through drills for self-protection in case of enemy raids, the hypothesis being an attack from the Pacific to the eastward (surely Canada is not feared). And Great Britain has decided to supply every one of her 40,000,000 people with gas masks to protect themselves from gas attacks by air. In many cities in Europe bomb shelters are being constructed, something like the cyclone cellars that were built in the prairie states.

Thus war comes closer and closer to ordinary people. No longer is risk of battle confined to a border zone or an important capital or seaport. The battle line now extends back into the villages, to crowded centers far in the hinterland. Airplanes may carry their cargoes of bombs hundreds of miles into the heart of the enemy country. So those lands bordered by states whom they regard with suspicion live in a cloud of fear. The war to end war seems to have resulted only in increasing fears of war. The rush to re-arm, the direct action methods of the fascist powers, and the internal disturbances in France and Spain show the degree of instability in the world of the present day. Governments are forced to move circumspectly and hold down the frictions whose sparks may detonate the dynamite abundant in the political and national tensions of the time.

Local Regulation

THE Capital Journal drives a shaft, several of them, at proposed regulatory ordinances, including an anti-noise ordinance. The C-J is too forgetful. As we recall, it led the battle of the householder against the cock-crowing of the bantam rooster parked on the lawns to consume earwigs. The C-J can swallow regulation by the new deal out of Washington, even to the point of altering the constitution to permit putting the people in a federal lockstep; but jibes at local law for uniform store closing. And the purpose of the closing laws is to benefit labor, so dear to the heart of the new deal.

The Statesman is not endorsing the proposed ordinance for uniform closing hours. We know there are good arguments on both sides of the question. It seems to us not so much a matter of abstract theory as of determining what the preponderance of sentiment is. There should be a general public hearing at which all parties interested, including consumer groups, may present their pleas for or against the ordinance. What amazes us is that our worthy contemporary can swallow a blue eagle of federal regimentation and strain at a gnat, in the way of a local regulatory ordinance.

The people of Oregon note with regret the loss of a life at Crater lake, where a young man tourist from Virginia plunged to his death while descending the rock walls to the lake level. The youth and his companion did not know there was a good trail down the sides of the bowl, and when trying to make their own way down, the lad slipped and fell to death. Preachers could moralize on that: failure to find the safe trail nearby.

At Los Angeles the city authorities are embarrassed because in digging a tunnel to tap a water supply in Mono basin the workmen have struck a pocket of carbon dioxide gas. This should cause no embarrassment, just let it carbonate the drinking water of the city. Considering how Los Angeles has grown without gas, think what it could do with natural fizz in its water.

The Boise Statesman inquires what has become of the rainmaker, who used to appear in seasons of the long dry spell and contract, for a generous consideration, to make the rains descend. The answer is easy. His role is now taken by Mr. Farley and his "gentle rain of checks."

Soviets have formally declared brain and brawn equal. Considering the high stakes shared by the fighters in the Schmeling-Louis bout it would appear that in this country brawn is far ahead of brain in distribution of earnings.

There is danger when politicians apply the title of "the great humanitarian" to their favorite. It opens the way for admirers of others such as Father Townsend or William Lemke to refer to them as the "greater humanitarian."

Few complaints are heard over the hot spell. If there are any grumblers let them read the headlines of last week's papers, and learn what real heat was in the midwest drouth belt.

Many new houses are being constructed in Salem this year. Next year's tenants will make the painful discovery that a pretty front door is a poor substitute for a missing bedroom closet.

John Carter, 81, Dies; His Mother, 101, Still Living

WELLS, July 21.—Mrs. Angelina Carter, 101, resident of the Palestine community has outlived another of her aged children. Her second oldest son, Johnnie A. Carter, 81, died suddenly at his home at Wells, Friday.

He was born Aug. 19, 1855, on the farm in Palestine known as the Carter estate and the home of his aged mother. He was married Sept. 20, 1879, to Miss Molly Wellimson. They made Wells their home. He owned and operated a merchandise store and post office at Wells for over 40 years until Feb. 1, of this year, when he retired due to poor health.

