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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Political Backtracking

SHORT is the memory and wavering the credo of political leaders. Only last October democrats screamed throughout the land that the Hawley-Smoot tariff underlaid our major problems. To repeal it and to substitute reciprocal tariffs was the way out. It was the same month that Mr. Roosevelt called Mr. Hoover to task for "libeling the credit" of the United States, the same F. D. R. who a few months later tore the established money system to shreds and did it deliberately.

Now comes official word from Washington that "the administration has decided to concentrate everything on its domestic recovery program irrespective of international developments." The policy strangely resembles the one the democratic chieftains so bitterly attacked last fall. Can one not hear the radio addresses of the then president: Ninety per cent of our trade is domestic: tariffs in Europe linked with post-war politics: impracticality of reciprocal tariff plans.

Before this week's "domestic recovery" pronouncement, Mr. Roosevelt did not even suggest to congress he be granted power to negotiate the reciprocal tariffs he so glibly espoused in the campaign. Contrarily one portion of the recovery bill permits, not a Smoot-Hawley tariff, but an absolute embargo of foreign goods which would impede the act's operation.

What has caused this collision between the administration's campaign attitude and today's actualities? It is this: With the United States unable to agree with friendly England on only one point—currency stabilization, it is presumptuous to think scores of varying tariff agreements with hundreds of items in each can be negotiated. Almost as baffling is the war debt issue where American and foreign representatives are at loggerheads.

Therefore in June, 1933, the president announces what Mr. Hoover so correctly asserted in the fall compaign, that the nation must look first to its domestic recovery for revival.

Not that this paper is hostile to world conferences; it has repeatedly stated its belief in easing tariff walls. But a few campaign speeches and a flourish of oratory at London do not untangle the snarls which enmesh the smooth functioning of world economics. Getting economic relationships into balance between 50 diverse, self-interested nations is a tremendous chore. Mr. Roosevelt is forced back to the merit of the original republican position.

Towards a New Bank Empire

ACQUISITION of the American National Bank of Portland by the First National bank is the first step in a program of state-wide expansion planned by the Transamerica interests. John M. Grant, president of the Transamerica corporation which was fathered by Gianninni and spread the Bank of America throughout California, yesterday admitted the Portland purchase was a prelude to such a step. Transamerica acquired voting control of the First National in Portland several years ago through the First National corporation.

With the United States National turning its numerous up-state subsidiaries into branches the race is on to divide the hinterland of Oregon between the two dominant Portland institutions.

Sale of the American National gets Governor Julius L. Meier out of the banking business into which he entered through the direction of the late George W. Joseph who conceived of the American National as an entering wedge against the two dominant Portland banks with whom he was not friendly. Joseph passed on, Meier entered politics, depression made the banking business tense, so the sale was negotiated. Since the bank holidays Aaron Frank has been the active head of the institution and has found department store management and banking two diverse businesses. Meier and Frank were glad to sell, their depositors were happy to be linked with the larger First National interests and the Gianninni group, sensing business revival, began anew to dream of a banking empire in Oregon.

Anti-Climax for Hoover

HERBERT Hoover must be a very bored man poking around Stanford university doing research work for the war library of original documents he is compiling. While the former president is a scholar, most of his years have been spent in strenuous, exacting and exciting administrative work. The book-lined cloister is a dull retreat compared with the presidential desk. Mrs. Hoover will need much wifely tact to keep her husband in good humor.

Mr. Coolidge could stand the let up of post-presidential days much better than his successor as America's only living ex-president. Prior to his accession the Vermonter had engaged in tasks less intense than those of international mining engineer, director of wartime relief, administrator of the department of commerce in the busy days of American prosperity. Coolidge had a nature which did not rebel at quiet and inaction. Hoover does. His friends now report that the research work is only a stopgap until something turns up more to his taste.

In England, the retired administrator would continue to be vital as a leader of the opposition. He would speak, organize, and direct. In this country an ex-president becomes a museum piece; his former rank forbids him doing most tasks while custom silences him on party issues. His leadership, if any, comes through letters, conversations, and participation in party parleys, the gist of which is not published. Consequently the defeated party, after a landslide, is dismembered and must await the turn of events for some leader to go about, pick up the pieces, make the issues and take control.

The disarmament conference, having adjourned until October, has demonstrated it can agree upon long vacations—except on armament.

