

WALTER DAMROSCH TO DIRECT NEW MUSIC EDUCATION HOUR



Walter Damrosch (left) and David Sarnoff, Vice President and General Manager, Radio Corporation, completing arrangements for New Music Education Hour.

Arrangements have been completed for a special series of 24 educational orchestral concerts to be broadcast next season, beginning in the fall. The new Music Education Hour sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America will be under the direction of Walter Damrosch, the dean of American musicians, who made the Hour of the past season one of the great accomplishments of radio broadcasting.

In response to the nation-wide demand for an educational hour of music for young people and children, next season's program will be given Friday mornings at 11 o'clock Eastern standard time, so that it can be heard in the schools. It is planned to use 28 stations of the National Broadcasting company and associated stations, covering the entire country between the Atlantic Coast and the Rocky Mountains.

In making the announcement, David Sarnoff, Vice President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, said:

"Since the first days of broadcasting we have confidently looked forward to the time when radio broadcast-

ing and reception would be so perfected that it might be used for universal education as well as entertainment. Millions of dollars have been spent in the development of broadcasting, with the belief that this new means of universal communication would become of great public service, supplementing and augmenting other means of education.

"When Mr. Damrosch came to us some time ago with a plan for inculcating a better appreciation and understanding of good music, we were immediately impressed by its great possibilities. And the many thousands of letters recently received from teachers, parents and educational authorities, from all over the country, following our three experimental lecture-concerts, have confirmed our judgment.

"The time for music education over the air is opportune, because of the perfected state of radio broadcasting. The best music can now be entrusted to the microphone with the full assurance that it will issue forth from the loudspeaker in the school or the home with a true approximation of the original rendition."

Rev. William L. Upshaw, former pastor of Bethel Congregational church, died at his home in Tigard Monday. Rev. Upshaw was buried from the Tigard church Wednesday at 10 a. m.

Herman Trebas, aged 73, died July 22 at his home near Beaverton. Funeral services were held at W. E. Peggs chapel Wednesday. Rev. John Bruce officiating. Mr. Trebas was born in Germany, coming to this country when only seven years of age. His wife died four years ago.

Mrs. F. A. Noyes is nursing a severely burned arm which was threatened with blood poisoning this week. She was ironing and tried to put a dress over the ironing board when the iron fell, striking the inside of her left arm near the elbow, causing a painful burn.

Misses Vivian and Dorothy Harris entertained several of their friends at luncheon after a swimming party on the Tualatin river Wednesday. Those present were Helen Haines of McMinnville, Hanna Young, Lee and Dorothy Ross, Erma Nelson, the hostesses, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris.

A
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West Coast Telephone Company

Fresh and Cooked Meat

for Picnics

CITY MEAT MARKET

OREGON INDUSTROGRAMS By Dan C. Freeman

Oregon mills are adopting ultra-modern looms that will weave six and a half yards of cloth per hour. Older looms weave four and a half yards per hour.

Good prices for wool are in prospect for years ahead. The world markets are awaiting the new clip, steady wages on a generally high level in this industry will continue in Oregon, (thus keeping up fairly high average purchasing power of wage earners in this industry.) Leading northwest mills are discarding slower machinery and cutting down costs. They are generally producing steady volume of output of quality, successfully competing nationally. These are the high lights in the woolen manufacturing industry, reported by the Oregon Manufacturers Association, based upon the observations of E. C. Carter, one of the veteran woolen mill men of the Pacific coast, after completing a trip to the style centers of the country and to the machinery manufacturers.

Here's somewhat of a paradox: Oregon's mills are forging ahead adopting aggressive policies, vigilantly adopting new markets and styles while there are many idle woolen mills scattered over the country. The general impression is that the textile industry is in as unsatisfactory shape as it has ever been in twenty years. However, wage cuts locally have been avoided, the workers are highly efficient and, incidentally, Oregon business coffers are receiving millions of dollars for the products from one of its best basic industries. There are thirty items of Oregon woolen products distributed nationally, some of them internationally.

President and Mrs. Coolidge are wearing on their outing in Wisconsin wool blazer coats made out of cloth from an Oregon mill. The coats were presented to them by a manufacturer of Stillwater, Minnesota, who is using fifty thousand yards of Oregon cloth in garments he makes.

