

PRINGLE

Mr. Meeks is spraying his orchards this week. The caterpillar season is here again. Mr. Meiers had a crew of road workers grading and ditching near the girls school Tuesday and Wednesday. Peoples and many other lovely flowers are in full bloom here.

There is a fear expressed by farmers that the cherry and prune crops will be below normal this season. Corn is beginning to grow at last, and spiders are looking fine and leggy. H. E. Stewart put out kale and cabbage Tuesday. The Pringle school will close May 23 and a program is being prepared for the occasion.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Hal Patton Speaks Up
Editor Statesman:
I read with a great pleasure? Mrs. Gilles' wonderful plea to reconsider the name of J. L. Parrish Junior High school. The statement that but few people now living ever heard of J. L. Parrish. It is a sad fact but true, that no matter how much sacrifice, denial; how much good one does for one's community, in a few years they are forgotten. In another generation, unless something is done to perpetuate the names of those sturdy early pioneers, who like Josiah L. Parrish, who did so much for Salem, will be forgotten. Portland, our neighboring city, years ago, not only named streets, but the public schools of their city after the pioneers who made possible the coming of generations, to keep in memory the names of Falling, Ladd, Hawthorne, Shattuck, Clenton, Kelly, Almsworth, Stephens, Couch, Chapman, Buckman, Sellwood, Holman, Benson. Personally, I would, with hundreds of other sons and daughters of pioneers, like to see the names of our sturdy forebears perpetuated.

HAL D. PATTON.

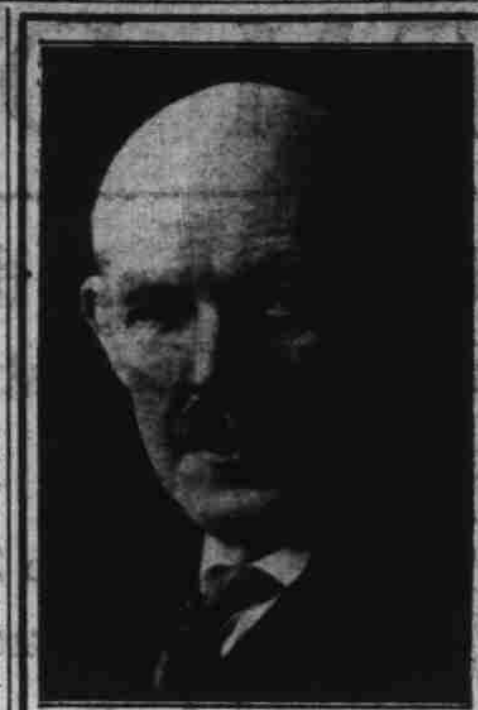
Thanks, Dean Allen
Editor Statesman:
I am sure I speak for all of our



JUDGE YOUR CONGRESSMAN BY HIS VOTE

Mr. Hawley on Nov. 17, 1919, voted for the Esch-Cummins R. R. Bill with its 6 per cent guarantee and objectionable labor provisions. On Feb. 21, 1920, Mr. Hawley again voted for everything the R. R. asked. On Aug. 22, 1921, Mr. Hawley dodged the vote on the War Finance Corporation measure for Agriculture relief, and that good measure was defeated. On Nov. 17, 1921, when the war profiteers and stand-patters tried to cut the surtax on incomes of \$70,000 or more, from 50 per cent to 32 per cent, Mr. Hawley voted for the cut and with the profiteers. Mr. Hawley voted for the war grafters again when he voted to table the Johnson resolution to investigate war frauds. Mr. Hawley though a member of my church is not working for the interest of the common people and their homes.

PETER ZIMMERMAN
Republican Candidate for Nomination for Congressman
(Paid Adv.)



THOMAS B. KAY
Republican Candidate for State Treasurer
Primaries May 16, 1924
(Paid Adv.)

particular group of writers, when I say we are warmly grateful to Dean Allen of the Oregon university for not allowing his reluctance to mix in an unpleasant matter to overcome his desire to do a service owing Prof. Thatcher, the university and those of us who read Mr. Lisle's recent communication in your columns. We are glad Dean Allen has given us the facts. To be so far removed from the robust realities of life as to call a story "dirty" and "naughty" and not understand that the implication these words carry are to "things morally and sexually improper," is, to say the least, regrettable; and that is the most charitable assumption one can make with regard to Mr. Lisle. That is exactly the kind of story we thought Mr. Lisle meant Prof. Thatcher had told at the dinner given for the writers.

It seemed utterly incredible; but what is one to think in the face of such a direct accusation? Who for instance, that knew Mr. Lisle would have believed it possible that he should get himself tangled in such a web of easily controverted statements?

A number of us who had heard Prof. Thatcher at a previous writers' dinner, given by the Oregon Writers' League, in Portland, voted him the best speaker on the program. He appeared to us as a man of delicacy and refinement of spirit and sincerity of purpose.

