

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Is It the Radio Beam?

FOR the fourth time in recent weeks planes in service on regular routes over the mountains of the west have crashed with loss of life. The record for fatalities will shock the American people into demanding not only investigation but mechanical or other improvements, if they are within reach, which will lessen the risk in commercial aviation. While the statistics may show that the proportion of lives lost is small compared with the number flying, these tragedies of the air lanes are so dramatic that public attention is focused on the lack of certainty of safe travel by air. A quarter century ago and earlier there were those who looked on the train wrecks with fatalism. But inventive minds found that by installing safety signals and other devices the chance of train wrecks could be reduced, until now the loss of life among passengers on trains is almost negligible. There will be no relaxation of demand or of human ingenuity until aviation's hazards are likewise reduced.

Can it be the radio directional beam is at fault? The plane lost yesterday radioed it was coming down to pick up the beam, which it evidently had lost. There are authorities who believe the beams are too easily lost, or confused with beams on other routes. They recommend a different system of communication with the ground for purposes of safety. The Pan American planes do not use the same system as the land lines of this country. They establish their own stations, and have a radio operator in the cabin alongside the pilot, and do not depend on directional beams. Under this system Pan American has not lost a single plane in a crash yet it flies over the highest mountain ranges of the western hemisphere, across the ocean and the jungle.

There was widespread protest when twelve army pilots lost their lives when the army was suddenly called on to fly the mail, though it was inadequately prepared in equipment or experienced personnel. There will be a similar public revolt in view of the cumulation of costly air crashes, made recently by some of the best commercial lines of the country. No one expects every element of danger to be erased in these days of speed and complex mechanical gear with nature still fickle in mood. But the toll is too heavy to be accepted with equanimity.

Strange Rabbit Hunt

A BOY of 19 started out to hunt rabbits; and found the body of a boy of ten, a lad stolen from his parents and foully murdered. A negro worker along a country road in New Jersey a few years ago found the decomposed body of an infant, stolen and murdered from the Lindbergh home. By such singular accidents the mysteries of two kidnappings were half solved,—the bodies, at least were discovered. The felony of kidnaping was compounded with that of homicide. And on the felon accumulates the wrath of an outraged public.

The discovery of the body of the Matson boy confirms the gloomy forecast that he would not be recovered alive, a forecast based on the opinion the perpetrator of the deed was a fiend, probably demented. If this theory is correct then the prospect of his capture are fairly good, because sooner or later his crazed condition will be revealed, and when he is picked up for a sanity examination he may be connected with his crime. His identification would hardly be in doubt because older children got a good view of him, one of them drew a sketch which reveals his features distinctly.

While he is at large parents will feel their children are not safe. Even those in moderate circumstances will not feel secure when a man is desperate enough to break into a home and snatch a child is at large. Children themselves hear about these cases and may grow fearful of strangers. It would be a mistake however for parents or children to give way to fears, because there are greater risks from disease and accident; and the record of public authorities is so good to date, that others are not likely to be tempted soon to engage in child-stealing.

In Canada, which has practically no kidnappings, the law prohibits the giving of ransom. That may be a deterrent by defeating the usual purpose of kidnaping, but the freedom of Canada from such offenses is probably due to a more general respect for law and order plus a vigilant police system long established.

Psychic Editors

THE facile editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune has psycho-analyzed the mind of the editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, and found it devoid of humor, that is, humor of the kind that can enable one to laugh at one's self. If the G-T had this saving grace, thinks the Medford editor then he would not be so rigorously partisan and so loyal to the republican brand of politics.

Whereupon the Corvallis editor replies that principles, not party labels are his shield and buckler, and that he cannot as does his brother in the craft view without alarm the condition of affairs when he thinks "the country is going to hell about as fast as possible" and has a very definite idea as to where the responsibility lies.

All of which being said the question may be regarded as settled, in the way that most arguments are settled, with each standing by his own convictions.

