9-11-36 now completed, and as called for

tion to come and see us."

ly a half mile long.

in the contract, is about 1040

feet from end to end, and the

additional approaches at each end

Nearly a half mile of bridge.

"And, what's more, it's free,

and we extend to all the people

on the other side a cordial invita-

It was explained in the article

that the Salem end of the ap-

proach, not a part of the main

The building of the first bridge

An idea of some of the forces

across the Willamette was the

start of a period of substantial

the present day reader by quoting

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NORMALLY THE joints of the

foot as well as other joints of the

technical name for inflammation of

the sac. The overlying skin becomes thickened and the big toe

is forced inward. This produces

Contrary to the popular idea,

bunion, or "hallux valgus", as it

is known medically, is not always

the result of wearing an improp-

erly-fitted shoe. The defect may

be traced to some constitutional

disorder, such as arthritis, gout,

May Be Inherited

Occasionally the condition ap-

pears without any such history as

I have suggested. In such cases,

it is believed by some of the au-

thorities to be inherited. I am not

greatly impressed by this theory.

In most instances, certainly, it will

be found that a severe blow or

other injury, the wearing of tight

shoes or the lack of foot hygiene

If the defect is recognized in its

early stages, cure can be accom-

plished by massage, the wearing of

condition is neglected, the physi-

cian not being consulted until se-

flicted joint. Then, complete cure

can be expected only as the result

Many persons resort to the use

of bunion plasters. Sometimes

these are beneficial and may aid a

lot in preventing further irritation.

Their value lies in the fact that

they remove pressure from the sore

But such palliative treatment is

unlikely to effect a cure. Unless

the sufferer stops wearing tight

and pointed shoes and gives greater

care to the hygiene of his feet, it

is probable he will never overcome

Answers to Health Queries

L. L. Q.-What can be done to

improve the complexion? I am a

A.—Proper diet and regular hab-its should bring about results. For

further particulars send a stamped,

self-addressed envelope and repeat

H. L. Q.—What do you advise for anemia? I am a young girl of 23 and this condition affects my

A .- Make every effort to im-

prove your general health and re-

sistance. Proper diet, rest and re-laxation, sun and fresh air are im-

portant in the treatment. For fur-

ther particulars send a stamped,

self-addressed envelope and repeat

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

(Copyright, 1938, R. F. S., Inc.)

Honored With Party;

CENTRAL HOWELL, Sept. 10.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tweed in-

vited a few friends to spend the

evening Saturday in honor of Mr.

and Mrs. Fred W. Durlin of Port-

land who spent Saturday night

Durlins at one time owned the

Henry Roth place and lived here

were: Mr. and Mrs. Durlin, Mr.

and Mrs. Clarence Simmons, Mr.

and Mrs. Robert Janz, Mr. and

Mrs. Ben Ames and Mr. and Mrs.

Miss Emogene Wood went to

Corvailis Tuesday to spend the

winter with Mrs. Grace Palmer,

who recently moved there from Silverton.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Dougher-

ty, who were married at Park

River, North Dakota, August 26

sister, Mrs. Clarence Simmons and

family Saturday and Sunday. In-

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wigle, Cloid

Dinner For Newlyweds

Former Residents Are

or inflamed joint,

the affliction.

your question.

young girl of sixteen.

of a minor surgical operation.

is responsible for the trouble.

diabetes or rheumatism.

the deformity called a bunion.

self is called the "bursa".

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Aws" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-B. " Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publica-tion of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited is this paper.

Enter the Cotton Picker

CONSIDERABLE concern is felt over impending social dislocations due to the invention of a successful cottonpicking machine. Long experimented on, a practical machine has been developed by Rust Brothers of Memphis, Tenn. The machine awaits large-scale operation however under field conditions; so its future is not positively fixed. The danger that is seen is that it will put out of employment tens of thousands of negroes and impoverished whites who shabby armchair now serve as cotton pickers. To avert the disaster of widespread distress through unemployment, the inventors have made some agreement to devote the profits from their enterprise to mitigating the injuries attending its introduction, and to limit the rate of manufacture in order to spread out | Collected Serlonger the period of economic adjustment.

