

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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The Hand of Mercy

THE publican spirit gets hold of one when he hears of a fresh disaster in some other region. A killing frost in Georgia, a drought in Kansas, a tidal wave in Japan, an earthquake in California, a hurricane in Miami,—instinctively one dwelling in the security of some more favored region compliments himself that his land is "not like other lands," that it is free from flood and tempest and seismic disturbance. Willamette valley residents are such publicans. They never cease to thank God their county is not like... well, not like other places where bad things happen, where nature is less kind.

We must drive out that spirit now when a sister state suffers loss of life and property. We must extend the hand of mercy, not in any patronizing way, but out of deep human sympathy for suffering.

There are many ties which link us with the area stricken now by earthquake. Southern California, particularly Los Angeles and Long Beach, has attracted many former residents of this section. Business connections, social connections are very intimate. There is a constant interflow of interest between this community and that. So the Willamette valley cannot but react generously and sympathetically to the cry of distress.

It may be that existing state and national agencies will be fully adequate to cope with the situation. But the state of Oregon should be prepared to make good on the prompt tender of Gov. Meier of any aid which this state can give which will be needed in southern California.

Railroads and Panics

IN a very interesting talk to Rotarians last week, Charles H. Carey, new corporation commissioner and prominent historian, related how at the time of his arrival in Portland in 1883 bunting was still flying and arches still standing, following the great reception of Henry Villard and his distinguished guests who had participated in the driving of the gold spike completing the Northern Pacific railway, first of the northern transcontinentals, Sept. 8 of that year. Before the bunting was pulled down and the train with its company of famous men including General Grant, Wm. M. Everts, Carl Schurz and many others, Americans and Europeans, had returned to St. Paul, panic was breaking in Wall Street which swept the Northern Pacific into default and Villard out of control of the road. In fact it was reported that many who came with the train, when they saw the uninhabited region, much of it desolate, came to the conclusion the road would not pay and turned "beards".

It is indeed interesting to note the checkered history of the Northern Pacific and how it was affected by various panics that occurred from the time its construction started; and how in turn its financing affected the financial markets adversely. Chartered in 1864 construction did not get under way until 1870 when the great banking house of Jay Cooke and company got behind the Northern Pacific. By 1873 Cooke was so badly involved through financing the road that his firm passed into bankruptcy. That was the major catastrophe of the panic of 1873. In 1872 Cooke had acquired for the Northern Pacific the Oregon Steam Navigation company, which held a monopoly of transportation on the Columbia through its ownership of portage railways at The Dalles and Cascades. During the N. P. receivership in 1873 the navigation company went back into the hands of the Portland capitalists, headed by J. C. Ainsworth.

It was the failure of the Oregon and California railroad which had been built from Portland south to Roseburg, (Ben Holladay's road) which brought Henry Villard, a German-American, to the northwest as representative of the German bondholders trying to salvage their investment. Villard saw the elements of transportation strategy involved in the topography of the west, centering in Portland. In 1879 he formed the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company which took over the Oregon Steam Navigation company operating on the upper Columbia and the Oregon Steamship company operating on the Willamette and coastwise. He saw the menace to Portland in the building of the Northern Pacific to a terminus on Puget Sound, so he formed a new "holding company," the Oregon & Transcontinental which held a majority control of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company and by means of his famous "Blind Pool" of 1881 acquired a large interest in the Northern Pacific, giving Villard control of that road.

The O. R. & N. built from Portland east to Wallula; and the Northern Pacific built from Kalama to Tacoma, and pushed west from Bismark to a junction at Wallula, permitting the train to go through to Portland in 1883. The Union Pacific pushed forward from Granger and connected with the O. R. & N. at Huntington, the gold spike being driven Nov. 14, 1883. With the reorganization for the N. P. after 1883, Villard's attempt at unified control of transportation in the northwest came to an end and thereafter it was a three-cornered battle between the N. P., the U. P., and the O. R. & N. Portland was vitally interested in the fate of the latter system because the city wanted to maintain its leadership as a shipping and trade center. The rivalries led to competitive branch line building in the Inland Empire region. The Northern Pacific, after the building of the Cascade line in 1887, had its own line to tide-water and sought to corral the traffic from the wheat country for sound ports, while the O. R. & N. built its own branches in that area to get the trade for Portland.

