

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
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Two Governors
 AFTER the San Jose lynchings Gov. Rolph of California who had refused to call out the national guard to defend the prisoners, commented thus:
 "That was a fine lesson to the whole nation. . . They made a good job of it. If anyone is arrested for the good job I'll pardon them all. . . I am thinking of pardoning any kidnapers to those fine patriotic citizens of San Jose who know how to handle the situation."

Contrast this with the recent message of Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland to the legislature of his state:
 "Recently a deplorable lynching occurred in one of the counties of the state, which followed a similar happening in another county about two years ago. There had been nothing of this kind in Maryland for twenty years, but these two occurrences in a state which has always prided itself on its respect for law and justice, shocked the people profoundly."

"Perhaps I need not dwell further at this particular moment and before this assembly upon the criminal angle of the case, but it is vital that the people of the state should feel assured that every possible legislative step is being taken to guard against the possibility of any repetition of such an occurrence, and to remove as far as may be any doubt as to the care and safety of prisoners who are in the custody of the law."

The inflammatory remarks of Gov. Rolph have served to unleash mob passions. In Missouri a negro was lynched by a mob which numbered 7000 persons. In Maryland where Gov. Ritchie is endeavoring to enforce the law a mob clashed with guardsmen and threatened newsmen, when troops removed four persons accused of participation in the recent brutal lynching at Princess Anne.

It also develops that those "fine patriotic citizens" of San Jose were not students of Santa Clara university, but recruits from the speakies rounded up by an 18-year old youth who went about the town announcing a lynching at 11 o'clock.

Gov. Ritchie endorsed to the legislature of his state reforms recommended by a special commission looking to the making of justice in the courts swift and certain; and at the same time tightening the responsibility of sheriffs for the safe custody of prisoners.

For the moment Gov. Ritchie will come in for censure especially in his home state; but in the long run his course is the only one which can serve to maintain public order. Gov. Rolph has justified resort to base passions, the submitting the administration of justice to drunken mobs. The contrast is favorable to the Maryland executive.

The Virtue of Humility

WHAT, one may ask, is there to be thankful for this year? Hardships still dog human pathways. Many still live on the verge of starvation. Hundreds more who have held their heads up in a gallant battle against want show the strain. Their faces are lined with care; shadows have fallen across their former vivacity. Others who were numbered among gentler folk have been reduced to cramped situations in which most of them are showing fine forbearance.
 If perchance people are not full of gratitude today, surely they have acquired one of the greatest of virtues,—humility. As folk have seen castles reared by their hands crumble to ruin, the first feeling of bitterness changes to one of humility. The arrogance which attended the steps of men who lauded themselves as "successful" a few years ago, has passed away. Instead there is recognition that man after all is an impotent creature in the face of circumstance. Even as the finest ship that sails the seas may be thrown on rocks in the teeth of the storm, so the individual no longer feels so domineering, so impregnable in his position.
 Were we preaching a Thanksgiving sermon today it would not be filled with thanks for food and for shelter and for raiment; but it would be taken from the text in Amos which Theodore Roosevelt loved to quote,—"Walk humbly with thy God". In moments of defiance man may say "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul". But in seasons of sorrow and adversity this self-pride fades; and in its stead comes the feeling, not of impotence, but of healthful humility. Blessed indeed are the poor, not in goods and wares, but the poor in spirit, for it is given to them to "see God".

Good Health

THANK the depression for this, that it has been accompanied by good health. The 1928 death rate was 12.1 per thousand. The 1929 rate was 11.9. It fell to 11.8 in 1931; and to 11.1 in 1932. In 1932 the death rate was 10.9; and for the first nine months of 1933 the rate was the lowest in our history. Even in cases usually attributed to poverty the mortality figures have shown improvement. Infant mortality which was 68 per thousand in 1929, dropped to 58 for 1932. Only 28 persons died of starvation in 1930 and 33 in 1932.
 The good health is due to less over-indulgence in eating. Now why should an editor bring that up on Thanksgiving morning when the cooks are in all the kitchens preparing a feast of good things?
 For one reason to post a warning against over-eating today. For another reason to point out that one cause of better health records is the work of public health departments and voluntary associations. Here in this county the persistent work of the county department of health is bearing results. This work merits support. And just now the county public health association is putting on for the Oregon Tuberculosis association the sale of Christmas seals to finance the battle against tuberculosis. The record shows progress, and justifies continuance of organized effort to combat disease.

