

## WHY NOT A STONE FROM HOOD OR JEFFERSON?

Two Western Ranger boys of California the other day scaled the highest peak of San Geronimo mountain, near San Bernardino, and brought down a big white stone. It was hard work for the boys, and they were as limp as rags when they got down from the mountain top, but they were all the happier for that.

For they felt that they had done something for California and its glory.

According to John Stephen McGroarty, the author of the Mission Play and the man who has brought it into world wide renown—

Because the big white stone from the white summit of old Geronimo above the good gray town of San Bernardino is to be set on the peak of the tallest tower that shall be in the new Mission Playhouse at San Gabriel, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Now, in some future time, when the pageant of the beginnings of Salem and of the Oregon country shall have been made a perfect and a permanent thing, and arrangements shall have been made for building the pageant a home, what more appropriate than a stone on the peak of its tallest tower, brought down from the summit of Mount Hood—

Or two stones for two of its towers, one from Mount Jefferson?

Or, for the matter of that, a stone each for a tall tower, from Ranier, St. Helens and the Three Sisters, besides the ones from Hood and Jefferson.

But first things first. We must now create a sentiment for an annual mission play here in Salem; though we cannot call it the Mission Play, because California has secured what amounts to a copyright on this name, by right of preemption. But the sentiment will be the same. It will be, as the California Mission Play, a story of the beginnings; calculated to inspire a love of the state.

Perhaps the very first thing to be undertaken would better be the securing and setting aside as a shrine of the first dwelling house built in Salem, and occupied by Jason Lee and others of the early missionaries.

The organization that shall do the pioneer work in such an undertaking will be doing a great service to Salem, to Oregon, and to all this section of the United States that was once the Oregon Country, including the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the western portions of Montana and Wyoming.

Who shall be the John Stephen McGroarty of Oregon? To whom shall be delivered the white stones from the mountain tops? The great Mission Play was once only a dream in the mind of that one man; a plain, kindly, imaginative newspaper reporter of the Los Angeles Times, who is still conducting a page in the Sunday Magazine of that paper—a page that was read weekly by such men as President Harding, and is read by other such men all around the world, for its simple and kindly philosophies; because it is written by one who loves his fellow men, of whatever race or color or religion, or whatever sky may bend over them.

The Mission Playhouse is still partly a dream in this one man's mind; but it is taking shape with the help of people all around the world who are giving of their means to make the dream come true.

If a man makes a better mouse trap, or any other old thing, than may be found elsewhere, according to what many people think Emerson said, the world will make a beaten path to his door, though he live in a forest. This is the case now with ground flax seed for poultices. The Oregon state flax plant produces the best, and the manufacturing and wholesale and drug trade of the United States is finding it out, and making the proverbial beaten path. We strive to please. What is more, in the matter of poultices, we have the goods with which to please, and no detail will be omitted to keep them the very best to be had in this or any other old country. First thing you know, the best flax seed poultice supplies for the whole country, and perhaps many other countries, will be going from Salem, Oregon. There is a big business and there are good profits in thus performing part of the offices of the good Samaritan. Poultices that palliate and please would make a good alliterative motto. It will take us a long time to find out the various ways in which we may excel with the products of our soil and sunshine and showers, plus the skill of our men of vision. We are finding new ways every once in a while, and often twice in a while. We are also furnishing flax seed for the tea of the druggists that is used to cure certain ills. Our flax may clothe the world, make it elegant in its homes, and keep it well.

## OUR COUNTRY TOWNS

Marion county is fortunate in the character of its smaller towns. In the first place they are working unitedly for Marion county and there is less jealousy than between any county towns and county seats than we have seen anywhere else. In the next place each one of these towns is living its own life, but each has its vision also, and is living a vision and world life as well. It has never been our good fortune to live in a county before where there were so many small towns, each prosperous, each working for its own interest, and yet each working for the general good, as our towns here in Marion county.

Our first stop was at Stayton, where a large Sunday school convention was held on Sunday and two days later the high school held its thrift exercises. Stayton is a good town, but it wants a little bit more water just now. It has an unusually good high school. Stayton is fortunate in having so capable an educator as Professor White at the head of its school.

Aumsville is a plucky little town, standing up for its own interests always, but cooperating with its neighbors in developing

the county. Aumsville also has a high school which does it credit. Although not large, it has an unusually capable student body.

Turner is a good little town whose wide awake business men look after the interests of their community in a patriotic manner. Marion is a rattling good little town where the people have a passion for service and they are working out their community program in a satisfactory manner.