Naturally the machine will be slow in coming into general use, just as the combined harvester has by no means supplanted the binder and stationary thresher. The cost of the machine will keep it out of the reach of the farmer with a small cotton patch. While it cuts in two from \$10 to \$5 the cost of picking a bale of cotton, the machine is said to waste considerably more of the fibre, so until it is perfected the and Fall of Rome." Emerson and savings may not be so great as anticipated. The optimists see | Carlyle. "The Rise of the Dutch profitable cotton at five cents a pound.

Mrs. Mildred G. Barnwell, writing in the "Textile World" after a field trip to investigate the picker says that it is safe to presume the machine will not create a violent economic upheaval. She goes on to say:

"Actual farm labor-share croppers and tenants-will not be displaced. The sufferers will be the seasonal help, hired by the day, as supplementary labor. These laborers have jobs in town during the rest of the year-they will make them year-

"We shall produce more cotton at less cost than any other nations we shall maintain high living standards on the farm; cotton will still be king."

The introduction of labor-saving machinery has not only relieved the farmer of much hard physical labor. It has resulted in great expansion of production which makes possible the feeding and clothing of larger populations. And the general standard of living has improved on farms and in cities since machinery came into general use. Statistics tell the story. About 1860 the number of persons engaged in agriculture was one to six in ratio with the whole population; now the ratio is one to twelve. An authority has estimated that in 1895 the production per labor hour of all major crops averaged about five times what it had been in the early part of the century. In the succeeding period to 1925 agricultural labor productivity increased 74 per cent. That increase has continued because more and more mechanical power is being installed on farms. The small tractors now so popular are speeding up farm work (reducing number of hours in the farming process). The cotton picker is just an extension of

These machines lift the burden of toil from the backs of men and women. They increase the abundance which humanity has to consume and enjoy. They release for other useful occupations men no longer needed in hard manual toil. This technological adjustment is ordinarily not disastrous; and the silver. And the Bishop gave with the constructive attitude of the inventors of the cotton him the candlesticks as well. picker the displaced pickers may be absorbed into other occupations, perhaps to the improvement of their own situation. Certainly they get little enough from the meagre living that is provided them on the cotton pickers wage.

One grave danger which may be seen is the consolidation of cotton acreage into large units, displacing the small proprietor, and accentuating the large plantation evil that now vexes the south. On the other hand smaller machines, perhaps community owned, may bring the advantages to the small farmer the same as the small combine has saved the day for the small wheat grower.

Another development in farming is contract farming where the farmer hires a man with machines to perform specific operations like plowing, seeding, harvesting. Already 10 o'clock. You should have been done now on a small scale this plan may spread in order to asleep for hours. No reading in escape the high investment in machinery for small acreages. One farmer, who had tried the contract plan for his wheat harvest with satisfaction, and who was observant of changing labor conditions on the farm where labor demands limitation of hours, etc., said it might come about that men would make a business of contract farming and would haul their labor back and forth from the towns for the day's work. While savings may be seen in this method due chiefly to reduction in capital investment in machinery on each farm, the hazard to the farmer is dependence on outside outfits at critical seasons,-that and the danger of labor troubles.

In all the discussion about agriculture in recent years most of the emphasis has been put on selling prices for produce. Little consideration has been given to changes in farming costs due to rapid introduction of machines. The farm problem is no longer simple. It involves besides selling prices, cost prices, the problems of land ownership, of machinery financing, and now of labor. The last is not least. The farm laborer has indeed been a forgotten man. If used wisely the cotton picker which threatens to dispossess him even of a humble job may succeed in bringing him emancipation.

Smuts Diagnoses Trouble

TENERAL Jan Smuts of South Africa emerged from the y world war and the peace conference with the greatly added prestige of statesmanship to his high reputation as a military commander. He was one of the few who criticised the settlement of Versailles; and has been conspicuous as a leader in the effort for improved racial and international understanding.