Amelia Ziemann, 70, Answers Last Call; Union Hill Resident

UNION HILL, Nov. 20.—Amelia Ziemann was born in Germany and passed away November 25. At the age of five years she came to America where she moved with the family to Iowa. December 10, 1856, she was united in marriage to Charles Peters. Two years later they came west, making their home first at Canby, then at Salem. A year later they moved to Union Hill where she resided until her death.
 To this union were born nine children. One son died in infancy.

Odd Fellows Select Officers, Silvertown

SILVERTOWN, Nov. 20.—Election of officers for the Silver Lodge No. 21 of the order of Odd Fellows was held with the following results: George Busch, noble grand; James Gilliam, V. G.; John Gehrke, recording secretary; P. L. Brown, financial secretary; H. E. King, treasurer.

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS
 To help support her stepmother and stepfather, young and beautiful Patricia Warren, a skilled card player, plays bridge for fifty cents an hour at parties given by the wealthy Mrs. Sycott. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, offers to make Pat his secretary and partner. His amorous advances cause Pat to decline his business offer much to her stepmother's chagrin. Pat meets Clark Tracy, the polo player and her ideal, at Mrs. Sycott's. She is heartbroken to learn he is engaged to the socially prominent Martha March. Bill McGee, a racketeer, is interested in Pat but she loathes him. However, afraid to refuse his invitation, she accompanies him to a New Year's Eve dance. He is shot by a rival gangster. Frantic, Pat rushes home only to be put out by her stepmother who says the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat turns to professional bridge. One day, she is stumped when Haverholt happens to be one of her opponents. She becomes unnerved and loses heavily. Haverholt takes her home and renews his bridge business offer. Pat accepts. While celebrating the partnership in Haverholt's home, Dorothy Luray, his former secretary, appears in a jealous rage. Pat is about to go but Dorothy's insistence causes her to stay. Dorothy leaves.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
 They entered the living room. Patricia sat down, feeling weary and flat and forlorn. Dorothy Luray had spoiled everything. Haverholt stood in the middle of the room, looking at her.
 "You were an awfully good sport," he observed after a space. "I know it was darn difficult for you, but you took it like a trooper. You should be proud of yourself." "Pat not," said Patricia slowly, thickly, "not proud at all."
 "I would have given anything to have prevented what happened," the man began anew. "If there were anything I could have done. . . His voice trailed to silence. He shrugged, concluded, "It was just one of those things."
 "I suppose so," Patricia conceded a second time. She said, "I don't really want a drink."
 "You need one now. Bacardi was made for times like this." Silently he opened a corner cabinet that turned itself miraculously into a tiny, lacquered bar, bustled himself preparing the shake and selecting the ingredients, all in a manner both natural and casual. Glancing at Patricia's somber face, he said, "It isn't fun any more, is that what you are thinking?"
 "More or less."
 "Why not think of me, or my side of it? I had plans too. I counted on having you here, counted on your first impression. Why not remember that that things might be spoiled for me too?"
 Patricia said nothing.
 Haverholt carefully completed his pouring, turned to say abruptly, "Thank it over while I get the ice." "You don't need my help. Will you excuse me?"
 "Yes."
 He left the room. No sooner had he gone than Patricia was on her feet. Noiselessly and swiftly she entered the foyer, paused, her hand on the outer door. Somewhere in the back of the house she heard movement. Haverholt getting the ice. . . What would he think when he returned to find her vanished? He had thought her here and making a good sport. What would he think when she returned? She warred and then slowly went back into the living room. Five minutes later he found her there.

