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of inefficiency, a certain amount of favoritism, and a certain amount of outright corruption in his government. The extent to which he puts up with those things varies from city to city, naturally; but the man who, like LaGuardia, boldly proposes to abolish them entirely is a great rarity, and he takes it for granted at the start that he cannot be re-elected.

We have had a great deal of talk in the last year about "new deal" about a new spirit that is entering our conduct of national affairs. Now here do we need such change any more than in our system of local government, particularly in larger cities. We need not only politicians who are courageous enough to put principle above the success of their own careers; we need a public opinion that will support such men when they do appear, and give them the backing they will have.

The piping times in which money was so plentiful that we could afford to support wasteful and grafting city governments have gone, now, and there is not much chance that they will return soon. It is up to us to cut our cloth to suit our purse; to hunt for and support politicians willing to take office with the prediction, "I never shall be re-elected."

**CITY DADS IN WEEKLY MEET AT CITY HALL**

Only routine business matters were taken care of at the weekly meeting of the city commission last night at the city hall. It was reported that all resolutions required by the state highway commission in connection with its project to improve the La Grande-Wallowa Lake highway from the railroad tracks here to the city limits had been passed by the commission.

The city manager's report showed cash on hand at \$10,079.06, divided as follows: La Grande bank \$7,010.83, Portland bank \$272.21, cash \$599.89, remainder in warrants.

**BUNTING CO. PLANS SCHOOL ON SATURDAY**

The Bunting Tractor company is announcing that on Saturday, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning, a Diesel tractor school will be staged at the company's headquarters on Jefferson avenue.

Factory men will be present to show moving pictures and give lectures on all the current models of Caterpillar Diesel tractors, according to C. W. Bunting, president of the company. He reports that already 50 of the larger Diesel models are at work in the Bunting company's territory. All interested are invited to the school.

Residents of a Mexican colony east of San Jose built a church of adobe bricks.

**WEALTHY MAN CAPTURED ON AUTO DRIVE**

(Continued From Page One)

The Theodore Hamm Brewing company who paid \$100,000 for his freedom last June. Otto Bremer, director of the American National bank here and Minnesota manager of the Home Owners Loan corporation, is an uncle of the missing man.

Police said Bremer was seized after taking his eight-year-old daughter, Betty, to the Summit grade school.

The next thing heard of the bank president, according to well authenticated reports, was an anonymous telephone call to Walter W. Magee, wealthy contractor, from a man speaking in a low voice. Magee was told the Bremer car could be found in the Highland Park district of St. Paul and that there was a note on the back door step of Magee's home.

At home, Magee found a typewritten note addressed to "Charles Magee" and signed in ink with a shaky hand. The missive gave Magee instructions for contacting the kidnapers but the contents were not disclosed.

Magee refused to discuss the case. St. Paul has been the scene of four other abductions in the last two and a half years. Kidnapings having resulted in the deaths of \$128,400 of the \$310,000 ransom demanded.

Of the about 20 suspects in the four cases, eight have been convicted.

SALEM, Ore. (AP) — Commitments to two of the state's institutions — state insane hospital at Salem and the feeble-minded institution — this month have reached the peak of all time. It was reported here by officials.

With 2,270 in the state hospital here, the buildings' capacity was taxed to the limit. This number exceeds all other previous high peaks. It was reported. The hospital in Eastern Oregon, with more than 1,000 was also taxed.

The feeble minded institution population today stood at 907. Dr. Roy Byrd, superintendent, announced, passing the 900 mark set the record peak.

The increase in both was declared caused partially by the condition of the times. The depression has brought more cases to light and inability to care for feeble-minded or slightly insane has added this burden to the state, Dr. Byrd said.

**The Weather**

**WEATHER FORECAST**  
Oregon: Unsettled; rain in the west portion tonight and Friday, light snow or rain in the northeast portion tonight or Friday; no change in temperature; increasing southeast wind offshore.

**LOCAL WEATHER**  
Wednesday: Maximum 51, minimum 36 above. Partly cloudy. Rain .05 of inch.  
Thursday: Minimum 32, 7 a. m. — 33 above. Clear.

**More Insane In Oregon Now Than Ever, Is Report**

ST. THOMAS, N. D. (AP) — Dust blizzards have their good points — N. W. Smith, farmer here, who tells how the "big blow" of 1933 pushed his barn back in place!

A tornado 10 years ago moved Smith's barn from its moorings, and it didn't look right, leaning as it did to the northeast.

