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LOGANBERRY JUICE AGAINST THE WORLD

The following editorial appeared in The Statesman several months ago. The writer believes it is well worth republishing, in this issue, in which the Salem Slogan is on the loganberry—commencing a year's Salem Slogan campaign:

The Statesman spoke yesterday of the certain greatly increased demand in this country for the fruit juices, with a bone-dry America. And the statement was made that loganberry juice will have the "edge" on all of them, because it is more than a pleasing and refreshing drink, with a tang that satisfies and a taste that lingers. That it is besides a food, a coloring, an icing, a flavor, and a body for ice cream.

It is still more, a thousand times more. As a beverage, "best for thirst," it is used to make loganberry snowballs, loganberry highballs, loganberry mint juleps that would tempt the taste of Henry Watterson himself; loganberry rickies, loganberry punch, loganberry lemonade, and a hundred others that make the mouth water in the bare mention.

In the kitchen, an "unexcelled flavor," it is used as a coloring and flavoring, and the good housekeeper may employ it to make: Jelly, pudding, cake, pie, glace, sherbet, ice cream, frappe, icing, sago, tapioca, gelatine, fruit salads, cocktails, mayonnaise, and a thousand one other good things.

The best hotels in the United States use a great deal of it in making ice cream, and the highest salaried chefs in the world say it gives a "body" to ice cream that nothing else known can give. In the sick room, such high authorities as Dr. Wiley enthusiastically endorse it, and the best hospitals in America use it. It is a tonic—it relieves exhaustion.

It will relieve sore throat and colds, sipped slowly. It possesses in a marked degree anti-rheumatic qualities, and it tends to remove from the system uric acid and those lime salts which mark the individual prematurely with old age.

In other words, drink it and keep young. Taken hot, it will relieve indigestion and kindred troubles. A fever convalescent finds it invaluable.

It is good for that tired feeling. It contains 34.25 solids and 65.75 water. Thus its high food value.

All the above is written, not to advertise any particular brand of loganberry juice, but to show to the growers of the Willamette valley that there is not land enough in all the rich and broad expanse between the Coast Range and the Cascades to raise enough loganberries to supply the world's markets.

Our farmers have what amounts to a franchise—this is the loganberry country. This berry attains perfection here, and in no other place.

Most of the loganberries of the world will always be raised within the lengthening shadows of the Oregon capitol dome. Raise hops; yes. For the non-alcoholic beverages will keep up a demand for them.

Raise raspberries and strawberries and gooseberries, and other berries; yes. For the growing jam industry and the dehydrated processes will take them all. There will never be enough.

But the loganberry is the king berry for the Willamette valley. It is the berry par excellence. It is our very own. And its glories will never end.

It will circle the globe. It will sing a gustatory song in praise of the glorious Willamette valley in every land under the shining sun. Grow more loganberries. And still more.

WE WANT SLOGANS; SALEM SLOGANS

We want Salem Slogans. True ones; Slogans that will tell a story in a word, or a few words.

We ask for suggestions. Send them in; or bring them in. And we want facts—figures on what you have raised on given numbers of acres, and what prices you have realized. True Slogans and brass tacks facts. People want to know absolutely what they can do. They can be informed only by the people who have the facts and the figures.

Hail to the loganberry. The loganberry is the berry of berries. Yes; it might be appropriately called the Phezberry.

After the Salem slogan campaign, to run 52 weeks, there will be a lot of Salemites much prouder of their city and country. That's one of the object s.

The fighting man used to say: "I'm your gooseberry." But the loganberry is the berry of peace.

If you have a better loganberry slogan, it is your duty to send it in. Or any other Salem slogan.

Mount Mauna Loa is erupting again. It is the Hiram Johnson of the Hawaiian group.

All sorts of folk come to Los Angeles. Saw a Democrat on Broadway the other day. He was a tourist.—Los Angeles Times.

All that is now needed to make life miserable for the profiteers is a law with teeth in it. But a lack of teeth ails so many of the federal enactments.

THE LAST AMERICAN.

Senator Johnson's private mirror contains the portrait of about the only real American there is left in the world. The senator himself permits has voice to sink to a mere explosion as he reluctantly admits it. In another month—or maybe two—the tribe will be almost extinct.

But glory be—as long as there is

TO SEE, SEE
Henry E. Morris & Co.
Eyesight Specialists
305 State St. SALEM

a drop of red blood coursing through the senator's veins there will be one heart throbbing for America and America's institutions—including the direct primary law.—Los Angeles Times.

PAY ENVELOPES.

The secretary of the Des Moines chamber of commerce and the janitor of the chamber building were drawing the same pay, but as soon as he heard of it the janitor struck for higher wages.

Said that brawn was worth more than brain.

ROUGH ON A RULER.

The mayor of Milwaukee refused to invite the Belgian ruler to his beautiful burg. "To hell with kings," he replied to the chamber of commerce committee who asked him to extend the invitation.

Milwaukee, however, is too much like a slice of Germany to appeal to King Albert and he has no expectation of visiting the place. The town has nothing to make herself famous since the nation went dry.

FROM THE GALLERY.