Jefferson is as wide awake a town as one would care to find. It has good progressive business men, capable municipal leadership and its schools are mighty fine ones. Jefferson is proud of its schools.

In the north end of the county Hubbard is a town that has been on the map for many years, but it is a progressive, substantial community and the people are unusually intelligent.

We were unable to stop in Woodburn, but we know what a fine town that is because its merits are heralded abroad. Gervais is another rattling good town. The pride of Gervais is in its schools and probably that is why the athletic teams make such good records, they have splendid home backing. St. Paul is off the railroad and

we were much surprised at the progressive attitude of its citizens. It is up to the minute, has a fine school system and its business men and citizens generally are mighty fine people. Mt. Angel we have not yet visited but hope to soon.

Silverton is of course the largest town in the county outside of Salem. It is an unusually pretty town, clean, well kept, and its municipal house keeping indicates close attention to details. It has a high school that would be hard to beat. It is trying to reach out and form a union high school, and they think they will be able to do so in a year or so.

All of these towns mentioned have loyal newspapers, except St. Paul, which are spending their energy unstintingly for the advancement of their communities. One reason for the greatness of Marion county is that we have these towns and such capable people in them that the entire county is raised to an unusually high standard.

## DIRIGIBLE TROUBLES

The breaking away of the dirigible balloon, Shenandoah is to be regretted. The balloon we have had with us always but they have always been dangerous. Of late years there has been a belief that safety appliances were being perfected. In this case the balloon did not seem to be tied safe enough. It is always a problem to tie a tremendous power like this one.

We have mastered the air, and the flying machines are practically as safe as trains. The fact that the crew was able to control this immense dirigible, even after it was battered up, shows that the great element of danger has been removed and that this method of travel is safe.

## COOPERATIVE ILLS

The Oregon Statesman has insisted always that cooperation was the only hope of the farmer, just as it believes that labor owes its present condition to organization. However, in the conduct of their business the farmers must tote square.

We notice one company in Vancouver has been getting business by cutting prices. This is not good business. It cannot last. Cooperative business must be conducted open and aboveboard, every interested party knowing the details of it and the general business known to the world. If there is any branch of business that must not be a price cutter or commission divider it is the cooperative institutions.

## THE HAY RATE

The new hay rate which is causing such a furor is simply a new application of a very old contention. We knew a man to go to the senate once on his record in evading paying the same proportion rates for long and short hauls. That has been some years ago, and there is just as much trouble as ever. He must not have reached fire somehow.

The hay freight rate is based upon the premises of long and short hauls. The fuss that is being made about this shows that people are not agreed upon that particular brand of justice.

## PRICE STABILITY

What the farmers of America need is a stabilizing of prices so they may have some assurance of a market when they do produce good crops.

Our markets are manipulated and the law of supply and demand is nullified. There has been legislation against manipulation, but it does not seem to touch the exact spot. What we must have is more legislation so as to prevent the cornering of any product, which always results in loss to the farmer. There is no effort made to corner the market until after the crop is out of the hands of the original producer.

## A GOOD MAN GONE

The death of Dr. C. W. Southworth is a severe blow to the progressive citizens of Salem. Dr. Southworth was clearly alive to our every interest in religious work. He was not fond of making any display, but was fond of doing the work of the Master in a quiet, effective manner. Dr. Southworth was not an old man, but he was a man who crowded a lot of activity into his busy life. It is a sad day for Salem when the announcement of the death of Dr. Southworth is made.

Another medal of merit has gone to a Jersey cow in Oregon. It continues we will have to move the medal factory to the Willamette valley. We are getting all the prizes anyway.

## MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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## CHAPTER 77

MADGE HEARS A SIGNIFICANT CONVERSATION.

I waited breathlessly for Lillian's answer to Robert Savarin's thinly veiled command that she stay at home instead of motoring to Kingston with me. To all outward seeming I was absorbed in the delicious pudding which Mrs. Cosgrove had served for dessert, but I lost no word of her reply, which came after only an instant's hesitation.

"Oh, I am sure it is the only thing! I need a good shaking up, and Madge will drive fast enough to give it to me."

Her words were light, casually frivolous, but my heart gave a fierce little throb of gladness. I had been afraid that Lillian, worn and weary of the tragic battle with life that had been hers, weakened by physical illness, might not strike the note of independence which I was sure Robert Savarin needed. Every man is a potential Simon Legree, provided the woman who loves him chooses the feminine counterpart of Uncle Tom's submissive role. And though, being a woman, I hate to admit it, the converse of the statement is as lamentably true.