**BLOND GODDESS**  
A New Serial by Herberg Jensen

**SYNOPSIS:** Frank Grahame, while waiting to see the great Mable, movie executive about a picture, sees a disturbing shadow on the window of the office. He cuts his appointment, and finds footprints on the lawn outside the office. He watches Janice Kent, movie star, drive away from the office in her car, and wishes a second car follow it. On an impulse he orders a taxi to follow the taxi car. The taxi driver loses them, but tells Grahame he believes he knows where they went.

Chapter Two  
**THE FIGHT**

GRAHAME shrugged slightly and relaxed. He took newspaper from his overcoat pocket and read a line or two here and there. Street lights, flashing by, gave indifferent illumination.

There was a story about Langton who had crashed into a West Indian hurricane some months before. Some new theory, thought Grahame, that the famous flyer had not died in that storm. Poor Bill Langton. Why didn't they let his name alone? He was gone and that was the end to it.

Grahame began to feel impatient. The brief evening rain had passed, leaving the pavements with a treacherous sheen. Grahame stirred forward in his seat. He saw that they were swinging into the hairpin that

is the juncture of Laurel and Hollywood boulevards.

The cab lost its footing upon the slick crown. It skidded for a sickening split second. The headlight's glare swerved across stucco house-fronts, then flashed upon the lacquered surfaces of two cars at the farther curb.

Grahame dropped the newspaper he held in his lap. He clutched at the door handle. In that brief camera-snap glimpse Grahame saw that there had been an accident. Figures of men had been moving about the cars.

With a sense of shock he realized that one had been a black limousine and the other tan in color. He lifted his hand to rap on the panel. As he did so, the cab's rubber found traction. Brakes squealed. He jerked at the door handle.

He ran back toward the cars. One, he saw was a black and gold-trimmed limousine halfway on the sidewalk and against a hydrant. The tan nose of a nondescript car was against the sleek side of the other like a slug against ebony. A trail, yards behind it, showed where tires had slid over the pavement.

As he approached, Grahame's mind registered two facts: he would have sworn that he'd seen four figures outlined against the tan car — here were but two — a large man who lurched toward a little one.

Grahame's driver had turned his cab so that the headlights glowed upon the scene. The little man — a Japanese in dark uniform and cap — was retreating; the aggressor advanced with chin outstretched, and an arm drawn backward in a gesture unmistakable. A girl — Grahame's eyes widened at her beauty — leaned forward from the rear seat of the black and gold car. Her fingertips were pressed against her mouth.

"Hold on!" called Grahame.

The policeman looked thoughtfully at the slumbering stranger, and back at Grahame, and said, "Uhhuh. What's your name?"

"Grahame. F. A. Grahame."

The officer frowned and wet the tip of his pencil.

"His companion, who had completed an inspection of the cars, offered, "That's the guy who just come back from South America."

The book snapped shut. The girl allowed the light to fall upon her face, and leaned forward toward the men.

"Frank Grahame!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I know you were someone important!"

"Hallo, Miss Kent," said the officer.

Grahame looked quickly at the girl. Of course he recognized her now. Janice Kent. Really, she was much more beautiful than her pictures showed her. He was conscious at once of two unrelated thoughts: that photography was an inadequate art, and that hereafter there would be real satisfaction to write on official documents, "permanent residence: Hollywood."

He observed that the police had lifted the half-conscious man to the sidewalk, and were shoving the tan car away from the black one.

"It's only your paintwork damaged," said the officer of the notebook to the Japanese. "Better take Miss Kent home now. We'll take care of him." He pointed to the driver of the tan car who was leaning against the lamp-post surveying the scene with stupid eyes.

"Grahame . . . report at the precinct station . . . tomorrow will do. Send your driver down, too, Miss Kent."

"Would you mind seeing me home, Mr. Grahame?" asked the girl softly.

The man from the cab took the bill Grahame extended him and walked back toward his car. Grahame got in beside the girl. A few minutes later the car purred smoothly toward Beverly Hills.

The girl pressed her gloved fingers upon Grahame's coat sleeve. "Thank you . . . very much," she said.

THE large man pivoted toward Grahame. Small eyes, set in a face heavy and sullen, blinked in the glare. The man's arm lashed forward. Grahame averted his head, — spoiled the timing of the blow. He countered with a vicious right as swift and as sure as a falcon's drop. Knuckles slapped against bone. The

big man's eyes went blank. He pitched toward Grahame, who stepped sideways to let him fall.

Grahame looked at the girl. Her eyes, he noticed, were blue and wide; her hair was the color of coiled gold.

He felt suddenly bareheaded and embarrassed, and looked for his hat. He found it, spotted and crushed, beneath the figure of the recumbent man. Pushing it into some semblance of its original shape, thoughtfully he surveyed it a moment, and placed it on his head.

