

SOCIETY

In the words of the immortal Walt Whitman: "The time has come to talk of many things." Window boxes for instance—Salem ones.

Blue skies, greenwards, gardens are not enough to keep us in touch with the great outdoors; we need the constant companionship of bright flowers that smile and nod to us through casement window, and so we build a window box.

There is no medium for the introduction of color in our homes so decorative, available and altogether delightful as the window box. Salem has passed the experimental days of the window box, and decided unanimously in their favor. What one finds in them is bewildering for the choice is large—flowers for sunny spots, ferns to stand erect, and vines and trailing plants to fall gracefully or reach up with clinging fingers to the window frame above.

That was a clever idea of the Salem Floral Society to stage a window-box contest; otherwise we might have missed some vivid bits of beauty that Salem homes have to offer us.

There is a charming little home, 421 North Front street, transformed into a castle of romance through a mass of flowers, drooping spray, and arabesques of leaf. Brilliant scarlet geraniums flaunt their blossoms against the ivory yellow walls, "Dusty Miller" establishing a color harmony. The judging committee saw and were captivated and gave the originator, Mrs. Ennis Wait the first award.

Mediators between the house and garden are the window-boxes of Mrs. J. H. Chadbourne, 195 Washington street, which took second place. The brilliant hues of dwarf and French marigold, calceolarias, lobelia, and geranium blend with the snowiness of sweet

elysium, and the foliage of "Dusty Miller," and ivy geranium. Mrs. Charles K. Spaulding, 965 Court street, carried off third honors with her handsome boxes—a harmonious mass of pastel colors, rose geranium, petunias, lobelia, heliotrope, sweet elysium, and their foliage of parlor ivy, "Dusty Miller," and ivy geranium. The general effect is blue, pink and white, which is very charming and effective against the neutral tone of the house.

Mrs. W. C. Hawley received honorable mention for a lovely box, made up of fuchsia, in a half dozen varieties, coleus, geranium, and ivy leaf geranium for greenery. Mrs. Hawley was out of town at the time the awards were made, her most beautiful box, made up of a species of malden-hair fern, which she secured in Washington, D. C., being indoors when the judging committee made their visit. Her floral boxes are notable inasmuch as they were not planted until the first of August.

It is hoped that the Capital city's interest in window boxes will grow for they not only enhance the beauty of the home, and the city but give the resident a sense of participation in the delightful art of gardening. Even a 5-cent package of seed will do much to satisfy one's craving for flower color, perfume and responsive life.

Capital City official circles have been recently increased with the coming here of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Handley and their two children from Tillamook. They are domiciled in the Patterson residence corner of Court and Fifth streets. Mr. Handley is the newly-appointed corporation commissioner.

Mrs. Charles K. Spaulding and Mrs. Roy Mills were mid-week visitors in Portland, spending Tuesday and Wednesday there.

A leading social event in Portland during the week, which is of much interest here, was the reception given by Miss Helen Cal-

breath and Miss Evelyn Calbreath Monday evening, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Franz X. Arenz of New York City and Portland, who plan to spend the winter in San Diego. In the receiving line besides the hostesses and honor guests were Mrs. Irwin Griffith, former Salem folk, now of San Diego, Dan Langenberg was an attendant from Salem.

The Griffiths moved to Portland primarily for Miss Griffith to continue her voice work with Mr. Arenz, this gifted young girl to work under his direction during the winter in the south. It is of interest to musicians that this distinguished instructor in giving much of his time to the writing of a treatise on the human voice, which will appear in book form, probably some time this year.

Mrs. Ralph White presided over an enjoyable dancing party on Wednesday night in Moose hall, the event being in the nature of a re-organization of her Wednesday night dancing club. Halloween colors made a gay setting for the merry-makers, light shades, garlands and flowers being in the varied tones of gold and yellow.