In a lately published interview in the "Natal Advertiser" General Smuts put his finger on the present trouble in Europe: the failure of France and England to stop Mussolini in his mad Ethiopian adventure. Out of that defeat rises the fascist revolt in Spain, thinks Smuts. To quote:

"If France and Britain had stood firm in that crisis and seen the League through, the position in the Mediterranean would now be safer, for the League would both have proved itself and have become a real bulwark against revolution and aggression.

"I am sure that the Spanish business is closely connected with the Italian business, and the two together have created a situation in the Mediterranean which must necessarily give the greatest concern to all Mediterranean Powers. Not only has the breakdown of the League resulted in the Mediterranean situation

but in a wild armaments race. "I frankly admit that rearmament may seem the only alternative after the desertion of the League and the abandon-

ment of the policy of collective security. "My point is that the armaments race should never have become necessary, but now we have started this scramble for armaments the question is how are we ever going to get out of

Smuts thinks the economic as well as political situation of Europe calls for review, economic troubles threatening the future basis of European society. He is inclined to favor a conference for "friendly and heart-to-heart consultation" rather than to try to tinker with the league of nations or rely on conventional diplomacy. Roosevelt appears to have had the round table idea; but the reaction to the idea has been adverse. To succeed a conference must start with some degree of goodwill. With dictators running amok that essence is lacking. Apparently all the ordinary citizen may do at rupt, men strong and kind. A bi50 cents for a movie." the moment is just to hang on, and hope.

On the Record By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The Outcast

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 4.-(AP)-"Removal from the classrooms of the city's three high schools of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables' and Alexandre Dumas' "Three Musketeers' and 'Twenty Years After' was reported today. The two school commissioners. . . who objected to the books. . . based their ofjections on religious grounds . . . said that the novels 'touch on immorality' and . . . are on the index of the Catholic

There was an ingrain carpet in the parsonage study, white muslin curtains, a walnut writing

desk with bulbous legs, a and a stove with winking isinglass eyes. The room smelled of old books. The mons of Phillips Brooks: of Henry Ward Beecher. The collected

Church."

works of Sir Derethy Thompse Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. "In His Steps" and "The Wide, Wide World." Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. "The Rise Republic."

It was an immense book, fully eight inches thick, in a faded green cloth cover.

"Papa, what does 'Less Miserables' mean?" " 'Les Miserables.' French. And it means 'The Wretched.' Outcasts.' "

"Is it a story, papa?" 'Yes, dear, a novel. "Would I like it?"

and forgotten apple.

"I don't know. Why don't you try and see?" Lying on the ingrain carpet be fore the stove, the big book between propped elbows. A bitten where the present one is.

There was a French village. with strange streets, and wandering through them a ragged, bearded man, with haggard cheeks and burning eyes. Jean Valjean (I dangerous, not having been built called it Jeen Valjeen,) fresh from the alleys; nineteen years fic. So the second one was torn of chains and pain for stealing a down and replaced by the third loaf of bread. An inn, with steam- | and present one in 1918. ing kitchen, spitted meats, warmth, comfort, and the hungry man, with the yellow passport,

turned away. . . Then the Bishop's house, whitehe had to the poor. Lamplight, and a knock on the door. Through the windowpane the unkempt head and the wild eyes. "Come in." And they set a place for him. Burnished the silver and gave him a bed. In the night he stole Brother, I have bought your soul of you. . . I give it to God."

'Oh, ho! Cry baby! Crying over book!"

Tears splashed down on the

"I'm not!" "You are!" "I am not!" 'Now, now, no tantrums, Doro-

sister." The light burning in the bedroom shone through a crack under the door. It opened. A face and a scolding voice. "It's nearly

A burning candle would throw

the page, but one could read. Fantine, the girl of the Paris streets, was deserted. Her baby, her clothes for money. And far away the mother destroyed her her lovely teeth, for more money to send to the child. In the candlelight of her wretched room she smiled an awful, gaping smile was done on the contract .

from a mouth stained with blood. A little girl sobbed into her pillow over the pain of the poor and the cold-heartedness of mankind.

