

Buttons and Pins Awarded To Winning School Pupils

With the closing of the study year in the public schools of Salem, a long list of pupils are awarded diplomas, pins and buttons for general progress and for excellent work under the Palmer Method. The names and awards are as follows: Washington Junior High. Diplomas:—Esther Richardson, Vera Millard, Esther Acklay, Marie Brunk, Corolla Dewitz, Thunoldia Koehler, Loyal Gray, Prudence Patterson, Charlotte Zieher. High School Diplomas:—Alta Lucile Zina, Bertha Vincent, Florence Elgin, Wayne Elgin, Dorella Anderson, Faith Gilmer, Eugenia Savage. Washington Progress Pins. Chester Kurtz, Hazel Bugher, Lillian Davis, Arthur Hamilton, Ruth Stone, Harold Moon, Lewis West, Vera McCune, Elmer Paulson, Doris Bowden, Marjorie Hauser, Joe Rogers, Elsie DeWitt, Glenn Ivie, Vivian Ray, Harold Tobey, Luella Edin, Walter Frazer, Clara Howard, Robert Ashby, Ezeriel Gilbert, Rosalind Van Winkle, Vesta M. Stone, Minnie Comstock, Evelyn Hebel, Gwendolyn Brynleson. Washington Junior High—Palmer Method Buttons. Ethel Livesley, Paul Elmer, Frederick Ashby, Bruce Baker, Howard Hendrickson, Elaine Foster, Dorothy Kezer, Luell Burton, Imogene Gardner, Silmer Larson, Urin Page, Sarah Orr, Merrill Ash, Elizabeth Wiekizer, Madeline Brown, Benoit McCrosky, Hollis Trank, Charles Anderson, Estelle Batliner, Thelma Gupion, Ford Lull, Edwin Baker, Alvin Burton, Harve Walp, Stanley Waters, Elbert Bussel, Earle Gilbert. Lincoln Jr. High. Diplomas:—Helen Pullock, Helen Arjke, Winifred Lucas, Lois Pell-wee. Progress Pins:—Martha Walker, Donald Edmondson, Loris Stevens, Doris Chapin, Kenneth Plank, Anne McIntyre, Harold McIntyre, Herman Lehman, Zella Kateriff, Floyd Saterlee, Opal Lucas, Mildred Ackerman, Mary Smith, Elizabeth Fairchild, Myra Burchard. Palmer Method:—Ersel Mundingor, Ira Dumas, Kenneth Lehman, Ethel Lehman, Floyd Schaefer, Erna Rempel, Latonia Leach, Joe Gilbert, Benjamin Beall. Grant Jr. High. Diplomas:—Veda McCoy, Bertrice Roberts. High School Diplomas:—Jesse Star, Lorraine Fletcher, Alta Roth. Progress Pins:—Gordon Schaeffer, Howard Harvey, Max Davidson, Marvin Roth, Carmel Kuhn, Herbert Barker, Florence Simpson, Mary Bieler, James Irwin, Gabrielle Aney, Elfa Persey, Albrecht Brock, Lester Savage, Howard Swartz, Lloyd Anderson, Wade Dickinson, Earle Riggs, Mary Armstrong, Florence Schaeffer, Jesse Wilbur, Raymond Bonesteel, Bernice Robertson, Mabel Erickson, Carl Bigler. Grant Jr. High—Palmer Method. Karn Wilbur, Charles Anderson, George Johnson, Lowell Carpenter, Wallace Burton, Deloise Hice, Charles McGowan, Carol Schantz, William Silverman, Orpha Brown, Lowell Carpenter, Bertrice Bunce, Edward Maier, Hugh Ward, Vive Schaeffer. Primary Pins:—Robert Gomer, John Deitz, Claude Gillispie, Mary Louise McElroy, Jimmie Johnson, Jean Wilson, Doris Fox, Neona Deitz, Olive Cozley, Clyde Anderson, Kenneth Beardley, Alice Walton, Trene Loney, Nellie Howe. Park—Palmer Method. Hazel Delephin, Thelma Fiske, Mary Rector, Della Mills, Helen Trask, Laverly