"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . . . . . Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - . . . Managing Editor

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Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives: San Francisco Sharon Bldg. Lee Angeles, W Pac. Bldg. Eastern Advertising Representatives:

Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;

Chicago, 250 N Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 2 Mo. \$1,25 6 Mo. \$2,25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"The Arrogance of Prosperity" In his presidential proclamation setting aside February 19, 1795, as a "day of public thanksgiving and prayer," George Washington, after reciting the blessings which the country enjoyed, besought the "Author of these blessings" among other things

"to preserve us from the arrogance of prosperity." How could there have been arrogance of prosperity in 1795? People were poor, money was hard to get, creditors pressed hard on debtors, farm produce found scant market, goods were scarce and high in price. Think too what "medern conveniences" they lacked: no running water, no bathrooms, no air mail, no radios, shredded wheat or disease garms, no county agents, no railroads, no stock market. Yet George Washington prayed the "Great Ruler of Nations" up like a cadet. He taught her the perity! perity!

If he could but have forseen the arrogance of the mixed breeds now inhabiting this United States in the years 1929 and 1930 he would have doubled his invocation for divine protection from such a gnawing vice. For what we have observed in recent months is in large measure "the arrogance of prosperity". Floating along on inflated values registered by a stock market doing a dervish dance, the American people strutted a "new economic era", talked about controlled prosperity and a centinuing abundance of wealth. And when the financial exhaustion came the resulting ugly

Headaches, nausea, "biliousness," lack of appetite, nervousness and habitual constitution.

As we grow older these complaints become more frequent, for the muscles tend to relax.

It is of great importance that mood was but further evidence of an overbearing arrothe advantage of proper posture gance. Some one else was at fault—the government, the Children should be emphatically

money power, the Almighty—that this delusion of riches should come to an end.

Americans have fed so long on a super-abundance of temporal blessings that they rebel when adversity comes. This should be the rule from earliest childhood. Do not expect the school teacher to do all the work. Correct and instruct your children should be emphatically to prome and beautiful, wants to keep her newest beau. Mat Tully, all to herself. Returning from a ride she leaves him at the door to avoid her mother's school teacher to do all the work. Correct and instruct your children should be emphatically to prome and beautiful, wants to keep her newest beau. Mat Tully, all to herself. Returning from a ride she leaves him at the door to avoid her mother's when you know I'm tired, and it's my turn to get papa's break-fait!" Thanksgiving time they thank God they are not as poor as at home as to proper posture and the people of Europe and Asia. George Washington himself methods of walking. started the attitude in this very proclamation when he

"When we review the calamities which afflict so many nations, the present condition of the United States affords much

Some presidents have almost gone so far as to con- same people know the proper gratulate God on having such a promised land for such a method of walking, but either disfavored people as the Americans, who might receive the regard it or are simply careless. special bounties from His hand:

On this Thanksgiving Day, 1930, we might pray for less "arrogance of prosperity", for greater honesty, for less phariseeism in scorning other nations and other culless "arrogance of prosperity", for greater honesty, for the chest well arched forward, the stomach in, head upright, chin in pretty as you perhaps. But pretty and the backbone straight. You enough. The woods are full of greed for possessions. Much we have to be thankful for even will be amazed at the comfortable them. All looking for men with sugar people. They kept very in times of financial stress; and there are many virtues the lack of which should humble us as we spend a portion of a week of proper standing and this day in rigid self-analysis.

#### Where Socialism Ends

TTHE Oregon Journal having waged a gallant battle against the power trust and claimed a great victory (dividing honors with Carey and Harlan) over reductions in light rates, now seeks a new dragon to slay and points its editorial spear at the iniquitous telephone trust. More than that it seeks reductions in railroad rates because of the failure of banks in the agricultural midwest and because Medford pear-growers have to buck stiff freight rates on their fruit.

There is no truer friend of the people in sooth than the Oregon Journal. But it might be pertinent to inquire what reductions the Journal has made in its advertising rates of all. because of the distress of the Portland merchants. The Journal has built up a wonderful property out of its surplus earnings. An investment of a few thousand dollars has grown, in going concern values, to be worth millions. It enjoys as much of a monopoly in its field as the railroads in hauling freight and passengers. Its most conspicuous public service seems to be in attacking the earnings of other trusts and monopolies.

