

# The Oregon Statesman

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**SAYING GOODBYE:**—Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace: and the God of love and peace shall be with you. 2 Cor. 13:11.

## \$100 FOR SEVEN SHORT WORDS

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 9.—The Fitchburg Chamber of Commerce wants a slogan, which will help sell the city to the world at large and is offering a cash prize of \$100 to the person submitting the best slogan in the contest which is now open and will be closed October 1.

Many progressive American cities today have their slogans, acquired by natural processes or through the channels of a contest, and Fitchburg, firm in the belief that a great future lies ahead of her, wants the people of America to help her select a slogan that will have real sales value.

There is no limit to the number of slogans that any one individual may submit in the contest, and the further away from Fitchburg the suggested slogans may come, the better pleased the Chamber of Commerce will be. Not that Fitchburg and nearby folks are not invited to participate in the contest, but everybody in Fitchburg wants "outsiders" from all parts of the country to have an opportunity to assist her in selecting her permanent slogan.

The following are the rules of the contest:

1. The contest is open to anybody, anywhere, and contestants may submit as many slogans as they desire, but all slogans to be eligible must reach the Fitchburg Chamber of Commerce by noon, October 1, 1925.
2. Slogans should be brief, clear-cut and a sales argument for Fitchburg. Few slogans adopted by cities of the United States contain over seven words, and it is suggested that contestants keep their slogans within that number of words.
3. Should two or more persons submit the winning slogan, the prize will be awarded to the first suggestor. Time of receipt will govern.

The judges of the contest will be Fred S. Sutherland, truck manufacturer and vice president of the Chamber of Commerce; George H. Godbeer, editor of the Fitchburg Sentinel; Gardner K. Hudson, prominent attorney and past president of the Chamber, and Edward B. Walker, secretary of the Chamber.

The decision of this committee will be final and will be made public as soon as possible after the contest closes.

The above was sent to The Statesman, and presumably to other newspapers throughout the country, by the Fitchburg Chamber of Commerce, with a request to publish—

And The Statesman complies, hoping that some reader may draw down the \$100 for the seven words.

By reference to the American Newspaper Directory, it is found that Fitchburg manufactures shoes, paper, woolen and cotton goods, firearms, bicycles, saws, machine knives, foundry and machine shop products, steam engines, bricks, wooden toys, combs and celluloid goods, and that it has car shops and granite quarries. It is in Worcester county, on the Nashua river, and is 40 miles northwest of Boston. Its manufactures run into the millions annually.

No doubt a good slogan will be worth many times \$100 to Fitchburg, Mass., but it is evident that it will be hard to frame a good one, "acquired by natural processes," because it is plain that, outside of granite quarries, Fitchburg depends on other sections and countries for the raw products of her manufactures that give her reasons for existence—

Whereas it is far different in Salem.

Salem is the cherry city of the world, the flax center of North America, the walnut city, the filbert city, the strawberry center of the United States, the mint center, the black raspberry center, the dairy center, with nearly all the great Jersey cows of the world, the gooseberry center of the United States, the onion and onion set center of Oregon and the coast, the celery city, the poultry center, the hop and hog and goat center, etc., etc., because we produce the raw materials. Salem is "acquiring by natural processes" a long list of appropriate slogans—fifty-two and twice fifty-two of them, and many handles that are bound to make her famous and great—

For as she becomes a manufacturing city, which she will as her white coal resources are better developed, she will be in position to draw on the land for her principal raw materials—

And that will make a more solid prosperity than can be had in any other way; one that will be enduring; that will last forever.

## A SERIOUS PROBLEM

Self government is the determination of not only the independent minded citizens of a community, but of all the electorate who are not bound by financial or industrial limitations they dare not break through. If as is reported, the company at Toledo forced the election of certain friends to the school board it should expect reaction against this procedure as un-American and the public spirited citizens of Toledo are justified in lawful resentment to such procedure.

