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

A Job For The Planners

If in search for civic wrongs to be righted and mistakes to be corrected the city planning and zoning commission will turn its attention to and point the way to elimination of the irregular and dangerous street intersections which dot heavily traveled thoroughfares of the city it will have conferred upon the community an enduring service, and will have functioned well in justification of its own existance.

Salem with its patchwork growth of irregular additions, platted without regard to any general plan of a comprehensive street scheme and with little regard for any consideration except those of the sales promoters, today offers a complicated problem in auto traffic engineering. The time has passed when any extensive relocation of streets can be accomplished at a reasonable cost, and the alternate remedy is that of devising a system of trunk arteries reasonably free from the sharp angles which constitute the principal hazzards of motor traffic in congested districts.

To devise such a plan and formulate means by which it can be carried into successful execution at a cost commensurate with the advantages is a proper function of the planning commission.

One of the real problems involved is that of devising an equitable system of financing the improvements involved—the purchase of rights-of-way and the required paving operations. In that the advantages to be derived are more of a general than a purely local nature, it is not reasonable that the expense should be assessed against only the abutting property, and it is doubtful if such work could always be charged against the fund provided for the improvement of street intersections.

Nor is it reasonable to expect that the owners of property required in effecting proper allignment of the streets should donate the land to be utilized.

It is probable that the work could best be carried out through amended charter provisions permitting the organization of local improvement and assessment districts; or, it might better be handled through a special general assessment for such a stated purpose.

Such matters are, however, part of the job of the planning commission, to which the Capital Journal commends such an undertaking at an early date.

The Sins of Innocence

By CLAIRE POMEROY

CHAPTER 43

"Well, I've burned my bridges. Can't back out now."

"You're really going through with it, Lida?" Martha regarded her sister soberly.

"Yep, Tarleton wants to announce the engagement right away, but I held him off. We'll spring it in a couple of weeks." Lida's voice was calm, but her eyes held a far-off look. She seemed to avoid looking at herself in the mirror—as though she didn't want to meet her own eyes.

"Are you going to tell father?" Martha asked.

"Yep. This morning, if he'll see me."

The girls were home again in Gramercy Park and they had discussed over and over again their exciting week at the house party. . .

Martha did not tell her sister of Leslie Bonner's confession of his love for her. She was afraid to. Afraid of Lida's jeering words of unbelief and skepticism. Martha, herself, was not at all certain that Bonner meant what he had said. It had all been so sudden, and he had abruptly changed the subject with a laugh and that was all there was to it. Martha did not know that it was the expression on her face that had brought him to a halt. There had been an expression so poignant in her face—in her whole attitude that the young man had grown quite afraid to continue. He believed he was hurting her and that he was telling her something she did not want to hear. . Martha had thought of scarcely nothing but Leslie Bonner's words since the day on the beach when he had spoken them.

Horace Brandon greeted his daughter with a smile almost warm and his eyes held genuine welcome.

"Well, Lida," he said dryly, "did you find any good hunting?"

"Fair," replied Lida. "Place was overrun with hunters, though. Couldn't put in any really good work."

His eyes twinkled.

"Enjoy yourself?"

Lida nodded enthusiastically.

"Wonderful time, Horace. Mary's a peach and her brother is aces high. I'm sold on the millionaire stuff now—and I won't be satisfied until I have one for myself. Now that I've tasted blood, you know."

Horace Brandon laughed aloud.

"You are a cold-blooded female, Lida." He leaned back lazily in his chair. "By jove, I'm almost frightened of you myself." He paused. "And Martha?"

Lida shrugged.

"I don't know what to make of her, Horace," she said. "Don't know whether she's smarter than I am or just plain imbecile. The Campbell money was practically laid at her feet, and she turned it down. Fletch Campbell proposed to her the first night he met her and he's still hopeful." Lida frowned. "Girls like Martha simply spoil the game for the rest of us."

Brandon was interested.

"Campbell, eh?"

Lida nodded.

"They're steel you know, Horace," she told him. "Fifteen millions."

"And she won't accept him?" asked the man.

Lida shook her head in disgust.

"No. She couldn't stand Fletch's athletic ways. He wanted to make a sportswoman out of her."

Brandon chuckled.

"Martha's a woman of determination, like her mother." He looked thoughtful a moment. "Pretty hard to persuade her into anything she doesn't want to do."

"Darned hard," agreed Lida.

"And you?" inquired Brandon. "You had success?"

Lida's green eyes flashed.

"Well, I've engaged myself to Bychester, if you want to call that success."

The man chuckled again.

"That wasn't so bad," he replied. "Of course not as well as Martha—and you'll have to remember that I—ah—promoted the thing at the beginning. But, not bad—not bad."

