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J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

THE LITERARY MOUNTAINS

It was not so long ago that London was the literary center of the universe. The great publishing houses were there; the greatest accolade an American writer could receive was acclaim from the English critics. As a result, American literature took to aping it's foreign cousin, and for a while the fashionable American authors were more English than the English.

All that has changed. England still has her great literature—but the highest literary mountains are to be found in this coountry. The American book publisher leads the world—not merely in the promotion of sales, but in bringing before an audience new talents, new ideas, new and vital experiments. Much of this he does without hope of gain knowing from exverience that deficits are almost inevitably the result of adventuring of this kind.

We need not, however, feel sorry for the American publisher because of that. He has earned a very definite reward. It is to the presses of America that much of the world now looks for pungent volumes of criticism and political philosophy; for the greatest biographies; for the most important fiction. America has produced a native literature and in it are names which are almost as familiar in Paris and Vienna and Leningrad and Cracow as in San Francisco and New Orleans and Sauk Center. It is a literature which, because it is fundamentally native to a land, is really international in spirit.

And the American publishers who have given so much of time, effort and hard-earned money to aiding that development, when more profitable, if less commendable, enterprises beckoned, deserve more of the credit than they generally receive.

SIXTY DISASTERS IN 1932 ADD TO NATION'S DISTRESS

Red Cross Spends $2,760,000 To Help Victims of Catastrophes.

In a year of great misfortune caused by economic depression, in which the American Red Cross assumed heavy burdens of relief for the unemployed, the organization also responded to emergency needs in 60 disasters in the United States and its insular possessions.

During the twelve months ending June 30, 1932, the Red Cross gave aid to 75,000 families totalling 338,000 individuals, with expenditures of $2,760,786. These people were in distress because of drought, flood, forest fire, tornado, snowstorm, mine explosion, or other similar great disaster.

Prolonged drought caused the Red Cross to go with help to 58,000 families in the northwest. Here in 144 counties in North and South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Washington and Iowa the Red Cross spent $1,980,000 from its own treasury to feed and protect people through the winter and spring.

Other grave disasters were floods in southeastern states, where the organization spent $192,000 from its treasury and $66,000 local contributions to help 13,000 persons.

More than 50,000 people were homeless from floods in tributaries of the Mississippi river and again the Red Cross faced a long relief task, aiding these people. The national organization gave $108,000 and local contributions were $10,000.

The Red Cross always maintains a state of readiness to meet these sudden emergencies, and funds and other essentials to this work are supplied, in part, by the annual roll call, held each year from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day. Every citizen can support this worthy activity through joining as a member in the local Red Cross chapter.

Work on the Tillamook County courthouse is progressing rapidly.

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods

By Harold Titus

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER I

In his young days Tom Belknap may have squirmed now and then; most men who have undergone the vicissitudes of fortune-building in the lumber industry have. But this much is certain: for a brace of decades, if he had occasionally felt discomfiture, he kept it well to himself, concealed behind that brusk, gruff front.

Now, however, he put on a first-rate exhibition of a man in an uncomfortable corner as Harrington, small and gray and amazed, stood in that spacious chamber and stared at him.

The old fellow had made his assertion with a growl, as he always did when at variance with his aids, and ordinarily that tone ended argument abruptly. Not today.

"But," said Harrington, after that long pause occasioned by incredulity, "what's the boy going to say to that?"

"He'll do as he's told!"

"Twice? You'll disappoint him twice, Tom? A boy with . . . with as much spirit as you have yourself?" He scratched his thin hair absently and frowned, and old Tom, slunk in the depths of that great chair, rolled an uneasy eye at him, an eye which had in it defiance and determination and, perhaps, a hint of appeal. "Why, he took it standing a year ago in June when you sent him from college to Witch Hill instead of to Kampfest. That was a body-blow, after all the talk and planning, but you told him to go and show what he could do and he did. . . . Now, he's coming here in a few minutes to claim the reward you held out to him, and instead of sending him to Kampfest, you're shunting him off on Belknap Seven! It beats me!"

The other fidgeted with his watch chain and cleared his throat irritably.

"Well," he said, "John ain't going to Kampfest yet. . . . Not yet!" He shook his head. "No, sir! Not to Kampfest!"

Harrington's gray eyes were prying now, suspicion rife in them as he studied the averted face of the man he knew so well.

"Are you in trouble at Kampfest?" he asked quietly, and the old face flashed up at him.

"If I am, it's my own trouble!"

A watcher might not have noticed that Harrington had tensed on his query, but the sudden relaxing of his body was obvious.

"I thought as much," he said grimly, meeting the challenge in those eyes. "I was afraid trouble might follow when you took Gorbel in on this thing. I've suspected matters weren't right there for two years now; last month, when you came back from Kampfest, you had the look of a beaten man, and I was pretty sure. Now, I know."

"You know a lot!"—grumpily as he hitched closer to the massive desk.

The other did not respond. With pursed lips he pondered a moment and then burst out:

"Look here, Tom! Why don't you let us help you up there? Why don't you come down off your high horse and let the office straighten things out while you're away?

Belknap gave a mirthless laugh.

"You're doin' a lot of guessing!" he snorted. "You're guessing at things, Harrington!" He swung in his chair to confront his inquisitor and slapped the mahogany with his palm. "Guesswork! I'll admit nothing; I'll deny most. But I'll go this far: if I'm in bad, whose business is it? If I guessed wrong on a man, whose funeral is it? If I've got dirty clothes to wash, whose job is it? Eh?

"From the beginning you've all been against me on my opinion of Gorbel, from you on down through this organization to . . . to John himself. You didn't like him; you didn't like the idea of a partnership. John, my boy, warned me after he'd talked to the man twenty minutes. Warned me! A cub!

"But I bet on Gorbel. He had the lay-out I've wanted all my life, had it tied up. I took him on and listened to all of you yelp and predict trouble, and made up my mind that the Belknap Lumber company offices never would have to bother with a line of Belknap & Gorbel business. I put it under my hat and it's been there since. That's where it's goin' to stay, Harrington, and you can stuff that in your pipe!"

His face was flushed now.

The other shrugged. "That ought to be final," he said glumly. "But what frets me, Tom, is where John comes in . . . or isn't let in."

Old Tom sank back in his chair and stared bleakly through one of the great windows against which a savage December gale hurled itself in across sullen Lake Michigan.

"That's somethin' else," he growled.

Harrington persistently eyed him, and the old man squirmed again.

"There's only one thing that really matters, when all's said and done," he said finally. "That's a man's reputation. And a man's reputation narrows down to his reputation with certain folks. I've got a rating as an honest man, which is something everybody with self-respect's got to have; and I'm rated as rich, but I don't give a hoot about how much money the Belknap Lumber company's worth, or the value of any of the outfits it controls under other names. I'm glad I've got a name for bein' a hard fighter; gladder that men must concede I'm a fair fighter. But there's only one thing that matters much, that gets in close to a man's heart." He paused. "That's what John thinks of me."

Silence for a moment, except for the buffetings of the gale about that Chicago skyscraper.

"You've got three kids, Harrington. I had only one . . . and a humdinger! That cub . . . H—l's bells, a man can't say what he feels on some things! Nobody'll ever know how hard I tried to play up to what he's thought of me ever since he was so high; nobody ever can know what a burden it's been to be the kind of a party he thought I was." The rough voice had become a monotone now, as though he fought for self-control.

"He opposed me just once; he warned me just once. Him, a kid, warnin' me about my judgment of a man! I laughed at him and . . . Well, I laughed at him and—"

Harrington added:

"And he was right."

"Another guess"—in another surly growl. "But"—looking up again, face furrowed with intense earnestness—"if that was so—I'm not admittin' it, but if it was so—would you let him find it out first? Would you let him come to you and say I told-you-so?" Pause. "Not on your life, you wouldn't!

"You wouldn't let him even suspect that the thing he'd worked for and waited for wasn't what he'd expected! You wouldn't let him think that the one present he'd wanted was marred before it got into his hands. Not much, you wouldn't! You'd fix it up, somehow, even if the trouble was so mysterious you couldn't locate it, before you handed it over so . . . so the estimate he'd had of you wouldn't lose anything of . . . of what it had! Then you'd tell him he'd been right, but not before!"

He waited a long moment. "Wouldn't you?" he insisted.

"If I had your devotion and the Belknap pride, Tom, I expect I would," Harrington answered gravely. "But the devil of it is that you're leaving today for Europe, and won't be—"

"Yes! The devil of it! And the devil of it is, the d—n doctors are right! I'm no fool, Harrington; I know that they know. I know when they say I need three months in a place where business can't reach me that I'd better hit the grade for that place. Well, nobody but the doctors and you know this trip's forced. I ain't going to worry anybody. A big timber operation can't go to h—l in a heap in ninety days. I'll be back; I'll be fit to go into the Kampfest thing with sleeves rolled up, find out just what and how much is wrong, and I'll set it for John as we'd planned it'd be!"