Besides his wife, he leaves three children, Mrs. Mattie Tomlinson and Pearl and Eston Carter and three grandchildren, Vearl and Lyal Carter, all of Wells, and Mrs. Bessie Smith of Salem; and two brothers Elvin Carter of Bickleton, Washington and Virgel Carter of the Palestine neighborhood.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Palestine Baptist church, with Rev. Henry Alders officiating. Fisher-Braden of Albany were in charge. Interment was in the Palestine cemetery. Pallbearers were Mr. Will Tomlinson, Mr. Gus Dodley, Mr. Dave Vanderpool, Mr. Jack Hodge, Mr. Frank Holmen and Will Holmen. Miss Pearl Baily and Mrs. Will Tomlinson and Mrs. John Bailey had charge of the flowers.

Harvesting Hay Crop On Farms at St. Louis

ST. LOUIS, July 21.—Hay is being baled through here by Mr Patton and Mr. Miller.

Lebruns are combining their own hay. This crop is very good here this year.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

Copyright 1936, by The Baltimore Sun

Losing From Both Ends

Cleveland

This Townsend national convention has been a gorgeous show, far more interesting than those earlier presented by the Republicans and Democrats. There have been few dull moments. For one thing, the oratory has been infinitely more stirring. For another, the enthusiasm has been entirely spontaneous, remarkably whole hearted. For another, the insurgency has been more intense and therefore more intriguing. Finally, from start to finish, there has been a strong religious flavor, wholly absent from the other gatherings. The evangelical spirit has been predominant. A great many of these delegates believe the Townsend Plan to have been divinely inspired and are prepared to go to any length to promote it. Neither figures nor facts shake their faith and they have a plausible argument for every point made against it.

Frank R. Kent

However, the practical political thing is what will be the effect upon the election of the anti-Roosevelt combination here revealed of Townsend, Coughlin, Smith and Lemke. Here are four men, two of whom at any rate, reckon their followers by the millions. So far as the Townsendites are concerned the amazing site of this convention seems to justify this claim. Credence to it is also lent by the number of Congressional candidates—more than a hundred—running with the Townsend endorsement and committed to the Townsend Plan, in all parts of the country. Some 60 odd of these were introduced yesterday afternoon. Each said a few evangelical words through the amplifier. Some were Democrats, some were Republicans, but most of them are running as independents. It was a concrete revelation of district strength.

On the Coughlin side there is reason to believe that the Father's convention to be held here next month will be equally impressive as to size and enthusiasm. Also, it will be even more hostile to Mr. Roosevelt. Sizing the situation up a friend of the President's here for the day, expressed the belief that of the Townsend vote taken to Lemke, two out of three would be a loss to Roosevelt, one out of three a loss to Landon. As to the Coughlin vote he was disposed to think that every vote swung by the Father would come from the Roosevelt side, arguing that only a few months ago all of the Coughlin vote was for Roosevelt because the Father was for him and the Father's control over his followers is concededly complete. This appears a reasonable judgment. Of course, no one can tell how many votes Mr. Lemke will poll. The guesses range from one million to ten. But whatever it is there is agreement in which his friends concur that the bulk of it will come from Mr. Roosevelt.

What the politicians feel is significant is that this means that Mr. Roosevelt loses from both ends. His votes—votes cast for him in 1932 and votes still with him in 1934—are being whittled away from two opposite directions. Those he loses through the Townsend-Coughlin group are from the extreme element to whom his policies and speeches were supposed especially to appeal. They constitute the forces of discontent most susceptible to assault upon the wealthy, most responsive to such phrases as "princes of privilege" and "economic royalists." It is an interesting fact that several orators in this convention in lambasting Mr. Roosevelt also assailed the Liberty League, the Duponts and used some of the President's pet phrases, such as "creatures of entrenched greed." In brief these people are in the main poor people whose tendencies it has been assumed in New Deal circles were naturally toward Mr. Roosevelt. That makes their defection more significant. It also makes somewhat absurd the insistent effort to make it appear that the Roosevelt opposition is confined to bankers, brokers, big business men and members of "well stocked clubs." That was exactly the sort of stuff people such as are here gathered were supposed to greedily absorb. That the intemperate attacks made upon him in this convention were tremendously cheered by what appeared to be a large proportion of the delegates and even Father Coughlin's savage and shocking assault caused no unfavorable reaction was most illuminating.

On the other hand, it is certainly true that Mr. Roosevelt has lost the support of many conservative Democrats and Republicans who voted for him four years ago. These represent the opposite of the currency inflationists, Townsend planners and "share the wealthers." These are the people deeply offended by the violated platform pledges, aroused at the efforts of the administration to stir up class hatred and play to what they regard as the "lunatic fringe." That the Roosevelt strategists are deeply disturbed by this business of being whittled at both ends is most clearly shown by the rather hysterical arguments advanced by various administration spokesmen and writers.

