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WHEAT DOLLAR ONLY WORTH 8 CENTS AS COMPARED WITH 1913

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A suit clothes costs the farmer ten bushels of wheat today than in 1913, or 31 bushels as compared with 21. It is shown in the report submitted to President Coolidge by Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace.

would cost 166 bushels, and the cost of soft coal has risen from 9 bushels then to 16 bushels now, the report shows.

Although the average farm price of wheat of November 1 was above the 1909-13 average for November, it is equivalent to only about 60 cents per bushel in the pre-war period, Secretary Wallace said. The cost of nearly everything the farmer buys is necessarily very high because freight rates and industrial wages, which enter not only into the cost of manufac-

turing but also the cost of transportation, are far above their level before the war. With the November farm price of wheat only 107 per cent of the pre-war average price, the wholesale price of all commodities which is generally taken as a measure of the price level was 153 per cent in October. On the basis of such a price level the average farm price of wheat should have been about \$1.35 a bushel for November to give wheat pre-war purchasing power at whole prices, the secretary adds.

LITTLE STORIES OF SALEM

Last fall a family moved from a central state to Salem—as is customary with the best families from other states of the Union. Everything was lovely! Salem was so much more beautiful than any other place in which they had ever lived that it seemed that nothing but contentment could come to them. Nevertheless, something else did come: Homesickness. A lifetime of habits of sociability was fixed upon them. In the old home town they had had a part in the continuous round of social activities, and had never before realized how largely their happiness and contentment rested upon the pleasant informalities of everyday life among people whom they knew. The man quickly made acquaintances and prospective friendships in his business intercourse with other men and at the Monday luncheons of Salem's peerless Chamber of Commerce. The male creature quickly fits himself to new environments. But the lady could have told a different story had she not been so firmly resolved to not tell it. She was bashful and sensitive—although she had never realized it in "the old home town." She was entranced with Salem, and knew that she would love it more than any other place she had ever seen—if she did not die of loneliness too soon. She wanted to chatter with another woman, but no likely looking chatee came within her scope, and during the hours of the day when the children were at school and the man was "up town," the quietness of the house seethed unbearable and she would sometimes catch herself tip-toeing from room to room as though trying to escape from some pursuing horror. Sometimes she found herself involuntarily looking out of the window with an unconscious feeling that some tremendous cataclysm had suddenly rendered the earth inanimate and bleak, and could not have told whether she was shocked or relieved to see other people apparently cheerful and happy. A few times she nodded in a friendly way from the front porch to women whom she had seen passing daily, and once or twice received a doubtful and almost imperceptible nod in return. Sometimes she had little fits of hysterics all by herself, and it became increasingly necessary to invoke several extra dabs of the powder puff, especially around the eyes, to camouflage her facial ravages before the man came home to dinner. She enviously watched neighbor women gossiping in their back-yards, and used to pretend to have errands to the garage or garbage can in her own back yard, hoping that "something" might happen; but nothing ever did. She and the man went to church regularly, but found that a hand-shake in the vestry did not mean a friendship formed; and a week between hand-shakes is a long time. The only people who seemed at all like old acquaintances were the actors at the movies, but they also were silent. The lady especially yearned toward a neighbor who lived just around the corner and whose back-yard was in close proximity to her own. This

neighbor seemed wholesome, bountiful and unaffected, had a cheery voice for her "good mornings" to the other neighbors, and generally lifted a subdued but rollicky song during her brisk "chores" in her own back-yard. "I'm sure she's nice," thought the lady, "and I'd love to talk with her." Desire inspired expediency, and one day the lady thought: "How foolish I am. So many new people are coming to Salem all the time, of course those who are already here can't keep track of all of them and call on them, as we used to do back home. I'll just do the calling myself. I won't really dress up, for one can't be formal when begging for acquaintance. I'll just slip on a nice street dress and act as if I was going somewhere. And I'll ask her how to get so some street, and that will give me a chance to tell her that we are new people here, and where we live, and—O, I just know it will work." And she did it. She tripped eagerly around the corner and rang the bell at the coveted house. She had seen her neighbor in her back-yard not five minutes before, but there was no response to her ringing. She rang again and could hear the bell in the house, but still no one responded. A terrible thought came to her, but as it brought a hot flush to her face she desperately pressed the button again. Still no response, but she saw the curtains at a window sway gently. As the tears of mortification and despair came she turned and ran down the steps. At the bottom she half turned and shot a glance of reproach upward, and saw something she had not noticed before. On one of the steps was a neatly enameled small metal sign: "No Peddlers or Agents."