There'll be 61 young women in the Salem territory today who'll need no reducing exercises.

We suppose Iowa thought whiskey would do for corn what beer did for hops.

Where would Mr. Mitchell have been without his wife?

"Is This the Road to the Century of Progress Fair?"

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 24, 1908

CARACAS—American legation to withdraw from Venezuela; disputes with Castro are cause; France, and Colombia also withdraw.

First bitulithic to be laid today, between 12th and Winter streets, by Warren Construction company.

Salem Canoe club plans water carnival July 4.

Mr. Fordyce, professional actor, to put on "Churchill's Crisis" for benefit of library association fund.

June 24, 1923

KANSAS CITY—Consolidation of railroads of the country into small number of systems is ration method of solving transportation problem, says President Harding.

Covering 160 miles between The Dalles and Bend in 10 hours, 34 minutes, five seconds, Sumner Houston, one-armed Bear creek cowpuncher, wins pony express race.

Purse of $400 put up for winner of baseball game Sunday between Donald and Aurora at St. Paul.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

45th anniversary of class of 1888 at Jonesmere tomorrow:

This column has in former years told something of the history of the graduating class of 1888 - 9 from the old East Salem (now Washington) school, or the beginning of the Salem high school.

The class is now regularly organized. Tomorrow, at Jonesmere, the farm home of Mrs. W. Al Jones, a member (nee Jessie Creighton), a few miles north of Salem, near the River road, the annual meeting for 1933 will be held. The Daily Statesman of Tuesday, June 19, 1888, contained these news lines:

"The graduating of the public schools will take place at the East Salem school next Friday morning. The programme will consist of exercises by the class and an address by Hon. J. T. Gregg. Owing to the lack of room, the public generally cannot be invited, but the members of the class will be given tickets to distribute among their friends. Members of the class are requested to meet at the East school tomorrow morning at 8:30 to get their tickets. Those who take part in the programme will rehearse at the same time. The nine star pupils can get their pictures at the school house any time in the afternoons of this week. The hall will be arranged and decorated on Friday."

The Statesman of Sunday, June 24, 1888, contained the following article:

"A large crowd of parents and visitors were present at the graduating exercises of A Class, public schools, held at East Salem school Friday evening. Ample accommodations for a big audience had been provided in the auditorium, on the first floor, a temporary platform having been erected in the south end of the room.

"The first thing on the programme was an instrumental duet finely executed by Laura Minto and Ada Stapleton. This was followed by a declamation excellently delivered by John Reynolds, and a pleasant vocal solo sung by Ida Purvine. The acting charade by Miss Lena Crump, reader, and Misses Grace Newton and Nellie Southwick and Messrs. Mark Savage and Frank Matthews was splendidly performed and was one of the best appreciated pieces on the programme. A creditably-played instrumental solo by Miss Nellie Southwick, and then the salutatory was delivered in a manly manner by Wilson McNary. The address to the class, by Hon. J. T. Gregg, occupied twenty minutes, was unusually good and was full of sound advice.

"The class was then presented by Prof. Willis, and the certificates presented by Prof. Randle. The prophecies read by Mark Savage, concerning the individual destinies of the class, were very amusing. The essay of the valedictorian, by Miss Laura Starr, was a very creditable production, pleasingly delivered. An instrumental solo by Miss Ada Stapleton was a fitting close to the programme that throughout had been entertaining."

There were 59 members of that graduating class of 45 years ago, 42 living and 17 passed to the fields of asphodel beyond the stars; one having gone during the past year. The living members, by their names when they were classmates:

Blanche Albert	Frank Mathews
Anna Alderson	Lyda Parrish
Edith Adair	Addie Payne
Ed. Baker	Fred Piper
Burt B. Barker	Ella Pohle
Fred Byars	Maude Rundlett
Addie Bowersox	John Reynolds
Pitzer Chadwick	Nellie Sheridan
Lena Crump	Tom Smith
Floda Catterlin	Gertie Savage
Mollie Creighton	Lewis Savage
Jessie Creighton	Ossian Shirley
Etta Calvert	Minnie Thatcher
Milford Darr	Dan Tarpley
John Evans	Chas. Townsend
Ruth Harrington	Anna Veatch
Cecelia Higley	Horace Willis
Minnie Hosford	Hazil Wagner
Cora Litchfield	Fred Williams
Milton Meyers	Carrie Walker
Wilson McNary	Perry Wright

The names of the deceased members follow:

Lyon Adolph	Tom Campbell
Chas. Hellendrand	Wm. Henderson
Whitney Holman	Louise Hulett
Frank Litchfield	Zaidee Palmer
H. Patty (1932)	Laura Starr
Ada Stapleton	Fred Stewart
Nellie Southwick	Frank Sellwood
Jacob Starr	Elijah Starr
Lulu Thompson	

The living members of that graduating class of 45 years ago are pretty well scattered—but most of them are in western Oregon and Washington.