There was Javert, the man of probity, the man of rules. He pursued the convict like a dog on the scent. The law is without soul. A man expiates his wrong; he rises from the dregs; he builds an industry; he builds a town. He lifts the poor. He rescues Fantine and Cosette. What he builds up and saves the law reaches out to destroy again. "Papa, are the laws better

"Much better, my child. But not as good as some day they may

"Darling, you really mustn't read at dinner. Put your book away." "Aw, come on. Leave the old

book. Come on out and play." "I don't want to play. Leave Wellington and Bluecher and

the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon! The Michael Angelo of war! Flash of sabers, gleam and bayonets, red light of shells, monstrous collisions and a great idea at stake: Freedom and the Dignity of Man. "Papa, tell me about the French Revolution."

There was Gavroche, the gutersnipe of Paris, vagabond and barricader, who housed himself in the insides of the plaster monument of an elephant. Tawdry symbol of a great time gone to seed. Marius, the elegant youth, carried half dead through the stinking, rat-infested Paris sewer. A Dictator dead; the law gone sour; the light forgotten; an empire decaying. A world worn out by war. Meanness and wretchedness; poverty and squalor. A tattered and revolution aflare. Sacrifice and heroism; cupidity and generosity; terror and nobility. Men weak and cor-

shop and a galley slave. Out of

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette was at Salem not Portland; Oregonian off: Here is a clipping from the

First bridge across

Portland Oregonian of September

"First Willamette Bridge "To the Editor: That was an nteresting account of the Corbett nomestead by Mr. Holbrook in The Oregonian Sunday, but he is certainly mistaken in his statement of the building of the first bridge in 1880.

"I came to Portland in 1884 other day's work, and that the and there wasn't any bridge Polk county approach would reacross the river at that time. quire a few more days' work. There was a pier for a bridge in the river opposite Morrison street, which, I was told, was built the year before, but the building of the bridge was stopped by an growth for Salem. injunction suit brought by the Stark Street Ferry company and originating therein will be given the building of the bridge was held up a couple of years, and from the same issue of The Statesfirst bridge built in 1886 or 1887. man (Nov. 30, 1886), an edi-"G. C. KIRSELL,

torial article. "1500 Southwest 4th avenue. (Continued tomorrow.) "Editor's note: The first Mor-

rison-street bridge, which was also the first Willamette river bridge, was completed and opened in 1887." The Oregonian is incorrect.

That was the second Willamette river bridge, not the first. The first Willamette river was built at Salem in bridge 1886 For a generation, the more

enterprising people of Portland and East Portland (they were two cities then) made a fight for a bridge across the Willamette river there-But, up to 1886, there was no wagon bridge at any point over

this river. In that year, the first bridge across the Willamette was built -at Salem; at the same point

This first bridge was washed away by the flood of 1890, and another one took its place that year. The second one lasted 28 years, when it was considered to accommodate automobile traf-

The main reason for the delay at Portland twin cities was the monopoly of the owners of the old Stark street ferry, which for washed and barren. He gave all many long years was as good as a gold mine. Many attempts were made to break the monopoly and get a bridge.

When a company was ready and actually starting to build the first one, at Morrison street, a suit taken to the federal courts delayed it.

During that long fight, the poem around the lines, "They're going to build, I feel it yet, a bridge across the Willamette," was familiar to most Oregonians. It was a humorous production, calculated to shame the slothfulness of Portland's people.

A news article in The Statesman of Tuesday, November 30, 1886, nearly 50 years ago, will thy. Willard, stop teasing your tell of the first wagon bridge across the Willamette river. It follows: 5 5 5

"The Statesman opened the bridge war on the last days of February and it commenced warm up in March.

"This paper was laughed at and was the subject of much unfavorable comment in the start, but its weaker beam. It flickered on persistent hammering brought the enterprising citizens to the support of the scheme, and after that it was comparatively smooth sailthe little Cosette, she left with an ling . . . Well, the fight was fought innkeeper's wife. The child ate and won, and on July 13 the conwith the cat and dog under the tract was signed, but constructable. Her foster parents pawned tion did not commence until some time after that date.

