

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
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## Science and God

LEADING scientists are not so skeptical of the existence of deity as they were a half century ago. They are no longer so prompt to abolish God and enshrine blind chance as sovereign of the universe. For one thing their own discoveries have made them less positive of the certitudes of science. They have reduced matter to the ebb and flow of electric charges. Chemical elements have been resolved to merely varying arrangements of energy particles. So even the scientist wonders if the world of creation is not an emanation from the mind of a Creator.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton, noted scientist of the university of Chicago, Nobel prize winner in physics in 1927, in a recent interview expressed the opinion that "faith in God may be a thoroughly scientific attitude." He said:

"Science can have no quarrel with a religion which postulates a God to whom men are as his children. Not that science in any way shows such a relationship—it is a religion which makes such an assumption does not have its own evidence it should not look to science—but the evidence of an intelligent power working in the world which science offers does make such a postulate plausible.

"It is thus possible to see the whole great drama of evolution as moving toward the goal of personality, the making of persons, with free, intelligent wills, capable of learning nature's laws, of glimpsing God's purpose in nature and of sharing that purpose.

"It is an inspiring setting in which we thus find ourselves. As we recognize the greatness of the program of nature which is unfolding before us we feel that we are part of a great enterprise in which some mighty intelligence is working out a hidden plan.

"Indeed, God has placed us in a position to help in furthering His program. For we do not hold in our hands and control the conditions of vegetable and animal life on this planet and to some extent, human life."

There is a great void between mere admission that the conception of God is not unscientific and positive faith in His reality; and a far greater void between it and the systems of theology which metaphysical minds have contrived to develop the God concept. Somehow after all the structures of reasoning whether of scientists and philosophers, perhaps the truest conception is that of the simple soul who merely has sustaining faith in the beneficence of God who watches the sparrow's fall, and in the ultimate working out of justice and goodness in the tangled lives of men.

## Curbing the Utilities

COMMISSIONER Charles M. Thomas is now making use of the increased power given him in the 1933 utility act. This power extends to scrutiny of budgets of operating utilities. The commissioner has come down hard on holding company fees and on executive salaries. The theory is that if such fees are allowed and excessive salaries are permitted operating costs are inflated.

With respect to holding company fees the commissioner's stand seems wholly justified. The companies must prove the need of such services and that the outlay is not a mere effort to siphon off the earnings and get around regulation for limited profits. Many large companies have renounced use of such devices to milk their subsidiaries. The Niagara Hudson Power company in 1932 declared it would apportion to its operating companies only the actual cost of the services rendered them. Commonwealth and Southern, another large holding company has put ownership of its affiliated management company in the hands of the operating companies served, so that any profit earned by the service company goes back to the operating companies. The Federal Water Service company, owners of the local water company, adopted a similar plan early in 1933. It remains to be seen how generally this policy will be adopted voluntarily, and whether the companies will honestly carry out such declarations of intent.

There is a place for the holding company which is competently managed and honestly controlled. It makes available training and experience to various units, bringing to the small town better service at lower cost. It has been converted from a useful agency to a financial racket; and this phase of its operations needs to be scotched.

The question of salaries is one hard to determine; certainly very difficult for the commissioner. Graduation of salaries is the mainspring of ambition. Unless we are going plumb socialistic, earning a higher salary will continue to be the reward for incentive and effort, profitable alike to the company and to the public which is served. In fact some of the men may not be getting enough now. Obvious distortions of salaries may call for attention; but the commissioner may find himself in hot water attempting to chisel a hundred here and there from an army of utility employees.

It is time that regulation extended to concern for the legitimate investor who has supplied real money to create the facilities used in serving the public. Holding company fees and excessive salaries result in skimming the stockholder, especially the preferred stockholder who relied on a steady though limited return. Exposures have shown that some utility managers had no conscience, trimming both the ratepayer and the investor. Full publicity may prove a potent tool in curbing such greed; but the law may prove a more permanent brake; and that is what Thomas is starting to employ.

