

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER Press-Relief Copy Prepared by Radio BIBLE SERVICE Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD:—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Isaiah 40:11.

"BIG, BLACK, OREGON CHERRIES."

"The fruit that caused Eve to sin is commonly supposed to have been an apple. Eve afterward repented in tears and became a chastened and admirable wife and mother—the grand-mother of you and me and other valuable folk.

"Had the forbidden fruit been the Bing or the Lambert cherry, Eve—except for the extreme grace of God—would have become a hopeless incorrigible; and we should have been compelled to look elsewhere for a respectable grandmother.

"Even in this year of grace 1924, mortals fall helpless in the presence of this seductive fruit when it is not barricaded by the price mark of 50 cents a pound and upward.

"But enter an orchard where there are hundreds of trees reaching down long leafy limbs loaded with clusters of these great globes of glorious juice; or stand before orchard boxes filled with this cool fruit—a deep, glowing black or dark mahogany and polished like a piano top—stand in such a presence, frail mortal, and keep your hands off if you can!

"Then what of an unregenerate cherry picker up in a tree of these temptations? What of his infant progeny clustered at the foot of the tree among the filled boxes; or of his wife in camp who knows how to cook big black cherries in ten different languages? Do they resist temptation?

"Verily not! The children are dyed a deep purple inside and out; black from scalp to toenails; their rompers stiff with sweet juice and orchard dust. The drayman who hauls the tempting load to town cries 'Oh Gee!' and keeps a box open behind his seat to dip into on the way.

"Had the good Lord permitted men in Nebuchadnezzar's day to get hold of the internal combustion engine, the airplane, the radio and the Oregon cherry, civilization would have been one grand smear from Alaska to Madagascar, generations before Columbus ever dreamed his dream about a westward passage to India."

The above tribute to our good King Bing and glorious Prince Lambert is taken from the editorial columns of the Portland Telegram of last evening.

Many thanks! Our superb cherries are advertised by their loving friends.

Speaking of cherries, the Cherry City of the World, one of the many handles by which Salem is known, must wake up and do some thinking, and some acting.

For one thing, there must be compulsory spraying of our Bings and Lamberts. This will not be necessary in the cases of most of our growers—after their experiences of this year—

For better than 18 cents a pound for sprayed Lamberts is a thousand miles ahead of a goose egg for the fruit that is not sprayed and must hang on the trees and be consumed by the worms that are the children of the flies that can be killed by spraying.

But there are bound to be unthrifty people who will refuse to spray, and also Bing and Lambert cherry trees on land in dispute or for other reasons neglected. These trees must be sprayed, in order to protect the trees of neighbors who do spray.

And there must be organization among the growers, in order that they may all get the high prices, instead of some of them getting 4 cents and others above 18 cents a pound.

So much for our black cherries—our Bings and Lamberts. But we must do something for our white cherries; our Napoleon or Royal Ann family. In the first place, something must be demanded in regard to the tariff. The elastic clauses of the tariff law must be invoked, to raise the rate from 2 to 3 cents a pound, and there must be a demand for a raise to at least 6 cents a pound—

And there must also be organization of the white cherry growers. They this year received 4 to 5 cents a pound for cherries that should have brought 8 to 10 cents a pound—that were worth those prices; that must bring those prices, in average years, in order to make the cherry growing industry profitable.

Beautiful Lambert cherries were being retailed in large quantities in a Portland market the other day at two pounds for 15 cents, and some growers in the Salem district were getting 4 cents a pound for such cherries—while other Salem district growers were receiving above 18 cents for such cherries, shipped all the way to the city of New York in cold storage.

The New York retailers were no doubt selling them at 50 cents a pound or better; and to customers glad to get them at that price, and considering them well worth the cost. How did it happen that some of our Lambert growers got better than 18 cents a pound? Organization. That is all. Is that not enough to prove the value of organization; the absolute necessity, if our cherry industry is to be stabilized?

AS TO MORTGAGES

We notice that there is a good deal of talk about the mortgages in the country, about mortgaging a farm or house to buy automobiles. Of course there is a deal of debt incurred with automobiles, but we doubt if there are many houses or farms mortgaged to pay them.

The first place few people buy automobiles. They pay in payments and the balance is paid on the car and not on the farm. The balance is paid into twelve monthly payments which draw a high rate of

interest and automobile paper is considered quite desirable.