Probably the most ridiculous of these is the elaborate theory that now the Townsendites and Coughlinites have left Mr. Roosevelt it will no longer be possible for conservative Democrats and Republicans to regard him as unsafe and dangerous, that they will be compelled to swing to him in order not to join forces with the extremists whose economic fallacies they abhor. It takes a good deal of imagination to figure that way. It is an exceedingly pained and strained suggestion. The fact is that the wholly natural feeling of the conservatives opposed to Mr. Roosevelt will be one of great gratification that he has lost the support of what they regard as the "crack pots" of the country, thus making it easier to beat him with Governor Landon. It will also place his conservative opponents because they consider Mr. Roosevelt more responsible than any one else for the recent rise of the Coughlins, the Townsendites, the Sinclairs and other Messianic country saviors whose panaceas and proposals have been so widely purveyed. It will seem to them entirely just that these elements with whose leaders he has flirted and to whose followers he has pandered, should now turn upon him. But the idea that it will make conservatives turn toward him is a joke.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Wagons West," story of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman; celebration of centenary of heroic trek: 7-22-36

(Continuing from Sunday:) Tom Hill, a Deleware Indian with some schooling, who had drifted thither, told the Cayuse tribesmen that the lands of his people had been taken by Christian missionaries who came first offering their religion. He said the story would be repeated in the Oregon country.

In January, 1847, came the severest cold weather that section had known since the arrival of the Whitmans. William Craig, a mountain man, settled at Lapwai, aroused the Indians to hate Spalding and Whitman, because he himself wanted the land at Lapwai.

Joe Lewis, a half breed whom the Whitmans had harbored and befriended, proved a vicious ingrate, told hateful lies about them, to the Indians.

Came the measles raging among the incoming 1847 immigration, killing half the Cayuse tribe. The ignorant tribesmen were made to believe the missionaries were poisoning them, to get their lands.

Came the fateful Monday, Nov 29, 1847.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon an Indian asked to see Dr. Whitman, claiming sickness, and while the missionary was giving the pretended sick man attention, Tamahas, called "The Murderer," with a pipe tomahawk that had been concealed under his blanket struck the doctor on the back of the head, rendering him unconscious.

John Sager, oldest of Narcissa's adopted family, drew a pistol and attempted defense. He was quickly overpowered.

Nine whites were killed that first day, most of them dying slow and cruel deaths.

Mrs. Whitman was the only woman slain, though the other women and girls were cruelly treated and the school children threatened.

Eliza Spalding, 10 years old, was forced to serve as interpreter, she being the only survivor who could talk with the Indians in their own tongue.

One man who had been at the Whitman sawmill in the Blue mountains came down the next day and was killed.

Two were not massacred until eight days after the Whitmans were killed. One man escaped and was drowned. Thirteen were killed on the mission grounds.

News of the massacre reached Fort Vancouver by December 6, and Peter Skene Ogden of the Hudson's Bay company started immediately for Fort Walla Walla to ransom the captives. Haste was important, lest the savages learn that troops were on the move in the Willamette valley to go and punish the murders.

The captives were at Wailatpu and Lapwai. Walker and Eells were not disturbed at their missions among the Spokanes, and later made their way to Fort Colville, of the Hudson's Bay company, and were escorted to safety by Oregon volunteer soldiers.

January 2, Ogden loaded 57 men, women and children onto boats and sent them down the Columbia. He had paid 62 blankets, 63 cotton shirts, 12 guns, 600 loads of ammunition and 57 pounds of tobacco, for their redemption, to their Indian captors. As the boats passed out of sight down the river a band of Cayuse warriors rode up to Fort Walla Walla, whence they had departed, demanding Spalding—

They had just heard that already part of the avenging army of white settlers from the Willamette valley had reached The Dalles.

The expedition of citizen soldiers was not very successful, for the Cayuse Indians had many horses and knew the country well, always eluding their pursuers. Once some of the murderers escaped by a clever trick, with the assistance of tribal brothers who had taken no part in the actual massacre.

Pretending to be friendly, the Indians asked the soldiers to let them cut out their horses from those of the criminals, so that the innocent would not be made to suffer for what the guilty had done. In the excitement of the round-up all got safely away.