"Mrs. Waddell hit two hay hands over the head with a hoe-handle, and knocked them out. She jabbed me in the leg with a pitchfork, while her mother kept yelling 'Kill him, Evelyn! Kill him, Evelyn!' I thought she was a great mother, to coach her child in murder."

So testified Walter Woods, a stockman of the Eagle Point district, in justice court this morning.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

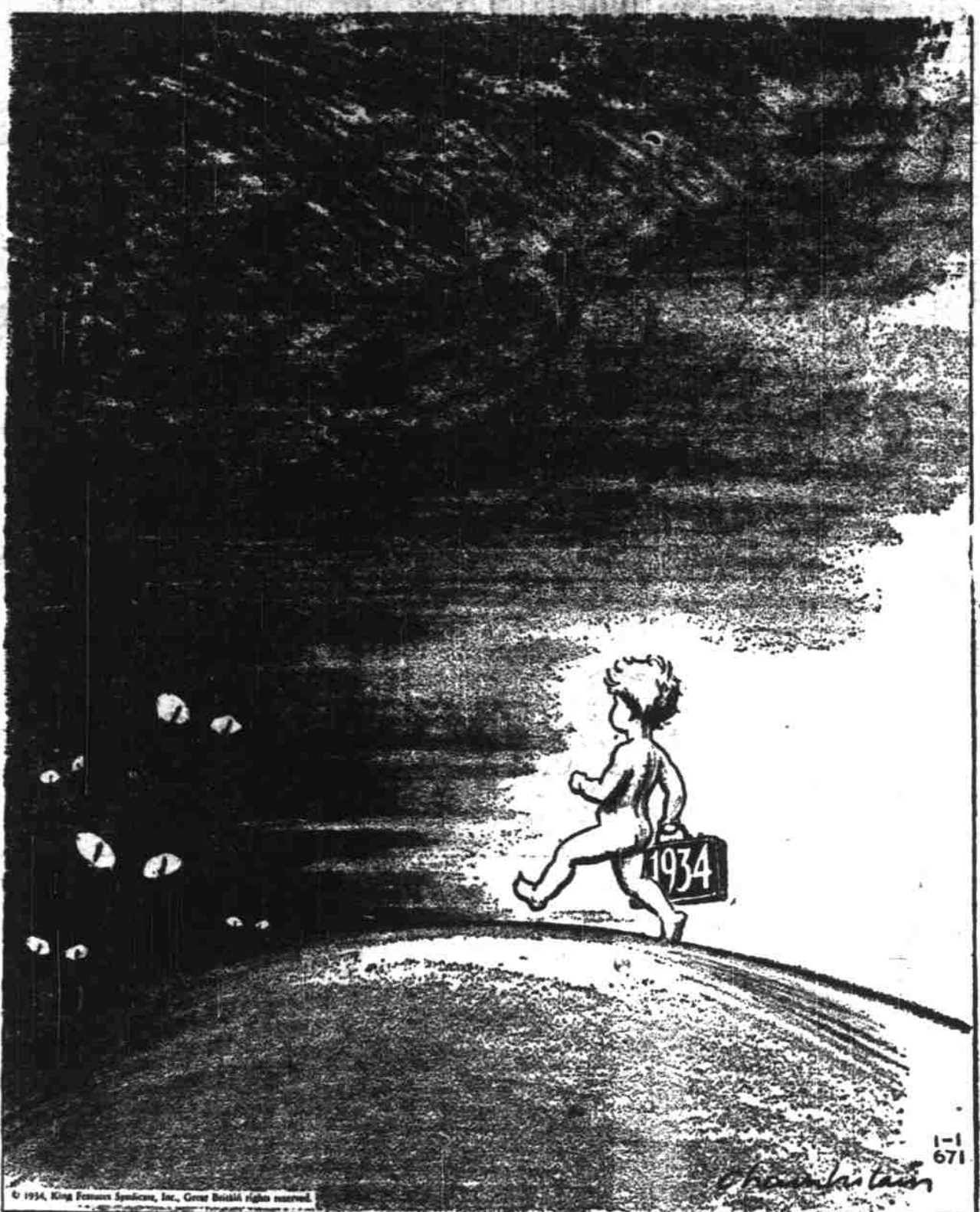
Mother love in the Jackson county hills.