Not being a psychologist the writer confesses to finding it difficult to classify the mind of the Medford editor who is a vigorous new dealer, commending the president for his progressive policies, and at the same time can applaud the message of Gov. Martin in the following language:

"A fine message, delivered, in the opinion of this newspaper, by one of the best governors—if not THE best—Oregon has ever had!"

For the Roosevelt policies and the Martin policies on finance, on labor, on relief are about as divergent as day and night. Perhaps the editor of the Capitol Journal can explain everything.

A flutter of wings past the window signaled the arrival of the cedar warblers. These warm birds have no chance to gather worms, but here were orange red berries of the cotoneaster to attract their attention. Swiftly they worked, with a few robins to rival them in adopting a berry diet. The warbling, with its tufted crown, its mouse-colored coat decorated with a black smudge about the eye, with a yellow tail tip and a splash of red at the tip of the wings ranges widely. And many a flock which has been stripped of its burden by the arrival of a flock which came on as soon as the food supply is exhausted or their appetites satisfied.

Trains running from one to two hours late are common now. The delay is due not so much to the weather as to the heavy patronage. The California trains often have to run in two sections, with loads of 14 or 15 cars in each section. Even the pullmans are well patronized, and spending is free in dining and club cars. Prosperity appears now to be reaching the railroads because of the increase in personal travel, as well as the increase in freight.

These are not the dog days, the usual season for silly yarns, but the one attributed to Harry H. Hanson, highest officer of the 49th c. s. in which Dr. Glen Frank "fostered radicalism" and was "communist in his activities" deserves rating with the August stories of sea serpents in Okanogan lake, or in the Scottish lochs. If Dr. Frank was so radical why would Gov. LaFollette have urged his ouster in Wisconsin?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The golden wedding. 1-13-37
The Frank W. Durbin, recalls pioneer incidents and blisful days together.

(Concluding from yesterday.)

As said before, Frank W. Durbin continued to be a farmer. For some 40 years he has had a town residence in Salem, but this (1937) will be the 49th year he has grown hops without an intermission.

For a good deal over 50 years he has been interested in some form of farming, and most of the time in dairying and pure bred livestock.

Besides the Meadowlark dairy farm, he owns and operates The Maple farm, which has 50 acres in hops, and the Curtis hop ranch, Buena Vista, with 24 acres. With others, he owns and operates the Matoma ranch near Independence, with 120 acres in hops.

Also, he has general charge of the Wierich ranch in the Independence district (formerly the Krebs ranch) with 400 acres of hops. This ranch is now owned by Wigan, Richardson & Co., London, England.

Mr. Durbin has been buying hops for 34 years, the past 30 of which he has been in partnership with Henry A. Corneyer. The firm is Durbin & Corneyer, Inc., Salem, Durbin-Hughes building. (Frank Durbin and Frank Hughes.)

In all that 30 years, there has not been a dispute between the partners, though they must necessarily have had a lot of knotty questions to settle. They employ all the year a good many people; in hop picking time, not only hundreds but thousands.

Two daughters and one son have blessed the home of the Frank W. Durbin. They are Barbara, Mrs. Curtis B. Cross, Salem; Maude, who is Mrs. Ed. F. Pearson, Portland, and Frank Jr., Pittsburg, California.

Mr. Cross is one of the managers of the extensive Valley Packing Co. business, Salem. Mr. Pearson is chief engineer of the Northwestern Electric company, Portland, a key position. Frank Durbin Jr. is in the employ of the Shell Chemical company, a very interesting employment. It is a plant that literally makes articles of commerce out of the air, or rather the elements that make up the air. There is only one other plant like it, the original one, in Holland, owned by the same company.

The Durbin come of long lived families. John Durbin, father of Daniel, grandfather of Frank, died in his 103rd year, lacking that milestone by less than two months. John Durbin's wife lived into her 91st year.

They were the grandparents of the wives of two Oregon governors, the chief executives being Oswald West and Ben W. Olcott. There there, the Durbin family came to Oregon in the 1845 covered wagon immigration. He had hauled supplies in the war of 1812. He worked for the North American Fur company on the site of Chicago, when only a few log cabins were there. He owned 100 loose cattle across the plains. He died in Salem, as did his wife.