Thompson. Richmond. Progress Pins:—Dorcas Smith, Geneva Sandin, Lucile Anderson, Truitt Hester, Dorothy Johnson, Viola Hubber. Palmer Method:—Lawrence Baxter, Louise Busick, William Dutton, Tillman Dutton, Glenn Shedick, Gertrude Reissbeck, Raymond Nash. Garland. Progress Pins:—Charlie King, Winifred Gamble, Lillian Hule, Lavada Maxwell, Ruth West, Minnie Weaver, Yvonne Perry, Marion Rowley, Elsie Tompkins, Ailie Anderson, Minnie Shrode, Helen Roberts, Janet Plympton, Helen Hule, El Boy Maxwell, Lois Wagner. Palmer Method:—Pay Wesson, Kenneth Howett, Maxine Maxwell, Ronald Snapp, Constance Smith, Beulah Graber, Chrystaller Maxwell, George Hule, Wilma Conroy, Lillian Waters, Clarence Hamilton, Helen Wolfe, Kenneth Allen, Robert Bishop, Dorothy Bell, Madeline Moor, Edward Parker, Daisy Cochran, Rosalie Buren, Eldon Poeser, Jack Spong, Zella DeSart, Carolyn Lambitts, Pauline Welch, Eugenia Fisher, Wesley Roeder, Maxian Reynolds, Crystal Vale, Vernon Perry. Eaglewood. Progress Pins:—Walter Busler, Edna Rogers, Joanne Hoppes, Florence Busch. Palmer Method:—Dorothy Whipple, Margaret Millard, Helen Winkleson, Louise Fougade, Ethel Chockman, Mildred Rich, Iris Brant, Pearl Craig, Harold Taylor, Otes White, William Frazor, Paul Quancekenbusch, Perov Nisi, Bonnie Davenport, Jim Busch, Birrell Robinson, Edward Potter, Alva Fleming, Edith Riggs, Elsie Raymond. Highland. Palmer Method—Eula Pence, Claudine West, Raymond Gibson, Herman Baxter, Bessie Harvey, Carl Bybee, Mary Porter, Edith Hardt, Cecil Paul, Iva Stryker. Palmer Method Buttons—Orville Lewis, Edward Tillinghast, Beulah Graham, Evelyn Hale, Deloris Clevinger, Grace Flynn, Frank Ritchie, Mildred Tucker, Gladys Miller, Paul Lewis, Ruth Mason, Marian Brent, Miles Lewis, Orville Nichols, Mary Hurley, Velma Taylor, Marie Hiltbeck, Alfred Jones, Hulda Spreed, Mildred Treinkle, Beverly Wygant, Telma Foster, Francis Graham, Margarette Dodge, Herman Baxter, Marvel Downey, Olive Forbes, Walter Stryker, Claudine West, Alice Avary, Clarence E. Morris, Eula Penn, Mabel Smith, Owen Judson, Cecil Paul, Thelma Porter, Clarence Crist, Bernice Schane, Juanita Williams, Kathryn Young, Constance Smart, Randolph Matlock, Marie Hitchcock. Sergeant Tasto Gives Up Hope Of Early Trip Home. Sergeant Arthur F. Tasto, who is still over there, writes as follows: "Things in the way of going home do not look very bright now and from now on I'm not going to say when I'm coming home, as one never knows. It seems that we will have to stay here until the Third Army gets home and you know that will be some time. "Warren Welburn, a Salem boy, was in to see me a few days ago while I was in Paris and so I didn't get to see him. I spent three days in Paris. It is a wonderful city. The Y.M.C.A. is very active there and they take you around and show you the interesting places. I took the boat trip down the Seine and passed under 34 bridges. "The main buildings of the Alaska Pacific Fisheries company, near Skagway, Alaska, were destroyed by fire Monday. The loss is estimated at \$350,000.



Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Barnes, staring. He seized the man's arm and inquired eagerly: "Have you got the jewels?" "No; but I will have them before morning," replied Sprouse coolly. "Would you be surprised if I were to tell you that his royal nibs is hiding in this town? Well, he certainly is. The Baroness Hedlund has been here for a week or ten days. She goes by the name of Mrs. Hasselwein. I popped down here this afternoon and found out that she is at the sanatorium, but that she expects to leave tomorrow morning. I made another trip out there this evening and waited. About eight o'clock Mr. Hasselwein strolled up. He sat on the veranda with her for half an hour or so and then left. I followed him. He went to one of the little cottages that belong to the sanatorium. I couldn't get close enough to hear what they said, but I believe he expects to take her away in an automobile early in the morning. It is a seventy-mile ride from here to the junction where they catch the train for the West. I'm going up now to make a call on Mr. Hasselwein. By the way, what is the number of your room?"

"Twenty-two—on the next floor." "Good. Go upstairs now and I'll join you in about ten minutes. I will put three times on your door." "Why should you come to my room, Sprouse? We can say all that is to be said—"

"If you will look on the register you will discover that Mr. J. H. Prosser registered here about half an hour ago. He is in room 32—next to his. By god, Sprouse, do you suppose he knows that she is here? Would the dog undertake anything—"

"You may be sure he doesn't know she's here, or you either, for that matter. The country's full of Joneses and Barneses. Go up stairs. Leave everything to me." Barnes had been in his room for twenty minutes before he heard the tapping on his door. He opened it and Sprouse slid into the room. The instant the door closed behind him, he threw open his coat and coolly produced a long, shallow metal box, such as one finds in safety vaults.

"With my compliments," he said dryly, thrusting the box into Barnes' hands. "You'd better have the countess check them up and see if they're all there. I am not well enough acquainted with the collection to be positive." Barnes was speechless. He could only stare, open-mouthed, at this amazing man.

"My God, Sprouse, have you been in that man's room since I saw you down—"

"All you have to do is to keep quiet and look innocent. Stay out of the hall tonight. Don't go near the door of No. 30. Act like a man with brains. I said I would square myself with you and with him, too. Well, I've done both. Maybe you think it is easy to give up this stuff. There is a half-million dollars' worth of nice little things in that box, small as it is."

"I cannot begin to thank you enough," said Barnes. "See here, you must allow me to reward you in some way commensurate with your—"

"Cut that out," said Sprouse darkly. "I'm not so virtuous that I have to be rewarded. I like the game. It's the breath of life to me."

"The time will surely come when I can do you a good turn, Sprouse, and you will not find me reluctant," said Barnes, lamely.

"That's different. If I ever need a friendly hand I'll call on you. It's only fair that I should give you a tip, Barnes, just to put you on your guard. From now on, I'm a free agent. I want to advise you to put that stuff in a safe place. I'll give you two days' start. After that, if I can get 'em away from you, or whoever may have them, I'm going to do it. They will be fair plunder from then on. Good night—and good-by for the present. Stick close to your room till morning and then beat it with her for New York. I give you two days' start, remember."

He switched on the light suddenly. There was no sound for many seconds, save the deep breathing of the two men. Then, with infinite caution, Sprouse turned the knob and opened the door a half inch or so. He left the room so abruptly that Barnes never quite got over the weird impression that he squeezed through that steeper crack, and pulled it after him!

Many minutes passed before he turned on the light. The key of the box was tied to the wire grip. With trembling fingers he inserted it in the lock and opened the lid. . . . "A half-million dollars' worth of nice little things," Sprouse had said!

He did not close his eyes that night. Daybreak found him lying in bed, with the box under his pillow, a pistol at hand, and his eyes wide open. He was in a graver quandary than ever. Now that he had the treasure in his possession, what was he to do with it?

