

"CATTLE CAR" CITY RESENTS INVESTIGATION

Hanover (AP)—For three years now the residents of the "cattle car city" on the outskirts of Hanover, a community in which more than a hundred families live under the most primitive and unsanitary conditions, have watched investigating committees...

French Court Held



In his suite at a fashionable New York hotel, Count Mance de Polignac was arrested in the roundup of persons who, federal officials charge, were connected with a large international liquor ring.

Washington, (AP)—The Supreme Court's decision in the O'Fallon railroad valuation case, upholding the railroads' long battle for revision upward of the interstate commerce commission's rate-making basis, will have no drastic effect on the rates charged for gas, electricity, water and other public utilities.

O'FALLON CASE NOT LIKELY TO AFFECT RATES

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The Supreme Court, however, failed to say what weight is to be given to "current value." It pointed out that as far as the railroads are concerned, Congress in the 1920 Transportation act decreed that all factors of value must be considered. The majority of five members of the Court in its decision found that the Commission has failed to give weight to current value.

All public utilities now are entitled to have "current value" considered in their valuation. The Court so decided in the famous Indianapolis water case several years ago, and so as a matter of law and practical application to utility rates, the O'Fallon decision is little more than a reaffirmation of that decision.

beauties and conveniences of their particular routes and equipment. A hotel keeper in Florida assured Carol she would be delighted with his fireproof garage accommodations and the excellent food she could order her; a tour conductor told her she would never forgive herself if she did not take advantage of his reduced rates to the Mediterranean and the general agent of an "around the world" cruise begged her to join his party on a hundred day trip that included 25 countries.

"Well," said Sumner, after they had studied maps and schedules until Carol's head ached, "where do you want to go?" Carol shook her head dubiously. "How can I make up my mind after looking at those?" she asked him. "You should have shown me just one—that wouldn't have made me greedy. Now I want to go to all of them."

Sumner assumed a stern expression, but his eyes laughed up at her. "Woman, woman," he said, shaking his head sadly, "you are ever thus. If I tweaked her ear playfully and placed an arm around her waist, 'Now, listen to my suggestion and see if you like it.' Carol settled herself in the crook of his arm and waited. She was thrilled and excited at the idea of a journey and she didn't really care where they went. It would all be a new experience to her.

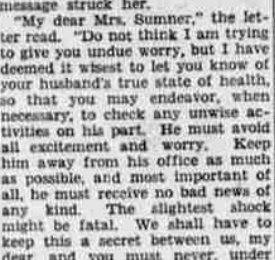
"Europe isn't so good now," Sumner continued thoughtfully. "I'll want you to see the English country when we go across and spring's the time for that. Now let's see," he went on, wrinkling his forehead in a way Carol had come to know so well. "It's going to be devilish cold here in another week or so and my old bones can't stand the cold as they did once."

Carol laughed derisively at this. Sumner raised an admonishing hand. "Quiet, woman," he threatened. When the girl's mirth had subsided he went on: "And so, youngster," he said, "I think we'll go some place where it's warm, Bermuda. He stopped abruptly and looked at her. "Think you'd like Bermuda, Carol?" Carol assured him she would and so it was agreed. They would plan to sail within a week and Carol ran up the stairs to her room to see what, in her crowded wardrobe, would be the proper apparel for a trip to the tropics.

She had just entered the room when a gentle knock at the door caused her to turn away from the long mirror where she had stood gazing at her flushed, excited, reflection. "Come in," she said shortly, thinking it was one of the maids. Parkins entered and handed her a square white envelope. "Pardon me, madam," the old man said softly. "Dr. Buckley left this for you and said I should give it to you privately."

When the man left as silently as he had entered, Carol stood in the center of the room, the envelope in her hand, and there was a queer, sinking feeling in her breast. Something told her there was bad news in that envelope and she could scarcely bring herself to open it.