Henry Villard came back into the picture in 1887 in an effort to compromise the disputes and end the costly competition, and once more become president of the N. P. The controversy was prolonged however until 1889 when the Union Pacific agreed to purchase the stock of the O. R. & N., whose property it had been operating under lease since 1887. When the panic of 1893 came along both the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific were so badly extended financially that both went under and had to be reorganized. Each has maintained its corporate existence ever since. In 1901 occurred the famous battle between the Harriman and Morgan interests for control of the Northern Pacific which shot the stock of the latter up to \$1000 a share. Harriman wanted the road for alliance with the Union Pacific and Morgan wanted to tie it into the Hill system. Morgan won, and since then the N. P. has been grouped with the Great Northern.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Joaquin's first dollar, first poetry, etc. firsts:

(Continuing from yesterday:)
"When up and about," wrote Joaquin Miller, referring to the end of his long sickness at Yreka, Cal., "the man I had met on the trail and who stood modestly in the background, took me out and away over a snowy mountain to a new mining camp called Humburg creek, where we wintered."

"Life was monotonous here, for we had to live alone in our cabin because of the intolerable toughness and roughness of the men here... who made their focus of action and distraction in the 'Howling Wilderness' saloon. Here I laid the scene of 'The Danites,' my famous play, but first always been sorry I printed it, as it is unfair to the Mormons and Chinese... I took up my abode with Mountain Joe and friendly Indians."

"Mountain Joe, who had been one of Fremont's men, was doing all he could to cultivate a little valley where he kept the mail station and a little mountain tavern... I was in my first real battle... Suddenly there was another deluge of arrows... I felt no real pain, as one would think, with an arrow thrust through the side of my neck and face... I remember putting my hand to feel my head... I do not remember anything else about that day, and very little else about the next year. In fact, my memory and, in truth, all my faculties failed me for ever so long after that... I remember hearing men shout from the top of the savage fortress and knew the fight was done and won."

"The disabled men were carried down from out Castle Rock by women prisoners. The one who carried me on her back lost both her boys and husband in the battle. She was not kind at first. They tied my head close to hers so that she could steady it with her hand. Then I talked to her in her own tongue, which I had learned... She then told me her sorrows and said I must be her boy in place of the ones killed. When I did not cry at first, she answered, she told me if I would be her boy she would not drop me over the ledge as she intended when she came to the narrow place where only the mountain sheep went down. They laid me under some cedars down by the Sacramento river and the Indian man was truly as a mother to me."

"Then papa came, nearly a month's ride through the mountains and watched with me all the summer. But I did not know him till late in the fall, when I slowly began to grow stronger, mind and body. He must go back to mother and the younger children. I was not able to make the long ride. I was taken to Shasta City. The people were good to me and made up a little school in a camp not far away, where I taught letters by night and tried to mine by day. I promised to go home by way of San Francisco in the spring."

"But when spring came and Mt. Shasta stood out white and glorious above the clouds and beckoned to me I hailed him as a brother. I, too, would rise above the clouds that mangled me, and in spite of all protests, slipped away and joined my red men once more at his feet... When the Modocs rose up one night and massacred 18 men, every man in Pit River valley, I alone was spared, only because I was 'too bold,' the fool. Then more battles and two more wounds. My mind was as the mind of a child and my memory as uncertain here."

"I only know I made many and such pitious mistakes. In fact, if I were to take the mistakes out of my life, during these years, I would have but little left. My wound in the face and neck was still serious. I could not lie down, but took such rest as I could in my ravings among the Indians, half reclining in my blanket or skin against a tree. But how kind these poor were, how considerate! I was as a babe and they treated me in my weakness as if I had been newly born to their tribe."

