

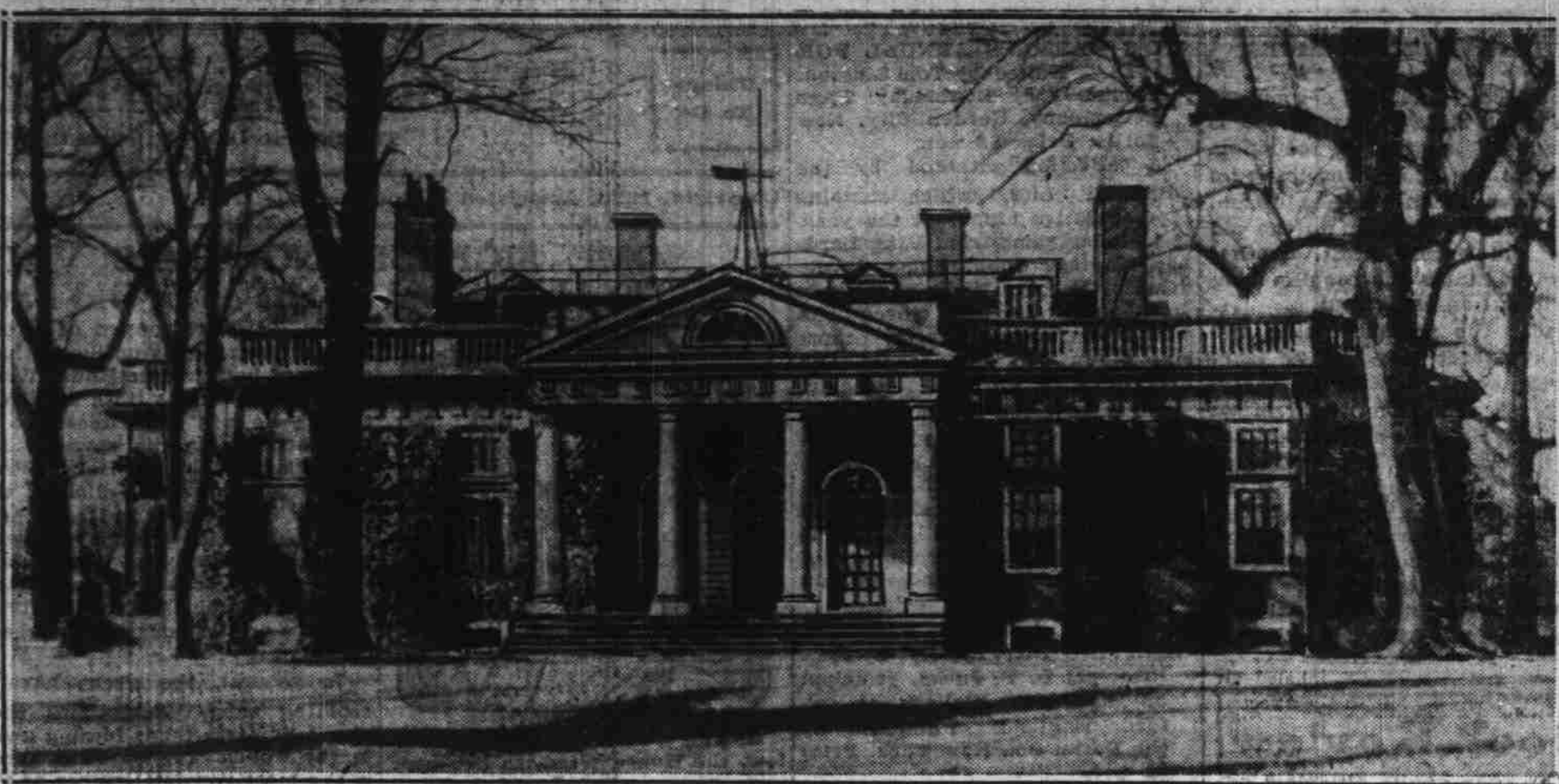
The Outlander

Not long ago a Salem paper contained a letter written in protest against the careless habit of folks in tearing paper up into little bits and throwing it on the beautiful lawn at the postoffice and court house. The writer of the letter was quite indignant and suggested that the city council take the proper steps to fine every such offender \$5 for the first offense and more for subsequent violations. Careful observation since that letter appeared proves that the writer of it was right. People are careless about littering up those lawns, and tiny bits of paper are almost impossible to pick up. And there are other offenders than the paper tears. Every morning at exactly 8:42 a mild-mannered substantial citizen comes down Cottage street, crosses Court to the corner of the postoffice square and takes the winding walk to the west entrance. He smokes a pipe, and just before mounting the terrace steps he invariably knocks the ashes out on the stone balustrade on the north side of the steps, and puts the pipe in his pocket. Careful computation discloses that this man has deposited there since January first the residue of 27 15 cent cans of Prince Velvet, which is enough to arouse the indignation of every good citizen. Furthermore it has been conservatively estimated that by the first of July the ashes placed by that balustrade, if placed and to end would reach from the postoffice to Steelhammer's drug store in Silverton. But the worst is still to come. At 8:44 this man emerges from the postoffice, comes down the steps and is met by a coney who says, "Good Morning!"—and then pucks-up his face and squirts J. T. at the ash pile, using the balustrade as a bang board—"Tut! Tut! Spat!" Just like that. All of which irks our sense of the proprieties and our love of the unsmearing beauties of carefully nurtured nature. We gotta do something about it. What's the matter with some "No Spittin'" signs and a \$5 fine for the first man who makes a pucker?