Lillian's head was ruling her heart again. I did not need a microscope to discover this, and I was correspondingly jubilant, for I knew that only in that state of affairs lay any possibility of happiness for her imperious yet loving nature. And I am afraid I wickedly rejoiced at the startled, even nonplussed look which came into Robert Savarin's sombre countenance.

Lillian's Decision.

I had guessed before this that into their romantic love idyll there

never before had come any clashing of wills over petty minor things. The contest between them, which I was sure had materially helped Lillian's nervous collapse, had been upon the high plane of the spirit, in which Robert Savarin had been a suppliant instead of a dictator. I do not think he ever had realized before the pride and self-reliance with which the years of facing her world and dominating it had endowed the woman he loved. That it was a salutary lesson I was sure, and I was glad that Lillian's absence during the afternoon would give him time and opportunity to conform it, if not to master it.

She did not give Robert an opportunity to protest her decision, even if he had been so inclined, but rose as she finished her low-toned answer, and came to my side of the table, dropping her hand for an instant on my shoulder.

"I'll run over and get my hat and coat," she said. "Marion, have you finished your dinner, dear?"

"Yes, mother," expectantly. "Then come with me. I want to take some measures so that I may get something for you to wear home. I think you have grown a whole foot up here. At any rate, almost everything you own will have to go to the first philanthropic rummage sale whose sponsors catch me."

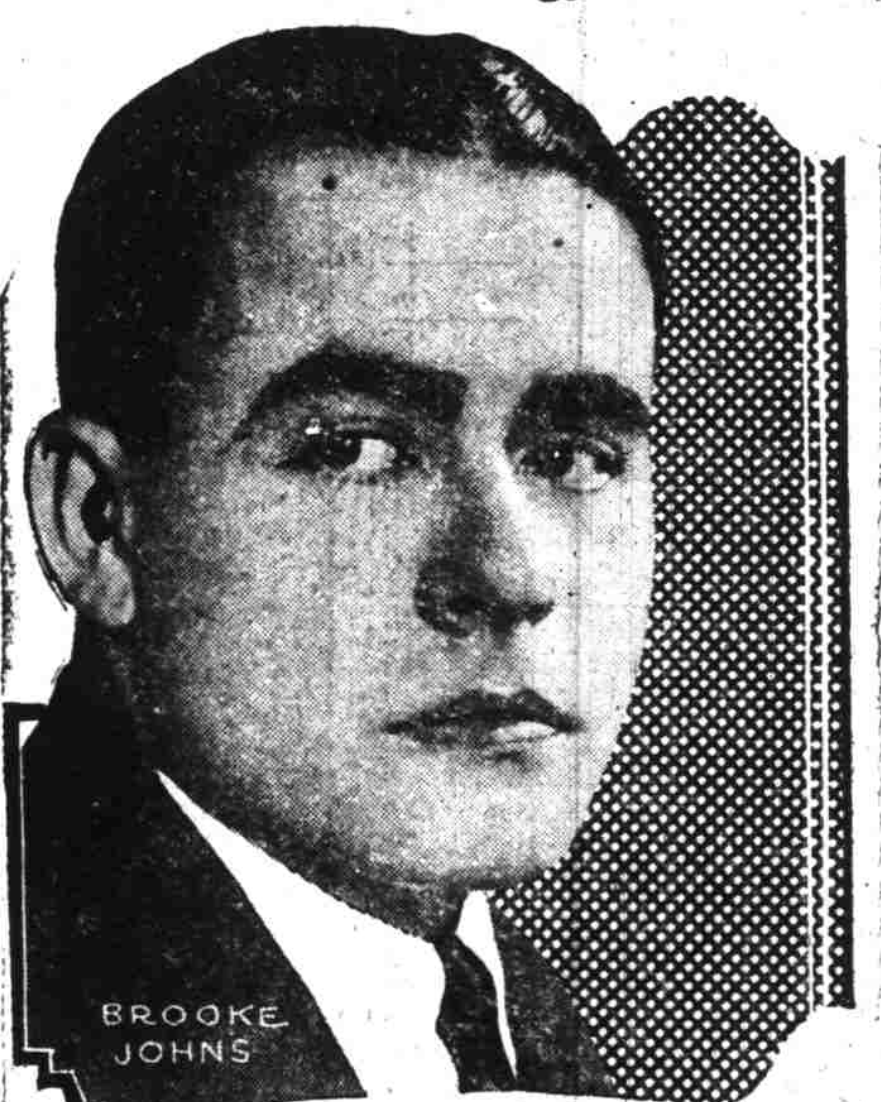
"Oh, goody! That means all new things!" Marion carolled. "Oh, mother! May I have one of those spiffy little—"