He solved the breakfast problem by calling downstairs for a waiter and ordering coffee and rolls and eggs sent up to his room. Singularly enough the waiter saved the other and more disturbing problem for him.

"Some robbery last night," said that

worthy. "Feller up in one of the cottages at the sanatorium. All beat up, something fierce they say." "Up in—Where?" almost shouted Barnes, starting up.

"Seems he was to leave by auto early this mornin', and they didn't know anything was wrong till Joe Keep—he's driving a car Mr. Norton has for rent—till Joe'd been settin' out in front for nearly half an hour. The man's wife was waitin' for him up at the main buildin' and she got so tired waitin' that she sent one of the clerks down to see what was keeping her husband. Well, sir, him and Joe couldn't wake the feller, so they climb in an open window, an' by god, Joe says it was terrible. The feller was layin' on the bed, feet an' hands tied and gagged, and blood from head to foot. He was unconscious, Joe says, an—my God, how his wife took on! Joe says he couldn't stand it, so he smook out, shakin' like a leaf."

"Is—the man dead?" cried Barnes, aghast.

"Nope! Seems like it's nothing serious: just beat up, that's all. Terrible cuts on his head and—"

"What time did all this happen?" "Doc Smith figgers it was long about midnight. Judgin' by the way the blood coagulated."

"Did they get away with much?" "Haven't heard. Seems as though the burglar—must ha' been more'n one of 'em, I say—wasn't satisfied with

He had clasped the hand that rested on his sleeve and, as he pressed it to his heart, his other arm stole over her shoulders and drew her close to his triumphant body. For an instant she resisted, and then relaxed into complete submission. Her head sunk upon his shoulder.

"Oh!" she sighed, and there was wonder, joy—even perplexity, in the tremulous sigh of capitulation. "Oh," came softly from her parted lips again at the end of the first long, passionate kiss.

These three days and nights rehearsals were in full swing, with scarcely a moment's let-up. And so the time crept by, up to the night of the performance. Miss Cameron remained in ignorance of the close proximity of the jewels, and the police of Crowndale remained in even denser ignorance as to the whereabouts of the man who robbed Mr. Hasselwein of all his spare cash and an excellent gold watch.

No time was lost by the countess in getting word to her compatriots in New York. Barnes posted a dozen letters for her; each contained the tidings of her safety and the assurance that she would soon follow in person.

full of joy and enchantment for Barnes. He actually debased himself by wishing that the Rusbcroft company might find it imperative to go on rehearsing for weeks in that dim, enchanted temple.

He sat for hours in one of the most uncomfortable seats he had ever known, devouring with hungry eyes the shadowy, interested face so close to his own—and never tired.

On the afternoon of the dress rehearsal he led her, after an hour of almost insupportable repression, to the rear of the auditorium. Dropping into the seat beside her he blurted out, almost in anguish:

"I can't stand it any longer. I cannot be near you without—why, I—I—well, it is more than I can struggle against, that's all. You're either got to send me away altogether—or—let me love you without restraint. I tell you I can't go on as I am now. You know I love you, don't you? You know I worship you. Don't be frightened. I just had to tell you today. I should have gone mad if I had tried to keep it up any longer." He waited breathlessly for her to speak. She sat silent and rigid, looking straight before her. "Is it hopeless?" he went on at last, huskily. "Must I ask your forgiveness for my presumption—and—go away from you?"

She turned to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Am I not like other women? Why should I forgive you for loving me? Haven't every woman want to be loved? No, no, my friend! Wait! A moment ago I was so weak and tremble that I thought I—oh, I was afraid for myself. Now I am quite calm and sensible. See how well I have myself in hand? I do not tremble, I am strong. We may now discuss ourselves calmly, sensibly. Oh! What are you doing?"

"I too am strong," he whispered. "I am sure of my ground now, and I am not afraid."

