

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by  
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$5 year. (THE PACIFIC HOMESTEAD, the great western weekly farm paper, will be sent a year to any one paying a year in advance to the Daily Statesman.)

SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23.  
Circulation Department, 583.  
Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.



## SALEM IS THE CENTER OF A GREAT GOAT INDUSTRY

The Israelites under Moses used the kids of goats for their sin offering. The eleven curtains of the tent over the Tabernacle were made of goats' hair.

Goats were before history was.

The city of Angora, in the vilayet of Angora, Anatolia, Asia Minor, Turkey, has given the Angora goat of commerce its name. The Angora goat, coming down to recent days, perhaps, from several different strains, reached its highest development in Asia Minor; until the pioneer breeders of the Willamette valley engaged in the industry.

They have developed a higher type of the Angora goat than Asia Minor can produce.

The body of our Angora is larger, which means a greater shearing surface; the mohair is stronger from our Angoras, and it usually has more lustre.

The manufacturers of mohair find our Angora mohair the finest in the world; and the makers of Angora rugs and robes and chaparrals find the skins to be of the highest value in their work.

The year long forage of this section makes the growth of mohair possible at all seasons.

And the longer the mohair, above twelve inches, the more valuable it is. It has reached a figure up to \$22 a pound.

That the Turks hoped to retain a monopoly on Angora goats is shown by the fact that they made the shipping out of their country of these animals a crime punishable by death.

The people of Salem have long known the value of the goat industry to this section and city. For a long time practically all the pure bred Angora goats in Oregon were raised within a radius of fifty miles from Salem, and this city was the pioneer mohair market of the Pacific Northwest.

Our farmers should raise more goats.

The reasons are well explained by a number of writers in this issue of The Statesman.

Goats are profitable on any of our farms—and they are especially profitable as scavengers; to clean up the land, and particularly to help in the clearing of brush land.

There will not be enough Angoras here as long as any one owning land does not keep a few.

Recently a new outlet has been established here for Angora goat hides with the mohair on them.

Most readers will be surprised to learn from the Salem Slogan pages of this morning the important fact that practically all the "chaps" in North America are made from goat skins tanned in Salem, Oregon.

More than that, the demand is greater than the supply—greater than the supply of the proper kinds of Angora skins, with the long mohair that is produced in this section.

It will therefore help Salem in building up this "chap" industry to larger proportions for our farmers to raise more Angora goats—and it will help Salem and the surrounding country in very many other ways.

But the most surprising development of the goat industry, to the writer; and it will no doubt be the same with the average reader, is the magnitude and importance the milk goat branch of it has assumed.

There are already literally thousands of milk goats in Los Angeles and other California cities, and in Seattle and other Washington cities, and in Portland and Salem and other Oregon cities—and throughout the country.

And they are increasing very fast in number.

Many earnest men and women, calling themselves capriculturists, are encouraging the raising of more milk goats, for the good of humanity; for better babies, and better health generally.

Even in Salem it is shown that one-third of our school children do not drink milk.

This proportion holds good all over the country.

And it is a serious situation—

Serious, when it is considered that a virile race of people cannot be built up or maintained without milk.

In Oregon, very appropriately, is published the great goat paper of the United States—the Angora and Milk Goat Journal, its editor and publisher being A. C. Gage, who contributed the leading article on the Salem Slogan pages, and furnished a number of the cuts therewith.

In the current issue that paper says of itself and its field the following:

"Since establishment of the Angora and Milk Goat Journal nearly ten years ago, the goat industry has taken its place among the live stock interests of the country. The Journal has taken its place as the head of the great family of goat raisers; has assumed the role of leader in the industry, and in that capacity is not only developing the industry itself, but is causing favorable comment on goats from all corners of the earth. The goat raising industry has never shown more stability than today."

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## OUT OF THE VALLEY

BY MOLLY BRUNK

The three of them sat upon the davenport in the reception room of the big, new hospital. Daddy in the middle and Davey on one side, and little Sister on the other. They were strangely quiet, and when one of them spoke, which was seldom, it was in a whisper. Mother was down the corridor, but even that far off she might hear and be disturbed, and nothing must disturb mother now.

Presently light steps came down the passageway, and a pretty, immaculate nurse entered. She came over to where the three sat, and although she smiled, the group knew instinctively that it was not good news that she brought. "She has reached the crisis; everything depends upon the next few hours. We have hope." She departed as quietly as she had entered.

"What's a kwais, Daddy?" little Sister wanted to know.

"Just resting, darling. Mother's just resting." How he wished that he could believe that himself. Sister leaded her curly head on Daddy's arm, and cried softly, from sheer loneliness. Davey sat very straight and still, a brave light in his fine young eyes.