"Good girl," he said, as he dumped the ice into the open shaker.
 "What do you mean?"
 "Don't you know why I was away so long?"
 "No, I don't."
 "I was giving you your chance to leave without argument if you wanted to leave. May I say that I'm glad you didn't?" Patricia regarded him with perplexed and troubled eyes. "Don't try to make me out of your hair," he continued. "Why not accept me as I am? You like me, isn't that enough?"
 "I can't understand you at all," she faltered. Suddenly she burst out, "How did Dorothy Luray happen to be here?"
 There was a silence. Haverholt looked at her quizzically.
 He set down the shaker and crossed the room. He stood before her. He said gravely:
 "Have you the right to ask that question?"
 "I don't know," muttered Patricia. Her lawyer head came up. Hot with shame, she said, "I guess I haven't."
 "Would you like to have the right?"
 The air was tense, electric. Their eyes clung together. To Patricia it seemed that some new element had entered the quiet room, some element disturbing, frightening, yet perilously sweet. She was conscious of the slow, thick beating of her heart. Outside, beyond the gardens, the distant traffic thrrobbled.
 "Are you in love with me, Patricia?"
 She woke as if from a dream. The spell was gone. In love with him? Incredible that she should have allowed that question to be asked! Yet she had allowed it. Her own actions, her own words were responsible for this. She had brought the situation upon herself.
 "Of course I'm not," she said, trying to appear composed and at ease and failing.
 She felt cheap and ashamed. She had been another Dorothy Luray, suspicious, questioning, jealous, and with far less right. She should have set the tone of this meeting. She had permitted Haverholt to set it.
 "Are you so sure?" he asked, sinking to the arm of her chair and continuing to look into her eyes.
 "Quite sure," she informed him steadily.
 "Well then—"
 He rose. Like herself he seemed to realize that the moment was finished. He would not press her. Even in that instant of reaction and distance, Patricia had to admit that Julian Haverholt had his points. He had left her the tatters of her pride. Another man might have protested, might have recalled to her mind her own responsibility, might have accused her of provoking the situation, might have accused her of the same things of which she accused herself. The girl sat thinking. Suddenly she said abruptly, "I don't know what was wrong with me. I must have been crazy. I'm sorry—oh, about everything."
 "You do take things hard, don't you?" he returned and added, "Never apologize, Patricia, particularly to me. It's wasted effort for I assure you that I never, under any circumstances, apologize."
 "Perhaps," she managed, "you're more satisfied with yourself."
 "And why not? Isn't that more pleasant than living a life that is one long crying jag?"
 "It's small occasionally," said Patricia and hid.
 Haverholt's own smile helped her. The bad moment was over. They were back to normal, or almost. It was then that the telephone rang in an adjoining room. The man went to answer it. She heard the murmur of his voice. Presently, he came back.
 "We're having guests," he told her. "A couple of friends of mine are at the very gates. Nice fellows, I hope you like them. There was nothing to do except to let them come."
 Again he was making it easy for her. He had seen that the occasion was wrecked and was of no mind to get her to mourn over the wreckage. What an amazing person Julian Haverholt was!
 There was a hammering on the door. Haverholt stepped into the foyer. Patricia heard a confusion of sticks and overcoats being plopped on chairs, heard Haverholt's "You're just in time to meet my new bridge partner."
 Then, they were in the living room, Haverholt and two other men. Patricia's heart gave a great leap. One of the visitors was Clark Tracy. The girl rose impulsively, her hand outstretched. She stopped foolishly before the polite inquiry of Tracy's gaze.
 She realized that Clark Tracy did not recognize her.
 Patricia stopped in the center of the room and wished that the floor might open to swallow her up. She felt, in that first moment, dazed and sick. She had thought about Clark Tracy so often and so vainly, had spun such dreams and fancies around him, had remembered him with such exquisite accuracy, that it seemed incredible that he should have forgotten her utterly. Yet, he had forgotten. They had met a single time and he had forgotten. She stood very still, the light striking sparks from her red gold hair. She watched the three men approach.
 "Patricia," said Haverholt, "this is Mr. Tracy and this is Mr. Geo. Christenson, a couple of rotten bridge players, but likeable for all that."
 Until the very last she had hoped that some spark might flicker in Tracy's eyes. He merely inclined his head. Somehow, she too bowed. Haverholt completed his introduction:
 "Gentlemen, my niece, Patricia Haverholt."
 The girl's face went blank in her astonishment. Had Haverholt really said, "my niece"? She looked up at him. His glance was veiled. She had opened her lips for protest when Tracy said in his warm, remembering voice, "Julian has been telling us all about you."
 "A relative to be proud of, isn't she?" chimed in Haverholt, laying an affectionate arm across her rigid shoulder. He continued, "I haven't seen Patricia since she was a child. I had no hopes that she would turn out so well." He added reflectively, "No wonder, she's a bewitched girl."
 They all laughed, all except Patricia. She was humiliated and angry. She guessed that Haverholt was enjoying himself in his own diabolical way. What could she do? Certainly, she could not announce that she was not his niece, not now. He looked at her speculatively and her gaze warmed him that later. . .
 For the present, she sat with the others sipping her cocktail, nibbling at little cakes that tasted like sand and ashes, listening to desultory light conversation, answering the questions that came her way. Young Philip, Gov. with his soft brown eyes and warm olive coloring, made the heaviest demands upon her attention. He was both shy and eager. At another time she might have found him charming. Now, she resented his persistence.