"The bridge cost about \$50,000. beauty, sold her golden hair, sold The contract called for the completion of the bridge on November 29, and at about 5:30 last evening (the 29th) the last work The bridge and approaches, as

len Years Ago

September 11, 1926 Health league fights impure water; education campaign is launched as 100 representatives confer.

Mrs. Alice Glendenning, adopted daughter of Alfred T. DuPont, powder magnate, was granted a decree of divorce from Harold Glendenning.

An air taxi company charging a flat rate of 25 cents a mile has been placed in operation in

Iwenty Years Ago

September 11, 1916 Union men seek to stop all car service in New York city, trafic will be paralyzed if strike order proves effective.

The big problem now is to find a way to pacify the border, Mex-icans and American envoys seek comprehensive scheme Salem people and neighboring folk invited Barnum and Bailey to

neturn soon as they put on a good show last night, the dregs of life, beasts and saints. There must have been some-

thing that I have forgotten. I

didn't know it was an irreligious But it was all so long ago.

"Father, may I read this book?" "What, that? No, indeed. Must

the schools banned. "Read the funnies instead. Or magazine. Here's a good story: Boy meets girl on millionaire's yacht. Wholesome. . . Or listen to

be pretty tough. That's the one

"Glittering Girl"

Jake returned from his bedroom from whence he had telephoned Drouet's. He suspected the very worst now of these peomake up about 2160 feet, or near- ple and had taken the precaution of slipping his revolver into his trouser pocket.

> "It's no good to try and bluff t out," he said heavily. "This girl of mine has all the evidence against you. She even went back to the hotel in Hot Springs to and the real Prince Karinoff in non, Europe, You, Madame, were never summoned back to town by telegram. You were afraid to face them, and so both of you left, her mind, and — as everyone the real prince at some time or other. Another point we have against you is that you never delared that necklace on entering the United States. We can se the federal agents on you."

"Shut up, you s-s-social-climb er!" His meticulous foreign accent slipped from him as th Prince snarled at Jake.

It was all Jake could do, rugged Westerner that he was, to to approve of young guis meeting from smashing his huge fist ing cocktails, particularly in the middle of the day. . . . But Vernon's reputation held

him back. Were the police to be called in, the story that would break in the newspapers would do nothing to help either her or her mother in their social climb! He did not realize that Vernon

body are structures contained within small sacs. The space is filled with "synovial fluid", which lubricates the joint. The sac it-"Society." I'm heart and mind It is not uncommon for the tisnow-through her own folly in sues forming the bursa to become inflamed. Pressure or irritation caused by wearing improperly-fitted shoes, or the lack of foot Terry Shannon. hygiene, may lead to bursitis, the

"Yes, this is the real necklace These are the missing diamonds. said the manager of Drouet's some twenty minutes later, in the dining room. Mr. Drouet opened his wallet

and now scrutinized the gems through a powerful glass screwed cision. "What have you to prove," Ver-

non asked quickly, "that this is the genuine Karinoff necklace, Mr. Drouet?"

"The papers with the Customs House stamp on them, delivered to us by Prince Karinoff himself when I entered into negotiations with him for the selling of his herself. necklace."

showing that duty amounting to Karinoff to the Customs House, on his necklace.

A gleam of malicious triumph not untinged with fear darted like her, spoiled child that she was, some serpent across the Prince's yet gave him added appeal. proper shoes, foot exercises and ished. His face became mask- soulfully up at

the use of special foot baths. In most instances, unfortunately, the "Thank you Mr. Drouet. Will you take this necklace back now. and give me a receipt for it? vere damage has been done the af-Vernon asked quietly. "Tomorrow morning I shall come to your shop to take back my father's check for \$50,000, the amount of You can then also return to me the note I signed for it making me responsible."

"Certainly, Miss Tyson. Is that all? We had been hoping-erthat you might be-er-disposed to purchase these exquisite gems?