Another newspaper worker who got his training on The Statesman is making good. Jim Nutter, one time assistant on sports and general reporting here, who the past year has been assistant in the Salem bureau of the Associated Press, has been promoted to the Portland bureau of the AP. Nutter is a competent chap and has earned his advancement.

Another chamber of commerce secretary has moved up to be a state milkman. E. G. Harlan left the Eugene secretaryship to become commissioner here, who the past year has been assistant in the Salem bureau of the Associated Press, has been promoted to the Portland bureau of the AP. Nutter is a competent chap and has earned his advancement.

The strip in the middle of the pavement is one yellow streak the state may be proud of on a rainy or foggy night.

## Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad World?



## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor, The Statesman:  
Contests, have you got it or did you ever have it? Not a very serious disease if the germs are scattered by a reputable concern, with not too many catches mixed up in their advertising.

I have noticed that many of our newspapers and magazines, those of the cheaper sort in particular, are full of contests all of which are about of the same type. You name something, a movie actress, a sack of flour, a horse, most anything at all just so it needs a name. Or you may be asked to tell what you would do with a lot of money, if you had it. Perhaps you will be asked to complete a limerick, etc., etc.

The advertisement goes on to say that sending the name, or an answer to the question as the case may be, is all that is needed in the contest. Nothing to sell, nothing to buy or no puzzles to work. So far so good. You send in your name, or answer, and wait for results. In a few days you receive a form letter—they print "em by the bale and they all read alike. You are told your answer is so good that if you take advantage in this follow up letter, your entry will be placed in a group, A, which will entitle you to a much larger prize if you are the winner, otherwise it will be in group B, which consists of those contestants who do not take advantage of this wonderful offer.

Now this wonderful offer will most likely consist of getting magazine subscriptions, buying or selling face cream, corn salve or something else. If you sell more than anyone else you get the most points and, presto! you win the big prize offered in the follow-up letter.

Now there is nothing wrong with the competitive part of this contest. No one expects a concern to hand out a lot of money for nothing, but here comes the joke. Nine times out of ten the winning name, or answer, to the original advertisement you answered will be taken from group A, consisting of the contestants that took advantage of their follow up offer. Group B, consisting of those who only answered the original advertisement, will most likely wind up in the waste basket. What are you going to do about it? The best thing to do is save your stamps or else accept the offer in the follow up letter and take your chance along with the rest of the easy marks. And the advertisement you answered said "nothing to sell, or buy. Nothing more to do to be a winner in this offer."

A good square shooting contest is all right. It is more or less instructive to the contestants. A profitable to the winner. A contest that is full of tricks and catches had better be left alone. But what was it Barnum said?

J. C. S.

THOTS OF A NEW YEAR  
There's a glad new year before us. Where old things shall have passed away.

There joys shall flow like a river. Thru all the glad new day.

Sometimes that light from heaven shines down to light this way. That God's way-faring children might glimpse the wonderful day.

In that realm where comes no shadows. For the Lamb is the light thereof. And there is life's pure river. And there we shall know God's love.

LIZZIE L. EARLE.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Journal of Rogue River war, of 1855:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Dragging her husband's body, Mrs. Harris instructed her daughter how to make bullets, while she stood guard and prevented the Indians from approaching too near the house by firing through cracks in the walls at every one detected in the attempt to reach it.

In this brave manner she kept off the enemy until dark, when they withdrew. Alone with her husband's dead body, and her weary and frightened child, she spent the long night. Toward dawn she stole forth, locking the house behind her, and concealed herself and daughter under a pile of brush at no great distance away, where she was found, blackened with powder and stained with blood, many hours later by a detachment of troops under Major Fitzgerald. Mrs. Harris afterward was married to Aaron Chambers, of the 1852 covered wagon immigration, and died in Jackson county in September, 1889. Quoted from The Statesman of March 3, 1886: "It was stated that Mrs. Harris, when relieved, was so marked with powder and blood as to be hardly recognizable." The Indians attempted to burn her house over her head the day before, but her marksmanship was good enough to save it, and the lives of her child and herself.

