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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
—BYRON.

The Scandal Mag

The Portland Telegram, fresh from its victories in the primaries, where its outrageous attacks upon the supreme court caused the incumbents to receive the nominations of both parties, has discovered a new mare's-nest in the Monmouth Normal school and has launched a series of vicious attacks against Dean Jessica Todd, who is in no way to blame for administrative policies that perhaps may justly be criticised.

Without adequate investigation or knowing just what it is doing, the Telegram which burnt its fingers to a crisp trying to pull the political chestnuts of George Joseph out of the fire, is again singeing its digits to even up the grudges of disgruntled former Normal employes. Its attacks are evidently inspired by instructors dropped from the faculty.

Among the latter whom the Telegram quotes is Dr. W. H. Burton, now of Chicago, who for some years has been peddling his venom against the Normal school in a hitherto vain effort to induce newspapers to attack it and who has evidently been successful in inducing the Telegram under its alien ownership to become the scapegoat. Dr. Burton won fame as a progressive modern educator by ascertaining the important information that Salem school children knew about bootlegging and broadcasting the fact the length and breadth of the land.

Under its California proprietorship, the Telegram is always anxious to besmirch and discredit any and every Oregon institution, no matter how false or unjust the accusations. It has become the Scandal Mag of Oregon journalism.

Our Dry Delegation

It is with great interest that we read that Oregon's delegation to the Kansas City convention in caucus decided to support a strong prohibition plank for the Republican platform.

Composed of such eminent drys as Bob Stanfield, Floyd Cook, Russ Hawkins, Fred Kiddle, Sam Kozer, Hal Patton, Bill Thompson, etc., etc., no other action could be expected. In fact there is only one real wet in the delegation, Bill Woodward, and he would be classed as bone-dry, if it wasn't for his lachrymose oratory.

While the delegates are sweating in the muggy atmosphere of Kansas City, they will probably solve the usual convention riddle of how many dry martinis can go into a dry delegate and ascertaining just how wet a convention city can be. Kansas City is a very hospitable place and experienced in convention ways and its hospitality runs along conventional moist lines.

Of course the delegates are strong for prohibition. Why shouldn't they be, when they are supplied with all the booze needed to inspire dry oratory? The delegates are all politically dry as long as they can be personally soaked.

At the same time there is no more striking example of the national hypocrisy than a national convention of Republicans resolutiing for prohibition unless it be a similar convention of Democrats. Yet our prohibition friends tell us that prohibition, which makes law-breakers and Pharasees of the great majority, really prohibits!

TRADER HORN

By ALFRED MATHEWS SMITH and ETHELDRETHA LEWIS

CHAPTER XXXX

PRESIDENT GRANT'S GORILLA

"I can't be exactly rude to Mac-ghiore, Ma'am. I must give facts and mention, too. Properly proven they are the basis of solid interest.

"That old Pioneer sure came up to scratch. Livingstone's best she used to be carrying a load of Bibles instead o' Manchester goods. A favorite of fashion he was, with all the luxuries obtainable by prayer in Piccadilly drawing rooms. A stand of arms they gave him. Ladies'll always admire a romantic figure. Prowess. That's what tickles 'em.

"Aye, I've been saving up this river fight to put in a bit of prowess for a reviver. When you're cornered, battle out. Keep your self-respect between your teeth. A fight lost in Africa is a world lost. Other place'll give you a second chance. The ivory coast gives you only one.

THE NEED OF NINA

"T'would never 'a' done for me to listen to Nina T———. 'You'd better come,' she said. A strange look that girl had sometimes. . . .

"No ma'am, you'd hardly say I was in love. My little ringletted lass of the lily ponds in a Lancashire lane held my heart. But it was only as nature for a boy to have a good claim at the eyes of a goddess looking at him so strangely. Kind, but grieving, they were. She'd never seen a light-haired boy and perhaps it brought memories of her father.

"'Tis a good thing I knew her so intimately. Any book, to catch the fancy, needs some attachment like Nina. Something that continues in the background and provides color. Aye. Come to Nina's story, I would have crammed the whole narrative into three or four chapters. There was little enough of it. But come to a book you need some proper understanding of selection, George Massey says. He'd never 'a' let me pour out all the best in one gulp. That's why I've had to weave in somewhat meager. Out me contract and me nobility with gorillas and slave-fights and so forth and anyway.

THE SENSITIVE LADY

"Mind you, there's mean't read the book for that. Fellows who'd turn up their nose at a so-called love interest. It's in the make-up of the natural man that he keeps a soft corner for a bit of battle. And if he's ever been a lad he'll sure enjoy my rivers. Aye. Come to rivers, ma'am, my knowledge would be sure considered a novelty in America. That fight now. Two war canoes bearing straight down on us.