Socialism isn't like charity-it doesn't begin "at home."

#### 'Nothing but the Truth'

LONDON judge said the other day that if people would A obey the ninth commandment the courts wouldn't have much business to tend to. Because there are so many liars the courts are kept busy trying to figure out which witness lied the least. This judge said the women were worse perjurers than the men, and as he is a bachelor, he ought to be unprejudiced.

This judge remarked: "Perjury can never be more rife than it is now. It is committed in some degree in most of the civil and criminal cases before the courts. The most self-possessed perjurers are murd-erers, but nothing can exceed the audacious reliance upon their sex which is so frequently displayed by women. If per-jury could be stopped, trials in a large majority of all kinds of cases would be incredibly short."

. Most every judge would express himself the same way. A person's veracity seems to fade when he goes on the witness stand. He will lie without stint to bolster his case or shield himself or a friend. If the psychologists want to do something to benefit humanity and establish justice they ought to invent a genuine lie detector that may be used in law courts.

The great scandal of prohibition has just been discovered by The great scandal of prohibition has just been discovered by the Medford Mail-Tribune. This great home newspaper of southern Oregon, which is editorially quite as dry as The Statesman—we mean quite as non-alcoholic—proclaims in a long editorial liberally sprinkled with caps that the state ought to nepeal the law proscribing liquor in case of illness. Whether this is to help the doctors, the druggists or the patients isn't quite clear; but it OUGHT TO BE DONE, says the Mail-Trib. This law may be a bit of excess baggage in the prohibition army; but if we read the battle signs right, the front line trenches are drawn up over the 18th amendment, and not over damning up the trickle of medicine likker. We hope the Mail-Tribune isn't confusing target practice with the firing of HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Item for optimist column: "Alabama Great Southern R. R. declares special dividend of \$6, and extra \$1.50 and semi-annual dividend \$2 on both common and preferred stock." The ketch in the item of course is that you don't have any Alabama Great Southern stock.

The Washington conference talked a lot about under-nour-ished children, and those under-privileged and handicapped and sick. But what a father living in town wants to know is what work he can provide to keep his boy from idleness.

## HEALTH

By R. S. Copeland, M. D. Not so long ago I wrote about food poisoning. I did not mention that indigestion may be caused by poor posture This will amaze



Can you ple-ture a West Pointer comendache or disziness or eructations after a meal? It is not

DR COPELAND because he wears a pretty uniform, but be-cause he is taught the proper pos-ture for his body, that he does not suffer from the evil effects of crowded abdominal organs.

When we stand erect the mus-cles of the abdomen are in their proper place. In this position they give the necessary support, not only to the abdomen, but to what is known as the "aplanchnic circu-lation." The splanchnic circulation gives off the main blood supply to the stomach, liver, intestines and spicen. These are the organs that are so important in the proper digestion of food, and of the elimination of poisons. When we slouch or stand improperly we hinder this circulation.

I was at West Point recently and talking with the wife of an six months, she said, it required constant thought, but, after a

Headaches, nausea, "bilious-ness," lack of appetite, nervous-

It is of great importance that

Persons who slouch when sitting, are likely to walk in a careless fashion. They slump forward silence. Mama's chair squeaked. with the stomach thrown out, the Papa rustled his papers, pretendfeeling that you experience after money. What the men want is

sloucher, and for many years have girl. Wonderful chance we have! disregarded these facts, do not be discouraged. It will be difficult at Tully person if you can. He may

Answers to Health Queries R. M. T.—Q.—I have been ad-money fast enough!" vised to take salt baths for a "Hmm . . . mmm." Papa clear-rheumatic condition—using about ed his throat nervously. He was 2 pounds of the coarse salt to a sensitive about the subject of bath. Do you advise this treat- money. Poor Peter Hollenbeck,

beneficial - but such treatment should be advised by the doctor lar case. Try to find the under- away from me!" Nancy hadn't lying cause of the condition first meant to say that, it just slipped

E. J. W .- Q .- What do you advise me to do for fallen arches? 2.- Can I correct constipation? A .- It would be wise to consult

2 .- You should eat simple, well cooked food. Avoid foods unduly We're so - so darned refined we rich in fats and starches. For othr information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and reeat your question.