Other victims of the outbreak of October 9 were Mr. and Mrs. Haines and two children, Frank A. Reed, Wm. Given, Jas. W. Cartwright, Powell, Bunch, Hamilton, Fox, White, and others, on the road between Evans' ferry and Grave creek; two young women, Miss Hudson and Miss Wilson, on the road between Indian creek and Crescent City; three men and perhaps others on the road—and perhaps others on the river the bloodiest day the Rogue river section had ever seen.

News flew fast. At Jacksonville a company of 20 quickly armed and took the trail of the Indians. They were overtaken by Major Fitzgerald with 55 troopers from Fort Lane. Arriving at Wagoner's place, they found the Indians plundering the premises, who when the volunteers, first on the ground, appeared, greeted them with derisive yells, dancing and insulting gestures—but, when they beheld the dragons, fled at once for the mountains.

The 1855 Rogue River war was begun, T. McF. Patton, father of Hon. Hal Patton of Salem, was already on the way to Salem with dispatches to Governor Curry, to General Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs, at Dayton, and the military authorities at Fort Vancouver—as fast as relays of horses could carry him. As to help from Fort Vancouver—an express was at that very time on the road to Fort Lane with a requisition for troops to be used in the suddenly flashed and perilous situation caused by the rising of the Yakima Indians and their allies beyond the Cascade mountains.

Lieut. Kauts had set out from Fort Orford on Oct. 10, with a party of citizens and soldiers to make an examination of a proposed wagon road route from Port Orford to Jacksonville. At the mile bend of Rogue river, 30 miles from the coast, he found the settlers in frenzied alarm over a threatened attack of the Indians on Applegate creek—and he returned to the fort for a larger supply of arms and ammunition. Resuming his march, he was in a

few days attacked, and fought, and lost three citizens and two soldiers of his company, and saved a considerable amount of ammunition only by his caution in unloading his pack animals at the beginning of the engagement, after which he was able to conduct an orderly retreat.

The 1855 war with the Rogues was now fairly on. The Indians had perhaps 400 well armed men. Between Oct. 9 and 11 the whites could muster only 150 volunteers with proper arms, as the Indians had been slyly buying up rifles and revolvers. There was one full company of dragoons at Fort Lane and 64 infantrymen at Winchester, escort to Lieut. Williamson on his survey of a railroad route from Sacramento to the Willamette valley. These 64 retraced their steps to Fort Lane.

But by Oct. 20th, 15 volunteer companies were organized by the settlers, and officers chosen, being, however, short of both arms and ammunition. On the 17th came the first fight between the volunteers and Indians, at Skull bar on Rogue river. Five whites were killed or mortally wounded, and seven severely wounded, and the mining town of Galice Creek burned, excepting one building.

The Indians made forays in every direction, killing white settlers and burning their houses and robbing pack and wagon trains after killing the men in charge of them.

Oct. 28, the position of the main band of Indians was discovered in the Grave creek hills south of Cow creek. There was heavy fighting the next day, and the next, in which 26 men were killed, wounded or missing; four being regulars, killed, and seven wounded. The Indians had the advantage in this second battle, with superior position and better knowledge of the land.

A correspondent of The Statesman wrote, after this fight: "God only knows when or where this war may end. These mountains are worse than the swamps of Florida."

Unexpectedly, the lapse of time was so short, two companies of the battalion of five companies of volunteers ordered by Governor Curry to be enlisted and hurried to the relief of southern Oregon arrived in time to be in the fighting of Oct. 29-30, and some of these men were among the killed and wounded.

The five companies were to be, one each from Linn, Douglas and Umpqua counties, and two from Lane. About the last of November, Governor Curry, with his adjutant general, E. M. Barnum, paid a visit to southern Oregon, and the five volunteer companies were reduced to four, known as the Second Regiment of Oregon Volunteers.

The main band of Rogues, hiding themselves in the mountains, made forays suddenly and as suddenly disappeared. They visited the reservation, near Fort Lane, destroyed the property of all the whites there, and killed the agency cattle. They burned a number of houses on Jump-off-Joe creek, and the soldiers met the band at the mouth of that creek and killed eight Indians. During the absence of protecting volunteers, roving bands in early December devastated settlements on the west side of the South Umpqua, destroying 15 houses whose inmates had been compelled to take refuge in forts.

