

# The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon (Portland Office, 704 Spalding Building, Phone Main 1116)

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Manager Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor Ralph Glover, Cashier Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 65 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, in advance, \$6 a year, \$3 for six months, \$1.50 for three months, in Marion and Polk counties, \$7 a year, \$3.50 for six months, \$1.75 for three months, outside of these counties. When not paid in advance, 50 cents a year additional.

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, \$1.50 a year; 75 cents for six months; 40 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, 683. Job Department, 533. Society Editor 106.

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

## WELCOME AND ANNIVERSARY EDITION

The Statesman will in a few weeks enter its seventy-first year of publication. It was established March 28th, 1851, as a weekly newspaper and as a daily in 1861. So we have been pleased to call this number of The Statesman the Welcome and Anniversary Edition. But the main idea is the Welcome idea, running all through its pages—with the purpose of firmly fixing the title, City of Welcome, which was given to Salem some years ago by The Statesman.

And at some future time, perhaps in celebration of its seventy-fifth birthday, or when it attains the youthful age of 100 years, The Statesman will more fully exploit the anniversary idea; and no doubt this will be the custom at least every 100 years thereafter.

Salem is truly the City of Welcome—Surrounded by a country of welcome, inviting men of industry and genius and capital to come here and help in building up the most progressive and prosperous city in the richest country in all the world.

Perhaps the best idea of what Salem and the surrounding country have to offer to the new comer may be gathered by a careful reading of the review in this issue of the fifty-two Salem Slogan issues of The Statesman—and the writer invites a very careful perusal of this review.

These Salem Slogan issues were conducted with a view to showing to the outside world and to our own people the fifty-two outstanding basic industries and interests of Salem and the surrounding country.

And many of our people have been surprised; the Salem Slogan editor among the rest, at the showing. This is well illustrated by an article in this issue by Prof. C. I. Lewis, manager of the organization department of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative Association, who names this the "land of diversity," as well as the land of opportunity.

When The Statesman first started the Salem Slogan campaigns, Prof. Lewis rather objected to the spirit of the idea, because he is a conservative—and he told the Salem Slogan editor then that he was writing constantly with superlatives. The answer of the Slogan editor was that this is a land of superlatives. If the reader will turn to the article of Prof. Lewis, he will find him saying: "Our valley welcomes the stranger into the greatest fruit section of the United States." That is surely speaking in superlatives; but it is speaking the truth.

Having converted ourselves, we may convert the rest of the country and the rest of the world—

And if the facts contained in this review of a year of the Salem Slogan campaign could be driven home to a sufficient number of people in this and other countries, there would not be room enough here for the people who would come to Salem and the Salem district.

We have the surest basis of wealth known to the world to offer—the products of the land that we can produce cheaper and better than any other section, and that we can process and manufacture and dehydrate and preserve and ship to the lands bordering on all the seven seas—

And this is better than diamond or gold or silver or copper mines, for our soils, under approved methods of agriculture, will never run out, but on the contrary will increase in productiveness with the years, while there is an end to every mine; it will pinch out or finally be exhausted.

With the country working with the city, we have a Gibraltar prosperity and growth—

And, as a matter of fact, with the building of paved roads and with rural mail delivery and telephone service and the light and power lines running into the country further and more generally, no one can tell where the city leaves off and the country begins, and, for trade purposes, Salem is, or will soon be, a city of 100,000 people, including the farmers on the paved roads, instead of a city of 20,000 within the city limits.

And it is headed rapidly towards becoming a city of 100,000 people within the municipal limits—

And, again, this is the City of Welcome and the country of welcome.

It will perhaps be news to most of the readers of The Statesman that the business of this newspaper establishment

has grown till it now approaches the \$250,000 a year mark in volume, and that it is still growing faster than ever before. This business comes from all over the United States, and a good deal more than half of the income is from points outside of Salem; perhaps 75 per cent of it. And nearly all of the income is expended here. In this respect this newspaper combination has grown into a manufacturing plant of no mean proportions in contributing to the industrial life of Salem (for newspapers are classified in the census returns as manufacturing concerns), and this combination of newspapers in other ways is doing its part in development work along all lines that contribute to the upbuilding and well being of Salem and the whole state and the entire Pacific Northwest.

Connected with The Statesman newspaper institution—for it has grown to the stature and dignity of an institution—are the Pacific Homestead, we think the greatest Western farm paper; the Northwest Poultry Journal, the "best in the West," and the largest, in its field, and the Oregon Teachers Monthly, the only one of its kind in this state. The reader will note that the subscription price of the Daily Statesman is \$6 a year in Marion and Polk counties, and \$7 a year outside, by mail; the Twice-a-Week Statesman \$1 a year. The Pacific Homestead is \$1 a year; the Oregon Teachers Monthly \$1.25 a year, and the Northwest Poultry Journal 75 cents a year.

A considerable portion of the business of The Statesman establishment is in the printing of outside newspapers and general job printing, perhaps 80 per cent of which comes from outside the city of Salem.

## O. HENRY AND AL. JENNINGS

(Continued from Tuesday issue)

### CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

There are some men who are conquered only by death. They will not yield even though life is the penalty for rebellion. Men of this type can no more survive in prison than a free thinking private can in the army.

They do not fit in with the crushing discipline of penitentiary life. They are marked for quick finish the moment their heads are shaved and their chests hung with a number. The man who will not bend is broken. It is the inevitable law of prison life.

The prison guard will not endure defiance. It whips the beast in him to a frenzy. In the Ohio pen they had a way of eliminating the unruly. The trip hammer at bolt contract was their neat manner of execution.

Foley the Goat was one of these incorrigibles. He was more hateful to the guards than Leprosy. They sent him to the trip hammer. The man consigned to that labor is doomed. There is no reprieve for him. He cannot endure the terrific grind more than three or four months—then he is carted to the hospital to rack out a few breaths before going to the trough.

His Capital Sin Was Independence.

Death was a mighty severe sentence for Foley. His capital sin was his fearless independence. He would fling back an angry retort to a guard even though he knew that the flesh would be stripped from his back in payment. He was consistent in his defiance. No one ever heard the Goat send up a yell from the basement. It gave him an old reputation in the pen. To the other prisoners he seemed a man protected by a sort of witchcraft.

"He is possessed of the devil," they would whisper in awed admiration. "It ain't in flesh and blood to stand it. He's thrown a spell about himself. He don't feel."

"Sure, he's in cohorts with the Old Fellow," another would volunteer. "He had ghosts rifling the purses of Columbus for him at the Cincinnati."

The superstitious believed it, and if ever there was a man about whom the mantle of mystery draped itself with a natural grace it was Foley the Goat. He was almost motionless when he stood low looking and his eye was the most compelling and fiery thing I had ever looked upon.

I never will forget the quivering throb of interest that caught me the first time I saw that smoldering red-brown eye flaming out its defiance at the guard.

Eyes Scorn Like Malignant Curse.

I had stopped to give an order from the warden. A tall, angular, unsubstantial fellow came with nervous swiftness toward us. He moved with such rapidity he seemed to be winging across the grass. The breath of an instant that hurried the figure passed in its ardent walk and the man lashed upon the guard the burning light of his scornful eye. It was uncanny. It went over the guard like a malignant curse. "Damn beanpole," the guard

### FUTURE DATES.

- January 28, Friday—Triangular inter scholastic debate, Salem, Stayton and Oregon City high schools competing.
- January 27, Thursday—GUILD dance.
- January 28 to 30—interstate convention of Y. M. C. A. in Salem.
- February 3, Thursday—Duroe day, show and sale, state fair grounds.
- February 12, Saturday—Lincoln's birthday.
- February 14, Monday—Basketball, Willamette vs. University of Idaho, at Moscow.
- February 15 and 16, Tuesday and Wednesday—Basketball, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Walla Walla.
- February 17, Thursday—Basketball, Willamette vs. Walla Walla Y. M. C. A. at Walla Walla.
- February 18 and 19, Friday and Saturday—Basketball, Willamette vs. Gonzaga, at Spokane.
- February 22, Tuesday—Basketball, Willamette vs. Idaho, at Salem.
- February 23, Tuesday—Washington's birthday.
- February 24 and 25, Thursday and Friday—Basketball, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Walla Walla.
- March 4 and 5, Friday and Saturday—Basketball, Willamette vs. U. of O., at Eugene.
- April 15, Friday—Baseball, Willamette vs. U. of O., at Salem.
- April 16, Saturday—Baseball, Willamette vs. U. of O., at Eugene.
- May 25, 27 and 28—Baseball, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Walla Walla.
- October 1, Saturday (tentative)—Football, Willamette vs. O. A. C., at Corvallis.
- November 11, Friday (tentative)—Football, Willamette vs. Whitman, at Walla Walla.
- November 24, Thursday (tentative)—Thanksgiving day football, Willamette vs. Multnomah, at Salem.

set his teeth. "He'll get his—damn his bewitched eye!"

"Who's it?" "The Devil take him—the Goat, of course. Who else would dare it? He's got about three months to live, damn him!"

Foley was the master pickpocket of Ohio. His nimble fingers, with their ghostly likeness, had gathered a fortune. A mean and paltry profession it seemed to me until I had talked about it to Foley. He had as much pride about his "gift" as a musician, or a poet or a train robber has in his. But Foley's art was not in the accepted curriculum. He was sent up for two years.