This story has no moral. A moral is utilized to embellish a theory, while this story deals entirely with a condition.

A man and a woman were looking into a big display window of a Salem department store; that is, the woman was intently looking at the display while the man champed the bit and marked time just behind her and mumblyingly acquiesced in her spirited and delighted comment on the display. The window contained three display figures, two ladies and a gent, and they were certainly "logged up" in fifty styles. Suddenly the woman gave a subdued shriek and whirled and grabbed the man with both hands—just like a squirrel about to climb a tree. One of the lady figures in the window had suddenly turned its head and smiled at her, and the "gent" figure had also turned its eyes upon her with a fishy stare! The man was much startled also, but he was the first to recover himself, and as they walked away he was laughing at her and trying to pretend that he had known all the time that two of the figures in the window were the store's window dresser and his assistant.

A lady on South Commercial street who is generally able to "hold her own" quite well under any condition, admits that this week a common book agent "got her goat" for a few moments. In response to his ring she opened the door and gave him the severe look which she reserves especially for agents. He was a sanctimonious looking chap, and he took off his hat and bowed gravely and asked, in a solemn voice: "Madam, have there been any burglaries or murders in this block during the past six months?" The lady experienced a thrill, but answered in a hushed voice that no such terrible things had happened. "Ah!" said the gentleman, as he pulled a note book from his pocket and consulted it minutely, "and have any children been kidnapped during that space of time?" "No-o-o," quavered the lady. "I am greatly relieved to hear it," said the gentleman, "as I feared from the attitude of most of your neighbors that something of the kind must have happened and terrorized them. They seem to be afraid to come to the door when one rings their bells. I congratulate you on not being so cowardly, and I am very glad to be able to show you in this book the names of Salem ladies of the best families who have already given me their orders for that wonderful and very necessary volume: Home Training in Good Manners." Your neighbors need this book more than you do, but, unfortunately for them, they have missed their opportunity to secure it. I hope you will let them read your copy of it when we send it to you on our special terms of only \$1 on delivery and 50 cents per month. Sign right here, Madam." And the lady admits that she did.

In his flivver he was crossing Center street on North Winter. As he neared the center of the street he glanced casually to the left—and his casualness immediately deserted him! Within 20 feet, headed straight at him and coming right along was a truck that looked about the size of the post office building. Frantically he stepped on the accelerator, and the little car jumped ahead and almost escaped; but not quite. The protruding hub cap of the truck struck the left rear tire and slewed the little car perilously, and only instinctive excellence at the steering wheel prevented it from upsetting. He drove it to the side of the street and stopped, drew a long breath, took off his hat and wiped his brow, while the truck

WESTERN AUTO MANAGERS MEET

W. F. Watson Will Leave This Week to Attend Convention

W. F. Watson, local manager of the Western Auto Supply, will leave Friday morning, February 8, for Los Angeles to attend the annual convention of branch managers and officials of that company.

The convention will be held in the new three story main office building which was just completed in December. Approximately 90 managers are expected to attend this convention of which three are from Oregon and eleven from Washington. The company expects to open many new stores in the northwest this spring and summer and have a big expansion program which will be discussed during the convention.

Mr. Watson reports that his company, in keeping with its usual custom of saving money for autoists and leading the field in such matters, has recently reduced practically their entire stock approximately 10 per cent.

The relative purchasing power of the wheat farmer's dollar today with the 1913 value figured at 100 per cent, as estimated by the department of agriculture, is 78 per cent in terms of all commodities, 59 in terms of clothing, etc., 71 in fuels, 84 in metals, 56 in building materials and 67 in house furnishing goods.