We are glad that our judgment as to his character was not so mistaken as Mr. Lisle's statements would lead those who read them to believe.

—SALEM MEMBER,
Oregon Writers' League,
Salem, Or., May 13, 1924.

Letter From a Comrade
I drop you a few lines from the home and the trip from Salem south. On the way, saw a great many autos north bound after wintering here; from the time we passed Jefferson to Roseburg, no time but you could see from one to a dozen in sight all the time. At Winchester and near the Booth bridge as many as 50 on the move, most of them northbound. The most of the orchards we could see before dusk looked very good. We took lunch at Ashland at mid-night. From Siskiyou south the orchards where they had water in small valleys, looked pretty good. But the hay crop was very short. Many fields not over a foot high or 1/2 ton to the acre. The next 100 miles orchards were in bad shape. Looked like a fire had

run through them. We got to Sacramento at 2:30. Left at 4 p. m. From Sacramento hay and crops looked better to Stockton. Then dark shut off views. Along the Sacramento river they had some rain that freshened up somewhat. The pastures or valleys north of Los Angeles where they had water, things looked better. I arrived at Los Angeles at 8:30 a. m. At Sawtell at 9:30 stopped with my old friend, Mrs. R. E. Wards, an old neighbor 25 years when they lived at Auburn. She is to give an address Sunday, (tomorrow) on Mothers' day at the chapel. Say Rob, they had primary election here Wednesday and this whole precinct east just (two) votes for Coolidge. Johnson, McAduo, La Follette, all got heavy vote.

I saw W. C. Faulkner and Ed. Denison at the postoffice yesterday. Have not seen Holsinger. He is blind and in the hospital. It is pitiful to see him. Their wants are all supplied as well as can be. The cots and wards are splendid; kept neat and clean, and the grub is all that could be desired and plenty of it. I will spend a few days at San Diego, then in Long Beach and Los Angeles; then visit Llano colony, started some 10 years ago by the Socialists.

Los Angeles has taken in all the little suburbs around it and may take in San Francisco and Sacramento before it stops expanding.

Today is inspection day at the home. All clothing and shoes must be clean and polished. Dirty clothes must be marked and sent to the laundry. Every company has its cots numbered. My cot is designated as: Co. 11, Ward 5, Cot. 7. Right near the hospital. I am not able yet to put on or take off my coat and vest without help of some comrade.

The daily routine is as follows: Whistle call for rising at 6 a. m., breakfast at 7, secure call at 8, dinner at 11:30 to 1:15, supper at 5:30, lights out at 8 p. m. and no tramping around with shoes to make a noise or disturbance of any kind. Sick call sounds at 8 a. m. at captain's office.

I ordered the paper here for one month, so keep posted on Salem news. Yours truly, R. R. Ryan, Adjutant Sedgwick post, Salem, Or.

Soldiers' Home, Sawtell, Cal., May 9, 1924.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

CHAPTER 167

HOW THE GARAGE MAN SET DICKY RIGHT

Dicky glanced at me quickly with so much concern in his face that I had hard work to keep from showing my consciousness of the ruse I had played. For I knew that I was not nervous, and that only my fear of his safety which I could not display had urged my request to wait for him to come home with me.

"Poor girl!" he said softly. "I suppose you must be done up. Well!" with a sudden drop into playfulness, "if she wants great, big strong man to take care of her she shall have him. But it strikes me you've changed your tune lately"—with a quizzical look. "You weren't so anxious for my company a little while back."

"Don't, Dicky!" I said with a little shiver, creeping closer to him, glad that he could not guess the shiver to be as much from fear for him of the man Smith as it was from the recollection of the ugly quarrel we had just had.

"All right. I won't say another word. Just rest here," and he piled me down beside him on the grass bank and adjusted my head

to the comfortable hollow of his shoulder. And as he kept his vow of silence I had time to pull myself together and arrange the facts I had learned in orderly fashion for presentation to Lillian, and to plan my course in regard to Dicky and the new complication which had arisen in the unexpected advent upon our neighborhood horizon of the man Smith.

One thing stood out pre-eminently. Under no circumstances must I let Dicky know of Smith's proximity. I knew that he was still smarting under the sting of having let Smith escape after trying the man up in the woods near the reservoir. If he should guess that Smith was in the neighborhood, nothing could keep him from going after the man again and turning him over to the authorities.

Waiting For Repairs.

Aside from the danger there would be for Dicky in an encounter with so dangerous and desperate a man—for I knew Dicky too well to think that he would do anything save rush for Smith single-handed—I was far from sure that Lillian wanted Smith apprehended as yet.

Although my friend—characteristically close-mouthed as to the real nature of the problem she was working out—had said little to justify my belief, yet I was sure that Smith and the man who had so frightened Katie were but cogs in a machine so infernal, so deadly, so menacing as to tax the utmost powers of Lillian and her associates in the destruction of it.