There is a good number of mortgages, a good many homes mortgaged, but the average man has no money given to him. He must work and save. If he had to buy a home for cash, he never would get one. The building loan associations and the partial payment plans are the salvation of the home owners of the country. True, they pay a good rate of interest, but they can better pay that than pay rent.

A mortgage is not necessarily an evil. It is something to get rid of, of course, but it is quite

an incentive to cause people to work and save.

The great trouble with America is our lack of thrift. We do not invest, we do not save. We make money but we spend it. Our homes will be mortgaged as long as we feel that luxuries are necessities. No one wants to live as simply as our fathers lived but no one should want to live as extravagantly as his well-to-do neighbors. We rather like the man who never apologizes for his circumstances. He is the sort of man whose self-reliance carries him through.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

There will be no mud slinging in this campaign. The democrats have nominated for president a man of high character, clean life and patriotic purposes. He is a strong man. John W. Davis has been before the public for a quarter of a century and the people know him. Governor Bryan, the candidate for vice president, was a sop thrown to the progressives but he was a good sop. Governor Bryan is a man of good character and will make a good candidate.

Nothing can be said against the personnel of the democratic ticket. It represents upstanding American manhood, but the men nominated will not govern this country the next four years. There's a reason for that. The democratic party is not a constructive party. It is a destructive party. It will fuse with anything or anybody for the purpose of spreading muck, and discrediting the republicans.

If the democratic party were to run true to form, Walsh would be nominated for president and Wheeler for vice president. They typify the party, and if thoroughly respected men are nominated they are simply wooden horses put forth to catch the unwary and win the election.

The democrats are to be congratulated on the high character of their nominees, but there can be no confusion as to what their election means. It means that the Walshes and the Wheelers and the men of that type will have a real inning. What happened in congress will continue to happen. Walsh said he would rather be elected to the senate than be vice president.

UNDELIVERED ADDRESSES

The government spends a great many thousands of dollars, yes millions, distributing copies of speeches never delivered. It is a favorite pastime. It is said that a good many men, hundreds of men for that matter, make their living writing these speeches for congressmen and senators. They are carefully written but never delivered. It is doubtful if the reputed authors even carefully read them over, but the dear constituents are supposed to be satisfied with these speeches and the record. A great number of men as well as the majority of congressmen are doing this and they never tell on each other.

These articles appear in the form and are purported to be speeches delivered in the house or senate, but were never delivered. In fact, most of them contain little of interest to any member of congress and, in reality, they are campaign material with the cost of printing and distributing falling on the taxpayers. Members of both houses who are destined to stand for reelection this fall were especially active in using this privilege to print their ideas on subjects they believed of interest to their constituents.

This method of making use of the public funds to further the political ambitions of an officeholder can not be viewed otherwise than as an abuse of privilege. With the government printing office doing free work for him and the postoffice department making free distribution of his campaign pamphlets under the franking privilege, the man in office gains an advantage over opponents, and one to which he is not entitled.

FINDING YOURSELF

Education is a great thing. Education teaches us how to study, to make values and get results. It does not form character, however. Education and study show men how to find themselves. In study we find great thoughts and appreciate the thinkers, great conclusions, but unless we embody the conclusions in our own lives and make re-evaluations of ourselves we haven't got the good out of education or study that we ought to get.

The great idea is to study that you may find yourself, that you may learn to diagnose your own case and awake the dormant influences that make for permanent character. Education and study arouse the instincts for better things and out of this arousal there must come better things for ourselves. Education is a means to an end. That end is our own development, find-

ing ourselves, and placing ourselves in the activities of the world.

STAGGERING COSTS

A man with a statistical turn of mind has figured that it cost eight billion dollars to run this government the past eight years and this stupendous sum is nearly one third of the national wealth. We are still spending like drunk sailors. The world has never seen our equal. Even the federal government is spending four times as much money each year as it spent before the war. Our states, our counties, and our cities are spending three times as much annually as they spent before the war. It is amazing how we are spending, and amazing how the people are paying their taxes. Some of these days there is going to be a showdown. Government expenses are unreasonably high.

Whenever a man promises to reduce expenses he is called a demagogue, yet we know every expense from Washington down to Salem can be reduced. A president must have a congress to support him, the governor must have a legislature, the state must have commissioners and the city must have aldermen. In all there is a need for economy and all should practice economy. When these money spending bodies get down to business something will happen, our taxes will come down.