The Royal Neighbors and the Modern Woodmen of America held their annual picnic at Lost park Sunday, July 22.

The Rev. G. A. Gray, pastor of the local Methodist church, now stationed at Siletz, Ore., and wife arrived here Friday to visit friends.

J. B. Keeler and daughters Velia and Vera of Oakland, Cal., arrived Friday for a two weeks' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Wood.

Members of the Church of the Nazarene are attending the annual district camp meeting which opened in Portland Thursday.

Mrs. W. M. Roles of Portland is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. F. A. Noyes this week.

BANKERS PROMOTE FARM CONTESTS

Standard methods of farm administration have been made the basis of a contest by bankers of Pickens County, Alabama, as a method of bringing a farm and home program to their patrons, says the bulletin of the Agricultural Commission, American Bankers Association. A safe and profitable farm community is the goal in this work.

The farm and home program has been outlined as follows:

Standard Farm Scorecard

Total Net Income: 15 points

Per plow 15 points

Per worker 15 points

30 points

Total Diversified Income:

Cotton 4 points

Corn 2 "

Poultry 2 "

Hogs 2 "

Cows 2 "

Garden produce 2 "

Dairy products 2 "

Fruit and melons 2 "

Miscellaneous 2 "

20 points

Soil Building:

Legume crops 8 points

Rotation of crops 8 "

Fertilizer 4 "

20 points

Farm Supplies:

Food for stock 5 points

Food for workers 5 "

10 points

Business Ability:

Farm management 4 points

Records 3 "

Investments 3 "

10 points

Home Efficiency:

Conveniences 5 points

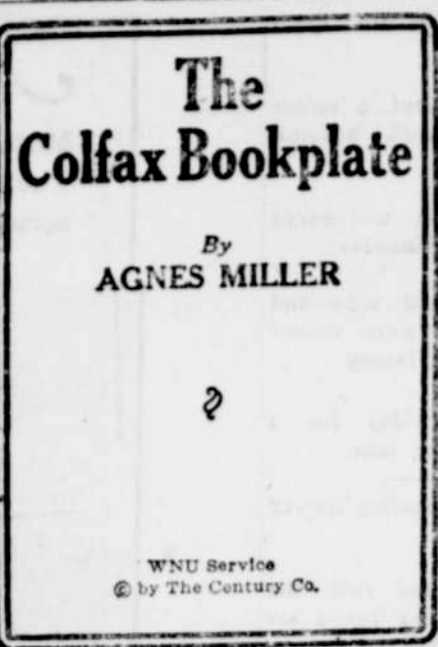
Appearance 5 "

10 points

Grand Total 100 points

A booklet explains the contest to the bank patron and urges him to enter by securing a record book from his bank.

The winner has the right to receive a prize of \$100. The contest is a contest of the year.



catalogue. Listen, Constance: where do you keep it?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I'm worried about it, on Peter's account. I want it to be safe. Maybe with a fake bookplate, he'll be in a worse hole than ever. Perhaps if you have it right by you, you might have a chance to make somebody buy it for more than Magistrate Juddes would offer."

I felt touched.

"Nancy, dear," I promised, "I'm going to write the most alluring possible advertisement of that volume, and also of the bookplate. No Juddes shall lay his marauding fingers upon it until the world is apprised of all its charms; and until Juddes or some similar Juggins with money to waste comes along, it shall remain here in the lowest left-hand drawer of my desk."

Nancy went back to work, satisfied; we labored steadily through the chorus of "Good nights" from the evening exodus. Only for Peter did I stop one moment.

"I'm going up tonight to a place called Raynes Foreside to buy a lot of horrible old trash," he informed me discreetly, viewing Nancy's back. "Kid's doing better, eh?"

"She's a great worker," I compromised.

I looked at Peter's downcast face, and a thought that had occurred to me over the steaming kettle reverted. I felt convinced that he was carrying some heavy secret burden relating to Julia Grosvenor. I had never forgotten that state of frantic alarm which had seized him on the threshold of Mr. Case's office last Monday, though ever since his manner had been so calm as to be almost unnatural, particularly when he and I had been talking to Mr. Almy. If I could have only told him of my visit to Julia, of her recognition of him in the shop, her relief on hearing that he had denied all understanding of her exclamation! But knowing that that visit was confidential, I merely said:

"Buck up, Peter! It's up to you to come back from Raynes—whatever it is—with your shield or on it. Others can be relied on to keep the home fires burning."