Some time after the massacre, the mission buildings were burned and the orchard destroyed. Indian wars raged, and when the Oregon territorial government was formed in 1849 a military proclamation was issued that no American settlers should go into the region.

Coyotes had dug up the bodies of the Whitmans and nine others hastily buried in a shallow grave. When the Oregon volunteers camped at the site of the ruined mission, they dug a deeper grave for the remains and put wagon beds over it.

It was not until the spring of 1850 that five Cayuses, including Tilaukait, war chief, and Tamahas gave themselves up. A trial was held in Oregon City and they were hanged on June 3, 1850. Joe Lewis, whom many believe to have been the most to blame, never was caught.

For years the Whitmans slept in a lonely, unmarked grave, in a lonely land. But their lives and their martyrdom were not to be forever forgotten.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOWADAYS WE rarely hear of hookworm. Of course, the disease still exists. But it prevails only in those sections where there is a lack of personal hygiene, with general carelessness in sanitation.

At one time more than 30 per cent of the school children in the southern part of the United States had this disease. Children, and adults, too, if they walk about barefooted, come in contact with the hookworm and are prone to contract the disease. For this reason the first measure taken in the campaign against this ailment was to enforce the wearing of shoes, particularly in the rural sections.

The disease is traced to the attacks of small worms. These enter the body through the skin. They burrow through the tissues and ultimately get into the blood. Then they are carried to the intestines.

Once the worms reach the intestine they rapidly multiply in number. It has been estimated that the sufferer may harbor as many as a thousand worms. The victim loses weight, tires easily and suffers from anemia, as well as many digestive disturbances.

The hookworm disease patient is often accused of being lazy. In reality he is suffering the effects of the parasite which is sapping all of his nutrition and strength.

Crave Dirt, Hair

A characteristic sign of the disorder is a peculiar craving for dirt, clay, hair, resin and chalk. The victim actually eats these indigestible things. This is a sign that should never be overlooked. Such abnormal persons should have a careful examination made of the stools for the detection of the parasites.

The hookworm is a round, long, tapering worm. It varies in size from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in length. When it becomes lodged in the intestines it rapidly multiplies, as I have said, and will persist for years unless destroyed by special medication. In severe and neglected cases fatal results may occur. Every effort must be taken to rid the victim of the parasites.

The parasites can only be destroyed by the administration of certain medicines. Of course, this treatment should be given only under the personal supervision of a physician. Usually he prescribes thymol or carbon petraclorid. The average case is relieved of all hookworms after a few doses of the medicine.

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

(Copyright, 1936, N. F. S., Inc.)

Twenty Years Ago

July 22, 1916

The municipal bathing beach at the end of the Center street bridge will be opened next week.

The enormous naval bill passed the senate by a vote of 69 to 8 yesterday.

Recruits who have a knowledge of cooking or of pharmacy are much wanted by the United States navy.

Ten Years Ago

July 22, 1926

Theatre publicity stories are appearing on page one.

Senator Robert N. Stanfield saved a woman from drowning at Ocean Park, Md., yesterday.

The annual Elks picnic is slated Sunday at Silverton park.

North Dakota People Come For Visit at Mt. Angel; Press Employes Vacation

MT. ANGEL, July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. John DuRand and children of Ellendale, N. Dak., arrived here by motor to visit for a few weeks at the home of Mr. DuRand's sister, Mrs. John Begin. The day before they left Ellendale the thermometer there registered 114 degrees.

Miss Irene Zollner and Miss Charlotte Kruse, both employes of the Benedictine Press, left Sunday for a week's vacation. Miss Zollner will visit with her aunt, Mrs. Blanche Zollner of Portland and Miss Kruse with her sister, Miss Vera Kruse of Kinzua, Ore.

Crowd at Church Picnic Consumes All the Food

ST. LOUIS, July 21.—Many attended the annual church picnic held in the parish grove last Sunday.

Chiken dinner was served to so many at noon that there wasn't enough food left for the evening meal.

Music was furnished by the Happy-Go-Lucky orchestra.

Speeding at Silverton Results in Jail Sentences

SILVERTON, July 21.—Arthur J. Fedrowitz and Owen Payne were both given $15 or seven days in jail for speeding at Silverton Monday morning. They chose the jail sentence.

Lloyd Kennedy, chief of police, made the arrest and Judge George Custer pronounced the sentence.