He had clasped the hand that rested on his sleeve and, as he pressed it to his heart, his other arm stole over her shoulders and drew her close to his triumphant body. For an instant she resisted, and then relaxed into complete submission. Her head sunk upon his shoulder.

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State House Notes

An important question has been passed-upon by Attorney General Brown today—that a spur track serving an individual industry may be classified as a branch line and a public utility, and thus come under the jurisdiction of the commission. This decision was called forth by an inquiry from the commission as to whether the proposed spur of track from the main line at Woodburn to the property of the firm of Granev & Graves can be authorized by the commission. In handing out his decision the attorney general cites a long list of precedents showing that the question as to whether a spur line is a public utility or not does not depend upon the number of people using it or the tonnage shipped over it; but upon the fact that it is open to the free use of the public for all purposes.

The Shell Oil company, of California has filed with the secretary of state their monthly statement for May, showing that they have sold an aggregate of 105,231 gallons of gasoline and 7,000 gallons of distillate during the month, producing a total revenue of \$1,039,42.

Labor Commissioner Gram calls attention to the provisions of the new law requiring all owners and operators of employment plants to maintain proper natural and artificial lighting systems, and defining how the minimum of light shall be established. In order to see that the provisions of this act are carried out, a commission of three persons has been named as follows: P. C. Knapp, V. H. Haybarker and P. H. Murphy, all of Portland, who will hold a public meeting in the court house in Portland, June 28, for the purpose of hearing any persons who may come under this act.

The report of the automobile department for the month of May shows that there were a total of 434 registrations and re-registrations of motor vehicles during the month. There were also 339 registrations of motorcycles, and 29 registrations of dealers. Motor vehicles transfers numbers 1812 and motorcycles transfers 78. The total fees for all registrations and licenses for the month amounted to \$37,290. The registration fees for motor vehicles alone amounted to \$33,313; for motorcycles \$10,777; for dealers \$290; for motor vehicle transfers 1812 and for motorcycle transfers \$78.

The report of the industrial accident commission for the past week shows that there were an unusually small number of accidents reported, there being a total of 460, of which two were fatal—Albert Pooge, logger, KERRY; and H. L. Owen, engineer, Newberg. Of the total number 449 were subject to the compensation act.

The public service commission has received a communication from I. O. McKinnon, president of the U. S. Independent Telephone association, in which he states that while the wires have been officially returned to their owners, several weeks may elapse before all the details of the change are cleared up. In the meantime all these companies that have made compensation agreements are required to continue collecting charges for service connections until official announcement is received from national headquarters.

U. S. Girls Elected Finest in World By Over 1,000,000 Voters Overseas

Biggest Homesick Army in History Convinces Y. M. C. A. Worker That Women No Less Than Men Have Scored War Victory—With No Armistice.

The doughboys had to go three thousand miles away from home to win, but the girls didn't. Without moving a step, they have scored the biggest American victory of all. It is the overwhelming vote of the A.E.F. according to Miss Mildred Ballou, a New York girl working in the Y.M.C.A.'s big leave area at Menton, France, that America's girls—married, about to be, or "free"—excel all others. In brief, pointed doughboyese, "They're the goods!"

Miss Ballou, moreover, avers that the longing of overseas husbands and prospective ones for a quick return is expressed in terms of these same girls and women at home. And of the two, the married man is the worse. The biggest homesick army in the world's history has talked about the girls it left behind it until this "Y" girl has come to the only decision possible—"there are some mighty wonderful wives and girls at home. I can say."

"The 'Y' girl," writes Miss Ballou, "is a receiver for all praises, complaints and blame. We listen and listen. And the boys also have come to believe that they see in us some resemblance to everyone they ever knew back home. I have looked like wife, sister, sweetheart and mother. All that is left is mother-in-law, or grandmother. "We dance every night. The officers dance on Monday nights and an hour or so in the afternoon. I spend most of my time with the men. They need and want us. Incidentally, they don't flirt and make love to us."