Burt Brown Barker attended last year's reunion, and he is expected at tomorrow's, and even if the attendance this time equals that of the one of 1932, it will be a notable gathering of congenial spirits, spending a few profitable and pleasant hours together in a near perfect setting.

MISS CHASE IN PORTLAND

SILVERTON, June 23—Miss Lou Anne Chase one of Silverton's popular high school teachers has been employed at a children's play ground at Portland for summer. Miss Eleanor Schroeder, another Silverton teacher is employed at Liebe's store at Portland.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

RECENTLY I TOLD you something about the blood pressure, explaining how under certain conditions it becomes high. Today, I want to tell you about low blood pressure. I do so because this condition is more common than most persons suspect.

Dr. Copeland

Not long ago an article appearing in the American Medical Journal stated that low blood pressure is of little significance and must not be considered an alarming condition. This is true, providing the individual is in good health. Most persons who have it are unaware that their blood pressure is low for they usually enjoy excellent health. They lead energetic lives and seldom suffer any physical complaints.

But there are many sufferers from low blood pressure who show definite effects of the disorder. They complain of digestive disturbances. They tire easily, always feel worn out and have no "pep". They are listless, often subject to colds and minor ailments. In general, they have poor health.

These are the people who have exceedingly low pressure. Persistent low blood pressure that leads to physical disability, warrants careful investigation. In all probability it is a sign of some disturbance within the body.

Usually Harmless

It may be the result of a severe shock. It may follow an acute infectious disease, such as pneumonia, influenza, diphtheria, or typhus fever. It is frequently found in unsuspected cases of tuberculosis. But most often it is traced to some glandular disturbance. Lack of thyroid gland secretion, for example, leads to hypotension, or low blood pressure.

Let me assure you that low blood pressure without signs of discomfort, is harmless and need cause no alarm. In fact, many scientists believe that the individual with a low blood pressure is more wiry, healthier and will live longer than the one with high pressure.

The person with low blood pressure is usually thin, having a narrow and tall frame. Heavy-set persons have higher pressure, usually. They carry more weight about and make greater demands upon the heart, blood vessels, liver and kidneys. The greater stress and strain may be shown by this symptom.

A Guide to Health

If I had to choose between a high blood pressure and a low blood pressure, my choice would be the latter. Unfortunately, we cannot choose. But we can make every effort to correct the abnormal pressure, whatever form it takes.

There is this one virtue in having regular physical examinations, including the taking of the blood pressure. The latter serves as an excellent guide and index of the health of the body. One test means little, but each one compared with all the previous ones, helps to keep track of the health.

Report to your doctor at least twice a year. If there is any alteration in your blood pressure he will have an accurate record of it and can prescribe accordingly.

Answers to Health Queries

V. E. Y. Q.—What do you advise for angina pectoris?

A.—One suffering from this disease should remain under the care of a doctor.

R. S. V. P. Q.—What do you advise for sciatica rheumatism?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

M. R. V. Q.—What causes a swelling in the stomach after a light meal?

A.—This may be due to hyperacidity and poor elimination. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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"STOLEN LOVE"

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXII

Curtis invited Ruth and Rollo for the next Wednesday, a dinner at the St. Francis, and dancing . . . the St. Francis . . . the place she had gone with Ruth and Bill. . . .

For a moment she thought of inventing an excuse, and not going. "But that's so cowardly," she thought—"I'll go—I'll see it through—"

Ruth was wildly elated. "This is better 'n' better. What I call luck. Usually when you get somebody with money enough to pay the bill they're too old to dance without danger of dropping dead in their tracks, and too dyspeptic to eat anything but bran muffins and cambric tea—ugh!"