### Y esterdays ... Of Old Oregon Town Talks from The State man Our Fathers Read .

Nov. 27, 1905 Owing to cutting down of the street, between Miller and Wilson, the Salem water company is obliged to lower their eight-inch water main, which lays now only one foot under the ground.

Central Congregational church has just purchased a new bell, and it will be heard for the first time for the Thankagiving

The high school Demosther Literary society gave a delightful social at the home of Harvey Slater. Everything moved mer-rily until someone discovered that someone had forced entrance to the kitchen and made away with the refreshments.

Harvey McKnight, young son of C. H. McKnight of the Chemawa neighborhood, was victim of a shooting accident which, for-tunately, could have been much ore serious. While ste ver a log, a spent bullet from rifle came from a slanting direc-tion behind him and struck the inside of his thigh,

#### TODAY'S PROBLEM.

imes as many horses as cows.

#### FOOD FOR THANKSGIVING



# "FOREST LOVE" BY HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Lou stitched on in the electric hung on her answer,

"Oh, it isn't that you aren't Any change in the posture of such of course. Awfully pretty. I didn't ington family, dear. They're very individuals results in beneficial mean that you weren't, but who fine people. Quite well to do. I Neal and all that crowd. They can him-as if he were used to nice someone with a fortune-like May Belle Craig, Or a wonderful place If you have been a chronic in society like that fat Preston first, but with practice the proper not have much now, but I'd bank posture can be acquired. on him getting ahead. You'd never starve with him - he'll make

who had never made any money, A .- Hot baths are often very and owed so much . . . so terribly much . .

"I'd like to see May Belle Craig who is familiar with your particu- or Vera Preston get Mat Tully "Girls!" Mama's little wrinkled hands fluttered in protest. "You

mustn't SAY such things. It-it sounds common." "The truth is always common!" Louise flashed back. "That's why we never hear it around here,

on pretending, fooling ourselves, against her pillows, her and nobody else-"LOUISE!" Mrs. Holler beck's voice rose to a shrill whistle, "I won't HAVE it. I don't know where you GET that commo I'm sure it's not from MY side of the family. When I was a must have been crazy to ever young girl, I'd no more have thought t cursing at my dear mother than — than I'd have

thought of jumping in the b-bay!"

Her voice broke, the little claw-like hands groped for her hand-kerchief, her mild eyes, forget-menots in the colorless wreck of her once pretty face, dripped slow "Kitty, Kitty, dear," papa beg-"don't excite yourself. You will have one of your headaches. Here, dear, take my handker-chief, it's clean. Why, Louise

ings, did you, Lou?"

Mama sniffed hopefully, waiting for the apology. But Louise, tired and angry after a long, hot day of washing and froning and mending-"pressing out a few things," it was euphemistically called in the Hollenbeck household—shut her mouth tightly, and made it plain that she had nothing more to say. In the angry silence, punctu-

ated only by mama's heartbroken sniffs and papa's clucking comfort, Nancy slipped upstairs to

tems were always the same. You couldn't even fall in love decently and quietly. Louise's I'm advising you for your own hawk eye would discover it, and mama would start prying, and in a minute all that would be left of your shining lover would be a few discolored, decomposing be a few discolored, decomposing shreds. "It isn't FAIR," she whispered, her lips against the pillow—it isn't fair—

sister. Now go on with the story! fast!" "Lou can get papa's break-fast," mama said absently, ig-

noring the reproach and shuffl- hard. ing around the bedroom, straightening a shade here, pullwithout her gla "This, this Mr. Tully, dear, Is he one of the Fairchild Tullys? pretty," she said finally. "You are, Find out if he's one of the Washthings. When I was a girl I knew an Evangeline Tully. Her mother was one of the Skinners, the fine horses. I remember the livery, plum color with—"
"I'm sure he's no relation," the girl answered patiently. "He is from Kansas City. And Lou's all wrong about his making money. He-he's an idealist.