"But don't you see that while you're away the office could—"

"I wash my own dirty linen!"

"But suppose, Tom, something should happen?"

The old man shook his head, half in negation, half in agreement.

"I'd have to come clean, then, I guess. I've prepared for that." He opened a drawer and took out a sealed envelope. "I wrote this last night. It's for John if . . . if some cathedral should fall on me. If I come back, I want it back from you. . . . And if I don't come back, you might just say, Harrington . . . say to the boy that . . . that he was a humdinger . . . will you?"

The strong voice shook a trifle as Harrington eyed the firm pen strokes, inscribing the name of John Steele Belknap on that envelope.

"Sure, Tom," the secretary said just a bit huskily. "Sure thing. And I hope he'll go to Belknap Seven. But remember he's got his father's pride, he's high-strung. You can't give a colt too much bit even to save him a fall!"

* * * * * * *

And a half-hour later in that chamber, the brain housing of vast industry, a young man was about to burn up.

A big young man, this John Steele Belknap, tall and broad and thick of chest. Out of place, he looked, in this room, with its deep-napped rugs and heavy hangings. He wore a maroon checkered Mackinaw and stagged pants clung to stalwart calves; feet in the greased pacs were spread a bit as a man will when he meets an assault.

His face was weather-beaten but a bit pale now, his nostrils dilated though he fought to keep at least a vestige of good humor in the deep blue eyes, and the semblance of a grin on the wide mouth by telling himself to stay by it another minute, to hold the old dander down just another second!

"But don't you see, Tom," he began, "that it's what I've worked and waited for all these years? It wasn't any plan of mine in the first plans I'd made for myself.

"I didn't want any help from you. I'd always figured on hitting it off for myself to see how good I am, just as you did, and grandfather did. I wanted forestry school and got it, and thought when I'd finished that I'd hook up with some other organization and see what I could do and, if I checked out, would then get in here with you and help pull the load.

(Con't Next Week)

Dust in Home Air Ruins Furnishings

Home interiors become extraordinarily dirty during winter, because the atmosphere is continually laden with the smokes, fumes and dusts from thousands of home fires and the increased firing necessary in industrial activity during winter. Tests have shown that in some industrial centers deposits of dust from the air approximate 200 tons or more per square mile per year. Home interiors become grimy, largely because this dust-laden air filters into the house through the cracks around doors and windows, according to Holland Institute of Thermology, of Holland, Michigan. During winter air-borne dust is especially objectionable, because of the tar and acids that quickly sully and damage fine household furnishings. Home air-washing machines are now available, the Institute points out, that effectually remove 98% or more of the dust from the home air.

Rooms Evenly Heated

Uniformity of indoor temperature during the heating season at floor, head and ceiling levels, is one of the important benefits derived from recently perfected home air-conditioning systems, points out the Holland Institute of Thermology, of Holland, Mich. That this is a big step forward to complete home comfort is patent, states the Institute, when one considers that in the typical home warmed by old style heating systems, room temperatures at floor and ceiling may vary as much as 20 degrees. Air-circulators, an integral part of these home air-conditioning systems, keep the indoor air in constant yet draftless motion and thoroughly diffused, thus obviating the common condition of cold floors and over-heated head room

The Coos Bay Southern Railway Co. has applied for a permit to construct a road from Empire to North Bend, a distance of 5.5 miles.

Femininity Adds To Life's Charm

AMERICAN women are returning to femininity. A few years ago, such a statement would have been challenged. Short skirts, boyish figures, bobbed hair—all would have contradicted this statement. Gradually, however, there has been a change. Skirts are longer, figures are again fashionable, hair is worn long, manners are more formal.

The women of America seem to have realized that men prefer the "feminine" woman. They are devoting more time to their appearance. No longer is the devil-may-care nonchalance of the flapper day in vogue. The woman of today is vitally concerned with the multitudinous details in keeping up her wardrobe. Her hands have come in for new attention and she takes the greatest care in selecting a pure , that will protect them and keep them soft and feminine. Appropriate coiffures are being used to keep the hair allurine, and clothes are being designed with puffed sleeves and chaste necklines.

So refreshingly "feminine" have the women of today become, that Mid-Victorian furniture is coming out of attic hiding places and storage bins to provide the proper background and setting for modern femininity.

A thrilling tale of adventure and romance in the north woods. A story that stirs the blood and keeps you waiting eagerly for the next installment. A story for every reader. It will appear serially in these columns, and you cannot afford to miss it.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL — *No Sympathy Needed*