This Pill Should Kill or Cure Him

"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

CHAPTER XXIV

"Yeah, I'd like to quit my job, just like that, and tell him what I think of him for letting you down so mean," her little friend declared savagely.

"But that wouldn't do me a bit of good, or hurt him. You would only be hurting yourself."

"Meaning that I'm not the least bit important as a stock girl," she grimaced.

"Meaning that none of us is really important if no one chooses to consider us so. We're like ants swarming around at our busy tasks until some of us are trampled by a careless foot—then the rest go on, swarming over our dead bodies, if necessary, to carry on. It's about all we really amount to."

"I suppose so," the other agreed pensively, then more animatedly, "Say, I just happened to think. I got a friend who works for a stationery firm that might get you in there. She runs an envelope machine and likes it swell. Piece work, of course, but you're fast with your hands. Or wouldn't you care about operating a machine?"

"I'd do anything!" fervently.

"I'll see her tonight and ask her if she knows of anything. Could I telephone you late tonight or early in the morning?"

Lynn provided Mrs. Kime's number eagerly, and thereafter proceeded to enjoy her lunch, in the lift of that frail new hope.

But that was tossed on the rocks and broken into spray like all the other waves of hope. Susanne's friend could not help. Only that same week, the firm had dismissed a dozen superfluous employees.

The days wore on, each one more dreary and despairing than the last. Lynn's savings were disappearing rapidly, rigid as was her economy. It seemed extravagant to go out in search of work, even. There were carfare and, sometimes, lunch. After the first week she denied herself any lunch, with tantalizing memories of the plethora of food in the Merchon house. She visualized the horror and incredulity of her cousin and aunt, if they could know about her situation.

The daily excursions downtown were expensive in the matter of clothing, also. Her few good pairs of stockings were surprising her almost daily with new breaks and runs. The heels of her street shoes were turning to the shabby angle.

Lynn was frightened. She no longer schemed and planned and hoped. It was all so futile. She paid Mrs. Kime her last ten dollars in a dull apathy of resignation, and admitted the truth. "It is all the money I have, except a little change."

Some of her alarm was reflected in her landlady's own expression, but she protested firmly, "Then you just keep it for carfare and other things you need. I'll manage, until you can pay me."

"Oh, no!" Lynn protested, pale and determined. "I'm not going to be a burden to you, wonderfully kind as you've always been. I'll leave here so you can rent the room if I haven't found something to do by the end of the week."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, child. Where, if you have no money, would you go? Someone has to look out for you until you can help yourself, don't they?"

"But you shouldn't be the one, just because you've been a good friend to me."

"Who would, if friends didn't? No, Lynn, you're staying right here with me until you find work, and I'll not accept another penny until you do." She pressed the folded bills back into Lynn's hand and embraced her for an instant, in her reserved manner of displaying affection.

Tears trembled in Lynn's eyes and made sharp points of her long black lashes. She could not speak for a moment, and returned her benefactor's affectionate gesture with impulsive emphasis.

"Couldn't you," Mrs. Kime ventured, "tell your folks in New Orleans about your troubles? I know they'd be glad to help you."

"I've thought of that," Lynn admitted. "But it would be so difficult to explain. They really couldn't understand. Of course, they are better able to help me than you are, and I shouldn't impose on you—but I'd like to try just a little longer, alone—"

"I understand," sympathetically. "And I don't blame you for wanting to be independent. Besides, I have some reason to help you as much as I can. Haven't you been a good steady roomer here now, for over three years? Just you forget being a burden to anyone, and be comfortable here. Something's bound to happen soon."

"That's what I thought, the first week. But nothing does happen, ever."

The other roomers sensed her predicament, and proffered their varied sympathies. Miss Allerton grew more aloof, almost suspicious. In her own fixed orbit of imaginary importance, she looked askance at any floating bodies or flashing meteors in her universe. She was so self-sufficient and pragmatical that she could not understand youthful dependence. She forgot even that she had urged Lynn to take the vacation which had cost her her position, and assumed an attitude of silent accusation toward her, which spoke much louder than words. It was her method of self-protection no doubt.

Mrs. Petri was far more considerate, tried herself to locate Lynn in various places where she was acquainted, but in vain. The Messrs. Diegal affected a cheerfulness in her presence which betrayed their sympathy for her, and inquired among their own contacts for her benefit. Later, when they suspected the extent of their landlady's charity, and knowing she could ill afford it, they made certain secret arrangements to assist her, and intimated nothing to Lynn. They knew her pride would forbid acceptance of their help, and adjured Mrs. Kime's silence in the conspiracy. They did not live abundantly, themselves, but unlike Miss Allerton with her tidy savings in vaults, they could not see a fellow human suffer for need of a few dollars.