"And that bit about Miss Hudson. They'll appreciate that in Cincinnati. They sure will. They think a lot of goodness in America and they can't fail to be attracted by that sweet lady stepping aboard to sail up a cannibal river. The first white woman they'd seen. Like an angel she sat there, with her back against the bales and staring out. All on board loved her. 'Twas the look in her eye. Aye. 'Twas a look could 'a' taken Stanley and his sort to the world's end and heaven as a wind-up. But they hadn't got it. They hadn't got it.

"Never cared for Stanley, us traders. 'Twas no love of humanity made him go after Livingstone. 'Twas nothing but ambition. Always wanted the spotlight turned on him. There was that poor feller Pocock was with him. Got carried over Samba Falls in a boat. Very likely. But 'twas an open suspicion among the traders that the boat was cut from its moorings.

"Natives? Oh, aye, natives if you like. Better say natives did it if you're making a note about it. I don't want to be crucified with those notes of yours, ma'am. Aye, he couldn't bear for any other feller to get a bit of credit.

"But that mission lady. She never thought of anything but the schools and churches she was going to build. Saw 'em all as pretty as a picture at likely spots up that wild river. How beautiful to see one there, Mr. Horn,' she says.

SAFE IN VIRTUE

"Wear? What did she wear? Well now, ma'am, I shall have to think. Nothing fashionable. No feathers or those so-called pork-pie hats. Just one of those Leghorn hats. Nice and shady for a lady's eyes. And a dress of brown holland same as my sister Emily used to wear in the summer. Buttons and so on, on the bodice. Braid. And she had to keep hitting her long skirts, getting in and out of the boat and walking in the dust and the long grass.

"Aye, I've seen so-called women explorers since then. Helmets and so on. Riding boots and ties and everything else. But I've never seen that all this men's truck made 'em any braver than that poor lady who never thought of her get-up.

"I'm glad to be able to save a brave woman from forgetfulness. Aye, the second day she went out and she sat on a rock above the falls. And there was a tree grew out over the water and she was sketching it. The Anguni mountains, and so on. The natives thought she was trying to break the ambwini—put the white god against the black. They were uneasy. They'd never seen a lady sketching. I couldn't help but keep an eye on her. Didn't do to let her see me, though. And I had to let the natives understand I thought it was the usual thing for ladies to do.

A SOUVENIR FOR GRANT

"My sister, Emily, has the sketch she gave me. I send to send her curios from the west coast. May, I could never say what became of it. You know people at home will sit like magpies on a thistle over all the what-nots of a home. And then comes the old auctioneer we call 'death,' and puts the lot up to a stranger before life's even been lived. Aye, if they'd run out o' doors a bit oftener, nature'd teach 'em to forget the gewgaws.

"I've collected curios for a good many people in my time. Speaking of gorillas in spirits there was that feller I packed for President Grant when he came to the west coast. He was naturally looking for souvenirs and I sold him a gorilla for 20 pounds. I put him in a puncheon of spirits, same as the big chap de Brazza sent to his medical society. Aye. But by some misfortune the wrong puncheon got put aboard the Alaska. Alaska, was it? It's so long ago I can't trust me memory too well over names.

"Howbeit, I'd got a poor feller, a goldsmith from Accra, sleeping his last sleep in a vat of spirits in my store-shed, and only waiting for a ship to take him home to his own people. Missed you 'twas a burial which, even as a temporary measure, would have suited many. That feller the Duke of Clarence would never have turned up his nose at such a purgatory.

JOSIAH OF ACCRA

"From Ashanti, that goldsmith. Josiah of Accra he was well known as. Made gold and silver ornaments from metal mined by himself on the spot. A regular artist at twisting metal into shapes of beauty. Like that wild feller in the Bible you hear of—Jubal Cain or some such resounding name. All up and down the coast he'd been looking for work and working at what he found in the mountains. Nice little furnace for smelting. Bellows made of monkey skins. Got caught over Samba Falls when he was prospecting for copper. 'Twas a treachery of one of the tribes did it. They were for burying the body there, but you know what that means. Must for your enemy. Nothing more valuable than a dead enemy.

"So I took him down the river with me and put him in spirits till a ship should come along'd take the feller home. Every man has a right to burial on the spot we call home. He wants his own at such a moment, if ever. Aye, I'd like to think someone'd do as much for me when I'm beaconed. Ship me ever to Frea. Or in sound of the sea at Gillmoss. But don't let the spirits leak. No sailor'll stand it and remain human. If they can't resist Nelson they'd think nothing of Aloysius Horn.

"Aye, I labelled him 'Accra' and I'd already written to the British consul at Accra to look out for him. But after the Alaska had sailed I found they'd put the wrong one on board. So he went to America as a gorilla.

"No, I never heard any complaints. I meant to write, but—twould 'a' been a long business. And I was a gorilla to the good. I was doing a lot with the museums just then.