ROADS AND NEIGHBORS

It used to be that a neighborhood was about the size of a country school district, and in the city just a little bigger than two sides of one block. Now a neighborhood does not have bounds. The good roads and the automobiles have enlarged our horizon to such an extent that we think nothing of picking up and running ten to fifty miles to visit a neighbor.

These good roads and automobiles have done a lot for the friendship of the world. We know each other better. We like each other better. We get along with each other better. There is less bitterness, less back-biting and there is more kindness and more cordiality. Good roads are worth all they cost for the better understanding of men, and the automobiles have vindicated themselves by speeding up business and are worth all they cost as a pleasure vehicle to increase our joy in life. We are all of us better because we know more people.

AVOIDING THE WATER

It is a pity that water is so dangerous. Practically everybody loves water and nearly everybody likes to go in the water. However, the tragedies following these water excursions sicken our hearts. We do not happen to know the record in Oregon, but in the state of Washington last year 176 people were drowned. Every one of the deaths was needless. Every one was chargeable to carelessness. It seems that when we go into water we throw our caution to the winds. We rely on ourselves to master the water. In other words the underflow of deadly peril is entirely disregarded. Because we do not see it we think it is not there.

We are not discouraging going into water, we believe in it, but we also believe that every American should swim and the American who can not swim should stay in shallow water always.

FOR PURE DRUGS

Strange as it may seem, Oregon does not have a pure drug act. Forty-four states have such acts and the druggists are going to make a determined effort to have such a law passed in Oregon next year. We are so entirely at the mercy of the druggists and not only must they be men of high character but they must have for themselves a guarantee of pure drugs. The public can detect good groceries and good dry goods but the public is at the mercy of the druggists. It speaks mightily well of the character of the profession that without a law they have done as well as they have, but the druggists and the public both need a pure drug act.

BY THE RECORD

No matter what the democratic platform may say, the administration, if the party is successful, will follow the traditions of the party. There will be no reform. The democratic party is not a reform party. It is great in palaver, great in specious promises but every time it has been in power it has shown the same long ears, the same disposition to kick that is characteristic of the animal.

The democratic platform is made to catch votes. The democratic candidates' first utterances are for progressive things. The public is not going to be deceived.

It is the same old donkey that was driven away from the fodder in 1920 and if it comes back it will have the same appetite and the country will pay the price.



Like This

Christopher Goof was much aloof When walking with a Miss; And blushed quite red when one had said,

Why must we walk like th is? She then remarked, if you're not 'parked'!

Oh! pray come nearer, Chris; He closer came then to the dame And so they walked like th is.

Her home they reached and there she preached The virtue of a kiss. He reached for her, she did not stir. And then they were like th-is.

Now father heard the loving word. He stopped their dream of bliss. Poor Mr. Goof is still aloof. For he went out like th is. —Richard Cruse.

The Reason

Blackstone: "No matter where he goes he always gets credit." Webster: "Yes, but he never goes to the same place twice!" —E. H. D.

Meant Business

A burly negro entered a hardware store with "blood in his eye." "Ah wants a razor," he roared at the clerk. "Do you want a safety razor?" asked the clerk, politely. "Naw," said the customer, "Ah wants one of de mos' dangerous razzers what you' got!" —Little Bill.

Comparatively Speaking

Molecules and atoms May be rated very small; But they can't compare, on Friday days, With my bankroll at all! —Alex D. Wiemer.

A Fable

It was a dark, gloomy night, and the road was lonely. Bang! A tire had blown out. The heart of the man was very black, and he swore.

It was another night, more gloomy and lonely than the first. Bang! A tire had blown out. The heart of the same man was filled with joy and he grinned into the night. He had his girl with him.

Verses and Reverses

I The camel has an ugly hump. As if he fell and got a bump.

II A fly upon a sleeper's nose Is like a thorn upon a rose.

III The hoptoad hops, the serpent crawls. The eagle flies, the waterfalls.

IV I love to sleep, I love to shirk. While better men go off to work.

V The apples on the branch so high Will sink at last to apple-pie.

VI The sun it has such ample light The moon can borrow it at night. And 'spite of all the moon can borrow.

There still is sunlight for tomorrow. —Samuel Hoffenstein.

The Modern Mother

Robert: "What would your mother say if she caught you smoking?" Colleen: "She'd swear I was stealing her cigarettes again!" —Louise Benda.