"But soon I was stronger, body and soul. The women gave me food from their stores—and I, being a renegade, descended to San Francisco and set sail for Boston, but stopped at Nicaragua with Walker. Thence up the coast to Oregon, when strong enough. I went home, went to college some, taught school some, studied law at home some; but ever and ever the lure of the

Judge Carey in his remarks the other day, referred to the Baring failure as contemporaneous with the disaster of 1883. His memory was at fault for the Baring failure did not occur till the close of 1890. Baring Bros. was a famous firm of British bankers founded in 1770. Just prior to 1890 it had sold large issues of Argentine bonds and guaranteed the interest. Argentine defaulted and Baring's was caught owing 21,000,000 pounds. The Bank of England and joint-stock banks took over the liabilities however and the firm was reorganized. The Baring failure helped bring on the 1893 panic.

Another word about the connection of railroads with panics. 1907 was a year of extensive railroad building in the northwest. The Milwaukee was pushing its extension from Moberdy. The Hill lines were building the "North Bank" road, occupying the north side of the Columbia which had been the subject of many moves in railway strategy in the decades preceding. Harriman, in control of both the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, was launching new construction in Oregon and Washington. Electric railways were being built in the Willamette valley. This country was flush with money from the big construction projects. The east was suffering from the excessive flotation of securities and the short-lived panic of 1907 resulted.

So the story of railroad building in this part of the country ties in closely with the financial history of the nation. Building here contributed at times to the financial pains of Wall street; and the financial pains there in turn forced many readjustments in this part of the country.

mountains called and called, and I could not keep my mind on my books.
"But I could keep my mind on the peril I had passed. I could write of them, and I did write of them, almost every day. 'The Tale of the Cal Indian,' 'Gringo's Tale,' 'California,' 'Walker in Nicaragua,'—I had lived all these and more; and they were now a part of my existence. If you care to read further of my life, making allowance for poetic license, you will find these literally true."

"Meantime I was admitted to the bar. Then came the discovery of gold in Idaho, Montana, and so on, and I was off like a rocket, with the rest. I came back to my gentle parents with gold enough to build a beautiful new home and had money to buy a newspaper besides. (He also paid the mortgage on his father's farm, and married Minnie Myrtle Fryer.) My eldest brother went to the Civil war and his mother never saw him any more. I plead for peace in my paper, believing in papa's Quaker creed, and it was suppressed."

"I went into the mountains of Oregon, where hosts of my California friends had opened mines, and after leading them against the hostile savages was elected their judge. Then I wrote and wrote, but was never quite strong until after I rolled up my papers

Finding Fault With Unchangeable Things is Acme of Human Folly

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

ETERNAL troubles haunt the anxious mind," some of them real, others all or partly imaginary, few of them warranting the hullabaloo we make over them.

We must accept that which comes. Whether we accept it in one spirit or in another is for us to determine within ourselves. We are the only sufferers when we find fault with the unchangeable.

The Binks family, back in South Dakota, had gathered about the dinner table one day, and Mr. Binks had just concluded a reverent prayer for that which we are about to receive, make us truly thankful, when a tornado struck the house, tearing it to pieces. Fortunately, no member of the family was killed or seriously injured.

Mr. Binks said later he was tempted for a moment to revoke the small prayer he had offered and sever all diplomatic relations with heaven, but on second thought he decided to let the prayer stand, because he was aware that Mrs. Binks had been praying for a new house, and he didn't care to start any family trouble just at that time. Anyway, he said his heart was filled with gratitude that the family had been spared, and he reckoned he'd been given eyes to see tornadoes coming with and legs to get out of the way of tornadoes with, and it wasn't quite right to blame our carelessness on the Lord and make it his fault, entirely reasonable to expect tornadoes to dodge or jump over every house that was in their path.