Rev. Crowder says that one reason chickens do so well in this vicinity is that this is a good Methodist community. He claims that the chicken is a Methodist bird.

Traffic rules on the sidewalks are about the same as those in the streets. You should always keep to the right; but, of course, if the dry goods and millinery display windows happen to be on that side, then it is a case of "gents to the left."

Last week a newcomer, from Michigan, was introduced to a newspaper reporter. The Michiganian shook hands effusively and turned loose a vocal torrent conglomerated of "beautiful city, magnificent scenery, wonderful climate, garden spot of the world, great industrial center, finest in the world, etc." The reporter gave him a languid hand, a pallid smile and a fishy eye, and at the first opportunity excused himself and strolled away. Five minutes later the reporter was asked: "Why didn't you warm up to that fellow? He acted like a booster." "O, piffle!" answered the reporter. "We hear so much of that 'beautiful Salem' bunk that it gives us the willies. Somebody ought to appoint a committee of patience to listen to the gush of travelers and relieve us. What that fellow wanted was to see his name in print as a leading citizen of Podunk or wherever it is he came from." This was so interesting that the other side of the story seemed



MONTICELLO This is pronounced by competent judges as the most artistic photograph of Thomas Jefferson's home ever made. It was prepared especially to accompany Professor Fiske Kimball's authoritative appraisal of Jefferson's creative genius in architecture.

worth getting. A little maneuvering established conversational relations with the Michiganian, and he was asked how he liked Salem and the Willamette valley. He looked suspiciously at the questioner, but finally said: "Well, since you ask me, I don't mind saying that it is the most beautiful and wonderful I ever saw; but I had about made up my mind to quit saying anything about it. Folks here don't seem to like it. When I start praising the town and country, they act as though they thought I was trying to 'slip something over' on them, and they sneak away, like that young fellow did that I was introduced to a few minutes ago. I find that saying pretty things makes one lonesome here." And there you are! In California they crucify the newcomer if he does not immediately begin singing the praises of the country. In Salem they crucify him if he does. Wonder if this has anything to do with the apparent necessity for putting California labels on choice Oregon fruit?

The editor of the Statesman is absolutely right, of course. Ladies who play bridge and five hundred and receive a trinket costing maybe a dollar as a prize, are not gambling and have a right to resent the imputation. And by the same token, men who play rummy and incidentally receive a slip of pasteboard with which they can buy a nickel's worth of peanuts or a cigar, are not gambling either, and have an equal right to resent the imputation. Either of them would play just the same and enjoy it just as much if no prize or "hickey" was offered, and the worst that can be said of them is that they are foolishly frittering away time which might be much more profitably used. Now let's quit being hysterical and imposing harsh snap judgement on people we don't know and places we never visit.

With buoyant delight all good citizens note the fulsome praise that is being handed out to the chicken industry by the Statesman lately, and also the comprehensive figures that are being printed to prove that the Statesman is not only the alert and well informed family newspaper with its sensitive fingers properly placed on the commercial pulse of this community and state, but that the poultry business is one of the really big industries, and that Marion county is its headquarters. With real awe we read the egg statistics,

and such other items as that one about one hatchery getting a single order for sixteen thousand (16,000—count 'em!) chicks. All this is as it should be. It is high time that biddy and her efforts receive proper recognition. Not more than 20 years ago the chickens on a farm were about as important as the old cat and her kittens. You could buy 'em for three dollars a dozen, and eggs were worth about eight cents in the summer time and 15 in the winter. And it wasn't biddy's fault any of the time. She kept right on doing her best and vociferously trying to tell folks that if they would quit making so much fuss over wheat and corn and cattle and machinery and horses and pay a little more attention to her she would make them rich. But the fool farmers kept right on doing the things they ought not to, causing the government, and throwing things at biddy when she roosted on the buggy seat. But it's different now. She does and says what she pleases and struts at will hither and yon. She has attained to the dignity of a mortgage lifter.

All hail to the hen, the old speckled hen, the hen of great pride and renown; The hen who lays eggs every day in the week, some white, some a delicate brown. The hen is a grand institution; indeed, she's a daisy, and every man should Praise the hen who lays eggs—at least one every day—and would lay two sometimes if she could.