Bits for Breakfast
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Scraps of history made by mountain men and first of the covered wagon pioneers:
 (Continuing from yesterday.)
 The 1844 covered wagon immigration brought 1475 people to swell Oregon's population, according to the Hudson's Bay company's reckoning, as told in Dr. McLoughlin's private papers. Revealed one after another. That about doubled the population. The '45 and '46 immigrations added about 2000 more, and the accession of 1847, more than 5000, doubled it again, or more, while the "great immigration" of 1852 added nearly 20,000.
 Captain Cornelius Gilliam in 1844 wrote to Captain Nathaniel Ford, while the two leaders of covered wagon trains were collecting their companies in Missouri, that he (Gilliam) already had 323 persons, 410 oxen, 140 cows (14 of which were team cows), 16 young cattle, 54 horses, 41 mules and 72 wagons —with many more on their way to join his company; and at that date he had 1 minister, 1 lawyer, 1 millwright, 3 millers, 1 tailor, 1 ship carpenter, 2 blacksmiths, 1 cooper, 1 tanner, 2 cabinet makers, 3 carpenters, 4 wheelwrights, 3 shoemakers, 1 weaver, 1 gunsmith, 1 wagon maker, 1 merchant, and the rest farmers, not counting women and children. Besides Gilliam's and Ford's companies there was another, of which John Thorp was captain.
 As late as 1850, '51, '52, '53 and '54, privations were experienced by new comers from off the plains, though these had much diminished after 1852. At or about 1854, no covered wagon trains came, excepting the one of the Kell colony in 1855, until 1859, when U. S. dragoons began to protect them from Indian attack.
 In 1852, many newly arrived immigrants subsisted largely upon wheat and wild game, and used parched grain as a coffee substitute. The people with whom the writer's father came that year had those experiences even in rich old Yamhill and Polk counties. The influx was too large to quickly absorb the new arrivals, even though some of them had means; the majority having little but their emaciated ox teams and almost worn out wagons.
 No wonder the pioneer spirit was such as to make every family's home the welcoming place for neighbors, with the latch string always out! How would the Willamette valley even now find room for 50,000 new people, fresh from a journey of 2000 miles or more, by ox team? Would the spirit of our pioneer fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers stand the strain in a manner to compare favorably with what was witnessed in 1852?
 One finds in a Bancroft footnote on the 1845 covered wagon immigration these words: "Henry Hawkins was 70 years of age when he came to Oregon. His wife was the first white woman in Louisville, Kentucky. He followed flatboating on the Mississippi river before the days of steamboats. He lived for 23 years in Marion county, dying at Silvertown, at the age of 103, in July, 1878."
 Does any one in the Silvertown neighborhood remember him, or members of his family?
 Another footnote of the same immigration: "David C. Ingalls, a native of Maine, was born Oct. 31, 1808. In 1836 he moved to Columbus, Ohio, in which state he was married in 1839, moving to Iowa in 1840, and to Oregon five years later. In the spring of 1849 he settled at Astoria, was the first child of white parents born in that place. Ingalls was much esteemed and beloved by the people of Astoria, among whom he lived until the 31st of August, 1830, when he quietly passed away, according to an impression entertained by him for five years that he should die at that time." This footnote was copied from the Daily Astorian of Sept. 12, 1880. It was likely written by Editor J. F. Halloran, or F. W. Parker. Where are Halloran and Parker now, if they are in the land of the living? The Astoria paper might copy Columbia was an appropriate name for the first all white child born in Astoria. There were, of course, a good many half white (and half Indian) children born there before. It is notable, too, that Mr. Ingalls should forecast the near time of his death, for five years.

COMMISSIONERS COURT

The following is the official publication of the record of claims before the Marion county commissioners court for the November term, 1933, with the amount allowed, bills continued, etc., according to the records in the office of the county clerk.