Daniel Durbin, father of Frank, was a partner of his brother-in-law, Frank Smith, in the livery business in Salem. They made the building in which is the business of the Salem Hardware company, 120 North Commercial street, Salem. Daniel Durbin died in 1883.

The livery business passed to Capt. L. S. Scott, at one time postmaster of Salem, then to Jasper ("Jap") Minto. The building was acquired by M. N. Chapman, old time-county clerk, and is still in the Chapman family.

The mother of Sarah Smith, Frank Durbin's mother, came with her family in the 1847 immigration, the largest up to its time.

Her husband, Dock Smith, was captain of the train, and he died on the old Oregon Trail on Green river, now in Wyoming. The mother came on as head of the family, as so many thousands of such widows did. The 1847 immigration was so large, and the country so new, that many shifts had to be made in the order of mother and children to be settled at first. But they had much company, and good neighbors were the rule.

Frank Durbin and wife went that way, and they took going into old Mexico. They made inquiries about the probable burial place of Dock Smith, but got nothing definite that is not strange, for 30,000 to 32,000 men, women and children died on that trail, over which 350,000 found their way in covered wagon days—and up to a few years ago only one grave of the throng was definitely known.

Two or three more have since been found, but further search is really hopeless, for the graves were generally blown, by heliograph made on the trail and wagons run over them, in order to hide all traces from deserting Indians and ravaging wolves.

Ten children were born into the John Durbin family, and their descendants have had an still have a large part in the upbuilding and progress of Oregon.

Members of their clan fought in the Cayuse war and in all our other early Indian wars. They participated in the gold rush to California, southern Oregon, eastern Oregon and Idaho, etc., and in the opening of new sections to settlement.

To Frank W. Durbin and his bride of 50 years ago and his life companion of 50 golden years, congratulations and good wishes, and the hope that they may outlive the 100 years of the father of the Oregon Durbin clan!

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The automobile strike can best be understood by reciting some of the steps and conditions that led up to it.

The first requisite for understanding it is a whole satisfactory labor organization to realize that the organizing and leading of labor unions is an occupation, a career. As such it is entitled to as much right to function as any other career that has risen up under the capitalist system. A man or organization which can bring about higher wages or other benefits for a group of workers is as entitled to compensation, and is to be judged by the same standards, as a class of middlemen in many fields.

Practically never does it happen that a group of workers in a plant, by some kind of spontaneous common impulse, come together and decide to strike or take other common action. Rarely does it happen that some one workman, in a plant, wholly of his own initiative, calls a meeting of the workers and organizes them into a union. Almost always the initiative comes from outside, from some career organizer. He, or two or three of them, comes into town from outside—usually he is sent by some headquarters to which he is attached at Washington or elsewhere, which pays his salary.

The organizers pick out a few among the workers who have the right kind of personality and would be good key men. To these organizers hold out promises of offices in the union about to be formed. To all the workers the organizers say that if the workers will let them organize a union they will bring about higher wages and other better conditions. The workers will be obliged to pay dues to the union, but the dues will be small compared to the advantages. Part of the technique occasionally used to stimulate the forming of a union is to stir up feeling against the employer.

Up until a few years ago, practically all the organizing and leading of labor was in the hands of the American Federation of Labor. It had been in existence some fifty years. It had done well for labor and at the same time acquired the respect of much of the industry. It had developed what was generally regarded as the best methods. Both for organizing and leading of labor and failed.

The American Federation of Labor, while practically alone in the field, and while strikingly successful in many respects, had never succeeded in organizing more than about five millions out of the more than thirty million workers available for organization.

Soon after the Roosevelt administration came into power, it took a step which greatly enlarged the field for those who make careers of labor organization and leadership. There was enacted, first in NRA and later in the Wagner law, an act which undertook to make collective bargaining universal and, in effect, compulsory, on both workers and employers. There is some doubt whether collective bargaining can be made compulsory, either in law or in nature. The law remains in effect it makes it in a sense necessary for all persons to join unions. Certainly the Wagner act makes it imperative for all workers to be bound by the unions set up in the plants in which they work.