And anyway again, he said, he figured it would look kind o' silly for him to declare a war of bitterness against the Lord or to find fault with the laws governing the world of nature. It looked to him as if that there were plenty of other things to find fault with which would give a man at least an even chance of getting results.

With a view to becoming rich quickly, I once went into the poultry business. Perhaps you know how it is with a fellow when he has a hen whose stomach is free from gas and his head isn't. It is something like this: 100 hens, 100 eggs a day, 700 a week, 36,400 a year; nothing to do but feed the hens the waste from the kitchen, gather the eggs, take them to the store and market, and there were two which would probably be not less than four bits a dozen by the time the venture was under way.

Well, there is no need to dwell on that. A business-minded Charlemagne or a Napoleon of finance would never have given such a plan, even on so alluring a scale, a moment's consideration; it was too easy.

I developed the proposition to the magnitude of ten hens before I became subject to pangs of thoughtfulness. I say ten hens, but this is a slight exaggeration;

and suddenly found myself in London, where I published my first real book, 'Songs of the Sierras.' Home again, then South America, England again, the continent, published more books, then home by way of the Orient... My first lines, and in truth, all my lines, as a rule, were descriptive stories of the lands I knew, so that my poems are literally my biography... Of course, both warp and woof of every real poem, beyond a sonnet's length, must be shot through with threads of gold and silver, else it is at best but a guide book, and I would like to be remembered by those of the years to be as a pioneer who not only blazed the path, but also loved the flowers under foot and the peaks that companion with the stars...

"Papa, never so robust, was thrown from his wagon and died soon after, while I was still wandering. I came home, got a mountainside of my own ('The Heights') overlooking San Francisco, and brought mother, whose mind was nearly destroyed by the deaths in her family, and she took care of me while I tried to take care of her, for more than 20 years. When she, too, passed (at over 90), to rest in a little grove of cypress trees planted by her own hand up yonder on the hillside. A bronze bust, by a famous artist, of her strong, sad face, is to be seen in the library of the Oregon university."

"In profound penitence for the years of sorrow I caused these two gentle souls I ever knew, I lay these gathered leaves upon their graves, and again, pensive and alone, turn and listen to the lure of wandering through this beautiful, beautiful world."

Finding Fault With Unchangeable Things is Acme of Human Folly

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem



D. H. TALMADGE

I really had but nine hens and a freak. The freak was a female fowl that devoted her waking hours to finding fault. Her feathers, which were of a speckled red color, stood out every which way, her eyes gleamed, she cackled and squawked continually. But she never laid an egg. She wouldn't, of course.

The fact was plainly evident that she thought the world was all wrong, and that she thought she could put it right, and herself as well, by cackling and squawking. A sadly mistaken hen.

Still, at that, she is the only hen of the flock that I remember as an individual. And she did, in a way, save herself. When the poultry dream of wealth and affluence faded, the local butcher bought the hens, with the exception of the freak. The butcher said she was no good. He inferred that she had reduced too much.

So he left her, and for a number of weeks she occupied the poultry house and yard alone. Finally, she eloped with a rooster that had been outfought by all the other roosters in the neighborhood, and, of course, had made up his mind that the world was all wrong. At any rate, the last time I saw them they were going down the alley together—two unhappy creatures, but perhaps—who know?—sympathetically content with unhappiness. Fowls and humans are sometimes that way.

"That which hath vexed us most hath been the looking for evil; ill that has never happened, have chiefly made us wretched."

20 Children Given Physical Go-Over By Health Clinic

AURORA, March 11—A clinic was held Thursday at the rooms over the old postoffice, at which time about 20 were given complete physical examinations and five were found to be free from defects. In the afternoon 14 preschool children were present; nine were given toxoid and seven were vaccinated. About 40 reported during the day to Dr. Burk of Hubbard, who was attended by the local staff.

April 6 at the school house, the second toxoid treatment will be given those who had their first shot Thursday.