(Continued from November 29)

Cyril Zuber, do	11.96
Jos. Zuber, do	58.82
Road District No. 25	
Tony Steinkamp, labor	1.99
Henry Steinkamp, foreman	36.25
Road District No. 31	
Geo. Christenson, sharp	4.15
tools, etc.	3.98
H. T. Chapman, do	5.97
Geo. Christenson, do	27.86
Geo. Christenson, do	5.97
S. Koker, do	5.97
Ernest Larfy, do	3.00
Chester Miller, do	5.97
W. H. Parks, do	5.97
H. E. Russell, do	61.84
N. M. Simpson, do	33.83
A. E. Spencer, do	27.86
A. Wilson, do	5.97
Roy Winn, do	12.93
Road District No. 38 1/2	
E. A. Taylor, gravel	19.14
W. H. Carter, foreman	5.98
Road District No. 35	
E. R. Brown, labor	1.99
E. L. Collins, do	66.96
E. J. Richards, foreman	11.96
Road District No. 36	
Hill Top Garage, switch, etc.	4.20
Wm. Baker, labor	62.25
Harry Christian, do	49.75
Huck Gols, do	3.98
Edgar Watters, do	49.75
J. F. Bewley, foreman	74.74
Road District No. 38	
D. C. Bloom, labor	3.99
E. B. Stroud, do	4.97
O. D. Goodman, foreman	26.15
Road District No. 40	
Hill TUOP Garage, grease, etc.	3.50
Mill City Serv. Sta., brake fluid	1.00
Jack Spoelstra, labor	2.98
E. J. Richards, foreman	11.96
Road District No. 51	
J. M. Coburn, labor	27.93
Road District No. 63	
Frances Mathoit, labor	3.48
Pearl Mathoit, do	3.48
Howard Noble, do	3.48
Road District No. 66	
Wesley Riggs, labor	2.49
Road District No. 83	
Stayton Cement Stone Wks., tile	9.60
Tom Goodman, labor	9.94
Dick Knight, do	16.91
Otto Nymeyer, do	16.91
W. A. Riggs, do	12.93
George Keech, foreman	14.92
Road District No. 88	
G. M. Belknap, labor	27.92
Jake Brown, do	42.89
Chris Jorgenson, do	47.88
Edna Reeves, do	47.88
Ray Reeves, foreman	38.87
Market Road No. 85	
Fred Chain, labor	2.98
T. T. Hubbard, do	2.98
R. S. Kemper, do	3.98
S. Koker, do	3.98
Chester Miller, do	3.98
Homer West, do	7.98
A. Wilson, do	3.98
Market Road No. 46	
Elmer Hubbard, labor	5.97
L. S. Morris, do	5.97
Miscellaneous Accts.	
Frank Alloway, labor	1.99
Howard Baker, do	3.98
John Bischoff, do	9.95
Cecil Martin, do	13.92
Wallace Perry, do	9.95
Roscoe Porter, do	9.95
Nell Prince, do	11.94
Robert Richer, do	13.92
Arthur Robertson, do	19.94
Ed. Shilling, do	7.96
Charley Standley, do	17.91
Earl Standley, do	13.92
E. E. Hennies, foreman	31.29
Leo Bauman, labor	3.98
Clarence T. Heiser, do	12.92
Willard L. Flemme, do	7.98
Chas. McLoughlin, do	5.97
Phillip Riehl, do	3.98
Lawrence Wagnier, do	1.99

At that session the long fight commenced on the location of the capital. Bancroft's writer said: "The recommendation of Governor Abernethy, that proposals should be received for locating the seat of government, created little interest and small competition."
 "The only propositions received were from Robert Moore, whose claim of Robin's Nest, opposite Oregon City (another compliment to Senator Linn), and H. H. Burns, who occupied the adjoining claim."
 "Neither of these proposals meeting with entire approval, and a petition, signed by 60 persons of the county, praying that action on the part of government be deferred, it was practically postponed by the passage of an act ordering that the future sessions (provisional government legislature or legislative committee as it had been theretofore known) be held at Oregon City until otherwise directed by law."
 "By the same act the governor was authorized to give notice by publication in the newspapers or otherwise that he would receive sealed proposals from all who desired to make donations to the government for the purpose of aiding in the erection of public buildings and locating the capital; which proposals should be submitted to the next legislature."
 (Some words were inadvertently omitted from a paragraph in the column yesterday. It should have said that Peter H. Burnett was a great uncle of Mrs. Geo. W. Dunn, whose husband is state senator from Jackson county. Most readers know that Burnett resigned the office of supreme judge of Oregon under the provisional government to join the gold rushers into the California mines, gold having been discovered by three men from the Salem district, Marshall, Bennett, and Staats. The mother and father of Senator Dunn were among the first settlers of the Ashland section of Southern Oregon.)
 (Continued tomorrow.)