And from long association with her I had learned that of all things she feared most was the premature seizure or even alarming of the men or women whom the government agents were tracking.

"Give them plenty of rope." "Let the smaller fry lead us to the big fellows." I had heard those words from her lips so often it was impossible for me to forget them or fail to act upon them. I was fairly certain that Smith had recognized me, but was counting upon his own disguise to fool my eyes. Still, I told myself, one never could be absolutely sure of anything with so cunning a criminal, and I chafed with impatience at the delay that was keeping me from Lillian, even though it were of my own making.

"Let's go home."

"Well, here comes the bride!"



Re-Elect Lloyd T. Rigdon CORONER
(Paid Adv.)

Dicky yawned as the garage repair car came noisily down the road. "If they start that blasted car without any trouble, I'll kick them or if, I don't particularly care which."

One of the garage men, a stocky chap with a humorous twist to his mouth, got out of the repair car, went over to Dicky's climbed in, and pressed the starter, tried it again, got out and went to the rear of the car.

"How about your gas?" he asked. "Indicator says there's some," Dicky replied.

"Did you turn on your emergency?" Dicky looked at him blankly. "Never thought of that, as long as the indicator registered as much as that," he answered.

The stocky man did not snort aloud, but his face expressed the utmost contempt for amateur motorists in general as he turned a lever on the gas tank, went back to the wheel again, and after two or three trials set the motor to purring.

Better get some gas before you go much further," he advised, as he climbed into his own car again. "That emergency won't carry you very many miles."

He drove off in a clatter that emphasized the tense silence in which Dicky looked after the retreating car. I did not dare to let even a hint of a smile appear, although the look upon my husband's face was distinctly mirth-inspiring.

"Well! I'll be darned!" Dicky said at last. "Come on, let's go home. The treat is certainly on me this time, but if you ever spill this may your lucky star help you."

(To be continued)



IVAN G. MARTIN
For Justice of the Peace Salem District
42 years of age.
26 years in Salem.
20 years a taxpayer.
2 years newspaper reporter.
11 years an attorney.
6 years state representative.
VOTE SEX
(Paid Adv.)

Miss Mary West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. West, 1515 Court street, who has been critically ill with pleuro-pneumonia for the past 10 days, though slightly improved will be unable to return to school. Miss West is registered as a freshman at the University of Oregon.

Read the Classified Ads.



"It is the duty of a citizen not only to observe the law --but to let it be known that he is opposed to its violation."

—Calvin Coolidge

Vote for Coolidge
Primaries May 16

Paid Advertisement. Paid for by I. L. Patterson
Manager Coolidge Campaign

B. S. MARTIN
Democratic Candidate for Justice of the Peace
Salem Justice District
Born in Oregon. Graduated from the O. A. C. Have been practicing law 31 years.
Legal efficiency is the surest way to lessen court costs by preventing unnecessary litigation.
Primaries May 16, 1924

P. F. KILIAN
Manager, Salem Mortuary, Undertakers,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
for
CORONER
of
MARION COUNTY,
HIS SLOGAN
"The performance of the duties of the office without exacting the usual fees."
Every licensed undertaker or physician is qualified to perform the duties of Coronership and may be authorized to act as such in his respective community; thereby mileage and other fees may be saved to the benefit of the county.
(Paid Adv.)

WM. W. SETAK
As a final inducement to the democrats of Salem district, I desire to state that a cross should be placed before ballot No. 51 by every democrat that desires that the next constable of this district shall be a man that will enforce the laws without fear or favor, then too I am the man that can win out at the general election.
—Paid Adv.

Ask Your Grocer For
MARION CHEESE
A trial of Marion cheese will convince you of its being equal to the best of Oregon made products.
A FULL CREAM CHEESE
Cheese, made from the milk of the celebrated Jersey and Holstein cows around Salem and adjacent territory.
A HOME PRODUCT
Made in one of largest and most modern factories in the State. The same efforts that have made Marion Butter of the highest standard are relied upon to place Marion Cheese in the same class
All we ask is that you give it a trial and we feel sure that you will also Boost for Another Home Product.
Marion Creamery, Salem, Oregon

Slowly burning up
NOT by flames but by the slow burning fire of deterioration. Shingles shrink and work loose; siding warps; door and window casings pull apart—all because the surfaces are not insured against decay. And there is only one kind of insurance that protects YOUR home against this ever-active enemy of all property. It is paint.
Save your property while there's a chance. Save it with Rasmussen Pure Paint. Come in and tell us about your paint needs. We know we can help you.
Hutcheon Paint Co.
Salem, Oregon
Rasmussen PURE PAINT
Rasmussen Products
Barn and Roof Paint
Truck and Tractor Paint
Concrete Staining
Fence Staining
Rustic Staining
Wall-Down Washable
Wall Paint
Inside Floor Paint
Oil Stains, Varnishes
Floor and Varnish Stains
There's a Rasmussen Product for Every Surface