The fortnightly social session of the Order of the Eastern Star, which will be held in the lodge rooms next Tuesday, promises to be one of the most enjoyable gatherings given under the auspices of this organization for some time. The entertainment committee, headed by Mrs. P. A. Capper, and including Mrs. N. M. Brock, Mrs. Alma Gahldorf and Mrs. Rose Babcock, is planning a program for the occasion that will include many interesting numbers. The lodge rooms will be made particularly attractive, autumnal flowers and foliage being employed.

Miss Jeanette Meredith and Miss Lucille Jones, two O. A. C. students, are home to spend the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meredith and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beed and daughter have returned to Arkansas after a year's absence in Arkansas and have purchased the residence of Justice A. S. Bennett on Court street, with the intention of settling here permanently.

One of the most charming and interesting visitors of the week was Mrs. Harry Morton of Shanghai, China, who is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. Free, in Portland. During her brief stay in Salem during the mid-week Mrs. Morton was the house guest of Mrs. Ralph Cochran. Before her marriage she was Miss Mamie Free.

The Mortons have one of the largest and most fashionable Occidental hotels in Shanghai, their clientele including tourists who belong to the nobility, and the most aristocratic social circles of two continents. Mrs. Morton will not return to China until February, in the meantime visiting in Salem again, when she will be claimed by her friends as the motif for numerous social attentions.

A smart little affair of Thursday night was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Earl McMechan, in their apartments, in celebration of their sixth wedding anniversary. Three small tables were called into service, each displaying a centerpiece of Cecil Brunner roses. The favors, place-cards and additional appointments

further emphasized the pink color note. About the rooms were baskets of lovely blossoms, gifts of friends in remembrance of the occasion.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rahn, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Farmer and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Fry Jr.

Mrs. Frank Meredith is entertaining over the week-end two prominent matrons, her sister Mrs. Jesse E. Flanders of Portland, and her niece Mrs. H. D. Eisman of Virginia Beach, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wilson and their children are planning on a several weeks motor trip through California, leaving Saturday morning for Palo Alto, where they will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spaulding presided over a charming theater and dinner party Friday night, entertaining for the pleasure of Mrs. Roy H. Mills, in celebration of her birthday. A box party at the Oregon was followed by the dinner, guests circling a table beautified with a formal floral centerpiece of zinnias and marigolds. Those bidden were Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Bates, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Darby, Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Billis L. Darby.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Downs are among Oregon motorists who are taking advantage of the delightful fall weather to make a trip to Cloud Gap inn, Mt. Hood. They will spend the week-end at this place, motoring up yesterday.

EARLY everyone who reads contemporary fiction in modern magazines would like to know "the story of the story," but this we may not always do. After Mrs. W. F. Fargo's story, "Nobody Else's Home Seems Just Right," appeared in the April number of the American Magazine, the editor of "The Editor," a literary journal, requested Mrs. Fargo to tell of the genesis, development and writing of the story, which she did. Here it is:

"In the beginning—! Let me see. I was sitting by the fire one evening, comfortably relaxed, but words to work with. I wanted my characters to be like you, or me, or anyone—commonplace people doing commonplace things. I was anxious to have 'Emmie' and 'Jim' seem to others as they seemed to me, next-door neighbors, old friends, folks from home. In fact, I wanted my bit of fiction to fit life as easy as an old shoe. That was my problem. Perhaps I solved it—if I solved it—because it has been my happy privilege all by days, to know many delightful elderly people (I trod on familiar ground); and I dearly enjoy putting these composite pictures on paper, considering their problems, finding a way out. It made me positively unhappy that evening as I sat toasting my toes before the fire, to find Cornie's mother and Jim's father had been shelved, simply because they were fifty! It seemed such a wicked waste (worse than dumping sugar into the sea) of accumulated information, of energy and skill and talent, a sort of human sacrifice. (And truly there's an awful lot of that in real life.) So

as best I might. Details sprang up under my pencil, profuse as tropical vegetation; it took half of the time to cut and prune. But once paragraphs began to take proper form I wrote them until they simply refused to 'boll down' any more, and until the sound and the feel somehow satisfied. It meant a lot of work. Some parts of the story were simply dug out, and some bubbled up like artesian waters, perfectly good from the very beginning.