In that other large room, stillness reigned. The figure upon the snowy bed was very white and quiet, but there was peculiar activity of the spirit within the frail body. Mother had drifted back and back through the years. She was a little girl again, in quaint pinafores, and tight little braids. She found the playhouse just as she had left it for Grown-up-land. There were the bits of brightly colored china, and the same boxes that had served for tables and chairs. She played around while, making mud pies and frosting them with ashes.

After a time this grew tiresome, because somehow, all at once she had outgrown them. She was big enough to go to the little country school. She stopped on her way, at Daisy Lee's house and she and Daisy went down the long road together. They carried their lunches in big awkward baskets, and stopped frequently along the way to pluck buttercups and wild violets.

Then the mother found herself bigger and older still. She stood looking into the cracked, little mirror in her room, and realized for the first time that she was pretty. She saw that her hair was like shreds of pure gold, and that her eyes, too, had taken on color. Her cheeks were like rose petals, and her throat was delicate and white. She got out pieces of bright silks and ribbons and held them against her face, turning this way and that to get the effect.

Daddy came upon the scene; but he did not look like the haggard man who sat upon the davenport in the big reception room. He was tall and slender, with kind, quiet eyes, and a lot of soft black hair. He sat in the big kitchen through the long evenings, with all the family joining in his laughter and pleasant talk. The old teakettle upon the fire, old-fashioned stove sang a cheerful, monotonous accompaniment. Daddy found times, when no one observed, to look across at Mother and one shy quick smile well repaid him for the long evening's journey across the meadowland.

After those evenings, Mother seemed to be in a home of her own. Just she and Daddy together; then Davey came and joined them, and closely following him was little Sister. They were happy. They didn't seem to need much else, save one another's companionship to make them contented. Then all grew vague, dreamlike, until they almost drifted from Mother's sight. This disturbed her, beyond anything that had ever happened in her life before. She struggled fiercely with that indefinable obstacle. She must not let them slip from her like that; she would exert every nerve and all her will to bring them back.

The figure upon the bed moved. Mother opened her eyes. "The children," she said weakly. The big doctor got up from his cramped position by her side, and there was the light of victory in his eyes. The nurse hurried out of the room, and retraced her steps as they entered the doorway. She opened her arms wide, and all three slipped into them. The big doctor and nurse who stood by, wiped their eyes frankly.

As they departed Daddy clung long and affectionately to the doctor's hand. "I tell you, doctor," said he, "you saved her for us. You."

The big doctor patted Daddy's back in a fatherly sort of way, then he said: "Of course, my boy. I did my best, but we never could have made it, if it had not been for this splendid new hospital, and its wonderful equipment."

## FUTURE DATES.

March 11, Thursday—Dr. Frank Bohn to lecture on Salem Lyceum course, subject: "Revolutionary Europe."  
March 11, Thursday—Lecture at Commercial club under auspices of Marion County Children's bureau.  
March 12, Friday—Willamette "Frosh Glee."  
March 22, Monday—Willamette debate trout for women.  
March 26, Friday—Meeting of Women's Republican club at armory.  
April 11, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Senators vs. Moodus.  
September 27 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

## "SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious, fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Salem, the goat city.

It is a profitable distinction.

There is more in goats, and more kinds of goats, and more uses for goat products than you dreamed of; isn't it true?

They are making goat cheese, goat butter, goat condensed milk—everything made from cows' milk.

Capra was the Latin name for goats. The goats were pets; hence the word caper; to cut capers. Caprine refers to goat quality; hence caprice, capricious, etc.

If every vacant lot in Salem had a milk goat, a Saanen or Toggenau.

## KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 10c and 25c.

### Spring Styles FOR WOMEN

QUALITY STYLE

Here are the desirable styles that are so important in adding the prestige of smartness to the costume.

Our Spring Line Is Complete—Our Qualities are Unsurpassed.

**Buster Brown Shoe Store**  
125 NORTH COMMERCIAL STREET

burg or Nubian doe, there would not need to be any children here without milk—a third of them are now without milk, and hence to that extent undernourished. And a most serious undernourishment, too. An undernourishment fatal to virility.

West Virginia came in yesterday. Two more, Washington and Delaware, to make up the 36, and all the women of the United States will have the suffrage.

President Wilson's rubber stamps in the senate may break away, enough to carry the treaty with reservations. Any way, the wind was blowing that way at Washington last night; though it looked like a mild zephyr rather than a big blow.

Abundant health is assured when there is good blood in the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to make good blood. Begin taking it now. It is just what the system needs at this time and will do you great good. Sharpens the appetite, steadies the nerves.

## The New Karo Maple

### Delicious But Not Expensive

MANY housewives first try Karo Maple Flavor because it is economical.

They continue to use it because it is so delicious—made so by the delicate flavoring of pure maple sugar, added to the rich body of the famous, original Karo.

Karo's Maple Flavor is the most delightful spread for pancakes and waffles. Both children and grownups prefer it to any other table syrup.

Be sure to ask your grocer for Karo Maple in the Green Can. It is guaranteed to please you or your grocer returns your money.

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