HATES business men. He told ms he did. He hasn't a nickel. He drives the worst old car you ever saw, and he LIKES it." For a woman who has just decorated the church and chosen the wedding breakfast, Mrs. Hollenbeck took the blow bravely. Perhaps it was because she had seen so many imaginary bride-

grooms shrivel and die. "Well, don't see too much of him, dear, People might-might misunderstand. I don't want anyone to have the chance to talk about one of my girls." And after a long, uncomfortable pause, "Other young men would think you were interested in him and-that is-they would be

afraid to pay you attention." She expected an answer. profest, against giving up good-looking Mr. Tully so soon never face anything. We just go but none came. Nancy lay back closed, her young mouth sullen "Nancy, promise mama

won't do anything foolish! The dark lashes quivered. "No I won't do anything foolish. I think . . . to ever think-" "Tell mama-to ever think WHAT, dear?" "Oh, to get romantie about Mat. To think I . . . the family

. . . oh, please, mama, go to "Mama's gfrlie!" padded figure in the fraying away . . . so shut out . . . so unwanted . . "Nancy, speak to mama!" she cried, afraid, afraid of something, of some new un named thing coming between he and her girl, her baby . . .

"What do you want me to

say, for goodness sake?" Nancy was watching her, with cold, appraising curiosity. "It's just that—that you seem ed so quiet," she faltered. "Mama was afraid you didn't understand." She wanted to cry out, to gather her daughter to her meawardly. "I—I haven't anything see you tonight?" in the world but you two girls. The experiment

coaxed her back to calm.

So Kitty Hollenbeck went back to her room comforted, and it was not until she woke at dawn (was that someone crying in the house or just the wind rattling Marion county presented a peti-the stiff leaves of the magnolia tion of R. C. Geer and others to

shoulders rounded, and the arms ing to read. Nancy, flushed and ing at a dresser cover there, a of their mother . . . good girls on corporations. them, I know them too well." who knows her own daughter in the year of our Lord, 1980. (To be continued)

> CHAPTER III. All that night, while a restess wind rattled the stiff leaves of the magnolia tree, and bles the heavy sweet scent of stock

> and jasmine and mama's viny Spanish roses through the wide open windows, Nancy tossed in If, like Romeo of old, Mat Tully had come softly through the garden, and showed a dark head at her window, Nancy's story would have been dif-ferent. She would have gone with him then, had he asked her

without a backward look for the disapproving family.

But he didn't come, of course He had said not a word to ber of love. "Maybe he doesn't care as much as I do," she thought, threshing about hopelessly. "May be it's just as people say, and I'm just in love with love!"

She felt cheated then. eried a little in the dark. The lumpy mattress sagged under her slight weight, the too-short sheet worked down, so that the rough blanket scratched her neck. Oh, for NICE things! a bou-

doir like May Belle Craig's, with exotic lacquered furniture, and a silken, downy quilt. "Why shouldn't I have them as well as May Belle? Why do we have to be so poor? Why do I have to go and fall in love with somebody who's poor too? And then, rebelliously, "Well-

won't. I'll get over it. I'll just see him again-I'll just forget She wept then. Broken-heartedly. But the tears were for her-

self, not Mat Tully. After all, she had been spoiled. She was only nineteen. Love had touched her but lightly. "Mat?" Nancy Hollenbeck's

flimsyeas a soap bubble.
"Yes, this is Mat!" His voice, ute ago before he knew who it shead-

you. What time am I going to The experiment he had been tending so absorbedly seethed in its frail glass tube, but he had forgotten about it. He rememgood.

"You don't know what it means to be poor—to marry a poor man. I—I did, you know. It's been so hard. Nebody knows, Your father and I have looked forward so to you girls marrying well . . . ooh, you don't whose lips were red and promising, whose skin was soft and white.

"Of course I want you, too, Kitty," Mrs. Craig, who had gone to Miss Small's Select Seminary for Young Ladies with Mrs. Hollenbeck, always said.

But Crew Saved

WANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 26—

(AP)—The harbor tug Merrylea was rammed and sunk by the promising, whose skin was soft and white.

Still quoting McArthur's book on Oregon names. He said Chester N. Terry, who was territorial Thurston. Referred to committee

BITS for BREAKFAST

ed, and Pike and Victoria were mentioned; but by this time the members concluded they had wasted enough time over the mentioned; but by this time the members concluded they had bronson and insert Willametta. matter, and the various bills the bill as it stood, with the were postponed; and that the fin-al vote was in January, 1854. Yeas 13, mays 10.