IF I'D BEEN KING

"Aye—but—if I'd only had backing in those days. I'd taken the country for England as de Brazza did for the French. I could 'a' done it a dozen times and over. Charlie Thompson says they still talk of that river fight I had. They speak of me still, I'm told.

"Aye, if a roc could drop me there now I'd made headway still, on my river. Who's to know it better than I that charted it? And if the bottom's altered I'd not be too old to chart it again. To be continually taking your soundings is a course of nature, whether with man or with water.

"If I'd been in charge I'd have owned the country. In Britain's name, of course. I'd have put up me flag even if only the clog and shawl. When it's for a savage's vision clog and shawl's as good as lion rampant. A totem he'll not understand.

"I thought myself as big as de Brazza. I was better armed and I had the instinct for top-dog lacking in one of his make-up. A proper nobleman, though. Full of high thought and proud reserve with all his bravery. He could be as silent as a duke. Aye, it seemed like Africa kept him quiet. Always walking up and down with his eyes on the ground. He'd 'a' done better at poetry, perhaps. But a man, for all that. Aye, he stepped as if earth was his heritage.

"If I'd sent home for proper backing I'd have got clear of Sindiah's timidity and photo-worship. Rhodes knew the power of home backing. He knew that when his ambitions became un fait accompli he'd succeed. Nothing succeeds like success, with the stay-at-homes.

"But pioneers are built like that. It's not gaudy success that Rhodes was after. Leave that to Stanley. It was to make something to grow in the breast of tamed nature, when it's yourself that'd done the taming.

Bearing Philanthropy"

"I must thank you, ma'am for asking the ——— society to look me up with a bit of help. There was one of 'em came yesterday. Stout body, used to the job. Talks pleasantly and never listens to what you're telling her. Aye, they look through the wall. Left a candle and two pieces of soap. Tickets for milk and meat once a week. I appreciate the way she's doing her duty, but I should sure have preferred to get the soap and candles by ticket. When you are feeling too hungry to walk to a shop you're apt to cavil at what is after all but a kindly deed.

"But I'm bearing philanthropy better since I began with the writing. I can sure throw it off the chest. Aye there's something in writing's like armour to the feelings."

(To Be Continued)

The Sins of Innocence

By CLAIRE POMEROY

CHAPTER 11

A wanderer from Paris, chasing upon Fifth avenue, between 46th and 47th streets, any time between 11 a. m. and 6 p. m. might well believe himself back in his beloved city on the Sein—that is, if his Paris comprised the Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendome and the Boulevard Madelaine. There are, it is true, no sidewalk cafes, no strolling vendors of doubtful wares, no trees, as on the boulevard, thrusting bright green leaves into the sunshine, but Fifth avenue is broad and garishly bright as the boulevard; the glittering shop windows display articles that are the same as those to be seen in the windows of the Rue de la Paix, and there are the girls—and girls— and girls.

In Antoinette's Martha watched them in bewilderment. The shoppers and those who helped the shoppers to shop * * * The mannequins! Lithe and lovely and long, employed to display the clothes. * * * The girls, hardly less svelte and sinuous who sell clothes! Martha did not see those other girls—the more nondescript crew who stitch upon hooks and wraps and gowns, forever altering them to meet women's unceasing exactions. Back, beyond, in bare, soulless-like workrooms, these worried, harried, drab little creatures slaved. * * * Paris calls them midinettes. * * * In America they are merely seamstresses. * * * But Martha knew nothing of them. She saw the models with their suave confident beauty and she admired and envied them—and feared them. They had so much of which she had so little—they with their lissom grace—assurance. Would she ever be assured and at ease in this forld of fashion and sophistication?

Lida took matters in her own hands.

"Afternoon frocks first," she said tersely to an exaggeratedly slender saleswoman. * * *

Martha could not keep count of all the dazzling, breath-taking creations.

"You need an evening dress right away, too," commented Lida. "That period thing the brunette's modelling was made for you." Martha followed her sisters eyes to the graceful girl who walked with studied, measured steps along the velvet carpet. * * * A period dress of wine-colored silk—Martha couldn't name the material—it had the effect of stiffness, like old brocade, but she could see that it was as soft as satin to the touch—it billowed when the girl walked. Long, too. The dark mannequin looked beautiful in it. "That's the kind of thing that'll set you off," said Lida in Martha's ear. "You've got to play up your distinction.'

They bought the wine-colored dress and they bought filmy lingerie and shoes and the afternoon frocks and an enhancing light coat with tricky sleeves and a cape effect. Shoes, too. One pair of reptile, and black pumps and one pair of satin and another pair to match the wine-colored frock.

"But, Lida," protested Martha. "Aren't you going to buy anything for yourself?"

"Don't be silly," laughed Lida. "I've all the clothes I need and mine are always in advance of the stuff they're showing here." She gave her sister a teasing look. "And maybe you'll let me wear one of your dresses if I run short."