Senate rules forbid any applause from the galleries, but during the treaty debates the visitors have become so noisy in their demonstration that the proceedings are quite often squelched for the time. Speakers on both sides are cheered until it seems almost like a prepared demonstration.

When Senator Reed ended his 4-hour attack on the league a crowd in one gallery arose and shouted and cheered for several minutes. When Senator Ashurst asked for order he was met by a wave of hissing. It was palpably a pre-arranged show. Many of the senators want something done about it, but it seems difficult to enforce the rules: Furthermore, the orators rather like applause—even when it is planned in advance. Looks as if the senate might be remodeled along with the rest of the world.

FOR QUICK ACTION.

John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register company and one of the great men of industry of the country, has just returned from Europe, bringing the following message to the industry of America: "I went to Europe to study business conditions, and I have returned convinced that the most important thing to do to restore international business is to quickly endorse the league of nations."

Mr. Patterson has proved by the industry he has builded that he is not an impractical idealist.

He is trained to observe the trend of human thought and action in its relation to business.

He has found the league of nations a practical necessity to enable the business of the world to function normally, to enable the different peoples to produce as much as they consume.

The big thing is not the question of the number of votes any nation shall have in the assembly; it is not a question whether all the political frauds and blunders of the past shall be righted in this day and year; it is the problem of establishing the industrial relations of all the free peoples of the world on an equal and equitable basis.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

You have some slogans. Of course you have. Well, get them out of your system. Send them in.

And tell The Statesman, too, about the truth of the slogans already outlined, as applied to your own experiences.

This is a campaign to show you what a fine city you have, and what

Where Red Cross Seals Love to Throw Their Light



A barrel of refuse is one of the breeding places of tuberculosis. This youngster, a future producer for America, finds a resting place beside one after he has spent a busy and nervous afternoon dodging heavy auto trucks and fast moving street cars. He is a common sight in a big congested city, but he is probably tuberculous. When he grows up, perhaps even before, the disease may show itself, and he will become one of the 150,000 who are snuffed out of life every year by the Great White Plague. Today there is something moving in the world which counteracts these circumstances. It is the Red Cross Christmas Seal, which searches out such places and wipes them out of the city streets. It throws its influence for better health all over the country and goes hand in hand with the double-barred red cross into a fight for cleanliness, fresh air and sunshine. The safety of boys like this one who has dropped to the dusty stairs beside the germ-laden barrel is the purpose of the Red Cross Seal. There are to be 600,000,000 of them sold at a penny each this year by the National Tuberculosis Association and 1,000 affiliated state and local organizations. Here is a life worth saving.

a fine country you live in.

The loganberry was first called the blasperry. That was too simplified, and it did not stick.

Luther Burbank tried to beat the loganberry with two varieties, the Phenomenal and the Primus. But the loganberry has both of them beaten a city block.

There is only one loganberry, and all who get the taste are its prophets.

And the loganberry grows to perfection only in the soil and under the rain and by the mild sun of the Willamette valley, Oregon. And Salem is the loganberry capital of the wide world.

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE.

A Foley Cathartic Tablet is a prompt and safe remedy for sick headache, biliousness, bloating, sour stomach, gas, bad breath, indigestion, constipation, or other condition caused by clogged or irregular bowels. They cause no griping or nausea nor will they encourage the "pill habit." Just fine for persons too stout. J. C. Perry.

Lake County Sheriff Must Now Pay His Own Expenses

Sheriff E. E. Woodcock, of Lake county, must do without expense money from now on till the end of his term, according to an opinion of Attorney General Brown written yesterday for T. S. McKinney, district attorney of Lake county. Under an old law the sheriff was allowed a salary of \$2500 a year and \$500 expense money. The legislature of 1919, in an act definitely fixing the salary at \$2500, neglected to make any provision for expenses. Sheriff Woodcock's expense fund is exhausted and there is no legal provision under which he can replenish it. It is said this will be considerable of a handicap to law enforcement work in Lake county.

"Thelma" Individual Chocolate—A Salem product—made by The Gray Belle—distributed by George E. Waters—for sale everywhere, 5c.

Fifty million pounds of nuts in California this season. It seems as though we personally know more than that.—Los Angeles Times.



Children Love Them

Instinctively they crave this wheat food with its taste of salt. And indeed nothing could be better for them than crisp, dainty Snow Flakes. Your grocer has them.

Don't ask for Crackers—say Snow Flakes

Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.

SNOW FLAKES

LET'S BEGIN AT HOME

BEFORE we condemn the manufacturer or the merchant or tradesman for high prices—let's see if the fault doesn't partly lie at our own doors.

With the greatest demand already existing for necessities—didn't we immediately begin calling for all the luxuries after the war?

The result was High Living Costs because demand exceeded supply.

The remedy is to equalize supply and demand by curtailing expenditures.



STATESMAN CLASSIFIED ADS—ONE CENT A WORD

It's a long, long way from "Taste to Satisfy"

But

Chesterfields get there They Satisfy

20 for 18 cents

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended

Now
Howard Foster Players in Spoken Drama

BLIGH
THEATRE