"No thank you. We are not in the market for them." She showed the two men out and then quickly returned to the dining room. "Since the Inquisition is over, I presume we may now take our

leave?" inquired "Prince Karinoff" sarcastically. "Not until I have given you my ultimatum," Vernon rejoined quietly. Her glance went from her father to the Prince, and then on to the woman known as Mertina de Bray. "I could have you committed to prison Mr. Metchaeva because you deliberately stole that necklace from me, and it was only ear—only absolute certainty of a how-down-that made your wife

Mertina-"return it to us now." "As for the Customs papers which Mr. Drouet just showed us, where you are alleged to have paid the sum of \$5500 on this historic 'antique,' there is no record of any such transaction at the Customs House—therefore those papers are a forgery. I shall advise Mr. Drouet to have them ex-

there-"-she looked again a

expert. The Metchaevas remained si ent, white with fear and anger. "You heard what your ac quaintance from abroad, Mrs. Naomi Walters, said when she greeted you in our drawing room," continued Vernon. "You are not Prince Karinoff, but you are Serge Metchaeva, and your passport in my possession bears that out. The real Prince Karinoff, as you well know, died a bachelor, without relatives. In assuming his name you stole his papers and his necklace. Constantinople has an American consul who would have every detail for us."

"Since you're so smart, what are you going to do now, Miss and Sunday at the Tweeds. The Sherlock Holmes?" Mertina suddenly spat out. "I'm going to give you a chance for a number of years. Present at

to clear off before the exposure," the Tweed home Saturday night Vernon answered calmly, "and if my parents and I ever run into either of you again, we do not know you." She opened her hand-"Here, take your passport. bag. You may need it, Remember, however, that I have in my possession a photostatic copy of it." Mertina grabbed the passport wordlessly. At a nod from Vernon, she and her accomplice hur-

ried from the apartment. The moment the front door closed, Sadie Tyson burst like a were guests of Mr. Dougherty's whirlwind into the dining room. "Oh, have these terrible people gone? Why, Maggie, it's perfectly vited to dinner Sunday in honor true - they've been married all of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty were along-the ladies have told me everything they know about

and Charley Wigle, Mr. and Mrs. | them!" Kelly Stanard and Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Loren Gower are moving from Silverton to the Elcrying.

And Mrs. Tyson flung her pudgy arms around the two people who were dearest in the world to her, and wept disillusioned tears with her young daughter.

of the smart Pilgrim Restaurant Nan Rushington-a prefty picture in her riding clothes-was lunchget all the dope on you she could, ing with her equestrian companfrom these ladies who knew you ion of the morning, Terry Shan-She had wanted to take him t her favorite speakeasy. Firstly, because a plot was hatching in

Also it's my belief that those iden- knows-potent drinks will loosen tification papers of yours, sir, are the tongue and free the emotions faked, or that you stole them from and generally give one foolhard; courage for the moment. Secondly, Terry was so hand-some and attractive, and she wanted all "the gang" to see him with her. The fact that they were

> added intimate touch to the spec-But Terry apparently had other riews as to a correct luncheon rendezvous. Tiresome of him not

Of course that might prove his special interest in her? Had she been nothing in the world to him
—so reasoned Nan—he wouldn't have cared either way. . . .

Still, the Pilgrim was a charming spot, and there were plenty was already weary of so-called of women Nan knew around the small, flower-laden tables. They were filled with a real man, who cast interested glances at the good-looking pair. It would help encouraging this impostor — did Nan's purpose for the gossip to not want her. Aid his name was circulate, and the sooner the bet-

ter, and plenty of it! Nan chuckled inwardly as she recollected the smart manner in Terry. which she had that morning removed Terry from her cousin Vernon's tiresome presence. Vernon was sweet on him, of course, but didn't have the wits-like Nanto grab him for herself. It was a strange coincidence that Verto his eye. He confirmed the de- non should have strolled that -he loves me notnoon along the bridle path in Central Park, almost upsetting Nan's apple-cart. Probably not coincidental at all, thought Nan

the wily-she wouldn't put it past Vernon to have telephoned Terry, and have learned he had gone horseback riding, and gone out deliberately to the Park to investigate- as she would have done Well, here he was alone with