They eyed each other in perfect understanding and Horace Brandon's green eyes laughed into those of his daughter. Their smiles were almost identical—the lips curved and twisted with cynicism.

Brandon pondered.

"Martha—is there anyone with whom she might have become infatuated? Some unfit subject, I mean." He seemed anxious for a reply.

Lida gave a slight shrug.

"I don't know for sure, Horace," she replied seriously. "Once I thought she was falling for Leslie Bonner, but I'm not so sure now. He was down last week and I watched them together. She seemed cool enough."

"Bonner—," The man's voice died away. "No, he wouldn't do," he finished.

"Leslie's not a bad sort, but he's unsettled and too darned attractive," Lida put in. "Women are always hanging around him and he doesn't wear himself out brushing 'em off, either."

"He won't do," repeated Brandon. "Can't have a repetition. Martha wouldn't understand any more than her mother did."

"What?" Lida looked puzzled.

"Nothing," returned Brandon. He roused himself. "Congratulations, Lida, my child." He smiled and outstretched a hand. "Well done brave Diana."

They laughed into each other's eyes again with that sense of perfect accord.

"Now," went on the man, "send Martha to me and we'll settle that little matter of Leslie Bonner before it goes any further."

"Why," asked Lida. "Do you think she's fallen for him?"

"I rather think she has, Lida," said Brandon. "She would, you know. And we can't have that happen, can we? Run along now, and send your sister to me immediately."

When Lida left, Horace Brandon paced the floor nervously and several times he muttered to himself: "Only thing to do. . . Break her heart. . . Not that—not again."

(To Be Continued)

BRAINS FOUND QUALITY MOST ASKED IN WIFE

Cleveland (UP)—Brains, not beauty, wins the majority of men.

Such, at least, was the inference from a survey made by Prof. Thornton W. Merriam, of the Case School of Applied Social Science. In a list of desired qualities and characteristics in their prospective wives, good housekeepers scored the highest vote from a group of marriageable young men.

Personality, good health, and high intelligence ranked next, according to the balloters, 60 per cent of whom were university graduates, 20 per cent of whom were completing their university courses, 15 per cent of whom were high school graduates and five per cent of whom had completed part of high school courses.

"Willingness to have children preceded 'good looks' in importance. Thirty-five per cent considered a wealthy girl vital to their ultimate happiness and one man voted that companionate marriage was of 'exceedingly great importance.'"

The survey, according to Professor Merriam, was prompted by the complaint of a number of young women whose social contacts were made in churches.

"They told me that the average young man of 30 or so, whom they met at church functions, were not their mental equal," he said. "So I decided to find out where the average young man meets the girl he goes with and what his objections toward marriage were.

"Economic conditions and lack of sufficient salary" is the "greatest obstacle which the majority of the young men found to marriage. The girls they "step out" with are usually introduced to them by friends, the survey showed.

An average salary of $200 a month was the income believed necessary for marriage.

That the average working girl destroys her chances for marriage by her ability to earn her own living is shown in the reason one man gives for postponing marriage.

In a shipment of 60 orang outanga recently received at the zoo at Cannes, France, were several mothers with their young and some of the largest specimens of their kind ever seen in Europe, 15 having arms with a span of more than nine feet.

BADLY DENTED!

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Better Health - Longer Life

GORGAS MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

X-RAY SHOWS CAUSE OF EPILEPSY

By Mark Lewis Emerson, M. D., Oakland, Calif., Member Gorgas Memorial

A recent case of epilepsy showed a loose piece of bone within the skull as the cause. The case had an indefinite history of a head injury in childhood, but it was so long ago that the mother forgot all about it. At the age of sixteen, the child developed frequent attacks of epilepsy. An x-ray of the skull did not show any evidence of fracture, but it did show a small object the size of a pea under the dura or thick brain membrane, which was not attached to the bony skull. An exploratory incision demonstrated that this small hard substance could be removed by dissecting it out of the scar tissue of the brain membrane. It was later examined and proved to be a piece of bone. After this was removed the patient recovered. It was thought that there had been an internal fracture in childhood, that a detached piece of bone became enmeshed in the brain membrane, which finally became so irritating that it caused so-called brain spasm or epileptic fits.

The brain has two or three coverings, first the skull, then the dura, a very thick fascia-like membrane, then a fine spider-web-like membrane, full of small-caliber blood vessels. In congestion of the brain, it is this mesh of blood vessels that is often affected.

Nature does a great deal to protect the brain with its hard bony casing, its delicate membrane and different fluids within the cranium. Head injuries of all kinds should be considered serious, automobile accidents are now a prolific source of various types of head injuries, and cautious driving should reduce the number of accidents and fractures.