Dec. 24, a force under Miles T. Alcorn attacked a camp on the north branch of Little Butte creek, killing eight warriors and capturing some horses. About the same time, Capt. E. A. Rice

## "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

### CHAPTER FORTY

It was evening now. She and Julian would be leaving soon. The group that had gathered for cocktails on the veranda was urging that they change their plans and stay.

"I had counted on bridge this evening," Mrs. Tracy was saying fretfully. "Are you determined to leave, Julian?"

"Ask Patricia," he said briefly. Mrs. Tracy turned to Patricia. She shook her head. Nothing could make her stay an unnecessary moment, nothing, not even Clark.

"Must you go?" he asked pleadingly, at her elbow. "Won't morning do just as well?"

"No," she said. "Please don't urge me."

"Aren't you having a good time, Patricia? You have seemed so strange today."

"I'm tired, that's all. I didn't sleep very well last night."

"What a shame," broke in Marthe, letting them know that she was present. "I slept like a baby myself."

She looked reflectively at Julian. He looked at her. Deep within, Patricia felt herself begin to tremble. No one suspected. Marthe would see to that. Marthe could cheat and win. She could have Clark and Julian too. Patricia could not stop her.

She could say nothing to Clark. Her hands were tied by her own sense of fair play, her own sensibilities, her own feeling for human decency. But she could speak to Julian. On their way back to town she did.

"I went for a walk last night," she began deliberately. "I couldn't sleep so I went for a walk on the lawn."

"Oh," was Julian's only comment. When Patricia failed to amplify her bare statement he ventured to say, "Well, what about your walk on the lawn? I'm all agog."

"You know what about it," she advised him levelly.

"I'm afraid that I don't."

"Very well then," said Patricia in a rush, "I didn't mean to but I saw you—you and Marthe."

She had got it out. Her heart was pounding. Her face was crimson. Julian was completely undisturbed. He smiled in quiet amusement.

"It was a nice night for a walk," he admitted casually. "Marthe and I decided that we would take one too. Why didn't you come out of the shrubbery and join us? Still, I he added after thought, "I still guess it's just as well that you didn't."

His armor was perfect and bright. They had touched on the subject before, so he thought. But it wasn't the same. This wasn't the same. Patricia felt now that she was fighting for her life. She was not curious. She was not prying. She was not interfering in his affairs. It was just that she must know. The touch of her cold desperate fingers on his wrist startled Julian. Something that he saw in her face erased the smile from his lips. Poor youngster, he thought, and again, poor youngster...

"Go ahead," he said gently. "Surely you have not finished."

She gave him an earnest, penetrating look. Tears stung at her eyelids.

"I haven't any right to question you," she said, "I know that I haven't."

fought a camp on the north bank of Rogue river four hours, killing the adult males and capturing the women and children, who were sent to Fort Lane. Wrote a correspondent of The Statesman: "These two fights have blotted out Jake's band." It was a good riddance, for no settler was safe while Chief Jake's bunch lived. The last days of 1855, Joe's camp was discovered on Applegate creek. He had ingeniously fortified it, and was routed only when the howitzer was brought up to shell it. Some of his tribe were killed, but Joe was sly enough to slip away, with most of his band.

The winter of 1855-56 was an unusually cold one in the Rogue river country, and there was much suffering by the volunteers and their horses, hay for the latter being scanty and the pasturage poor.

Thus we come to a review of the diary of Harvey Robbins, volunteer in the Rogue River war of 1855, leaving the fighting of the following years, attendant upon holding the Indians onto reservations, for another time, following that review, or perhaps later. One might with much time and patience weave from interviews with some of the aged Indians memory stories of those days, never yet printed, that would be interesting, and perhaps piece out some of the historical records of their vanished and vanishing race.

(Continued on Tuesday.)