She laughed, and showed all her perfect white teeth. "Will we set 'em back something this night! I'll say we will. What are you going to wear? The white velvet. Well, you look like a million in it. No wonder, Francine's best model. You've sure got the luck, living with Madame's mother, in so strong you can't get fired, and that good looking Barstow crazy about you. . . . We'll all meet at the hotel. . . . I have to buy some new slippers. Did I tell you Rollo gave me six pairs of silk stockings yesterday? French chiffon, $6.50 a pair. . . . Say, don't Curtis ever give you anything but flowers? Just drop him a hint once in a while. . . . good night, you're slow—"

Joan went home to dress.

There was the taste of ashes, bitter ashes, in her mouth.

• • •

Curtis blinked when he had his first sight of Ruth, waiting with Rollo in the lobby of the big hotel.

She floated toward them, Rollo, sparkling with reflected glory, bringing up in the rear. A royal barge, trailing a slight, black dory. The fur coat that the late Gillespie had given her, the close fitting silver gown, shining with a faint blue light, the rhinestone head band, the eight or nine bracelets, she had them all on, every one.

"Now that we're all here—let's eat!" Rollo suggested, forgetting that he wasn't the host.

He beamed at Joan through the thick glasses that lent vision to his near-sighted eyes. "Looking beautiful as ever. In fac'—in fact—" Five whiskeys and sodas on an empty stomach had left him a little careful about consonants—"I don't know when I've seen you more beautiful. Let's drink the same toast we drank last time we all got drunk together—Beautiful women—Ow!—who kicked me?"

"Nobody kicked you. You're drunk!" Ruth cried angrily. "You do make me tired—always tanking up before the party starts—"

"Somebody cert'nly did kick me. Come to think of it, it was you. Recognize the rhinestones in your heel—been kicked before—ha!"

Curtis' hand found Joan's under the tablecloth. He covered it with his protectingly. "You mustn't mind them," that steady, kindly touch meant, "I'll take care of you—"

But Joan could not meet his gaze. She knew why Ruth had kicked Rollo. Warning him to be quiet. Not to speak of Bill—

"I was about to say, when I was stepped on," Rollo continued with dignity, "that I would propose the same toast—the same toast—"

"The same toast that you did on the night Bill and Ruth and you and I had dinner here together," Joan said clearly. And all of a sudden she felt better. Why shouldn't Curtis know about that? What was wrong? And she wouldn't share secrets with Ruth, Ruth with her diamond bracelets and fur coats . . .

"Exac'ly," Rollo beamed. "Just what I was going to say. Now what was that toast—"

Ruth leaned back in her chair and looked at Joan long and searchingly, the thin, pencilled line of her brows faintly arched into a question—"Why—why—"

Curtis was ordering the dinner, an elaborate, carefully chosen dinner that impressed the waiter and Ruth. He did not seem to hear, but when they left the table to dance he asked, "Who is Bill, Joan?"

"A school friend of mine . . . Rollo knows him too . . . that's how Ruth met him . . . and I came here to dinner with them—"

There—it was out. She'd told him. They went on dancing. Joan felt strangely light, like a balloon. Happy too, awfully happy. Except for the little heavy place in her heart, that would always hurt . . . always. . . .

"When did you come here with them?"

"One night—when you were in the North."

"I wouldn't do it again. They're not your kind, Joan. And let's break this up as early as we decently can. I should have had more sense than to ask them. Fuzzy-head is too terrible. Gosh—I suppose I have to dance with it too—pity me!"

They laughed. The music flowed over them, lifting them into its warm, pulsing cadence. The lights faded, turned amber and rosy and dim. The other dancers were shadows, only they were real again, alone in a crowded room.

"Love me?" he smiled.

"Sort of!"

He laughed again, gently, confidently. "Darn—the music's stopped!"

She was laughing too, happily, so glad of Curtis' love . . . so glad . . . Maisie and Curtis . . . so different, so alike . . . both loving her, and she loving them. . . .

In the dressing room, being helped into their coats by a sleepy maid, Ruth turned to Joan with a curious expression in her round, bright eyes. "Why—why in the devil did you have to drag in Will'um—or Bill—as you call him? Rollo did pull an awful boner but Curtis would never have noticed it if you hadn't made it worse. Now you're in for it—"

"I don't see why—"

Ruth was elaborately rouging her lips. She watched Joan from the mirror.

"It's no crime to go to dinner with you and Rollo and Bill, is it? It was nice of you to try to help, Ruth, but heavens—it doesn't matter—"

Ruth's lipstick was held in mid air for a moment. Then she dropped it into her vanity case, and sharply clicked it shut.

"Oh, all right," she said, "if you feel that way about it."

• • •

When the fourth telegram from home arrived, Rollo groaned and reached for the telephone. "Get me a lower on the Owl, will you? Yeh, tonight. Pasadena. Well, a compartment, drawing room—I'm not fussy. Say, what's the matter with the service? Oh, well—upper then, I gotta get out on that train—"

He was going to call Western Union and send a wire too, but he remembered that the hotel stenographer had Irish eyes and a dimple, so he went downstairs and dictated it instead:

"Emmett Keyes.
151 Mariana Drive, Pasadena.
Kill the fatted calf your darling boy is coming home stop Tell Bill to meet the Owl tomorrow morning. Rollo."

"Send it collect," he grinned, and tipped the girl a dollar.

"Oh, Rollo, you pig, to go away and leave me!" Ruthie cried, when he stopped to say goodbye.

"Don't you think you can bear it?"

"Don't go—stay a while longer—"

"Can't—broke—"

"Oh!"

"Yep, I gotta go home and make myself square with the old man. Good old man at that. You wait till he meets you, Ruthie, he'll pull in his horns then."

"If you don't watch out, Martin will be squaring himself at your expense."

"I thought you liked Will'um. Don't worry about him double-crossing me, squarest kid that ever lived. And say—to tell you the truth I thought you were kind of gone on him, Ruthie, I felt pretty sick over it for a while, it's the truth I did—"

"Silly!"

"No, honest, I thought you were."

She smiled, and leaning over, kissed him squarely on the mouth. "Foolish boy!"

But the bit of common sense that old man Keyes had handed down to his son, with which the boy's flippancy and laziness was threaded, kept Rollo from completely believing her, though his heart ached for her. "Yep. I'm foolish," he agreed, and kissed her back. "Falling for a lemon like you—"

She laid soft hands on his sloping shoulders. "Rollo, it's Joan Hastings Will'um has on his mind, not me—"

"Oh rats—old Bill! He's got some other female he's sold to though. Came up here to see her, and they missed connections. That's really why he went back—"

"He came up here to see her!"

"Sure. Anything funny about that? Didn't I come up to see you?"

"Oh, Rollo, you dumbbell! Don't you see it was Joan! They used to be sweethearts, I got that much out of her. They—oh well—why exhume the skeletons . . . so he came up to see her, eh? And found her with Barstow. . . ." She whistled. "So that's it."

He whistled too, a long drawn out, understanding whistle. "Poor old Bill!"

• • •

Old Man Keyes waited in the library. It was very quiet in his big house, the servants had long since gone to bed. Sometimes he drowsed a little, and once the cigar he had been smoking fell out of his mouth and burned his hand.

He got up heavily, and stirred the fire. Three o'clock, and Rollo not home yet.

He thought of himself at Rollo's age. The long days in the factory, the nights he had sat at the dining room table, after Kate had cleared away the dishes, studying algebra and grammar, things he hadn't had the chance to learn at school.

Poor Kate . . . it wasn't much fun for her. "I'll make it up to her some day," he had thought. "A silk dress, a sealskin coat, a stylish go-cart for the baby—"

And then when the time came, when he could have given her everything it was too late . . . she was dead. "I'll give it all to the boy," he had thought then, "and if there's any way of her knowing in that place where she's gone, she'll be glad, she'll smile to herself and she'll think, 'Isn't it wonderful, all Emmett could do for the lad' "—

All the dreams, and the hopes . . . for nothing. This great barrack of a house, and he all alone in it. Education, travel, everything—and all Rollo wanted was gin and a girl. A girl who had had two husbands, a girl with frizzed hair, and a painted mouth. Kate's son, who should have been everything fine . . . just wanting that. . . .

"It's no use," he thought bitterly, "I've made a failure of it all, but I'll have one more try—I'll have a talk with him—if I have to sit up till noon—"

They stumbled up the stairs at last, his son and Bill Martin, the boy who was going to do so much in the oil fields, who was going to do so much for Rollo.