Peter looked grateful, but said nothing, for at that instant Nancy swung round and saw him. He put man's first question to woman.

"When are you going home?" he inquired sternly.

"At six o'clock," said Nancy, sweetly, viewing him with calm appraisal. "Constance, come and have dinner with us."

"No, thank you—thank you both very kindly," I repeated as Peter urged the invitation on me brightly.

"If you won't come to dinner tonight, you must come and stay with me all night tomorrow," declared Nancy, tenacious as usual of her wishes. "or I'll be all alone."

"That's a fine idea!" exclaimed Peter.

"Yes; it was mine," said his sister.

"Will you come, Constance?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear, to help the eight other occupants of the house bear you company."

"One for you, Nancy!" cried Peter.

"Well, Constance, good-by till Saturday at the latest. I'm off for Plymouth Rock and way stations!"

Nancy and I worked alone in the silent shop without further interruption. The silence of the big building was restful and unbroken, save by a distant, infrequent rumble of late traffic. Not until I had nearly finished dinner, sent in to me, did I hear a single sound in the shop. Then, unexpectedly, far back, I heard a faint movement.

It was repeated . . . It came again . . . pattering footsteps sounded on the left hand aisle. Next

minute a dim figure materialized in the dusk as I turned, and to my relief, ever more than my surprise, I recognized Mr. Case just as he started back in amazement, close at my left.

"Why, I thought you'd gone to dinner," I said matter-of-factly.

"I thought you had," he countered. "Everybody else has who's going to work tonight. I was just doing some of my work now, because I like a late dinner hour. The rain has nearly stopped. Why don't you go out and get something better to eat?"

"I really have the responsibility of the catalogue," I objected. "or at least, I took Mr. Roberts' remarks that way, so I didn't want to lose any time. There's always likely to be a hitch when you're in a hurry, you know."

Mr. Case glanced at me without his usual warmth, and then said: "I'll be back in a minute. I'll be back in a minute."

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Next Minute a Dim Figure Materialized in the Dusk as I Turned.

been spent in revision of copy, and so Mr. Case might not have heard us, especially as his door likely was shut. I finished my dinner, the staff returned and we went promptly into action on the catalogue.

The work was equitably divided, and Mr. Case, Daisy Abbott, Emily James and Mr. Dibdin bore off their assignments to their desks in the rear. I remained at mine in front, a brilliant spot in a sea of darkness. For a while revision still occupied me; then I pulled my chair into position under the desk, all ready to shatter the silence again with music from the universal keyboard.

And as I did so I heard the time-clock ring!

For a moment I feared some mishap was depriving us of one of the workers at 7:20, to quote my wrist-watch; but nobody came out, and then I remembered that on the rare occasions when overtime work was done, the department head made a special report for the record-sheet, instead of having the clock rung. Moreover, not a whisper came from the rear, where four people were sitting near the time-clock; so I decided, without full conviction, that I must have heard some other noise.

A breathless evening flowed by until ten o'clock; we all found working under pressure rather exciting, especially as we had an unusually fine lot of books to sell.

Then I remembered a copy of a college edition of the Rubaiyat. There was a footnote in it I wanted to crib for the catalogue.

This college edition was kept on a shelf up in the right-hand gallery. I walked up the balcony steps, into darkness that got blacker and blacker each step above the level of the lighted desks below. When I reached the head of the staircase I turned on a swinging light, and could then see my way sufficiently well to the other end of the gallery, where was the shelf on which the book I had been looking for was. On I walked in the dim shadowy stillness, past the tops of the alcoves, my feet making no noise on the cork flooring. I stretched up my hand to turn on the light in front of this foremost section of shelves, and—

I heard the time-clock ring!

This time I felt badly startled, almost enough to cry out. I had just sensed enough not to turn on the light right above my own head. There must be something the matter; it was absurd that the clock should register at this time of night, a quarter past ten! Resolutely I whirled around to leave the balcony and investigate what had happened, when immediately all my fears vanished. Below, Mr. Case walked slowly out of the shadows of the central aisle up toward my desk, and halted an instant as if looking for me. I was rather glad I had not screamed.