The closing door shut the sound of the child's voice from us, and we did not learn what particular "spiffy" object of dress Marion desired. But I knew as well as though I had heard the mother's answer, that Lillian had promised her adored little daughter the thing she asked, and I caught a glimpse for a second down a vista of the years immediately before them, when Marion's needs and wishes would be constantly increasing, while her mother's impaired health ought to spell a diminution of income unless she taxed her flagging powers too greatly.

"Are You Going?"

My eyes were drawn irresistibly to Robert Savarin's. His were fixed upon the door through which mother and child had just passed. I saw my thought—only intensifi-

## A Real F. F. V. In The Ziegfeld Follies



BROOKE JOHNS

"TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY"



Take, oh take those lips away, a-way; Lips that never mean a word they say;

Southern Aristocrat Shatters Family Traditions by Taking to Stage

New York City.—An F. F. V. and he never even told his press agent about it!

That's why Broadway simply can't understand Brooke Johns, graduate of Georgetown University and soloist in the Ziegfeld Follies this year. It came out by accident the other day that the good-looking, modest young fellow, who is a sort of matinee idol around town, comes of the bluest Virginia blood and numbers governors, senators, archbishops and all sorts of aristocrats among his ancestors.

The girls who adorn Mr. Ziegfeld's production have always made a point of their family con-

nections, real or fancied, so they can't imagine why Mr. Johns keeps his noble secret dark.

"It's because your family doesn't count after you get out rustling for yourself," the singer protested, really embarrassed. "My job is so fascinating that it gives me no time to think about things like ancestors that are all in the past."

"Look at my hit song, 'Take Those Lips Away.' I've been looking for several years for a song idea like that. A sort of superlative degree of all the sentimental synecopation of the past, it is by my friends, Joe McCarthy and Harry Tierney, and I'm having the time of my life putting it over."

"It's what you really are that counts in this kind of an activity. My ancestors can't help, so why bother to lug them out before the public?"

## Snoppyquop Land



This bird is Diogenes, searching for an Honest Snoppyquop. The police dog has turned the "Stop" sign on him, and wants to know where he got the new idea for getting ahead of the world. You must admit that it's clever—snails for feet, and a nice fresh carrot to urge on the snails. It's slow, but sure, and, though he won't ever have a chance with Charley Paddock, he's thinking seriously of challenging Turtle Tortoise for a match race.

Diogenes' handy searchlight enables him to peek into books and papers at night to see if there are pictures of any honest Snoppies. Once he looked in the dictionary, but caught the measles, as it was in there. That's where he got the spotted panties.

ed a thousand per cent—reflected in his face. And then, for a searching second, he looked squarely at me, and I read in his eyes all the disapproval he would have liked to heap upon me for my support of Lillian's proposition.

Then he rose and left the table, and I finished my dessert in digestion-defying haste, that I might hurry after him and give him no chance to talk to Lillian alone before we started. I would have left my dessert altogether if it had not been for Mrs. Cosgrove's observant eyes, and the stress I had laid upon my liking for it.

I reached Lillian's door just as she opened it in answer to Robert's knock, and I schooled my voice and expression to a simulation of haste. "Let me help you with those measurements," I said. "We only have a very few minutes left if I reach Rhineback without having to speed. Oh, Robert! Would you mind asking your sister if she has any errands for us? I forgot it, and we're in such a hurry."

"In a moment," he replied, bowing courteously with the grandiose air which is fascinating or distasteful, according to one's reaction toward the person using it. Then he spoke slowly, measuredly to Lillian:

"Are you going?" he asked. She returned his look as steadily. "Yes, Robert, I am going," she answered, and at the words he put out his hand, almost as if she had struck him. Then he turned and walked slowly, heavily, to the farmhouse.

(To Be Continued)

## SCOTTS MILLS

SCOTTS MILLS, Ore., Jan. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Magee, who have been visiting relatives in southern California the past three weeks, returned home Saturday

## Cap'n Zyb

CAN YOU DO THIS? This tumbling stunt is an entirely different type from the ones which have gone before it. It is called the "two man roll."