That is not the whole record, nor a full statement of the matter. The name Chemeketa was suggested, and some others. The name Velina is said to have been brought in becuse it was the name of Velina Paulina Nesmith, later Mrs. William Markland Molson, daughter of J. W. Nesmith. But she was not born until 1855.

There has long been a persist-ent rumor that Salem once came

stead of the senate. Many names reads the record; but the num-were suggested in the discussion, among them Chemeketa, but it never got into the bill, or even into an amendment or a motion 1853-4 territorial legislature stead of the senate. Many names for one. The journal of the house for that session shows that on December 17, J. C. Peebles of Bits man finds no record of what Marion county presented a peti-tion of J. L. Parrish and others ate, or rather the council, as the to change the name of Salem to upper branch was called.

Chemawah, and it was referred

It is evident that some careless Chemawah, and it was referred

Mr. Hadley of that committee. Salem her new old name.

December 22, the bill was read and of Chemeketa, too. the second time and referred to a committee of three, Peebles,

Before he had exhausted half and without even one servant in of his arguments she escaped. pleading that she just couldn't keep him from work another minute, and he was left with the For weeks they had been busy ruined experiment-some three weeks of patient work gone up in smoke—and a sneaking suspi-

cion that he had been made a fool of. "If that's the way she feels about it, ALL RIGHT." He went back to work with a vengeance. But nothing progressed as it should, so he stopped and lit his pipe and sat there in the small, littered lab, trying to concentrate on the rows of figures on the yellow checked paper that represented so many hours of patient labor.

It wasn't easy to put Nancy out of mind, once you had seen her. She was too vital, too disturbingly alive, too softly, fragrantly lovely. He kept remembering the absurd way her eyelashes curled back, the way her hair twined itself round your fingers when you touched it-soft, babyish ringlets. The eager lilting way she laughed. "I wish I'd never set eyes on her!" he groaned, staring at the

closely pencilled yellow sheets, and seeing Nancy instead. "I never heard of anything s silly!" Louise stormed, coming

in just in time to see Nancy hang up the receiver, and burst into tears. "If you wanted to go, why didn't you? Making up a great big lie, and then crying about

"How could mama speil it voice, lilting and lovely, came when she hasn't seen him? What Maki Held for satin dressing gown leaned clos-er. Her dry lips brushed Nancy's all the irritation he had felt at —and she had never felt so far being disturbed at the busiest don't want to go and—and—fall moment of a busy day disapin love now, when I'm just start-peared . . . puff! as suddenly ing to have a little fun. If I were older, like you, Lou, I wouldn't mind . . . but when I'm just clipped and disinterested a min-starting out, and everything is

you're twenty-four-oh, for the near here, last night. "Oh, I told them I just had to have Matthew Tully, who was working on some dry old chemistry research—"

"Oh, I told them I just had sake of Pete stop CRYING, will Maki was arrested in Portland this morning at the home of his But Nancy wept on softly, and friend, I. Isaacson. He waived istry research—" gather her daughter to her meagre breast, to croon over her as
she did when she was a baby,
but she couldn't do that. She
couldn't even talk naturally with
Nancy watching her like that, so
coldly . . . "I want you to be
happy," she struggled on awkwardly. "I—I haven't anythinwardly. "I—I haven't anythinyear. I did chemistry research—"

"You didn't!"

"Yes, I did, and I said it was
terribly important—"

"Of course it's important. It's
always important to hear from
you. What time am I going to

Every year. ever since the ward and cotton for her
eyes. "Here, take this. Don't be
an idiot. Besides, you haven't
the Witchhazel and cotton for her
eyes. "Here, take this. Don't be
an idiot. Besides, you haven't
the Craig's house party Friday!"

Every year. ever since the Every year, ever since they could remember, the Hollenbeck girls had spent the summer with the Craigs.