"Come in," he said gruffly. "I've got something to say."

There was a scuffle, mumbled words. "Rollo's pretty well shot, sir, hadn't you better let him sleep it off, and talk to him in the morning?"

It was Martin talking. Rollo plodded solemnly on up the stairs.

"I'll talk to you, then. If you're in any state to be talked to."

Bill followed him stiffly into the library. His tie had come loose, his dark hair was standing on end.

"A nice looking pair you are . . . sit down."

Bill sat down. Sat looking at his well manicured hands, waiting for what Old Man Keyes had to say. He knew what it would be. A tirade against the sort of company he and Rollo were keeping. They had been "hitting it up," as Rollo called it, since he came home.

"I won't have any more of this in my house. Coming in all hours of the morning. Drunk. Drunk. Drunk. Chasing around with heaven knows what company, you and my boy. I tried to give you a chance, William. I sent you down to the oil fields, put you to work at twice what you were worth—"

Bill flushed darkly. "If you consider you're paying me too much—"

The old man held up his hand. "Let me talk, boy. I've waited all night to say what's on my mind. I'm going to say it. I put you to work at twice what you were worth. When you began to earn it I was proud. I thought I'd found a man . . . I thought you had good stuff in you, lad. . . ."

"I notice you're using the past tense," Bill said bitterly. He was bitter because he knew it was true. He had been given a chance, and what was he doing with it now? Nothing!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

POLICE FOR PUBLIC WORKS IS OUTLINED

WASHINGTON, June 23.—(AP)—A broad beamed policy aimed at spreading work as widely and quickly as possible was set forth here by President Roosevelt's cabinet board in charge of public works.

In its third long afternoon conference Thursday the cabinet board headed by Secretary Ickes, discussed ways of pushing out over the country the $3,300,000 construction fund and set forth basic requisites that projects must have in order to be considered.

Priority was asked for projects on which work can be started at once and completed with reasonable speed over those that would be spread over a relatively long period.

"This is in order to stimulate immediate revival of employment and industrial activity," the board said.

Next it ranked:

Projects in or near centers of employment as more desirable than ones "in areas where the problem of unemployment is less acute."

Projects "which are integrated with other projects into a significant plan" as against those which "are isolated and unrelated."

Tax Collections Reveal Business Is on Up-Grade

WASHINGTON, June 23—(AP)—A widespread improvement of business in many lines was indicated in tax collections for May, sending the total for the fiscal year since last July 1 above the total of the previous year for the first time.

Statistics announced Thursday by the internal revenue bureau showed the collections for eleven months amounted to $1,368,238,226, as compared with $1,350,734,652 in the same period of the previous year.

Collections for the month of May aggregated $114,754,133 as compared with $89,062,187 in April and $60,013,131 in May, 1932.

TAKES PORTLAND JOB

SILVERTON, June 23—Miss Louise Latham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Latham of Silverton has accepted a position for the summer at the Marguerite Roschke Art Shoppe at Portland. Miss Latham was a member of this year's graduation class and was the salutatorian of the group.

LOWEST ROUND TRIP FARES EAST - ALL SUMMER

Tickets are good on these famous trains. Portland Through to Chicago

EMPIRE BUILDER Via Great Northern Ry.
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Chicago	$ 60.50	$ 70.50	$ 77.75		$ 90.30
New York	88.90	108.90	116.15	124.40	135.15
Atlanta	88.70	98.70	107.95	109.70	117.55
Boston	105.98	115.98	123.23	131.48	142.25
Buffalo	82.15	92.15	99.40	107.65	113.70
Cincinnati	73.35	83.35	90.60	97.00	101.35
Denver	49.25	53.00			59.55
Detroit	72.80	82.80	90.05	98.30	101.70
Kansas City	53.00	60.70	70.25		75.60
Milwaukee	60.50	70.50	77.75		90.30
Minneapolis	49.25	56.50	66.75		77.65
Montreal	97.05	107.05	114.30	117.75	129.85
New Orleans	74.10	84.10	95.60		108.14
Philadelphia	97.35	107.35	114.60	122.85	133.15
Pittsburgh	81.60	91.60	98.85	107.10	113.05
St. Louis	60.50	70.50	79.75		85.60
St. Paul	49.25	56.50	67.25		77.65
Washington	95.35	105.25	112.50	120.75	130.45

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