"My problems? Perhaps the biggest one was to make my print people real—and nothing but words to work with. I wanted my characters to be like you, or me, or anyone—commonplace people doing commonplace things. I was anxious to have 'Emmie' and 'Jim' seem to others as they seemed to me, next-door neighbors, old friends, folks from home. In fact, I wanted my bit of fiction to fit life as easy as an old shoe. That was my problem. Perhaps I solved it—if I solved it—because it has been my happy privilege all by days, to know many delightful elderly people (I trod on familiar ground); and I dearly enjoy putting these composite pictures on paper, considering their problems, finding a way out. It made me positively unhappy that evening as I sat toasting my toes before the fire, to find Cornie's mother and Jim's father had been shelved, simply because they were fifty! It seemed such a wicked waste (worse than dumping sugar into the sea) of accumulated information, of energy and skill and talent, a sort of human sacrifice. (And truly there's an awful lot of that in real life.) So

I simply set about seeing what I could do. I think that is the history of the story."

A most welcome addition to Salem's cultural life is Miss Hazel Paden, a graduate of the Boston Normal Art School, who came here at the beginning of the year to teach art and French, in the Salem High School. Miss Paden is a very gifted young woman, and the city may well, indeed, feel fortunate in securing her services.

During the time that she will

be here she will make her home with Mrs. C. W. Beckett, 140 West Superior street.

The Business and Professional Women's club will meet with Dr. Mary Rowland, Tuesday evening at half past seven o'clock. Elections of officers for the coming year will claim the earlier part of the evening, after which Mrs. S. S. East will give a talk concerning safe investments for women. An interesting meeting is being looked forward to.

(Continued on page 5)

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Within sight and sound as we write, a great addition to Dodge Brothers' immense works, is being rushed to completion.

The interesting thing about this situation is, that it is not likely that a half hundred people have ever bought Dodge Brothers Motor Car just because they wanted a motor car.

Of the more than half a million who have bought it—the overwhelming majority did so because of the name it bore.

It has always been treated, by the American people in particular, as an exception—always set apart, and singled out, and never judged by ordinary standards.

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All of this is wonderful, in one way, and quite natural and logical in another.

It all dates back to the day when John and Horace Dodge conceived and designed and finally built the car—after warning each other, and their associates, not even to think of it in any other terms than the best obtainable value.

They began with a few almost absurdly simple principles, bluntly expressed and rigidly executed, about decency and honor and integrity—such as most of us wrote in our copy books at school.

They reduced these old copy book maxims to a splendid and scientific system, pouring more, and more, and still more value into the car, and then marshalling all the resources of modern massed manufacture to get their product into the hands of the people at an honorable and an honest cost.

These policies and principles have never been changed, and never will be changed, by so much as a hairs breadth and they have come to be recognized and accepted as Dodge Brothers principles wherever motor cars are driven.

It has all happened as John and Horace Dodge planned it—quite simply, naturally and automatically, all over America, and all over the world.

People do discriminate, as Dodge Brothers contended they would; people will find out when a motor car is well built and gives good service and great good value.

Dodge Brothers market today is where they planned to locate and establish it—in the mind and the heart of every man and woman who admires good work, well done.

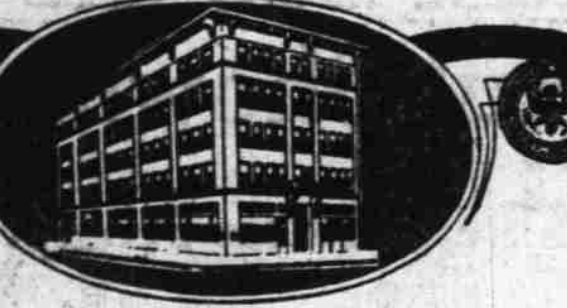
It will last, and it will keep on growing, as it has kept on growing for five years (faster than Dodge Brothers works could keep pace with it), as long as the number of those who believe that a manufacturer should build to serve and not merely to sell, continues to increase.

All is well with Dodge Brothers today, because John and Horace Dodge build well in the beginning, and because their business will continue to build well until the end.

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