Is Fair Editor



Anne Gary, a Virginia beauty, who now lives in New York, is the new editor of Mortarboard, Barnard college annual. She will have charge of the 1930 edition.

anger at the young man's question. "Yes, my husband," she said coldly, and she picked up the book that lay in her lap and gazed at the pages so intently she did not see the expression of disappointment that fled over the face of the intruder. (To Be Continued)

ROMAN GALLEY OF LAKE NEMI TO BE STUDIED

Rome, (United Press)—Now that Roman galleys in Lake Nemi will yield up their 2000-year-old secrets, the time is approaching when the archeologists and historians here are speculating as to what is likely to be discovered. A couple of feet of wooden poop of the larger galley already shows above the water of the lake, and it is now only a matter of a few months before the galleys will be high and dry, or at any rate entirely accessible and explorable.

The galleys are generally supposed to have been luxurious, houseboats of the Emperor Caligula, but historians, as a matter of fact, are not in agreement on this point. Some think that they belonged to Tiberius. Fragments of the galleys brought to the surface during the last fifty years have revealed the names of both emperors. A piece of lead piping taken from the larger galley, and now in the Rome national museum, I Caligula's name on it, while some tiles used for an ornamental pavement in the same vessel which were brought to the surface are marked with the name of Tiberius. It is recognized that possibly both emperors used the famous pleasure-boats.

It is the firm conviction of many archeologists that the vessels at the bottom of Lake Nemi, or the larger one at any rate, possessed handsome interiors, composed of papyrus, pergamens and wax writing tablets, bound in silver and ivory, such as the wealthy Romans used. These papyri were often enclosed in metallic cases called "capsae," and there is a fair presumption that this form of protection may have saved for the curiosity of the modern world floating library.

Another object known to be in the larger ship is the emperor's strong box called the "arca ferrea." Cardinal Colonna attempted as far back as 1446 to salvage this, but at the time were quite inadequate to the task. This strong box may well contain a hoard of gold available for the imperial entourage while the emperor was passing the time of the summer heat of Rome on the lake.

she is bravely going over there because of her great love for Magnolia. That's loyalty, isn't it, Crawford? The man nodded understandingly. "Yes, that's loyalty." "And that is the reason I say," the girl repeated, "she's the pluckiest person I know."

The second morning at sea, Carol lay back in a deck chair and watched fat, white clouds that hurried across the blue roof of the sky. She had forgotten her worries and had given herself up to the sheer beauty of the morning. Anxious, the white clouds seemed, hurrying somewhere, and Carol idly where they were going. The twilight was brittle and eager to play with the glittering waves that followed in the wake of the ship, teasing them, now one and then another, all in a most pleasant manner.

Crawford had not yet appeared and Carol was glad of this opportunity to be alone. She wanted to assemble the impressions that had accumulated in her brain since she first boarded the steamship. It was all so new and of such absorbing interest to her. The passengers—the great ship—the gown she wore at dinner last night—the young man who had rescued her purse when she dropped it as she left the dining saloon—

"I beg your pardon," "Did I startle you?" he said, apologetically. "Actually sorry if I did." "Yes, a little," Carol answered faintly. "May I have this chair beside you?" the young man went on boldly. "If you like," Carol replied, a trifle distantly. "My husband is not coming out until later."

"Did you say your—your husband?" the stranger repeated, and he glanced curiously at the girl. The color rushed into Carol's cheeks and she felt a little flame of

ROBBERY ALIBI LEADS TO JAIL

Memphis, Tenn., (AP)—Thomas William "Bill" Corrine, 29, had only 40 cents to spend on a date with his best girl—but it cost him 25 days in jail when his "perfect alibi" fell flat. After "perfecting" his alibi, he rushed up the steps of her home. "I've been robbed," he told her. "A big negro took all my money and my watch."

"It's a shame," she said and called police despite his protests of "it wouldn't do any good." Detectives who knew him recalled he did not have a watch. Also he couldn't remember details of the "robbery" clearly. He was arrested and fined \$25 on disorderly conduct charge. When he couldn't pay he was sent to the workhouse.