I was just about to speak, telling him where I was, when something closed my parted lips. He stooped down on the left-hand side of my desk, and got into the shadow behind it where I could not distinguish him clearly. I heard a faint sliding sound, and then—

A stranger stood up between my own chair and my desk!

It was a man, presumably young from his figure, though I could not see his face, up above him on the balcony, as he had on a visored cap. He did not make a movement or sound. His head was bent. From the shadows where I had seen Mr. Case stoop, I heard the very faintest sort of fumbling noise; otherwise the silence was suffocating. Then the stranger moved; noiselessly, slowly, but purposefully, he stepped clear of the chair, a few inches over to the left.

Mr. Case sprang to his feet. Over the corner of the brightly lighted desk, the two men gazed at each other without a sound. They may have stood there motionless for ten seconds; it seemed longer than eternity. Finally the stranger, with the utmost self-possession and without a backward glance, walked around Mr. Case past the front of the desk to the door, out into the night. Mr. Case turned quietly around, and disappeared into the main aisle.

As soon as I heard him speaking to Mr. Dibdin I made for his office.

"Excuse me for interrupting! I've been looking at Miss Abbott's work, and it's getting along fast—"

"Good! We'll soon be done too," Mr. Case spoke eagerly. He looked rather white, but his overtime plus glare from shaded lamp does not do to his complexion.

"Then tomorrow morning be plenty of time for me to said. "So do you mind it ten-thirty five train?"

"Go, by all means," agreed back to my desk and chair, the exception of the lower drawer, which I opened instantly. If it was the story to steal Clarithew's "Notes" could truthfully say I was in fashion. With a consummate I wanted to steal it.

And furthermore I did not I caught the 10:35 early morning seconds to spare, and of eleven found me bolting out front door of our villa. Having next reviewed tents of the refrigerator on a glass of milk sliced

a roll, I extinguished the and tiptoed upstairs through, punctured at this by a gentle snore, to my I took Clarithew's "Notes" Statutes in the Virginia my underarm bag, review cover its mysterious atmosphere took all night. I lined it meticulously page. Fortunately it was a There was not a stain inside it. Several pages been cut. Aside from natural to a binding a more old, the only damage to be a small number of scratches on the back, rather deep little gashes, board inside the back, in injuries were negligible. In remarkably good condition nothing that could give a interest it had held for sons, I decided that the left to do was to obey to take off the bookplate.

I laid a hot wet wet plate, and sat waiting general minutes for the But though I applied a finger-nail several times of the drawing, and removed more than once, the stuck fast except at one which had always been. Only after a long time did I to come away from the then with an unusual tried my patience.

Finally I resolved to worked blotter; and my knife, opened the dull inserted it cautiously under the edge of the my finger-nail had none at last the soaking was the picture was lower corners in turn, found lower right-hand end readily to the blade, cover, and then with a very gently, to peel off. It had to be coaxied not little by little it came untorn. Then, as I pulled the looser part, I pulled and rapidly, and at last with a single swift motion the sight before me changed the bookplate in complete tion, and forgot all about

In the center of which I had just peeled the thick calfskin cover law book so that no lighted above the surface was—a key.

It was black, about length; the shank was row, the bit elaborately head a solid piece of an inch across. I stared it; but dazedly.

Curiously, however, but often a life-preserver idly to my aid. I stepped knife again, and very cautiously pried out the resting-place. The identical with the upper est point the little impaled than an eighth of an inch I examined the depression cover wherein this stationed object had been pressed had evidently been the thick board with care. No hint of two be either seen or felt. I replaced the key in the and ran my hand across cover. So carefully was that even with my hands hardly feel anything but face.

I left it in its resting gazed at it a moment, plate—the forged bookplate—the object of the efforts put forth by me. Was it the key under the This new discovery was the mystery of the curious as the latter case presupposed that secret was hidden under lock, presupposed some what hiding place secret; the search for the old book key concealed in it seemed a determination on the searchers to open the. My already overhauled become the recipient of After hearing Peter's tures and Nancy's padlocks and Julia Grosvenor's story; after seeing the bedroom slippers and Peter, too, knew some secret concerning the shop that Monday, in the cover of the book our hoodoo of a book