Obviously this greatly increased the field for supplying organization and leadership to workers. So to speak, the Wagner act increased the number of "sales prospects" to take in the entire body of labor in the country. The opportunity was taken advantage of by the American Federation of Labor. It increased its staff of organizers and otherwise proceeded to develop the new field. The heads of the A. F. of L., however, were not as active as some of the subordinates felt they ought to be.

One important subordinate in the A. F. of L. was an aggressive personality, Mr. John L. Lewis, head of the mine workers, one of the largest units within the American Federation. Mr. Lewis began a rebellion against the American Federation officials.

Mr. Lewis set up, partly within the old federation and partly outside, the United Mine Workers of America. He was a man of high energy and a man of high ability. He was a man of high energy and a man of high ability. He was a man of high energy and a man of high ability.

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Mr. Lewis, like all insurgents and innovators, had to be aggressive. He had to be aggressive in behalf of labor, truculent toward employers, and spectacular before the eyes of the public. He is adapted to the role, by his nature ambitious and forceful, can be ruthless when ruthlessness will serve his purpose, and has a flare for emotional oratory and for publicity. Mr. Lewis, as part of his strategy, undertook to put President Roosevelt under obligation to him. He strongly and conspicuously supported Roosevelt in the campaign and through him the miners' union contributed some \$400,000 to the Roosevelt campaign funds.

Mr. Lewis, with much attendant publicity, began a drive to organize the large manual production of industries, especially steel and motors, in which the old federation had never made much progress. There ensued the recent strikes in automobile supply plants, and the present ones in the heart of the industry itself. The momentum of the situation had gained is probably greater than Mr. Lewis intended, and may be dismaying to him. While he is publicly spectacular for the sake of strategy, he has, nevertheless, a reputation among employers and associates, for shrewd judgment and sure-footed dependability.

There is evidence that some of Mr. Lewis' subordinates, and some of the younger leaders in labor, elected by Mr. Lewis, who are in a position to have got out of hand. They have precipitated strikes earlier than fits into Mr. Lewis' plans. Mr. Lewis may incur public disapproval.

It may be also that Mr. Lewis has rather over-sold, to workers and public, the degree to which he can count upon support from President Roosevelt.

New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate

Albany Library's Readers Increase

ALBANY, Jan. 12.—According to figures released by Mrs. A. Y. Neptune, city librarian, there are a total of 3425 borrowers at the library at present. This number includes 409 new borrowers, offset by 311 withdrawals, making a gain of 98 during the past year. No registrations of children totaled 311.

The report also shows that there are at present 10,247 books in the library. During the year there were 398 new volumes purchased. Of this number 266 were adult books and 132 children's books. In addition there were 95 more obtained by gift or exchange.

Three gifts of literature were received, 120 volumes from the library of the late Flora Mason, a gift of the R. T. Mason family; a large collection of historical manuscripts, clippings and photographs from the library of the late Judge C. H. Stewart, which will be known as the Stewart Memorial collection; and a Boy Scout library given in memory of the late Bill Fortmiller to be known as the Bill Fortmiller Scout Memorial.

During the year the report shows that the library circulation included the loan of 20,193 adult books and 9105 to children, of fiction, and 9105 of non-fiction and 377 loans of periodicals, making a total circulation of 29,212 for the year. Four hundred twenty-two books were borrowed from the state library.

Birthday Party Given for Black

OAK POINT, Jan. 12.—Mrs. M. R. Black was hostess Sunday for a dinner party, complimenting Mr. Black on his birthday anniversary. Covers were placed for Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Rasmussen, Mrs. Faye and Jean Black, Mr. Black and the hostess.

Rodney and Glen Hardman of Wenatche, Wash. are here for an indefinite stay at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Ruddell. Both boys have been employed at the bus station there.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Biegel were hosts to the Night Hawk card club Friday night at their home. Mrs. A. Burback was high score and Mrs. Joe Rogers, sr., low. Mr. and Mrs. Miles Branch of Lewisville, who were special guests, invited a club to meet at their home for the next meeting.

All-Day Session Oakdale Sunday School Is Slated
OAKDALE, Jan. 12.—The Oakdale Sunday school will have an all-day session Sunday, January 17 at the schoolhouse at 10 o'clock and preaching at 11 o'clock. A basket dinner will be held at 12 o'clock. The afternoon session will be at 2 o'clock. All the neighbors are invited to attend. Mrs. Clarence Ison is the superintendent. The Sunday school has been active since its organization in October.

Another Sit-Down Strike!



"Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XXV

So it was a relief all around when they at last bunched a badly frightened but stubbornly non-chalant Christie off to the hospital one quiet, starlit June night.

More of a relief when she opened dull, troubled eyes on a brand new day and smiled weakly when a strange nurse said: "Now! Are you all ready for the big news, Mrs. Latham? It's a boy!"

Donald was there, too, looking ill and white, but foolishly proud of the little red mite they brought her.

"He's a perfect child, darling! Look at him! Best looking kid I ever saw. Jennings said the same thing. Look, Christie, isn't he a wonder. And he's going to have your eyes!"

She looked. Her eyes closed tightly and a tear or two squeezed through. She was so disappointed. She had expected—well—something a little different. Not a beautiful, big baby like the one her mother, Mrs. Wood, wheeled out in his buggy every day, of course—she knew that new babies were not supposed to be very beautiful.

But nobody had warned her that her baby might look like THING. So she wept, secretly. Wild horses wouldn't have dragged the truth from her. Not for worlds would she let Donald know that she was afraid there was something terribly wrong with his son.

Afterwards, when Donald touched her about it, she denied it stoutly. It was the one time her sense of humor failed her. She was never able to see anything funny in the fact that the baby she had yearned and dreamed about was a cruel disappointment until well into his second week.

He was such a beautiful baby now. So fat and good and healthy. So everything that a baby should be. How could she, even just at first, have found him ugly?

She was, Dr. Jennings said, a natural mother. Instinctively she knew how to meet every situation. When Ina French, the girl she liked best of the graduate students, came to call and said, "But Mrs. Latham, doesn't he scare you to death? I mean, aren't you afraid to dress him and give him his bath and everything? Aren't you afraid you'll break him?" she smiled complacently.

"Of course not! He looks fragile, but I know he's really hard as nails. I mean, their bones are so soft, there's really nothing to break!"

Janet Wood, her neighbor, called with her to our month's old daughter, prepared for an afternoon of swapping hospital horrors, but Christie would have none of it.

"People make too much fuss about having babies. I don't think it's anything at all. And I don't think that taking care of one is any trouble at all, either. Of course, if a baby is sick or spoiled, that's different. But little Donny is absolutely healthy, and of course I don't intend to spoil him!"

Her unnatural attitude made her very unpopular with the Woods, and the one of two other young mothers in her community. It was true that she'd never felt better in her life, and that young Donald was little bother. He ate and slept and woke to eat and sleep again. With Big Donald rushing home from the laboratory evenings to help her get dinner and wash the dishes, life was never easier.

All she lacked was a proper audience. There were so few to whom she could show the wonders of her baby's wide blue eyes, his dimples and his creases, his slikeness and praise service. All the neighbors are invited to attend. Mrs. Clarence Ison is the superintendent. The Sunday school has been active since its organization in October.

"No. And she hasn't written me, either."

"I know. But Donald, she doesn't know! Think of it. She's a grandmother, and she doesn't know it!"

"I never knew her to express any desire to be a grandmother. In fact, honey, I'm compelled to admit she dislikes the idea. Besides she's got two grandchildren already. Editha, you know—"

"Oh, the idea! That it doesn't count. The idea of being a father didn't thrill you very much either, and now look at you! Donald, she's your mother, and you know she loves you in spite of everything. She'd love your baby. Anyway, how could anybody help loving this baby? Don't you want to write her, and send her that picture we took Sunday?"

"No, I don't believe I do. She must know about it. Someone would have told her. Pasadena isn't the South Pole, you know. Editha always knows everything. They know all right!"