AMERICAN POETS GAIN IN SWEDEN Stockholm (AP)—Sweden is becoming more and more interested in American poetry and the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson and many others are now widely read and admired. Among those who are writing en-

MOTHER RECOVERING

Silverton—Mrs. Joe Withers returned Wednesday from McMillonville where she had been for the last week taking care of her mother Mrs. Lou Neal who has been seriously ill with a severe attack of appendicitis at the present writing Mrs. Neal is much improved.

ATTEND COMMENCEMENT West Salem—Miss Alice Greasy and Wendell Heath attended the commencement of the Portland Dental college Monday. They also attended the rose festival.

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Advertisement for Piles cure, mentioning Dr. Marshall and the location 329 Oregon Bldg.

THE WINE OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 6)

Sumner said to her. "I want to talk to you." She laid the book aside and looked at him inquiringly. "Yes, Crawford," she said, and waited for him to begin. "Come over here first, child, and sit next me."

She crossed the room and seated herself on a low footstool at his feet. The man placed a hand under her chin and lifted her face to his. "Happy Carol?" he asked, studying her closely. The girl answered with unaffected candor. "Yes, I believe I am, Crawford, why?"

"Because, my dear, I want it above anything else in this world. But—" he shrugged, "how can a young thing like you be happy in the company of an old broken down creature like myself? You should have fun and gaiety and youth around you."

"But Crawford," the girl challenged, "I didn't have to marry you. I wanted to—I wanted to be near you. You need me, and honestly, Crawford, she went on naively, "I need you, too."

"Oh, bang Dr. Buckley," Sumner replied, inhaling luxuriously. "I've got to disobey him once in a while." He puffed reflectively. "Carol," he said suddenly, "have you ever been in love—really in love?" She shot him a startled look. "No, Crawford, I never have."

"That young Armstrong fellow—what about him?" Sumner pursued. "Oh no," Carol exclaimed quickly, "there was never anything between us. He—" "He was in love with you, though, wasn't he?" The girl colored and dropped her eyes. "Perhaps—"

"Hm-m, I thought so," Sumner muttered softly. "Well, you'd not have been happy with him, anyway. Nice enough chap, but he's going to develop into one of those Wall street automatons who feed on ticker tape. No kind of a fellow for you. He'll get rich, though, Carol, mark my words. He'll have more money than I have one of these days."

"I don't care," said Carol, smiling up at him. "I'd rather have you."

THE WINE OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 6)

"Yes, Crawford," she said finally, "I promise."

Sumner was now his old self again, and Dr. Buckley announced that the patient was out of danger. He called one morning for the last time and after many threats about the little cigar consumed by Sumner at the rate of 25 to 50 a day, he departed, it seemed, a little regretfully. He and Carol had become close friends and she promised to carry on the job of curtaining her husband's over-indulgence of the daily smokes and many other minute instructions which the kindly old physician had impressed upon her.

"Astirne fellow," Sumner had muttered, when the doctor left. "It's a wonder he didn't put me on a diet of baby food and a routine of infant psychology. I've been codded enough to last me the rest of my life."

Carol laughed gaily at this. "Have I codded you?" she asked, her eyes twinkling. "Well, you've kept me pretty thoroughly wrapped in cotton wool," Sumner replied with a grin. "Not that I minded it particularly though."

"But you've had enough, is that it?" Carol prompted. "Very well, sir, just try and get me to play nurse to you from now on. I resign."

"Oh, no, Carol," Sumner hastened contritely. "I didn't mean that. A man likes to have a woman fussing about him, you know. We all like it."

"But you like a man's world better?" He stroked her hair gently. "A man's world," he mused. "That is what it is, after all, isn't it, Carol? A man's world. When a fellow has a pain in his neck or a cold in his head, he wants a woman's care and nursing. But as soon as he's rid of the pain or the cold he's raring to get back into the world of men again."

"But that's the way it should be," Carol put in seriously. "A woman doesn't want a man tied to her petticoats all the time. She'd lose her respect for him."

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