### Work at Hammer Wrecks Big Man.

They had been two years of relentless punishment for Foley. He was early initiated into the horrors of the basement. The man was neither desperate nor vicious but he did not know how to cringe when a guard demanded groveling obedience. Foley was an indomitable, angry sort. He could not be subdued and so he was all but murdered. He came into the pen weighing 200 pounds. When I saw him he carried but 142 pounds on his six foot frame. He looked more like a wraith than a man.

He had been two months at the trip hammer when his term expired. In the bolt contracts this massive instrument was operated by man power. It was a cruel and driving job. For sixty days his arms and legs had been in almost constant motion. The big hammers were pedaled by the feet, small ones by the hand. Sixty days had finished the wreck of Foley's constitution.

The end of his term saved him from death. He was but a shadow when he came into the warden's office for his discharge. "I'm finished with the game," there was no surrender in his interred red-brown eyes, though his voice was but a hoarse shocking whisper and his hands were transparent.

"I'm done in," he said without a trace of self pity or regret. "I'm going to wad it up peacefully on the hill where I was born. I've got a few thousand. That'll pay for a funeral. I've had 28 years on this planet—that's enough. I'm satisfied—my last breath will be a free one!"

### Former Prisoner Fights Boycott.

Foley reckoned without Cal Crim. He reckoned without the boycott. He forgot that he was legitimate prey to be hunted down as soon as his release became known.

And so he went about his home city as though he were in truth a free man. At the corner of Fifth and Vine streets he discovered his mistake.

Foley stood there one night, aimless enough, to be sure. It was but a week or so after his discharge. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, waiting. The ex-con was waiting for a little old lady. He was going to take her to a vaudeville show.

The little old creature was his aunt. She hurried him. When he came out from the pen she took him back to the little house where he was born. Tonight they were going on a glorious lark. She would be coming along in a few moments. So Foley waited.

A man saw him standing there. He watched and after a while he slouched up from behind and caught Foley by the arm.

"Hello, Goat, when did you get back?" Cal Crim, a big rounneck bull in the Cincinnati department, leered at Foley.

"Hello, Cal," Foley was not suspicious. He had kept his resolution. He had neither the wish nor the need to steal. "I got back last week."

Club of Giant Causes Tragely.

"Been to headquarters yet?" Crim tightened his clutch on Foley's skeleton arm.

"Not much, I'm through. I've given up the old game."

"Don't rib me, you damn thief. I am a wise guy, I am. Get along, you sneak," he had Foley by the neck and was pushing him forward. "I'll take you to headquarters."

The Goat knew what that meant. He wouldn't have a chance at that last breath. Once at headquarters and conviction was certain.

"Let go, you skunk Crim, or I'll kill you!" Foley wrenched himself free and turned on the cop. "Don't bully me, Crim. You got nothin' on me. I come clean

this time. Drop your damn hands or I'll finish you. Crim was a hulking giant. He swept out his club.

"Walk along, you thief, or I'll bring this down on your lying head!"

Foley squirmed. There was a crack, thud and a livid welt with the blood bursting through stood out on Foley's cheek. Crim yanked him to his feet. Foley's terrible eyes glared at him. His lightning fingers went to his pockets. An old .44 bulldog pistol went against the bull's stomach. Five shots and the fellow crumpled into a nerveless heap at Foley's feet.

(Continued next week)

### OUT OF THE RACK.

When a person wakes up with a stiff back, has pains in muscles, aches in his joints, or has rheumatic twinges, he lacks ambition and energy and cannot do his best. If you feel out of the race, tired and languid, or have other symptoms of kidney trouble, you should act promptly. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys do their work and get out of the system the poisonous matter that causes so much trouble. They give relief from sleep-disturbing bladder disturbances. Sold everywhere.

### BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Welcome!  
Thrice welcome!  
This is the Welcome Edition.  
This is the City of Welcome.  
And this is the country of welcome and of opportunity.  
And this is the land of diversity.

There are a lot of new handles coined in this edition for this city and this country. The pages are replete with them; and they are all true and appropriate.

No issue of a newspaper ever published in Salem has contained the amount and quality of immigration matter that will be found in the five sections of The Statesman of this morning. Copies will go today to the four corners of the earth, and none of the extra copies ought to be left unsold and unsent.

Send your own copy to some friend in the east. The postage will be 3 cents.

But you may order extra copies at the office at 20 cents each and they will be mailed to any address in the world reached by mail.

The generous quality of the welcome Salem extends to the stranger is shown in the very streets, which are wide. That is an idea you will find extended in one of the special articles of this issue; and it is a good one and well-carried out.

