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TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1925

What exalts a nation?—Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. Proverbs 14:34.

It is a big question that the people of Bend now have to consider—this business of voting \$600,000 in bonds for water purposes. We have decided ideas on the subject and shall set them forth from day to day until the election.

Our suggestion that if you do not like an oilled road you can keep off of it is taken by the Eugene Guard to mean that you never should use it. That is all right if you would go to such an extreme.

No better appointment to the game commission than W. L. Finley could be made by Governor Pierce. Mr. Finley was formerly state game warden and later biologist connected with the commission.

Skins of the People

Written for the Oregon Tuberculosis Association by Dr. B. S. Herben of New York

Taking away the skins of the people is something which any summer sun can do. Behold the blisters and the peeling of the beach combers. Indirectly intense heat may cause loss of skin, for heat rash, with its itching, leads idle fingers into mischievous digging.

The suffering which hot weather brings is not always due to spectacular stroke or prostration but may be brought about by various skin diseases and irritations and of these summer sufferers little children and infants rank first.

Heat rash or prickly heat is a disease of the glands in the skin which produce the sweat, that cooling moisture on the surface which keeps the body from having fever on hot days. These glands if compelled to overwork become irritated and inflamed.

The trunk is usually first involved in heat rash, though the tiny cyst-like points surrounded with red halos may spread and cover most of the body.

Absolute cleanliness of the skin is essential. Drawing powders may be used and thick applications of ordinary baking powder made wet enough to stick on the skin, relieves the itching.

Tan is a protection and evidence of healthy reactions. Freckles are results of imperfect tanning, harmless as long as unheeded.



PENITENTIAL

Dark and dismal, grim and bleak is the prison in the vale; there resort the men who seek, crookedly, the easy kale. Men are always going there, long processions every day, going from the sunshine fair to the dungeons cold and gray.

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

REVELATIONS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Pandora Nicholson is so painfully shy that when she meets new people she can think of nothing to say to them, and never knows what to do with her hands or feet. She lives as a poor relation with her Aunt Maude, uncle and their very popular daughter, Gladys—all of whom tell her frequently that she is hopelessly stupid and queer.

Chapter 91

There were two letters from Gloria also, addressed in the large, hurried, careless handwriting so very characteristic of the woman herself. One was for Frankie, the other for Pan. Pan, of course, had to read Frankie's to him before she even opened her own, to quiet his impatience.

"We went to a zoo just because we thought you would like it, and so I could write you of it," she wrote, and gave him two pages about the animals. And she told him a funny story of a peasant child she had talked to, and described the storks on the house-tops in Holland. She ended:

"You'd better take good care of Pan, who isn't a globe-trotter like yourself and will need looking after." Which brought a mild little chuckle from the boy.

Then Frankie went off to find his little English friends and left Pan to read her own letter and to unpack, and to read and reread the very brief message from George.

"I'm quite expecting to burst with happiness," Gloria wrote her. "I remember one time when we had been in Paris years ago and it had not stopped raining for weeks—a most terrible winter that chilled me to the marrow. I took a train late one night for the south and when I woke in the morning the sun was out and the olive trees were green. Flowers were in bloom and the sea was the color of sapphire, and it was warm—and I began to expand. This is like it again, only of course intensified beyond all imagination. And this will last. It's the end, forever, of winter."

Growing practical she went on, apologizing for not having written before.

"Happiness makes one selfish. I've thought of you and of Frankie often enough—but you're both the old life and I wanted to lose myself entirely in the new life for a week or two. Don't worry, I'm coming back soon to collect you both—meantime, you will wonder what happened to us."

"We went to Holland first and into Belgium and wandered on to Paris, and there we saw George. The portrait he's just finished is the best of his work that I've ever seen. It should create a sensation if it's properly displayed. He'll be in London

settled with her knitting. She was early—English maids always came hours ahead of time! It was quarter to eight—dinner time was eight—he ought to come! Pan's hands went cold with nervous excitement, her cheeks flushed pink—

And then George came and she went down to the hotel lobby to meet him, pulling her cape around her. It was like being home, going off alone with him to dine. George remarked about it too, when they had settled in a restaurant and had made the important decisions about things to eat.