## Year 1933 Ending In Atmosphere of Real Spring Time

STATTON, Dec. 30. — If one takes a walk about town they form the opinion that spring is just around the corner, instead of another new year. In some yards flowering quince, which usually blooms about March, is already showing its bright red flowers and several of the other spring shrubs are also in bloom.

There are many lovely roses and chrysanthemums yet in bloom. The lilbert trees are showing their long tassels.

## Women at Aumsville Can Meat for School

AUMSVILLE, Dec. 30. — The canning committee and helpers of the P. T. A., Mrs. Elmer Aske, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. L. C. Mountain, Mrs. Fred Steiner, Mrs. David Lowe, Mrs. Bradley, met at the school house Thursday and canned 75 quarts of meat for the hot lunches beginning January 2.

"I give you the right—this once." "Are you in love with Marthe?" "Good heavens, no."

He saw in chagrin that this wasn't the answer she had hoped for. His very real sympathy lessened slightly. Still, he had promised. He prepared gracefully to yield to cross examination.

"Is she in love with you?" "That's an awkward question, my dear." He grinned. "Even I have fleeting moments of modesty."

"I know," faltered Patricia with a kind of wretched bravery, "that Marthe was in the house that time when I started my burglar hunt. I remembered when I heard her laugh last night."

"My word, you are a detective," he said sharply, growing irritated despite his best intentions. "I think we'd better hire you out to Holmes. Heaven knows that Marthe isn't any saint. Still I can't think of any particular reason why I should deliver her piecemeal to you."

"She was asking about me last night," put in Patricia, suddenly defiant. "I heard her ask if I were really your niece."

"What of it? I thought you had certain standards of your own, Patricia. I protected you from her last night and now I find today that I must protect her from you. Women," announced Julian Haverholt distinctly, "women make me sick."

The girl dropped her head in shame. Always she thought of herself as superior to Marthe March only to be brought back again and again to the fact that she was not. Marthe was cheating, was deceiving Clark. Well, she herself was cheating too. It had taken Joan Haverholt to make her see it. How many women, Patricia wondered, liked in after years to remember the meannesses, the subtleties of courtship days?

They drove on in silence. Julian was annoyed. He made no attempt to conceal his disappointment in the girl. Half his irritation was based on his own wounded pride but he did not realize it and hence could be cold to Patricia's suffering.

"I know I seemed horrible," faltered the girl, after a long time. Julian did not deny it. "You—you didn't understand," she muttered.

"I understood all too well," he informed her curtly. "You're transparent as a pane of glass. You're wondering just where Clark fits in."

"And if I am?" "I would suggest that he fits in as Marthe's fiancé. It's a role that suits him to a T."

"Do you really believe that Marthe is playing fair?" "What's the difference, if she can get away with it? I rather think," said Haverholt deliberately, "that Marthe can. Marthe is very clever and Clark, for all his virtues, is a wee bit stupid."

"Clark isn't stupid." "I assure you, my darling, that he is."

Julian guffawed unexpectedly. Patricia clenched her fists, bit back a flood of angry words. She looked away from Julian at the spinning country-side through a haze of helpless tears. That was the worst of it, she was helpless. Everything was all wrong. It was not right that Julian should be able to laugh at Clark in just this way. Marthe was to blame. But Marthe would never be brought to book. As Julian had so aptly said Marthe was clever. Patricia gave her that.

(To Be Continued)  
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## Sympathetic Audiences, Players Noted as "Little Women" Shown

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

The audiences which have gathered during the week to see the "Little Women" picture have been more than ordinarily interesting. I was prepared for a show of something like scorn from the young women and girls who constituted a considerable portion of the patronage accorded the film, but nothing of the sort was manifested. Giggles were few and far between. The laughter was genuine and the silences were eloquent.

Few motion pictures shown in Salem have had more sympathetic attention from people of all ages. The costumes and settings of the '60s, which by those who have not seen the picture have been inferred to be stiff and perhaps a bit ludicrous to the eyes of 70 years afterwards, have distinctly added to rather than detracted from the charm of the production.