The average case of epilepsy should not be considered hopeless, as the cause can be found in some cases and many can be greatly relieved. Epileptics are receiving great benefit from certain medicines recently placed on the market and noticeable headway is being made in relieving these unfortunate people. They should always have the best possible medical care and supervision and if the family doctor thinks there is a history of skull injury and orders a stereoscopic x-ray, it should be obtained.

BELIEVES IN THOUGHNESS

Indian Harbor, Ind., (UP) — A burglar who ransacked the store of John Backus came back a night later and returned all the loot except two candy bars. On the first visit, the bandit took $7.50, a $30 watch and a quantity of candy, cigars and cigarettes.

JUNGLE PERILS DESCRIBED BY TULANE YOUTH

New Oreans, (United Press). — Harrowing experiences of three New Orleans, (United Press). — local explorers in the jungles of Mexico and Guatemala among natives who were none too willing to work and with monkey meat and a kind of acorn for sustenance when food ran short, were related here a few days ago by Webster John M. McBryde of Tulane University. Young McBryde returned ahead of his two companions, Dr. McBryde, 20-year-old son of Dr. Frans Blum and Louis Bristow, also of Tulane, who with native hirelings and mules, made up the Mayan expedition of Tulane University's department of Middle American Research that left New Orleans several months ago for the tropics.

McBryde was separated from his fellows who are still somewhere in the jungle. The youthful explorer, after suffering with malaria fever that ran up his temperature at times to 104, finally made his way to civilization and on to his home here for treatment. He announced he had "enough" of jungle explorations.

The party was separated on Lake Peten, in Guatemala, near Flores, McBryde said. The young explorer with several natives and some pack mules set out to find a trail that was thought to lead to some ancient ruins. Blum and Bristow were pursuing other trails.

In crossing Lake Peten, McBryde said he noticed it was "rather hot" and looking at the therometer he carried saw it registered 55 degrees. "That's centigrade, and that means about 131 degrees Fahrenheit," he said.

A couple of days later, young McBryde was laid up with an attack of chills and fever. After a few days illness he recovered, apparently, and continued his course, covering approximately eight miles in a 10 or 12-hour day's travel through the thick jungle. Finally, after five days of the resumed journey, he reached Cayo where he was again seized with the dreaded malaria. After four days of burning fever, it was decided that McBryde should proceed down the river to Belize and have a blood test. The test ahowed malaria and the trip home was advised.

McBryde told of the party spending two weeks searching for a single trail; of Indians, hired to accompany the expedition, deserting their posts and of crossing and recrossing rivers by improvised rafts, in quest of trails and other traces of ancient races.

"We ran short of food, with the exception of coffee and tea," said McBryde. "We were compelled to live for a time on oche (a kind of acorn) seed and monkey meat."

At one stage of the journey the explorers encountered some Southern Lacondones, the last survivors of a tribe and race almost extinct.

PREMIER REWARDS WOULD-BE SLAYER

Tokyo, (UP) — Baron Giichi Tanaka, premier of Japan has rewarded a man who attempted to assassinate him.

When the Premier heard that the family of Shingo Okamura, who attempted to stab the premier to death in the Uyeno railway station here on June 8, was in want, he immediately announced a donation of 1,000 yen, or about $500 gold, to the Okamuras, and sent K. Matsumoto, a member of parliament, to the Okamura family home in Shizuoka Prefecture with the money.

The premier also instructed the governor of the prefecture not to accept the resignation of Okamura's brother as chief of police of the Fujiyeda Station. The brother had tendered his resignation on news of the blot on the family name.

The general's kindness, however, did not extend to a request his assailant be pardoned and Okamura will be tried shortly for attempted murder and probably will receive a sentence to life imprisonment at hard labor.

LONELY REUNION

Ontario, Calif. (UP)—J. H. Lewis kept his vow made 50 years ago.

At that time Lewis graduated from the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis. He told his classmates if he lived he would return to the university for the 50th class reunion.

This year he returned to the university for the annual commencement exercises, and for the 50th reunion of the class of 77.

But it developed into a one-man reunion. Lewis was the only one left. All the rest of his classmates have died.

GEORE KNIGHT HOME

Hubbard, July 21—George Knight, Oregon representative of the Crown Flour mills is at home on a two weeks' vacation, having arrived this evening. He is planning a number of short trips for his family during his stay at home, after which he will return to Ashland, his present headquarters.

FLAG 64 YEARS OLD

Crestoon, Ia., (UP) — An American flag, 64 years old, is one of the prized possessions of Mrs. George A. Ide, of this city. The flag was made by her mother, Mrs. Mary Allen, in Bristol county, Massachusetts. It is 9 by 4 1-2 feet, and there are 34 stars on the blue field. Mrs. Ide flies the flag from her home every July 4.

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus.

MUTT AND JEFF

The Heavyweight Challenger Is Noaring The "Pink."

By Bud Fisher.