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"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

Wolfe was shown into the paneled dining-room at "Pardons" two hours after Threadgold had left in a huff. A log fire burnt in the open fireplace, throwing a warm light on the Jacobean wainscoting that had not been Victorianized with paint or canvas and wallpaper. The inlay work and the carving over the fireplace were very fine. Wolfe was standing and examining it and warming himself at the fire when Mrs. Brandon entered.

She was wearing a dress of some tawny stuff that glowed like yellow metal in the brown light of the room. Her eyes looked straight at Wolfe, a little laughily. Her pale lips and her reserve were natural to her. Strangers were kept at a distance. Moreover, she wished Wolfe to understand that her sending for him was the result of sheer necessity.

"My son has broken his leg. Dr. Threadgold could do nothing with him. I sent for you."

"I see."
"It is an emergency."
She was brought to pause by the expression on Wolfe's face. It was as though he had said: "I understand you perfectly. But do not qualify your concession. I am not the man to suffer it."

She said curtly: "Will you come upstairs? I must tell you the boy is very nervous."
Wolfe followed her in silence, like a physician summoned from a hostile camp to minister chivalrously to an enemy who lay ill.

Once in the room he walked straight to the bed, and held out a hand. Aubrey Brandon eyed him sulkily, a wild animal ready to bite.

"This is a piece of bad luck, sir. Too much daring, eh? They ought to have had a good run, too, out at Cheston. Plenty of room for a gallop."

It was the attitude of a man towards a man, frank, and unrestrained. After a moment's hesitation, Aubrey Brandon's hand came out. Wolfe gripped it gently, and sat down beside the bed.

"Trying a stiff jump, was that it?"
"Yes—"
"You recall that's where you dashing fellows show your pluck. I have had a broken leg myself, under a cart wheel in London. It makes a man grit his teeth, especially when a clumsy beggar of a policeman gets hold of you. No, I shan't hurt you much. It's just what I don't want to do."

The boy's face brightened perceptibly.
"You know—it does hurt."
"Haven't I felt it myself?"
"It takes some pluck not to yell."
"You're not going to yell."
He played up to the boy's vanity and quickened it.

"We shall have to take these gaiters and boots off, and those riding breeches. And when we have got you nicely trussed up, we'll put you to bed. You see I shall just cut off the buttons, slit the laces and the seams, and pick you out like an egg out of a shell."

Aubrey's eyelids flickered.
"Do you think I might have a little brandy?"
"Brandy? No harm at all."
"Of course you will. I would always rather look after a fellow who can ride."

Wolfe brought his bag to the bed, and sitting down on the edge, he began to bring out bandages, wool, and splints with casual ostentation. He chose a scalpel from a case and showed it to Master Brandon.

"A good edge on that! You won't feel me taking off these boots and gaiters. I'll bet you sixpence you don't shout."

Ursula Brandon slipped round and sat down by her son's head.



"Have you seen the article in this paper?" Mrs. Brandon asked Wolfe.

A shallow swagger had come into the boy's eyes. Wolfe had flicked the right mood. They were men of the world who understood each other. None of your "Poor little man, did 'ums then—"

Ursula Brandon, holding one of Aubrey's hands, sat and watched Wolfe at work. He was cheery, resourceful, unfurried, chatting while he worked, and keeping a watch upon the boy's face. His deftness and his gentleness were remarkable. Once or twice Ursula Brandon glanced at the man's profile. She had a peculiar sense of being dominated, interested against her will. The article in the "Wannington Clarion" recurred to her. This was the man whose destiny it would be to utter such truths. The word truth forced itself forward. It was uncompromising, refusing to be represented by some urbane and euphuistical interpreter.

In half an hour Wolfe had Aubrey Brandon splinted up, undressed, and put to bed. There had been a moment's whimpering and some faltering of the boy's fortitude over the setting of the bone. Wolfe had handed the youngster one of his leather gloves.

"Bite into that, old chap. I know it will hurt for a moment, but we shall soon be through."
And Aubrey had borne the pain with patience that had surprised his mother.