And it has seemed to me—imagination, perhaps, but I do not think it imagination entirely—that the four girls, all of whom we have seen in the gin-and-necking pictures which Hollywood has so favored, entered more fully into their roles and with more pleasure in doing so and with a deeper, complete and affectionate understanding of the characters assumed than any one of them has shown elsewhere. And, too, one of these girls is a star, threatened with first magnitude, and all are high in the graces of movie flandom.

However, opinions will differ. Opinions always differ, more or less. Bllek Watts said he sold their red cow for beef because him and her had different opinions as to how a cow should act when she was being milked.

Sometimes even a casual conversation gets all snarled up and fails to arrive anywhere. I say to a fellow, "Ain't life grand?" and he growls at me, "What's that?" I think of an answer he's worst. Disgusting. The fellow doesn't deserve to have any correct language wasted on him.

I reckon more fingers have been cut by dull knives than by sharp ones. Meaning—well, figure it out for yourself.

I note the name of Glen Morris as one of the ends of the western football team which will

"You've been quiet a remarkable time," said Julian presently. "Are you angry with me?" "Not in the least," replied Patricia in freest tones. "You aren't nervous. I have no intention of starting a reform wave."

"Why be so bitter?" "I feel bitter."

"But not about me?" "Hardly. I've learned that lesson at least. I'm just as pleased as you are to have our paths quite separate."

"They need not be separate," suggested Haverholt and reached out for her hand. She jerked away. He looked a shade discomfited, but covered it up. "Shall I buy a home and fall off it, Patricia? Is that the way to your heart?"

"You're not interested," she said distantly, "and I'm not interested, so why pretend? I don't quite hate you, but I don't quite like you and I'm sure you feel the same way. So let's have no more of that."

"Speak for yourself, Patricia, don't speak for me."

She looked up quickly at his tone. "Do you think I couldn't have you if I wanted you?" he asked quietly. "If you think I couldn't have you if I decided to make you fall in love with me?"

"If you were the last man in the world," she said monotonously, "you'd be a bachelor for all of me." "You seem very sure."

"I am sure."

She had never been more sure. Julian prudently dropped the subject. He said no more about Clark, nor did the girl. They spoke instead of the possibilities of the tournament with Blair. As Julian declared in the morning they might have saved their breath.

For Reuben Blair, making no comment on the sensational challenge, took a boat for Europe.

Julian was annoyed and disgusted. At least a thousand times he imputed sinister motives to Reuben Blair's European trip. A thousand times he declared that Blair had fled to Paris to avoid the embarrassment of either accepting or declining to enter a battle which he was bound to lose. A theory that was doubtless true, Patricia reflected. Personally she blessed Reuben Blair. That Haverholt had been robbed of his triumph, that his well laid campaign for free publicity had collapsed in a single day meant nothing to her. She was delighted to discover that the newspaper men were willing to cry quits.

"I had it all lined up too," said Julian furiously, and added, aggrieved, "But you can't stage a fight when your opponent pulls a vanishing act."

"You might set up a windmill on Broadway," Patricia suggested mildly. "I'll promise to carry a lance."

Haverholt stamped out of the room. Patricia smiled rather grimly. This check was good for his sanity. It might make him a shade less conceited. It was good for her too, she admitted soberly. Her day of reckoning had been postponed. There was no immediate chance that her secret would be dragged to the light. She was still Patricia Haverholt to the world. With luck she might remain so—infinitely.

(To Be Continued)  
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D. H. TALMADGE

battle the eastern boys at San Francisco on New Year's day. Not the genial Glen of the Court Street Dairy store. A football brother.

Lillian Harvey in her second American photoplay, "My Lips Betray," was the Christmas attraction at the Grand. Miss Harvey is one of the you-can't-help-but-like-em-a-lot sort of artists. You don't know why you like 'em a lot, and you don't care.

I see in the news that Marlene Dietrich persists in wearing masculine raiment. I wonder if she has any more of her shirt-tail working up out of her trousers behind. Some folks who wear masculine garments find this very annoying.

## Bank Disbursement Released This Week

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 30. — The fifth payment from the saving department of the Farmers' State bank was given out Friday morning. It amounted to 10 per cent. No disbursement was made in the commercial department. This payment put the total of the saving department paid out at 90 per cent and 20 per cent of the commercial. The