He rubbed his right knuckles with the palm of his left hand. He cleared his throat. "Well—" he began lamely, when the motorcycles arrived.

The police kicked the stands behind the wheels, and approached. One of them opened a notebook. "Whoopee!" he suggested wearily. "Name, please. How'd happen. Is the man dead?"

Grahame explained. Once, while he talked, he looked toward the black car for confirmation, and saw that although the girl's face was hidden in the shadow, her head nodded briskly. He said nothing of having followed the cars from the studio, but began his statement as from the time his headlights had flashed upon the two cars at the curb. "And so," he concluded, "I hit him."

Tomorrow, Grahame finds a strange reticence in Janice Kent's behavior.

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth.—Proverbs 26: 20.

**SACRIFICE OF POLITICS**

Probably the most significant single thing about Mayor LaGuardia's inaugural in New York was his blunt prediction: "I never shall be re-elected." That brief remark, taken in conjunction with the new mayor's policies, contains a whole volume of commentary on municipal politics as it is practiced in America.

The reasons for the new mayor's pessimistic prediction are simple. He aims to give New York a clean and efficient administration. He is going to reduce the number of city employees by approximately 10,000. He is going to cut salaries, abolish useless boards and commissions, consolidate city departments, end the reign of graft in the letting of contracts and the buying of supplies, remove politics from the police department. He is going, in short, to do those simple things which obviously and indisputably are proper for a mayor to do.

But we have built up the kind of system in our municipal politics which makes it very unlikely that any administration can do those very proper and necessary things and win re-election. To succeed in American municipal politics, as a general thing, a mayor must consent to a certain amount

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**Weiners** Fresh, Gov't Inspected Lb. . . . . **10c**

**Beef Roast** Lb. . . . . **9c**

**Hamburger** 3 lbs. . . . . **25c**

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Fancy California **LETTUCE** Arizona Seedless **BANANAS**  
**CARROTS** Lge. Solid Heads **GRAPEFRUIT** 3 lbs.  
3 Bunches 14c 2 for 13c 3 for 10c 19c

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CHANJU or MISSION BELL, 3 Bars . . . . . **14c**  
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, per can . . . . . **7c**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>Palmolive Soap</b><br>Keep the School Girl Complexion<br>3 Bars . . . . . <b>14c</b> | <b>Crystal White</b><br>The Billion Bubble Soap<br>10 Bars . . . . . <b>27c</b> |
| I. G. A. Lye, tin . . . . . <b>10c</b>  | I. G. A. Cleanser . . . . . <b>5c</b>   |
| Household Ammonia or Bleuing,<br>12-oz. bottle, 2 for . . . . . <b>15c</b>              | Peet's Granulated Washing<br>Machine Soap, large . . . . . <b>23c</b>           |
| Northern Tissue, soft lined, 2<br>snow white, 3 rolls . . . . . <b>19c</b>              | Saniflush, tin . . . . . <b>25c</b>   |
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- All China Drip-Coffee-Maker** — and — **1 lb. FOLGERS' DRIP COFFEE**
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- See Our Big Handbill — Delivered at Your Door or in the Store — for Dozens of Other Specials.

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- Preferred Stock Coffee, 2-lb. vacuum tin . . . . . **48c**  
Geisha Crab Meat, 1/2-lb. tin . . . . . **27c**  
Calumet Baking Powder, 1-lb. tin . . . . . **25c**  
I. G. A. Golden Bantam Corn, No. 2 tin, 2 for . . . . . **25c**  
Libby's Fancy Red Salmon, 1/2's flat . . . . . **14c**

- In Our Meat Dept.**
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Mild Cure Boston Butta, lb. . . . . <b>11c</b>                          | Smoked Bacon Squares, lb. . . . . <b>9c</b>                        |
| Fancy Minced Meat - Like Mother used to make, 2 lbs. . . . . <b>29c</b> | Veal Shoulder Roast cut from milk fed veal, lb. . . . . <b>10c</b> |
| Pork Chops, 2 lbs. . . . . <b>25c</b>                                   | 1 lb. Weiners, 1 qt. Sauer Kraut, both . . . . . <b>18c</b>        |

- Bakery Dept.**
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Carmel Nut Layer Cake . . . . . <b>25c</b>        | Fancy Dipped Doughnuts, doz. . . . . <b>30c</b> |
| Parker House or Pan Rolls . . . . . <b>15c</b>    | Brown or White, doz. . . . . <b>15c</b>         |
| Fresh Mince Pies (Sat. Only) . . . . . <b>20c</b> |   |
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