Chas. Wright, do	12.92
Chas. Baker, do	9.95
Dave Hackett, do	7.96
V. J. Hertz, do	49.75
A. F. Lewis, do	11.94
M. L. Walker, do	3.98
M. M. Magee, foreman	74.37
George Blaisdell, labor	21.49
Peter Blaisdell, do	27.37
Ben Bittler, do	6.47
Martin Buchholz, do	9.47
Anton Englehart, do	29.60
Victor Fry, do	3.98
Chas. Gilles, do	20.94
Frank Hoffman, do	10.46
George Hoffer, do	1.99
George Humpert, do	1.99
Wm. Imper, do	2.98
Walter Kopper, do	9.69
George Kruse, do	9.47
P. J. May, do	7.43
Joe Merkle, do	15.90
Ralph Nebl, do	29.35
Frank Richter, do	1.99
Lawrence Rathenfluch, do	6.98
Raymond Rathenfluch, do	2.98
Martin Soller, do	5.98
John Slaby, do	49.24
John Vandecovering, do	3.49
Joe Walker, do	10.92
Albert Wells, do	3.98
Anton Zollner, do	3.98
Joe Zollner, do	3.98
Wm. Boston, do	31.84
E. F. Martin, do	35.82
Robt. Cole, foreman	71.76
Bert Butterfield, labor	2.98
A. P. Simmons, do	3.98
Gall Wengenroth, do	1.98
O. A. Jorgenson, do	1.99
Ray Reeves, foreman	2.99
Bertrand Iversen, do	75.24
P. E. Jensen, do	39.38
Grant Jones, do	20.92
James McCowan, do	49.38
Wm. McLwain, do	77.74
W. A. Riggs, do	38.87
L. M. Van Cleave, do	98.49
Lee Wells, do	77.74
W. W. Westenhous, do	73.55
Leonard Walker, do	70.25
Ollie Hansen, labor	2.98
M. E. Gleason, chairman	26.91
D. E. Hartcastle, do	5.98
J. H. Herren, do	29.90
Carroll M. Robinson, do	26.91
Fred Heman, labor	1.99
A. L. Brougher, nails, etc.	1.00
M. E. Baker, labor	2.23
Almond Aich, do	2.98
Clayton Aich, do	2.98
Lewis Shepherd, do	5.98
J. T. Taylor, do	1.24
James Culler, foreman	11.95
Market Road No. 42	
Erwin Archibald, labor	4.47
C. C. Carter, do	1.99
Andrew Fisher, do	3.99
Clara Morley, do	4.47
Theodore Fisher, foreman	16.95
Miscellaneous Accts.	
Lee Gast, labor	3.98
Emile Van Damme, do	21.89
J. L. Cook, foreman	58.80
Omer Bartraff, labor	77.74
F. D. Binegar, do	77.74
J. A. Burns, do	77.74
F. A. Dutton, do	77.74
W. W. George, do	17.91
John Griesenauer, foreman	108.84
Ben H. Hawkins, do	116.74
J. J. Hollett, do	13.92
E. A. Foster, labor	12.92
Wm. R. Kiker, do	63.29
George Mahrt, do	27.56
Lester McLwain, do	77.74
Raymond B. Miller, do	26.91
John Polinsky, do	61.89
E. J. Richards, do	17.94
John Searles, do	51.24
Leo Searles, do	51.24
Dan Schard, do	77.74
Frank R. Woelke, do	77.74
Clyde Woodruff, do	77.74
C. W. Woolridge, do	52.82
Miscellaneous Bridge Accts.	
Roy Brenner, labor	63.49
Robert Bye, Jr., do	62.25
Antone Fisher, do	62.49
Marion P. Fischer, do	11.20
Albert Hennies, do	62.49
Carl R. Jones, do	4.98
Theodore Keunzi, do	63.49
Greg A. Robl, do	61.00
Frank Schampier, do	62.49
Levi Seider, do	62.49
George Zuber, do	62.49
Phillip Fischer, foreman	134.77
W. A. Howard, labor	1.99
Jim Ingram, do	7.96
C. Minnissian, do	11.94
Chas. Norris, do	5.97
Levi Querry, do	11.94
J. L. Bailey, do	11.94
J. W. Boardrow, do	11.94
E. M. Broughton, do	11.94
W. G. Brown, do	10.94
J. R. Burton, do	11.94
Joe Cox, do	11.94
E. H. Hays, do	11.94
W. P. Emmel, do	11.94
L. Evenden, do	11.94
George Goe, do	11.94
F. Hensel, do	11.94
F. J. Mersheit, do	11.94
John Higginbotham, do	11.94
Joe Jacobs, do	11.94</