Fitting

"What excuse do you offer for calling your husband a 'mule'?" "Well, he's stubborn, and he's always kicking about something." —Harry J. Williams.

The Fair Reward

The cash I spend with thee, dear heart, Is like a string of pearls to me; I count it over, every coin apart, My salary, my sal-a-ry! —Emily C. Hatton.

got more and more interesting, and wife sewed faster and faster and paid less and less attention to what she was doing, and got so excited over the story that she never even heard Banty's howls."

Innings and Outings

His office hours were on his door. He kept them? Yes—like fun. He golfed the while that lying sign

Read: "In from ten to one." At last there came a client Who did not swear or pout, But underneath those hopeful words

Wrote: "Ten to one you're out." —Sarah Redington.

Dry Rag Flutterings

As Reported by Jay B. Iden

As Reported by Jay B. Iden

Interpretive dancer?" asked the new boarder.

Mountain Muck

I love the mountains, you too, John dear, The clear cliffs, the streams so clear.

Speed

Jones: "Did the cop pick Smith up when he was speeding?" Officer: "No, the doctor picked him up after he quit speeding."

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesque, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of the newspaper and should be addressed to the Fun Shop Editor, The Oregon Statesman.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelo Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE (Copyright, 1922 by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

CHAPTER 21!

WHAT MADGE FINDS SHE MUST DISCOVER IN ALLEN DRAKE'S EYES

At my request that she bring me some flowers, Marion garted toward me to give me an ecstatic little huz, then stopped short with a thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

"I almost crushed your dress," she cried remorsefully, "but, oh, Auntie Madge, you're just like a picture in that gown. And those scarlet and orange nasturtiums, they're exactly the colors to set you off. You do think of the nicest things, I'll hurry like everything and get them. One of each

FUTURE DATES

July 11, Friday—Lions club picnic at Lloyd T. Reynolds grove.

July 20, Sunday—Delbert Reeves post, American Legion of Silverton, host to beginners of Marion and Polk counties at picnic on Abiqua river.

July 16 to 23—Chautauqua season 5 Salem.

August 1 to 16. Boy Scout summer camp, Cascade.

September 22 to 27—Oregon state fair.

The Matter With Banty

"What in creation was the matter yarabouts?" asked an interested neighbor. "I could hear one of the kids yelling clear down to the creek."

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "Wife was sewing a patch on the seat of Banty's pants, with Banty inside of 'em 'buz he didn't have any others to pft on, when Mizzy Giggery dropped in and began telling wife a mess of scandal. It

from Grandpa Spencer's room, you said."

She danced off, repeating my last injunction, and I turned to my mirror again with eager questioning.

Was it true what the child had said, or was the compliment simply the tribute of her childish imagination? I remembered that Dicky had said laughingly when he had designed the gown for me that it brought out the "red hair" of me, referring to the auburn tint which my hair holds in some lights. But Dicky had expressed no unusual admiration when I first had donned the dress for his inspection. Indeed, I had felt with a trifle of pique that he was more concerned with the success of his own handiwork than with my appearance in the gown.

I scanned myself relentlessly in the mirror for the little lines which told me that my youth was flitting away from me. But excitement had given me the fillip I needed, and with a little gratified thrill I acknowledged not the truth of Marion's words—I wasn't so vain as that—but the undeniable fact that I had never looked better than I did in this gown.

A Sure Test

Dicky's fitting to the city, his reference to Edith Fairfax, this trip to the Adirondacks—all had intensified my fear that I was losing my lure for my husband.

The particular little devil which always comes to me when I am troubled whispered in my ear: "Why don't you find out?"

"Find out what?" I answered, startled into speaking aloud.

"You know." The answer came almost as distinctly as if it were a spoken one, and started, shaken, I knew that I did recognize the meaning of the question.

If I were really losing my youth and attractiveness, I knew with a certainty which told me how surely I had read the man, I would read it in Allen Drake's eyes. Fastidious to a fault, selfish and spoiled, his regard for any woman I knew would be but admiration, which would automatically cease when her attractions lessened in any degree.

For a moment, my conscience lifted its head and tried to speak to me, but another glance at Dicky's telegram made me ruthless. And as the ring which announced Allen Drake's arrival sounded through the house, I sent another satisfied little glance into the mirror and went down stairs to meet him.

(To be continued.)

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PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY

The Statesman Publishing Co. LEGAL BLANK HEADQUARTERS

At Business Office, Ground Floor.