Mr. Drouet opened his wallet her now—in great good looks and produced declaration papers after his ride, and in excellent humor. She'd make hay while the \$5500 had been paid by Prince sun shone-outdo Vernon further. Terry had ordered an appetizing lunch. He had masterful ways that, even if they sometimes irked

> eyes were perhaps the best feature in her piquant little face: "D'you know, Terry, I simply love

you when you're bossy? He grinned boyishly, his teeth a flash of white in his tanned face. "Then you'd go mad about me if you saw me in my native elethe insurance of the necklace. ment! I can be a perfect ogre, I assure vou. "You mean, out in the back of

beyond? A kind of Simon Legree with your construction gang? Is that it?' "Oh, not as bad as that. But I'm accustomed to get my own They say I'm a fiend for

work, and woe betide anyone who isn't up to the mark. "It must be heavenly out ther. I'd adore it. There's nothing I'd love better than to go with you,

not the sort for roughing it." But I am. I tell you you lon't know me. Just because you see me here in this kind of a setting, you misjudge me. You think I'm a hothouse lily, when I'm really a-a-

"Cactus plant?" "You mean I'm prickly? That's norrid of you!" she pouted. He laughed, "Shall I say, a can't deny you were a bit barbed an hour ago when we ran into her in the Park?"

"Oh! Vernon?" Nan shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly as she speared a portion of deufs sur le plat. But she was thinking: 'Now is the psychological moment to get in the good work!" She said: "I didn't feel particularly as any debutante at her own sweet to Vernon. I'll admit I was pleasing reflection. Money gilds a bit tight at the Gypsy Pavilion the pill-poor "Foggy" was a pill fter the Pageant, when you insisted on taking me home, you girls had never let him realize it. weet thing! But Vernon, for all her shy manner, went me one bet- he was escorting her lovely ter! Oh yes, it's true, Terry, that those quiet girls go to lengths Tyles' party. The idea had come we follier ones wouldn't - that still waters run deep-

She saw Terry's face stiffen. Before he could stop her, voice his disapproval of her lack of loyalty to her cousin, she continued, in a kind of deprecating way: "Of course it's largely her mother's fault-poor Aunt Sadie's such | be persona grata. . . . snob-it's pathetic, with that background! Texas hogs, you get in touch with Vernon directly, know—and then oil—and it's all .He had telephoned around sixa tarradiddle that Vernon ever thirty, and fixed things with her went to a convent! She's twenty-two, if she's a day-and her mother's simply desperate to have her 'marry into Society,' as she calls it. Why, she offered Prince Karinoff goodness alone knows how much hard cash if he'd marry Vernon! I suspect he balked for further money — I don't know where the hitch lay, or if they're engaged or not, really-but I do know that after we left the Gypsy Pavilion, Vernon spent the remainder of the night in his apartment." Terry said bluntly:

"Why, of course she did, you big simpleton! Why, she came up from Hot Springs, leaving her mother ill and unfit to travel back to town-and she wired Karinoff to meet her at the train-she told necklace-you saw her wearing it her white satin!"

it was all my fault, pushing him marry him and the story should on to you the way I did—oh, the leak out, she's compromised herhorrible blackguard!" self terrifically with him!" "That is her business, and not

MAY CHRISTIE

ours," said Terry icily.

CHAPTER XXXII He changed the subject brusquely. "Look-over there-isn't In a cosily upholstered corner that Henson trying to attract your attention.

> -more than enough. She gurgled: "Why of course that's 'Foggy'." She waved to him. He came over. "Going to the Van Tyles' re-

Nan knew she had said enough

ception tonight, Nan?" "Foggy" inquired. "If so, thought I might be privileged to escort you?" "Too late, old dear." She smiled brilliantly up at him. "This handsome Terry is one lap ahead

of you. He's taking me tonight." Which was untrue,

But Terry had accepted the Van Tyles' invitation. They were old friends of his. It would be churlish to decline to escort Nan, both in riding kit would give an

since she put it in that way. Crestfallen, "Foggy" departed. He was a very rich, albeit a very homely looking youth, and unac-customed to being turned down by impecunious damsels. His small, piggy eyes blinked shortsightedly and irritably as he returned to his table.