Chapman and Goff. January 5, 1854, Colby pre-sented a petition of Josiah Geor and others to change the name to librarian and afterwards county Friday, the 13th, the spe judge and a member of the court when our court house was built, petitioned to have the name changed from Salem to Corvallis, but, after a spirited debate, the name Corvallis was a clear to the will amendments. There was a motion to strike out Chemawa and insert was a clear to the will amend to the strike out Chemawa and insert to the will amend to the strike out the str name Corvallis was given to the Benton county community then known as Marysville. He says the names Chemawa, Willamette third reading Peebles moved to and Bronson were also suggest- strike out Bronson and insert

> Thus, on Friday the 13th. 13 years, absent 3, made Salem Bronson in the lower house.

But on Monday, Jan. 16, the bill was before the house again, and Humason moved to lay it on

the table; motion lost. Then Humason moved to refer it to a se-lect committee, and was ruled out of order, and he appealed from the decision of the speaker, L. F. Cartee of Clackamas moved to lay the appeal on the table; agreed; so the decision of the ent rumor that Salem once came within a vote, or a few votes, in the legislature, of having her name changed to Chemeketa. But the Bits man cannot find any reliable record to support this tradition, though he agrees that Chemeketa would have been a good name; perhaps a better one than the present, and certainly more distinctive, as well as the original one.

The tradition no doubt originates from the warm discussions in the territorial legislature of 1853-4; in the house of representatives as it was called in those days as now. The upper branch was then called the council instead of the senate, Many names were appropriated in the discussion. chair was sustained. The ques-

to the committee on corporations. writer at some time copied Che-December 19th E. F. Colby of meketa or Chemekete where it Marion county presented a peti-should have been Chemawah.

tree?) that she remembered that change the name of Salem to It will be noted from the above all the while Nancy was petting Thurston, and Orlando Humason that there were at least three her, her eyes remained cold and of Wasco presented a petition of ways to spell Chemawa. The othhard.

"A trick of the light," she decided. "My girls think too much of their mother . . . good girls on corporations.

"A trick of the light," she decided. "My girls think too much were referred to the committee ritorial house of representatives on corporations. to which had been referred the the students down at the Chema-But it is the unusual mother several petitions, on December 21 wa school please note. Perhaps reported out house bill 18, to some one of them can enlighten change the name to Chemawa, the people of Salem on the ques-and it had its first reading. tion of the meaning of the name,

(Concluded tomorrow.)

the house? It was the world's wonder that the girls managed to keep up appearances as well as they did.

getting ready. At least Louise lowed her about the house, trailing bits of lace and chiffon. emerging, triumphant, from dark clothes closets with ancient hats and scuffed satin slippers. "Look Louise, if we have this blocked. and get some new ribbon, don't you think it would be sweet? These slippers are practically as good as new. With the heels straightened and half soles-" It drove Louise nearly mad, especially with Nancy failing her the last minute, mooning in corners and no help at all. (To be continued)

#### Ye, Gods! Youth Should be Left More Than Adam

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 26 .-(AP)—A couple of bold robbers with absolutely no regard for man's modesty stripped Rene Sarazen, 30, radio singer, of all his clothing except his underwear and left him meandering around sand dunes in the Sunset district

Sarazen told the police two rol bers pressed pistols against him as he left a downtown hotel and "Mama," Nancy wailed. "Mama s-spoiled everything, I never
want to see him again. Never."
"How could mame to be about demanded he drive them in his automobile to the dunes. There they took his wallet and \$9 and disrobed him.

### Farmer Murder Near Vancouver

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 26 -(AP)-A formal charge was, changed mirsculously. He moved a little nearer to the telephone. "Say, this is great! How did you know where to call me? This is a pretty big old university, full of laboratories—" the louise's hand clutched the dagainst W. K. Maki, 40, when he was brought to Vancouver Tuesday from Portland in connection with the death of Andrew Hendrickson, farmer at Hockinson, you're twenty-four—oh for the laboratories—"

## Liner Rams Tug

"Nancy!"
Mama's voice at the door.
Nancy lay perfectly rigid, feigning sleep.
"Nancy, it's mama." Mrs. Holslender arms, and builted and I can't possibly."

And her voice came sweeter than ever, "Oh, that's why I phoned, Mat, I'm so sorry. But I can't go . . . No, really I can't.

"Nancy, it's mama." Mrs. Holslender arms, and builted and I can't possibly."

"Nancy, it's mama." Mrs. Holslender arms, and builted and I can't possibly."