The fact that the cotton farmer is far more prosperous than the wheat farmer is indicated by the fact that the purchasing power of the former's dollar hovers around 150 per cent.

proceeded unconcernedly down Center street. The Outlander approached the man in the flivver and, asked if his car had sustained any damage. "O, no," he replied, "I guess Lizzie is all right. The only damage is to my sense of justice and my love for my fellowmen. I have lived in Salem over a year now, but am still in danger of being run over. I have driven autos for many years, in many cities and states, but somehow can't get used to the traffic customs in Salem. About the same thing as you saw just now has happened to me a half dozen times before in Salem. You see, all the traffic rules I ever saw in any state give the right of way to the car coming from the right. For years I have always looked to the right at crossings, so as to give the other fellow all he is entitled to, but I find that in Salem I must watch the left also or I may get more than I am entitled to myself. The fellows in the little cars are all right. There's no danger of being run into by a Ford coming from the left, but some of the fellows who have big powerful cars with heavy bumpers in front don't seem to have much consideration for the meek and lowly. Some of them act as though they would really like to know just how far a Ford will bounce if hit just right. And some of these fellows who drive trucks—say, they act as though they are the fire department and it is up to everybody else to get off the street when they start. O, well, I am developing a wonderful set of involuntary reflex muscles and a universal joint in my neck, and before the coming summer is over I expect to be able to spin my head clear around so as to see in all directions at every crossing."

JANUARY GOOD OLDS MONTH

Over 8,000 Cars Produced in United States in January, 1924

An increased production of more than 400 per cent over the first month of 1923 is reported for January by the Olds Motor Works at Lansing, Michigan. This phenomenal gain would have been even larger if manufacturing facilities had permitted, say factory officials.

During the month just closed—with the last three days estimated—the production was slightly in excess of 8000 cars. During January, 1923, before the introduction of the new six cylinder Oldsmobile, the production was 1804. "So far since the introduction of the new six our production has

not kept pace with current sales," declared Guy H. Peasley, sales manager of the company. "The result is that none of our dealers so far has been able to stock up with cars to meet the spring demand." "Every day during January by telegrams, long distance telephone calls and personal visits dealers have been bombarding the factory for cars. Each day we are increasing our production and hope during February to be able to ship dealers enough cars to build a reserve for the early spring rush. By the way in which the factory department managers are cooperating, we are confident that our output will at least equal the demand within a short time and will be sufficiently large to properly care for the spring and early summer trade." The January production was equally divided between closed and open cars. Sedans and sport touring cars led their respective classes in demand. From present indications the output of closed cars during 1924 will exceed that of the open models.

Owing to the overwhelming demand, the factory is confining itself exclusively to the six standard body types. For that reason it did not follow the usual practice of exhibiting special models at the national automobile shows this year.

Correct this sentence: "I often sit near people who read subtitles aloud," said he, "but I have never wished to slay a fellow mortal."

LOW OVERHEAD IS REPORTED BY KOZER

Secretary of State Shows That Gasoline Taxes Cheaply Collected

Receipts of the state of Oregon in taxes on gasoline and distillate for 1923 were \$2,046,944.33, says a statement issued yesterday by Sam A. Kozer, secretary of state. The statement shows further that since the original law went into effect in February, 1919, the receipts have totaled \$5,046,746.73, and the expense of collecting this has been only \$8740.35, showing that the overhead has been confined to about .0017 per cent. It is believed that the administrative expense of collecting the motor fuels taxes is less than that incident to the collection of any other tax in the state.

Taxes were remitted on 72,789,723 gallons of gasoline and 3,814,155 gallons of distillate," said Mr. Kozer. "Of the total collected the sum of \$746,968.08 resulted from the operation of the original law imposing a tax of 1 cent per gallon on gasoline and one-half cent per gallon on distillate, while \$1,299,976.25 was returned under the later tax law."

(Continued on page 7)

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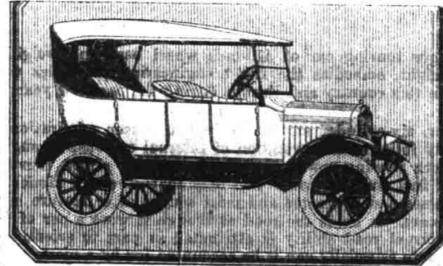
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