"Like the good old days, Pan, isn't it? We're too late for a show or a concert or any of our usual forms of evening dissipation. We'll go back to your place and talk—I want to know all you've been doing."

"There's no Gloria to come in now and make us laugh telling us about her parties and the odd people she's met," Pan said, half dolefully.

"Well, cheer up, no doubt we'll manage!" George smiled a little at his companion. "Do you miss her?" The girl nodded, and added that she wanted her to stay away longer, however.

"Did you miss me?" George asked suddenly, leaning forward slightly. Pan's cheeks turned bright pink. Had she missed him? How could she say it without giving herself away?

Chapter 92

Had Pan been in any way a coquette she would have evaded George's question, or answered it chaffingly. But being of a direct, honest and truthful mind, she said simply:

"Yes, a great deal." Then added quickly, as though she knew she had confessed too much:

"We both missed you." And George, who read her thoughts easily, was both touched and amused by these statements.

When they were seated in Pan's tiny living room and George had stretched out in the one big chair, a lighted cigarette held limply between his long fingers—exactly as she had seen him so often at Gloria's—Pan felt suddenly happy and contented. She reached for her work basket and began to sew while they talked.

"Do you work all the time?" George asked, watching her fingers busy with needle and thread.

"No, but I have something to do with my hands I can talk better," Pan answered. "They don't get in my way then. I'm not so painfully conscious of them. I've tried to learn knitting. Everyone knits nowadays, but I'm slow and awkward at it."

"So you're making Frankie a suit?" "Goodness, no!" She laughed with amusement. "Only putting back lost buttons."

George puffed at the cigarette—he always seemed to take a puff just when it was ready to die out from neglect—and watched the mending with the curiosity of a man clever with his fingers at big things, who has all respect, but no comprehension of the minute difficulties of sewing.

"You're such a comfortable person to be with, Pan," he observed after a time. "I'm glad you missed me. I wasn't particularly happy over there either."

Because of Gloria! Pan thought instantly, but said nothing.

George went on: "There were a lot of things to worry me. The man I was painting was bad tempered and restless and difficult to do—took me twice as long as an ordinary portrait. It was hot, too, and I had trouble selling a house I wanted to dispose of."

Pan knew that George, in his student days, had purchased a country house outside Paris. Being young and enthusiastic, he had been badly cheated, according to Gloria, and was willing almost to give the place away now to be rid of it.

"And I was worried about Gloria," He had said it, so Pan felt she could talk of it now.

"I know. If only you had been here, or if you hadn't gone over there at all—"

"But why? My presence would have made no difference one way or the other—except I would have known sooner that Santley was back. But you were angel enough to tell me finally."

"Yes, I would have written sooner, only I didn't want to worry you. When I wrote, it was because I thought if you came in time—"

"In time? What do you mean? What difference would my coming have made?"

Pan hated to answer this. She pretended a great interest in the button she was attaching to a very diminutive pair of trousers, and hesitated.

"What do you mean, please?" George urged.

"Oh, I don't suppose your presence would have made any difference after all," Pan said finally. "It was clear that Gloria was very much in love with Santley—of course, there was a little time when she tried to pretend she wasn't, but it never was a serious pretence, after she knew Santley had followed her at once to New York. She had to go on with it, just because she'd begun that way."

She snipped off a thread, and laid the little suit aside. Being so earnest in what she was saying, she felt no self-consciousness now, her hands clasped in her lap naturally, and she leaned back in the chair, at ease and graceful because of it, and looked at George with her serious, dark eyes.

"So even if you had come back, it wouldn't have made any difference, she would have married him anyway. Only—"

"Only what? Why shouldn't she have married him?"

"Well, you see—at least you would have had a chance to—fight for yourself."

"But why fight for myself? I wanted her to marry him."

"I know. You were always so generous about that. But I knew you were—in love with her."

"But, my dear little child, I've been in love with you all winter."

Tomorrow—Being in Love.

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