## TWO-MAN ROLL



One boy lies on his back with his feet up in the air. The other boy stands with his feet beside the head of the bottom one. This top boy leans over and grasps the ankles of the bottom boy, who also grasps his partner's ankles. The two then start a series of easy dives while holding each other in this manner, making a very funny human wheel effect.

—CAP'N ZYB.

## THE FUN BOX

Peter Puzzle Says—  
Guess this word square: 1. A vegetable that is also a slang expression for your head. 2. The sharp side of an instrument. 3. The amount of time since the world began. 4. A bird's home.

Randy Riddle Says—  
Why do cross-eyed men get arrested?

Slender Diet  
Waiter: "We're having lovely weather today."  
Absentminded Patron: "A right, bring me some."

Red Rag  
Rastus: "Dat sure am a flame in 'tie yo' got on, Sambo."  
Sambo: "Yo' sho am right, Rastus. Ah got it at a fire sale."

Hard to Understand  
Johnny: "Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday."  
Willie: "That's all you know about it."  
Johnny: "Then why ain't you sick today?"

An Untimely Death  
There was a young fellow named Hall  
Who fell in the spring in the fall;  
'Twould have been a sad thing  
If he'd died in the spring,  
But he didn't, he died in the fall.

Answer to today's word square: 1. Head. 2. Edge. 3. Ages. 4. Nest.  
Answer to today's riddle: Cross-eyed men get arrested for looking crooked.

Bellinger at the Salem hospital Monday, January 14, 1924, a daughter.

J. S. Koob was in Silverton Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben White and daughter left for Eugene Tuesday morning for a visit.

The man who invented the theory that hot air rises never lived on the top floor of an apartment house.

## FUTURE DATES

January 17-24—National Thrift Week observed locally.  
January 19, Saturday—Meeting of department officers, administration council and past commanders, Veterans of Foreign Wars.  
January 20, Sunday—Ex-service men of Marion-Folk counties guests of 40 & 5 McCormack hall, Salem.  
February 12, Tuesday—Annual Ladies night, Ikwana club.  
February 23, Saturday—Dedication of statue "The Circuit Rider," in state house grounds.  
March 13, 14 and 15—State interscholastic basketball tournament, Willamette gymnasium.  
March 14 and 15, Friday and Saturday—Marion county Sunday school branch of religious education meets at Stayton.  
May 16, Friday—Primary election in Oregon.  
June 10, Tuesday—Republican national convention meets in Cleveland.  
June 24, Tuesday—Democratic national convention meets in New York.

## Week End Bargains

In Connection with January Clearance Sale Makes Saving a Positive Fact.

## The C. & C. Store 254 N. Com.

### WEEK-END BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS

25c 36-in. White Outing now Yd.	21c
9-4 Peppill Bl. Sheeting Yd.	59c
15x25 Turkish Towel	12c
15c Diamond Dyes	10c
Children's Raincoats	\$2.49
56 in. heavy Broadcloth Yd.	98c
Heavy Woolen English Army Blanket	\$2.75

### MEN'S FURNISHINGS

50c heavy wool Socks	39c
\$3.00 Woolen Shirts	\$2.25
Heavy cotton Socks, 3 Pairs	50c
50c Suspenders	39c
Hood's Best Grade Red Rubber Boots, Regular	\$3.95
Hood's Red Rubber Shoes	\$3.75
\$4.50 and \$5.00 Raincoats	\$3.25
Men's Dress and Work Shirts	75c

### WEEK-END GROCERY BARGAINS

15c box Ball Blueing	10c
Small choice naval Oranges, doz.	10c
4 lbs. Pink Beans	25c
25c Package Lipton Tea	19c
1 lb. Package Tree Tea	59c
1/2 lb. Package Tree Tea	30c
Lima Beans	10c
Pound Sugar	49c
5 lbs. K. C. Baking Powder	63c

### SHOES

Men's 16 in. Pac. High Top	\$6.95
Men's Tan Army blucher work shoes	\$2.98
Ladies' nice Kid Oxfords, low or Medium	\$1.98
Little Gent's High Tops	\$2.98
Women's heavy glove finish general use Shoes	\$3.15

You will find our shoes the most reasonable priced in the city, taking into consideration that they are all new lasts and shapes.

Doing exactly as we advertise and treating our trade fairly in every respect is pushing us to the front.

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