"The white rabbit's disappointed. Isn't he the ugliest ever? He's quite crazy about me," Nan chuckled.

"You flatter me by picking on me as an escort," Terry said, Was it her fancy, or was there decided sarcasm in his voice?

No time to lose. He might be swept from her at the Van Tyles. With all her shallow little heart, she told herself she wanted

"There isn't anyone in the world I'd sooner go with." She plucked a big yellow marigold from the vase in the center of the table, and started to pull off its petals, whispering very softlybut Terry heard it-"He loves me

"Destructive child!" But there was an amused look in Terry's eyes that Nan mistook for tender-

"I wish I were destructive, really!" She took a deep breath and plunged right in. "I wish I could destroy your peace of mind, Terry darling. You're so self-contained-and yet under it all-under your masterful ways-you could be most loving and devoted. You're the faithful kind, There aren't many in this town. The girl you'd care-for would be ter-

ribly lucky!" "You flatter me. A man like Henson would be a much better bet. He could give a girl every

material thing she fancied. "Bah! As though money matfeatures, then as quickly van- She said now, her eyes turned tered in the least!" cried Nan, that there was "oodles of cash in Terry's family. "A tent in the desert with the one you loved-'

He got up hastily. phrase made him think of Vernon Tyson. What an enchanting evening they had passed together in the Desert Oasis, when she had seemed to him a veritable sweetheart-like the answer to a lovely dream. They had gazed together on those painted desert scenes. His heart ached when he thought

of that evening For mud now clung to her dainty skirts-mud from the Karinoff affair-

"I have an appointment, I must go. I'll call for you at nine tonight, Nan," he said brusquely. She did not argue his departure. "I've scared him, but the idea's planted, and will grow.' 'Nonsense.' You'd be bored to she told herself as she smiled death in a couple of days. You're sweetly at him. She'd bring matters to a head tonight, at the Van Tyles', if she could contrive it. Vernon would not be there. That would make matters easier,

It was exactly nine o'clock as "Foggy" Henson rang the doorbell of the Tysons' tower apartment. In his left hand he not only held his stick and gloves, but a large florist's box. His ose with thorns, since you like small, rabbit-like countenance had pretty speeches? Come, Nan, you a bland look of satisfaction on it. " The maid opened the door. He with your pretty cousin less than | took a quick look at himself in the mirror in the foyer. Scanty yellow hair, meticulously brushed. High forehead. Much tilted nose. Prominent teeth. Receding chin.

> Pasty complexion. But "Foggy" fluttered his white eyelashes that veiled his pale, short-sighted orbs as covly in more ways than one-but the In default of Nan Rushington, sin, Vernon Tyson, to the Van to him in a bound. He had telephoned Katrinka Van Tyle that he was bringing a new belle to her small, hospitable house in the East Seventies. Katrinka had needy-son who was susceptible. A rich, beautiful young girl vouched for by well-born "Foggy" would

True, he hadn't been able to mother, whom he had met but once and been amused by the queer old party. Katrinka Van Tyle's name had done the trick. Katrinka came of a wonderful family.

"Will you take these flowers to Miss Tyson and tell her I'm here?" Foggy handed Arlene the cardboard box as he entered the empty drawing room of the apart-

son bustled in. She had been having rather a difficult time with Vernon. But it would be the best thing in the world for her girl to be seen in public and in such. a home with Mr. Henson. It would take her mind off that shocking interview with the Matchaeva - de Bray-Karinoffs. . . .

"Such beautiful white orchids, She came over to her husband me so herself—a grand time was and her daughter. Jake had his arranged between the m beforearm around Vernon. Vernon was hand! He gave her a diamond full justice! I've made her weat