"Oh, Lida, of course," cried Martha. "You know that already."

"Whew!" puffed Lida. "I'm a wreck. Lord, if this were only Paris now—we could go somewhere and have a cocktail."

Martha didn't remark any more when her sister shocked her. She was getting used to being shocked.

"Guess the next best thing is tea." Lida sighed. "Always heard so much about the Ritz—let's go there."

The girls entered the swinging doorway and Lida glanced around.

"Guess the best thing to do is to follow the herd." She indicated with a twitch of her head the passing stream of fashionably dressed women who strolled chattering through the lobby. Afternoon tea was in full swing when they entered the left dining room and an orchestra was crooning seductively. Women. * * * Women of all ages, from the debutante age to the white-haired, generously upholstered dowager. * * Talking. * * Chattering. * * * Men there were, in limited numbers. * * * Sleek young men in fastidiously creased and tailored afternoon clothes. They seemed in demand, too, these affable young men. * * * Martha thought the older women greeted these young men rather foolishly. * * * Fatuously.

"Tea and sandwiches—petie de foi gras," ordered Lida to the obsequious waiter. "And some pastry."

The music was nice. Martha's eyes lighted up and she felt buoyant and alive. Music affected Martha that way.

"Would you like to dance?" A soft voice at her shoulder; a white faced, white toothed, waxed mustached youth leaned deferently over her. Martha started. His eyes held an invitation.

"Go ahead," urged Lida. "He won't bite you."

As though hypnotized—certainly not by her own volition, Martha rose and melted into the fellow's arms. * * * He danced divinely. * * He smiled. * * He commented on the weather. * * * He seemed surprised at Martha's silence. * * * Her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth. * * * She could not speak. * * * Martha could only dance and she forgot the white-toothed young man completely. * * He led her back to the table when the music stopped and bowed and sauntered away.

When Lida paid the check, she called Martha's attention to an extra charge on the bill.

"That's for Charlie-boy," she said sacastically.

Then Martha understood. He was a paid dancing partner! What a despicable way for a young man to earn a living! She was disgusted and she called herself a fool.

On their way out of the hotel through the lobby, her attention on Martha, her eyes anywhere but before her, Lida collided with a hurrying passerby. * * * A terrific impact and Lida dropped her vanity case, gloves and purse.

"I beg your pardon," said the tall young man who seemed a trifle short of breath from the collision. "My fault entirely." He scrambled for Lida's belongings and placed them in her hands, his head bared; his face a delightful pink. Lida looked up at him as she thanked him and she saw that he had dark crinkly hair and brown eyes with tawny flecks in them; she saw that his nose was straight and aristocratic and that his mouth was curved into sensitive lines, and that there was a cleft in his chin. * * * All this, Lida observed in that swift fleeting second.

As the two girls pursued their way Lida clutched her sister's arm.

"Did you see him, Martha?" she demanded. "Oh, my soul and body, did you see him? Wasn't he the most adorable thing you ever saw in your life?"

"See who?"

"Who?" cried Lida in disgust. "Why, the precious, blushing boy I almost knocked down." She sighed. "Thank heaven I'll never see him again. It'd be good bye Lida if I ever did!" Lida sighed again and her eyes were misty; her green eyes strangely tender.

(To be continued)

LIONS TOLD ABOUT CLUBBERS' PICNIC

Independence, June 13.—At the Lions club meeting Monday County Agent J. R. Beck was present and gave a talk on the boys' and girls' club picnic to be held at Rickreall on July 24. He encouraged all members of the club to be present and make this a memorable event.

Sylvester, new druggist, was a guest of the club and gave a short talk.

On June 26, the date selected to take the Lions' cup to Longview, arrangements have been made for a large escort of club members. The cup will be brought here from Toledo next week.

Monday was the last meeting for the retiring officers.

UNION CHURCH SERVICES

Independence, June 13.—Rev. E. G. Branton, of the M. E. church preached the sermon at the union services in the Christian church on Sunday evening. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Maskins of the Christian church will preach in the Baptist church, where the union services are to be held Pastors of other churches are assisting.

GUEST OF SAVERY'S

Dallas, June 13— Mr. and Mrs. Earl Williams of Bellingham are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tracey Savery. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were friends of Mrs. Savery and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bohle, in Nebraska and moved to Bellingham quite recently. Mr. and Mrs. Savery are motoring their guests to various beach resorts and over the Columbia highway.

SLOBERLY MAN FALLS

North Spring Valley, June 13. — F. G. McClench is reported to have fallen from a hay rack Friday and hurt his side quite badly. He is able to be about, but is a man over 70 years of age, and the fall might have been serious.

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus.

MUTT AND JEFF

The Little Fellow Dines With A U. S. Senator In The Convention City.

By Bud Fisher.