Another week of days lockstepped by. Another began. Not only did Lynn deny herself lunches, but she had no appetite for the food she was served at Mrs. Kime's, which was not paid for. Every bite seemed to choke her, even though she made an effort to be brave before them all. Her deep dark eyes grew more prominent, her white face was gray with a pallor of fear. She welcomed the nights that should nullify her misery; and could not sleep. Tossed and turned on the bed until her flesh felt bruised and her nerves like quivering points in her body.

Even the happy memories of her week in the south were blotted out of her thoughts, in her agony of despair. Instead of sustaining her, they mocked and jeered at her helpless predicament. The contrast was appalling to her.

Meanwhile, Jackson Thorpe was experiencing a transformation which was quite different from Lynn's. After she had gone, his first reaction was relief. Lynn had disturbed him most uncomfortably. And, accustomed as he had been all his life to a tranquil and ordered existence, he mildly resented that disturbance. In business matters, he welcomed a controversy. He liked to grapple with problems beyond the ambitions of his superiors who had founded the business when competition was less keen, and so he developed an aggressiveness which often surprised and dismayed them a trifle, even while they recognized its salient advantages.

Jack plunged into his work with new zeal when the week of celebration was ended. The vacation had provided him with new momentum, and he was completely absorbed for a few days. Or, nearly so. Then a terrible loneliness obsessed him. What had he done with his days, and nights, before Lynn came? He scarcely could remember, so insignificant they seemed. Of course, he had seen Doti a great deal.

He continued to see Doti. He busied himself with every possible interest and invented new pleasures for her. But she seemed dull, also. Not at all the vivacious and satisfying companion he always had thought her to be. Perhaps it was only the annual slump of ennui which followed the festivities of Mardi Gras. But, he had not remembered this experience before. Possibly because as king of the Carnival, the festival had been more exhilarating, and so the contrast of inactivity was more noticeable.

He grew petulant. Nothing pleased him. Doti irritated him with her incessant chatter. His food had no flavor. His friends bored him. Even business provoked him.

He became restless. He felt as if he wanted to escape something, at the same time some desire urged him to search for that which would fill this void in his existence. It became intolerable.

And finally, he decided it was Lynn whom he needed more than anyone or anything on earth. His desire to see her became so imperative that he felt as if strong hands were forcing his movements. Why had he ever let her go away? Hadn't he known from the very beginning how precious and vital she was to his happiness? He remembered that he had made some vague overtures of affection and that she had evaded him lightly. Why?

At that, his fears mounted. Perhaps she cared nothing for him, never would. The possibility filled him with alarm. He had to see her and ascertain if there were any hope for him. He *had to see her.*

With that conviction, he went directly to his father.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Church Has Reception For Rev. W. W. Mills; To Attend Campmeeting

UNIONVALE, July 21.—Complimenting Rev. W. W. Mills of Newberg, the regular speaker each Sunday evening at the Unionvale Evangelical church, a reception, sponsored by the young people of the congregation, was held at the church Friday evening and was attended by 35 people. A splendid program was presented and playing of games followed. Refreshments were served. The Ladies Class of the Sunday school have planned a picnic to be held next month.

A truck load of members of the Unionvale Evangelical church and Sunday school will leave at 8 a. m. next Sunday to attend the annual camp meeting in session at Jennings Lodge. Regular church and Sunday school services will also be held in the local church.

Mrs. Martha Royce of Tacoma, Wash., arrived Thursday to be a guest for several days of her sister, Mrs. Mary Hewitt, honoring her on the occasion of her 79th birthday, Monday. Sunday they were birthday dinner guests of relatives near McMinnville.

Grain Yields Well

HOPEWELL, July 21.—Threshing with the John Squire machine is in progress in this area and grain is yielding well.

Walla Walla Folk Are Guests in Bear Home

TURNER, July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Gillett, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Dinger of Walla Walla, dined at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bear Monday en route to Newport to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bear, who are spending the summer at the coast. Eunice and Billy Bear accompanied their grandparents and will return to Turner with them the last of the week.

M. A. Hill who has been seriously ill in a Salem hospital expects to be able to return to his home this week.