Why Angelia's hair is silky smooth, Angelia's glance is sweetly shy All the time, Angelia's tones my madness soothe, Angelia's smile has made me cry. Maid sublime!

Margie's hair's a tangled swirl, Margie's eyes laugh at my sigh And my boast, Margie's feet in dance whirl Tread my heart. Then why do I Love her most?

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

A real find— That is what Carl Hunt, director of the Pacific division of the American Red Cross, said— And he said it of Mrs. Lyda Kink, the county health nurse. She is a graduate registered nurse of

the state of New York, where high standards are held. She was in war work overseas with the Canadian troops. She measures up to all the Red Cross standards; and besides she is a worker, and an organizer.

With the cooperation of the Red Cross forces, Mrs. King will organize in Marion county classes in home hygiene and care of the sick; using the plans of the Red Cross, and granting certificates to those who take the course. She will make a whirlwind campaign in this field, with a view to making the most of her time in giving the largest possible service to the greatest number. This will show to the people of Marion county one of the real values of a county nurse, making over many homes, resulting in a higher general standard of health among all the people. No doubt ways will be found to extend this work throughout Polk county.

It will be a fine thing when Marion county can boast, among so many other advantages, the fact that she is the healthiest county in the world; with Polk county mighty little behind.

Now that motorization has invalidated the adage, "Money makes the mare go," why not reverse and modernize it to "Worry makes the hair go"?

The Irish Free State army is being brought down to 20,000 men. Any time they need an army in Ireland all that is necessary is to blow the whistle.

That air hobo must have it on all the other hoboes when it comes to living high, without ever having to chop wood or weed the garden while seeing the country.

HEMP FACTORY IN WINNIPEG, CANADA

Provincial Government Offers a Bounty to Start the Industry There

The Winnipeg (Can.) Tribune of March 26th contains the following news item: Better Than Cash Bounty The bounty to the Canadian manufacturers will be paid in cash—so much a pound. The state of Oregon has adopted a better way,

Queen Marie of Rumania Patching Shaky Thrones

BERLIN, March 18.—German newspapers comment on the fact that Queen Marie of Rumania has recognized ex-Queen Sophie of Greece as the head of the Hohenzollern family, and ignored William of Doorn in her efforts to find ways and means of patching up the fortunes of Europe's dislodged dynasties. This she would accomplish by marrying off her two remaining single children in such a way as to bring about better relations between the thrones that have survived the upheavals of the great war.

In visiting Sophie, sister of the former Emperor, and seeking her help in arranging a match between Prince Nicholas of Roumania, and Princess Mafalda of Italy, Queen Marie is appealing to an experienced matchmaker. If Queen Marie can effect the marriage of her son and the daughter of the Italian king, she will have achieved a union which will link up the interests of her country with Belgium and Italy and compensate, in a way, for the expulsion of King George of Greece, whose wife is a daughter of Queen Marie.

The Italian crown prince is supposed to be destined to marry the

daughter of King Albert of Belgium, and the Belgian crown prince in turn is supposed to be betrothed to Princess Giovanna, daughter of the Italian king. As Marie's daughter is married to the King of Yugoslavia, whose relations with Italy are badly strained, the Rumanian queen hopes to better relations between Italy and Yugoslavia by her matchmaking plans.

and, whose name is seldom mentioned in Rumanian affairs, is a Hohenzollern. Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, was a Bavarian princess, and King Albert is the son of a Hohenzollern princess. Consequently the former reigning family of Germany is much involved by blood in the matrimonial plans which the queens of Europe are working out for their children.

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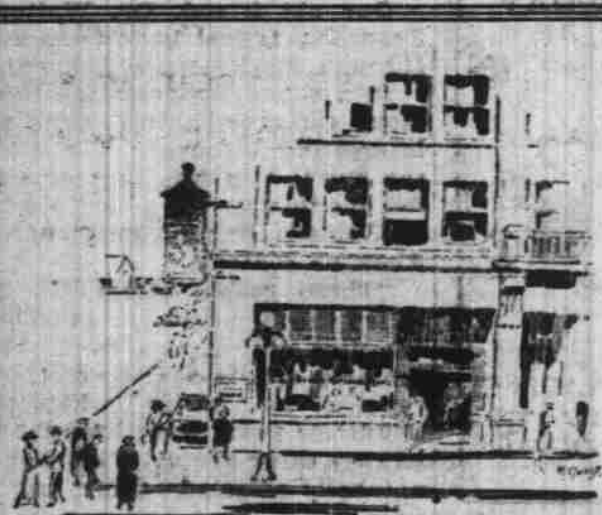
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Let's Get Behind It

Oregon and the Northwest is now being nationally advertised in both newspapers and magazines. The influx of tourists that will come in response to this appeal will mean additional prosperity for Salem and the community.

Let's get behind this commendable campaign and show the visitors the kind of hospitality that will influence them to locate here. We, here at the United States National, are solidly back of any movement for the development of Oregon and its resources. Let's boost together.

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon