

THE GOLD HILL NEWS

Established 1897
Published by Mac's Printing Co.
C. J. SHORB Editor

An Independent Newspaper Published in the Interests of
Gold Hill Oregon and Vicinity

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Gold Hill, Oregon, for transmission through
the mails as second-class matter

Subscription \$2.00 a year in advance. Advertising rates on application.



A FORM OF SUICIDE

A certain friend of mine prospered mightily in his business and investments. I used to see him often, and it distressed me to observe that his increase in wealth apparently added nothing to his peace of mind. He seemed to be always worried. His health was not too good. With each added million he developed a new complaint.

The other day I saw him again, for the first time in nearly a year. His eyes shone. He was full of pep and plans—a wonderful transformation.

"You know, I used to talk about retiring," he said, "and I had just about made up my mind to do it when the stock market crashed. I then discovered that I couldn't afford to retire."

"I've gone back to work, and it's the greatest tonic I've ever had. I doubt now if I'll ever retire. When you come to think of it," he added, "idleness is just a form of suicide."

The phrase is striking, but the thought which it expresses is not a new one. Many men have made a similar discovery, and usually at the price of unhappiness.

Charles Lamb, when released at last from his drudgery of desk work at the India office, cried out that he would not go back to his "prison for ten thousand pounds."

"I am free! Free as air!" he had written ecstatically to a friend. "I

shall live another fifty years. Positively the best thing a man can do is nothing."

Two years passed. Idleness lost its charm. Time, which had seemed to pass slowly when he was tied to a job, now hung around his neck like a mill stone. With his days free for writing he actually wrote less than in the years when, with all their dull routine, he had been enervated and stimulated by his daily contact with the active world.

"I assure you no work at all is worse than overwork; the mind is preyed upon by itself—the most unwholesome of food." So he wrote to the same friend. "I have ceased to care for almost everything. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorn head. What can I do but walk, and I overdo that. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the oracle is silent."

Henry Thoreau, who saw many things clearly, looked forward to a time when every man's life would be reasonably divided between hard work and happy leisure.

"Why should the hen set all day?" he asked. "She can lay but one egg besides she will not have picked up materials for a new one. Those who work much do not work hard."

Both idleness and unrelieved drudgery are forms of suicide, and somewhere between them is the happy medium which is real living.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

That if you wish to increase your business this season and the next season and the following season, you should enlist the aid of continuous newspaper advertising.

If your business is good, you can always plan more advertising to make it better.

Only by using advertising space in local papers can you be sure to reap your full share of trade.

Newspaper advertising tells the story of what you have to sell in one day, where otherwise it would take months.

Newspaper advertising is a whole sale reminder to the public as to what you have to sell and where to buy.

Newspaper advertising is going to the public and telling them time again where they should buy and how to save money.

Everybody knows that only worthwhile merchandise or service can stand the light of newspaper advertising.

Newspaper advertising lets everybody know what you know, so they can profit by buying from you.

STEAM HEATED HIGHWAY AIDS SIERRA TRAVEL

With regular motor routes across the Sierra Nevada mountains in Northern California blocked by heavy snowfall, the only "steam-heated highway" for automobile travel in the United States is again providing safe passage over the snowy 7,000-foot summit between Sacramento and Reno, according to word received from there.

This means that the Southern Pacific's famous automobile baggage car service has resumed operations for the winter season of 1930-31.

Otherwise known as the "snow ferry" over the high Sierra, this innovation in railroading was first offered the motoring public of California and Nevada two years ago. Its success was immediate, according to the railroad's officials, and the Iron trail is now called upon annually for assistance in getting motor cars over the mountain summit in snow time.

Special equipment in the form of steel baggage cars with end doors is furnished by the railroad for the transportation of autos on the steam-heated highway" so-called because both auto and owner ride in warmth and security while passing thru the deep snow drifts of the more-than-a-mile high Sierra Nevada.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chittenden sets out to make Julie Farrow love him, intending to throw her over in revenge for the suicide of his brother Rodney, whom Julie cast off. He succeeds, but finds that he has fallen desperately in love with her himself. Then he discovers that it was not this Julie Farrow, but her cousin of the same name who had driven his brother to suicide. But Giles is married, to an American girl named Sadie Barrow, with whom he has not lived for a long time. Sadie unexpectedly turns up in London, at a party in Giles' mother's house, both keep silent about their marriage.

Julie, disillusioned, enters into the wild night life of London to try to drown her anguish. Lawrence Schofield wants to marry her. Lombard, who had first introduced her to Chittenden, demands money from Giles with the threat that if he is not paid he will tell Schofield that Chittenden and Julie spent the night together on the St. Bernard Pass. Later Julie confesses to Chittenden that she loves him.

At a spiritualist seance at Giles' mother's house Sadie Barrow, his wife, suddenly goes blind. She calls to him and he responds, revealing the fact that she was his wife. Julie who has sent Schofield away because of her love for Chittenden, goes home in despair.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

They seemed to be the only words that would take form and find utterance in her brain.

For Chittenden she had sent Lawrence Schofield away. For Chittenden she had deliberately dashed Schofield's happiness to the ground.

I have changed my mind. I can't marry you. I don't care for you enough. She had told Lawrence that only this morning. And now once more the brief dream was ended—or wasn't it? After all, nothing was really altered. He had deceived her about Sadie, it was true, but apart from that things were in no wise changed. Chittenden still loved her and she loved him—and if he still wanted his freedom and Sadie was willing to give it to him Giles—Giles—

The memory of that agonized cry came back to her, ending afresh the peace which she was trying so hard to regain. It had been the cry of a woman to a man she loved, or so Julie told herself in bitterest jealousy, and she remembered how often Sadie had spoken of Giles—and in what a queer, rather shy way—as if—even then it had seemed to Julie almost as if there might have been something between them. And now she knew. Sadie was his wife. The one woman of all the many in the world who had a right to him and to his love and his protection she had claimed only that afternoon in her hysterical fear. The maid came tapping at the door.

Aren't you very wet, Miss? Can I dry your clothes for you?

No no. I'm not wet, and I don't want anything, you need not wait. She heard the girl move reluctantly away and then a moment later the shutting of the front door. But it was a long time before Julie moved or stirred. The room was quite dark save for the yellow light from the street lamp outside, and the fitful rain had settled into a steady downpour and was beating against the window.

Julie moved with difficulty. She was cold and aching in every limb. She slipped off her wet clothes and put on a warm dressing gown, her hands were shaking with cold.

She was pouring the water from the Kettle when a knock came at the front door—a heavy knock that sounded both urgent and insistent. Bim, perhaps! Julie put the kettle down and flew across the little hall. Bim, dear Bim. Julie felt as if already half her troubles were lifted from her as she drew back the latch—then she gave a little choking cry.

"You—!"
Yes—you must let me come in, Julie, Chittenden said, and without a word Julie stood aside. She was conscious instantly of something that killed both the mingled hope and anger that struggled for supremacy in her heart. She felt that if she went to his arms she would be repulsed—that if she showed him bitter scorn it would leave him unmoved—that nothing could touch him.

I had to come—I'm sorry if you are angry with me—but I had to come—just to say good-bye—

To say good-bye—?

Yes—he took a quick step towards her and then stopped—Sadie is blind, he said.

Julie stared at him, her eyes blank, her lips parted; then after a long moment: What do you mean? she whispered.

Chittenden made a little impatient gesture.

Just that—what I have said, she is blind—apparently she has felt it coming and been dreading it for months. That is why she came from America without telling me—she went to see some German specialist—I don't know yet what he told her, she was too ill and frightened to be very coherent. And then this fellow Chrysler on top of it all—you heard what he said about some one in the room never seeing again. Didn't he speak of blindness—darkness—God knows what!

The fellow should be locked up. Sadie took it to herself, of course, and the sudden shock finished it; perhaps it would have happened anyway, the doctor thinks so, but even he can't tell, he says she may temporarily recover her sight—if she doesn't. He stopped abruptly, and Julie said in a quaking voice: How awful. How perfectly awful.

So it was. She felt shocked, stunned and yet it was quite impartially, every other emotion was clouded over, stifled by those first words which Chittenden had spoken to her.

I had to come, just to say good-bye.

What had he meant by that? Goodbye! How could they ever say goodbye after last night? He had said then that they would never part again. Chittenden went on:

I was sure you would understand what a difference it makes, I was sure you would try to help me, Julie—dear. You see, she hasn't any one but me, you see, there are some things it's impossible for a man to do when a woman's ill—and frightened—I couldn't leave her, how could I? You see—you wouldn't wish it, would you? It would be like—like trampling a woman down to reach our happiness, a blind woman, too, so defenseless—I—

He broke down hopelessly. What could he say. What excuse or explanation could he offer that would sound plausible or justified?

He tried to take her hand but she drew it sharply away. She felt that she could bear anything, be brave over anything, if only he would not touch her. He was right in what he said. Of course he was right. Sadie was his wife, and his place was to stand by her. No man could do less, she herself would de-

spise him if he did less, and yet—behind everything a panic-stricken cry was trying to make itself heard in her heart:

What about me? What about me?

Then, as if in answer to the unspoken cry, Chittenden was beside her—so close to her that for a wild moment she thought he must be going to take her in his arms, and her heart almost stood still, and then went racing on again so violently that it seemed to be choking her. And she looked up desperately, meeting his eyes fixed upon her with such a look of love and longing in them that it was more than she could bear. She put out her hands appealingly.

Go away, please go away, she whispered.

Julie. He caught her hands in his. Forgive me, Julie. Say you forgive me, that you don't hate me, that you understand.

What do I want you to do? Why nothing. There's nothing we can do, we must go on. I always knew it would be like this, even last night. There's nothing we can do. I shall marry Lawrence Schofield, I suppose, if he will take me back again.

Julie—don't be cruel—

I am not so cruel as you are. I never wanted you to come into my life. It was you who followed me. With a smothered sob she turned to rush past him to the door. But Chittenden was too quick for her, he reached the door before she did, barring her way.

Let me go—let me go.

She beat at him with impotent hands, the tears raining down her face. Oh, let me go, let me go—

Not like this, Julie; we can't part like this—oh, my dear, dear child—

She was in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder, his lips against her hair, while he whispered over and over again how much he loved her, how only she filled his heart. But what could he do? If only she would tell him what he could do? But Julie had no answer, and presently her bitter sobbing ceased, and she lay quietly in his arms. It was she who spoke first, after a long silence.

I'm sorry I cried, it was silly!

And so useless. After all, it's no more than I expected—I always knew if I let myself care for any one it would be like this—She drew away from him. I think you had better go before I make another scene for you to remember me by. She wiped her eyes and tried to smile.

It's all right—please go now—She averted her eyes. Please go now, and please never come back again.

It was what Chittenden had wanted her to say, with all a man's dislike of scenes and suffering, he had hoped that she would refuse to listen to him and send him away, but now that she had done so, he knew that it was not what he wanted, after all. He had wanted her to keep him against his better judgment; he had clung to the belief that she would try to keep him from Sadie, for whom he had no feeling but the merest pity—a pity that was not, and never could be akin to love.

With Julie sobbing in his arms it had seemed impossible ever to let her go—he loved her so much—no woman had ever before stirred his heart and his imagination—no woman ever would. If they never met again it would be the same always; she was his, they were made for each other. He thought of his wife as she had been when he left her an hour ago, frantic with fear, crying and sobbing; it made him

shudder to remember the way she had clung to him, begging him not to leave her.

After all, you're my husband, and I've got nobody else in the world. I know I haven't been as nice to you as I might have been, but don't leave me, Giles. Oh, my God, what will become of me?

The pathos of her was heart-breaking. Sadie, who had always been so independent, so free, to be clinging to him like this, imploring him not to leave her. She was his wife, he was pledged to her by honor. And yet now that Julie had told him to go—he broke out passionately.

How can you think of marrying Schofield? What happiness would it be for you if you don't love him? I don't expect to be happy. Julie laughed shakily. Anyway, it cannot matter to you any longer. Please go away and leave me.

Julie he said pleadingly.

She said nothing. She hardly seemed to be listening, and he let his arms fall from about her.

I shall see you to-morrow. Still no answer, and after a moment he went out into the little hall and opened the front door.

He was so sure she would call to him, perhaps run after him. He was so sure that in a moment she would be in his arms, her lips crushed against his—he counted the seconds feverishly by his heart-beats.

But Julie did not move, and she gave no sign.

Chittenden looked back.

Julie!

He waited a moment, but the silence remained unbroken, and he went out of the flat, shutting the door behind him.

It seemed to Julie that she stood for hours, leaning against the wall, her body so tired that it was too much effort even to move over to the fire and a comfortable chair. Her head ached miserably. With a supreme effort she dragged herself across the room to the fire. It had burned down, and she replenished it with shaking hands. She felt as if already a life time had passed since Chittenden came to the flat, and yet only a moment ago he had been there with her, so close that she had but to put out her hand to touch him, and now he had gone, back to Sadie, back to his wife.

I will never willingly see him again, Julie told herself passionately. He has deceived me twice. I will never forgive him as long as I live.

She got up almost violently as though driven by the sudden reaction of thought.

She would send at once to Schofield. She would not lose a moment.

She went to the phone and called his number, but it was only after a long time that the hotel people could give her any news of him.

He was out at the moment, they said, but he was certainly returning that night.

Mr. Schofield is leaving London early to-morrow morning.

Leaving—

Julie felt as if her last anchor had been torn from her—the waves of misery and utter loneliness seemed to beat up afresh all round her. The voice at the other end of the phone asked politely if a message could be taken.

No—oh, no, thank you.

Julie hung up the receiver and turned away. Lawrence was leaving London, leaving her!—she was seized with exaggerated panic. What was to become of her? Even Bim was weary of her, there was no place for her in the world. But Lawrence had loved her, must surely still loved her. She remembered the despair in his eyes when she told him she would not marry him.

If she could only see him for a moment she was confident that everything would be all right—to see him, just to see him! She felt like a child left alone in the dark, straining every nerve to get to the one person who can take away dread and the desolate sense of loneliness.

(Continued Next Week)

PINKEY DINKEY

By Terry Gilkison