But he wasn't very emphatic about it. She thought he wished he could bring himself to do it. And so on the impulse of the moment she sat down and scribbled a breezy, naive little letter to the mother-in-law who might have liked her. The letter didn't quite satisfy her, but it would be hard to write a better one. Anyway, what difference did the letter make? It would be the picture, and the baby would count.

Twice she almost told Donald what she had done. Then she decided not to tell him until the answer came.

It came Saturday morning, just after she had settled young Donny for his after-bath nap, and was going to start on the washing.

A square, blue-gray envelope with a Pasadena postmark. Swiftly she tore it open, read the few lines on the page, glanced at the folded slip of paper within it—Mrs. Latham's check for \$10.

Then, with mounting color, and incredulous eyes, she read it again. "My dear Christine: "It was so sweet of you to write. I appreciate your thinking of me, especially as my son so evidently did not like me. I only wish that I could share your enthusiasm. I am happy for you, but you must forgive me when I am forced to say that I can not understand how you could see your way clear to burden my child's overburdened son with still another financial responsibility at this time."

"I regret that I cannot do more, but perhaps this small check will suffice to buy some little thing you need for yourself or the child."

"Very sincerely, "EVE LATHAM."

Donald found her on her knees by the baby's bassinet, still crying, when he came home for lunch, a little early.

Christie crying! Why she hadn't had one of those crying spells since the baby was born.

He dropped the packages of French bread and cheese he had been bringing home for a surprise. "Darling, what's the matter? What happened? Tell me!"

But he was already fitting the pieces together. She watched, fascinated, as though she were watching him work on a jig-saw puzzle. Watched while he read what she had already read.

"Well, that's that," she said sweeping the scraps into the waste-basket. Then he took her in his arms, and rocked her as he might have rocked the baby. "Poor little girl. Poor little trusting Christie."

A strangled sob came from the direction of his shoulder.

"But I should be right. If—if I shouldn't have had a baby—now, while we haven't so much money, and you're busy. If I'm really a hindrance to you—"

"Of course you're a hindrance. So's the baby. Well, I might keep you, you're a pretty good cook, but the baby will have to go. Shall we send him to the nearest orphan asylum, or just abandon him on a doorstep?"

"Oh, Donald," she wailed, "you're so crazy! And you're making me cry, and try to keep anything from you again!"

"Then nothing matters, Donald, in my whole, whole life, I never loved you quite so much, and I'll never sorry, and try to keep anything from you again!"

Christie thought that she'd never try to keep anything from Donald again.

Their life was so perfect now, so smooth and happy. They didn't need his mother, or Betty Cooper, or any of the old girl crowd that failed them. They had each other, and the baby. They had their small, shining house, with its treasures of books and etchings and hand-wrought copper and brass and the colorful cushions and curtains and braided rugs that her loving hands had made.

They had the little square of old-fashioned garden, gay with marigolds and pinks and petunias and pansies. They had forgotten-me-nots in the shade and the oak trees, and jasmine and honeysuckle growing up over the back porch.

They had the view of the bay, and the city below them, and the hills above them. They had a good neighbor, and some pleasant neighbors.

The baby slept in his basket, woke to laugh and play with his toes, and to drink obediently of orange juice, the tomato juice, the water that Jennings prescribed, and other babies, he said, often went out.

If Donald left early and came home late, Christie was used to it now. She was no longer jealous of the experiments. She knew that she and little Donny really came first, and if Donald was thinner, and there were new lines around his eyes, she didn't notice. It didn't occur to her that a doctor, or a doctor's family, could ever be ill. She thought that they bore charmed lives. She knew that the baby was thriving, and that she and Donald loved each other and were content, and that was all that counted.

The bills troubled her a little. She rot them all paid eventually, but it was always a struggle to decide which to pay first, and how to juggle the scanty funds.

She was checking them over this afternoon, for it was almost the first of September, and there was the interest on the house, a "warce bill, and a drugist's bill, besides the usual first of the month things to think about. She was just in the middle of

(Continued on page 9)