She felt grateful to Wolfe, and impressed by the way he had handled the boy. Wolfe was packing up his bag, and talking to Aubrey.

"You went through like a Trojan. Now I want you to keep quite still, you know. The leg may hurt you a bit, and splints feel uncomfortable, but you'll grin and bear it. It won't last long."

He crossed over and shook hands. "I say, do you remember stopping my pony in Bridge Street?"
Wolfe smiled.

"You'll come again to-morrow?"
"If I'm needed—of course I will."
"I won't have old Threadgold."
"There, there, Aubrey, dear; don't talk so much. You'll tire yourself."

She was thinking as she descended the stairs, very conscious of the man behind her. He had not spoken since they had left the boy's room. Silence—even to a silent person—may be problematical and alluring. Ursula Brandon felt a sud-

den desire to touch the real inwardness of this man.

"Supposing there should be much pain?"
"I can send you something to keep him easy. We don't want the splints torn off. But I understand that Threadgold will resume the responsibility."

She was surprised at her own answer. It escaped like some headstrong impulse.

"No."
"Then you wish me to come again?"
"If you will."
"But with regard to Dr. Threadgold?"

"He washed his hands of the case. The boy would not obey him."
The copy of the "Wannington Clarion" lay on the broad oak window-seat, a patch of whiteness in the sunlight.

"Have you seen the article in this paper?"
She crossed the room, picked up the "Wannington Clarion," and held it out to Wolfe. She watched his face as he took it from her.

"I don't know who sent it to me. Such things make one angry for the moment."
"I don't know who sent you the paper. I have read the article, because I wrote it."
"He met her eyes."
"I had guessed that."

She was neither angry nor contemptuous. Her face had a white, serious gravity, and there was no mistrust in her eyes.

"I was angry at first. But there was a reasonableness, an absence of vulgarity—"
"I assure you—"
"Yes, it was that one distrusts such a paper as this. It is so contemptible that—well—I had to get rid of prejudices."

She looked at him with frank earnestness.

"I know I may ask you—"
"Anything you please."
"As far as you know truth."
"Thank you."
He began to pull on his gloves.

"Mrs. Brandon, I can assure you of my sincerity. I am one of those men who want things altered. I am not a squabbling politician."
"No."
He went out, feeling vaguely astonished.

(To Be Continued)

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WOODBURN RURAL CLUB IN SESSION

WOODBURN, March 11.—The Woodburn Rural club met at the home of Mrs. Frank Brouhard Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Elmer Mattson, president, presided. A report on the Martha Washington tea was given by Mrs. J. C. Huggill and a vote of thanks to Mr. Timm of the Woodburn Highway greenhouses for use of plants. A letter from Mrs. Peimulder, former president of the club and now residing in Longview, Wash., was read by Mrs. Belcher. Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Huggill, Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Belcher.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Brouhard, assisted by Mrs. H. B. Rodgers. Guests were Miss Oleara Travis and Miss Mary Myers.

The next meeting will be held April 2 at the home of Mrs. O. E. Belcher with Mrs. S. Barrett and Mrs. R. Lutz assisting.

Evans Valley Folk Enjoy Community Club's Offerings

EVANS VALLEY, March 11.—Members of the Evans Valley community club gathered Friday night at the school for their March meeting. A program was given which had been arranged by Miss Thelma Loftus, Evelyn Brenden, Norris Langver.

Numbers included a song by the girls' quartet; guitar selections by Elvin Almqvist; reading by Albert Fuarue; playlet, "Aunt Missas Money" given by the Bethany Community club; vocal duet

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by Mrs. Oscar Loe and Mrs. Oscar Johnson; tap dance by Leslie sisters; sing by the men's quartet; musical numbers by Hanson brothers, Mr. Wigle and Lawrence Sells; playlet, "The Lost Trousers" by the Silverton Hills community club; piano solo by Clara Anderson.
Hostesses were Mrs. Oscar Loe and Mrs. Iver Moen.

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