The thanks of the management of The Statesman is due to the many special writers who helped to make this issue a worthy and valuable one, giving the information that is wanted by people everywhere looking for a new location. If any such find anything overlooked, a letter to The Statesman will bring a ready response. The welcome idea on the part of The Statesman is sincere, and we hope to continue along this line throughout the year and all the years of the future.

A hold-up man impersonated a plumber the other night in this town and got away with the game. Now if it had been reverse!—Exchange.

We do not care much for a cornet player unless he plays "A



### Women Who Defy Time

The women who keep their health are the women who hold their youthful looks, robust health, clear skin, firm muscles and clear complexion, which with the aid of Lyko, give a woman victory over the years.

**LYKO**  
The Great General Tonic makes a woman the picture of health by keeping the bodily functions in normal working condition. It regulates the bowels, safeguards one against constipation, aids digestion, stimulates the appetite and puts the body, in general, in good working order. When one is well he or she is bound to feel better, look younger, no matter what their years.

**Absolutely Pure**  
Lyko contains only pure medicinal drugs, combined in just the right proportions to give the most satisfactory results. Whose condition requires the use of a laxative tonic it is surprising how rapid the system responds to this tried remedy.

**Ask Your Druggist**  
Lyko is sold only in the original package. Each bottle is tested as to its therapeutic value before leaving the laboratory and bottled under the most hygienic conditions. Get a bottle today and see how soon your condition improves and how soon you will look more like the picture of health.

Sole Manufacturers **LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY** New York Kansas City

For sale by all druggists. Always in stock at Perry's Drug Store.

Long, Long Trail" two blocks away on a still moonlight night. Oh, boy!—Exchange.

Weddings and funerals still continue to be old-fashioned. The old ways are best.

When the average young woman takes as much interest in running a home as she does running an automobile we will be getting into the region of normalcy.—Exchange.

### Mexican Clergy Attack Radicalism in Letters

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 2.—The Catholic clergy of Mexico, which recently held an extended conference in Mexico City, has just made public a pastoral letter which attacks radicalism. The newspapers announce that this is the beginning of an active campaign which the church has inaugurated.

The letter asserts that soviet and socialist propaganda has become so aggressive in Mexico that "it is necessary to combat ideas with other ideas" and for that reason an extended list of questions and answers are set forth.

The archbishop of Mexico, who is the head of the clergy in the republic, has given his sanction to the campaign and intimation is given that as soon as the work is started in Mexico it will be extended first to Guatemala and then to other Central American republics.

One of the plans projected to defeat sovietism is the organization of numerous societies of Catholic workmen.

### IT'S GOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. C. E. Schwab, 1007 14th St., Canton, Ohio, writes: "We use Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and find it one of the best remedies on the market, especially good for children's coughs, as it does not contain any drug that is harmful." Serious sickness often follows lingering colds. Hard coughing racks a child's body and disturbs strength giving sleep, and the poisons weaken the system so that disease cannot be warded off. Take Foley's in time. Sold everywhere.

### LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

### WHY WE SHOULD PRESCRIBE AND MAKE YOUR GLASSES

OURS is the largest optical institution in the state of Oregon. It is complete throughout, comprising attending specialists, registered optometrists, our own lens grinding laboratory, and a most comprehensive and varied stock of optical goods, including the complete family of Shur-on products.

Special attention given to mail orders.

We can duplicate your glasses or broken lenses.

A suggestion! Double vision lenses fitted into the newest Shelltex Shur-on frame, which is re-inforced by a gold lining.

Eyesight Specialists—indeed!

### MORRIS OPTICAL CO.

Eyesight Specialists  
204 to 211 Salem Bank of Commerce Building  
SALEM, OREGON

Classified Ads. in The Statesman Bring Results

### FOLKS with the knack of doing things get a head start each day by breakfasting on OLYMPIC Rolled Oats.

The OLYMPIC Line includes your favorite cereal—sanitarily milled, packed, sealed and wrapped.

—at most grocers

### OLYMPIC

### Last Week!!

## Opportunity Sale

One more week and the "Opportunity" is past. This will be the "final Cleanup" for the season.

### Spring Merchandise

is coming in and demands attention. If you desire participation in the wonderful offerings we are making in this Opportunity Sale. You must not delay. Sale positively closes Saturday night.

# MILLER'S

Good Goods.

Shop Mornings

### THINGS WILL MOVE RIGHT ALONG

JUST because conditions have hovered around a bit before settling down is all the more reason to believe that they will sooner or later find a solid foundation upon which to build substantial prosperity.

Every day you no doubt realize your need for a connection with the United States National Bank. Why put off making it?

### United States National Bank

SALEM OREGON