MISS MILDRED BALLOU

"Our big dances are a scream. It is done by card system, each man holding one card, with 'one' two, or 'three' on it. The 'Y' director blows a whistle and you start off with 'one.' In two minutes the whistle blows again and two steps in (to be truthful, maddy rushes in to beat the other fellow, for 'first come, first served.') After another two minutes, 'three' gets his lining, and then we rest for two minutes. "I have a pair of tan shoes that plainly show where every hob nail has been placed. "The Y.M.C.A. girls also run open house on Sunday afternoon, with plenty of refreshments and an orchestra. There is a huge theater, and movies, free to all; billiard rooms, game rooms and socials and all sorts of evening amusements. During the day the men are in the hills on tram rides or donkey rides. "Yet, in the first quiet moment, the boys begin again on their favorite topic—the wives, sweethearts and mothers at home."

CHAPTER XIX.

A Trip by Night and a Late Arrival. Shortly after sundown that evening the Rusbcroft company evacuated Hart's Tavern. They were delayed by the irritating and, to Mr. Husbcroft, unpardonable behavior of two officious gentlemen, lately arrived, who insisted politely but firmly on prying into the past, present and future history of the several members of the organization, including the new "bucker."

Barnes had devised a very clever plan for getting Miss Cameron away from the tavern without attracting undue attention. She was to leave in one of the automobiles that he had engaged to convey the players to Crowndale, where they were to "show" in case of detention or inquiry, she was to pose as a stunner-struck young woman who had obtained a place with the company at the last moment through his influence.

When the hour came for the departure from Hart's Tavern he deliberately engaged the two secret service men in conversation in the taproom. Miss Cameron left the house by the rear door and was safely ensconced in Peter's automobile long before he shook hands with the "retreaters" and dashed out to join her. Tommy Gray's car, occupied by the four players, was moving away from the door as he sprang in beside her and slammed the door.

Peter's efforts to stay behind Tommy's venerable but surprisingly energetic car were the cause of many a gasp and shudder from the couple who sat behind him in the bounding car. He had orders to keep back of Tommy but never to lose sight of his tail light.

"Are you there?" he whispered. "Yes. Isn't it jolly, running away like this? It must be wonderfully exciting to be a criminal, always dodging and—"



"See Here, Sprouse, or Whatever Your Name Is—"

But if the limousine had possessed a thousand ears they would have been rendered useless in the stormy racket made by Peter's muffled and the thunderous roar of the exhaust as the car got under way.

Sixty miles lay between them and Crowndale. Tommy Gray guaranteed that the distance could be covered in three hours, even over the vile mountain roads. Ten o'clock would find them at the Grand Palace hotel, none the worse for wear, provided (he always put it parenthetically) they lived to tell the tale! The luggage had gone on ahead of them earlier in the day.

Soon after ten o'clock they entered the town of Crowndale and drew up before the unattractive portals of the Grand Palace hotel. An arc lamp swinging above the entrance shed a pitiless light upon the dreary, Godforsaken hostility with the ironic name.

Miss Cameron was warmly conscious of the thrill that had come into her blood when he carried her up the stairs in his powerful arms, disdaining the offer of assistance from the suddenly infatuated Tommy Gray.

"Rehearsal at eleven sharp," announced Rusbcroft. "Letter-perfect, every one of you. No guessing. By the way, Miss—er—pon my soul, I don't believe I got your name!"

"Jones," said the new member, shamelessly. Barnes went down to the dingy lobby. A single, half-hearted electric bulb shed its feeble light on the desk, in front of which stood a man registering under the sleepy eye of the night clerk.

Barnes was turning away when a familiar voice assailed him. Whirling, he looked into the face of a man who stood almost at his elbow—the sharp, impassive face of Mr. Sprouse.

CHAPTER XX. The First Wayfarer Has One Treasure Thrust Upon Him—And Forthwith Claims Another.