Like every other case of industrial trouble there have been more than one contributing factor. So far there has been no evidence produced to show that white employees have objected seriously to the prevailing wage scale. Neither has the claim that white men could not be obtained for the green chain work been denied. And if such is the case, the company with its investment and its business in jeopardy would be justified in employing other labor. This would not justify lower wages than the regular scale however to any set of employees. The basis of wages paid should be output not color nor even race of men.

America for Americans is the fundamental plea for the final act in what may, unless properly handled, become an international problem. White laborers with living standards to which they are entitled, cannot compete in wages with the Orientals. And it would quite naturally follow that if the

latter would work at reduced wages in one branch of the lumber industry, that they would soon be employed in other departments and white employees would either be dropped from the payroll or their wages reduced to the same wage level as that of the Orientals. The result for the company would, of course, be larger profits. To the white workmen it would mean loss of position, probably loss of home and hatred for both capital and foreign labor.

The procedure against the Orientals showed no malice. The deportation was effected in the manner of essential peaceful self-preservation. The activities directed against the company guardians was illegal but in the same spirit in which our own forefathers boarded the British ship and dumped the stamp tax chests of tea into Boston Harbor.

Oregon through the labor commission, the state federation of labor, the Governor's office and the local Japanese Consulate, assures an equitable solution of this problem which presents definite angles of international interests under treaty rights involved.

## FINE COOPERATION

The excellent work of the Salem police department during the Cherry City mill fire is a subject of much favorable comment. During the progress of the fire members of the department were in charge of street intersections directing the excited crowds and cooperating effectively with the firemen. Confused drivers of cars were assisted and cars within the intense heat zone at the sudden outbreak of the flames were rescued by the "boys in blue."

Congratulations are due for the fine and effective cooperation of these city departments.

If enthusiasm for the participation of the local organization in the Elks parade at the convention in Portland on Thursday holds to its present high pitch, Salem might be entrusted for the day to the desert land board.

## MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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### CHAPTER F58

THE WELCOME MADGE GOT FROM KATIE AND MOTHER GRAHAM

As my taxicab turned into the farmyard gate, I craned my neck to see if any of my family were outside.

The sounds of an ax in the woodlot north of the house told me of Jim's endeavor to keep up with Mother Graham's insatiable demand for wood for the fireplace, aggravated now by the most disgraceful dalliance of Winter with Spring which the world has seen for many years.

There was no sign of any one else outside the house, but as the taxi driver held open the door of the car for me to alight, the side hall door flew open and Katie tumbled, rather than ran, down the steps, and grabbed my shoulders with eager hands.

"Oh, Missis Graham! My Missis Graham, you coom home! You coom home to Katie!" she caroled, and then with a quick movement released me and turned to the doorway.

"Coom, ba-bee, see! Here's Ma-ma!" she called, and I caught my first glimpse of my small son

running through the hall to the open door, calling delightedly: "Mama come home. Mama come home!"

But before he had reached it, my mother-in-law's majestic figure loomed large in the hall, and with a swift, effective movement, she rolled him by the neck of his romper and held him firmly, while she called imperatively:

A Grim Reproof.

"Come in here quickly, and shut that door. This child has a cold already, and he likely to catch his death with this fool performance."

I was not particularly alarmed by the announcement of Junior's cold, for I know my mother-in-law's little ways. When she is particularly displeased at anything, and is prevented by the proprieties from disclosing the source of her rancor, she is always able to find some appropriate pretext for resentment.

That she strongly disapproved of Katie's hysterical welcome to me, I well knew, and guessed that when the girl was out of hearing I would listen to a recital of her disapproval in several volumes of many chapters each. Pending that hectic time, I was curious to see just what discipline she would mete out to me for my little maid's effusive welcome.

I had not long to wait, for when with a cordial greeting to her, I stepped into the hall and stooped to pick up my little boy, she swept him behind her with a superb gesture, and faced me with grim, critical face.

"Margaret, are you crazy to kiss and embrace this child without first changing your outer clothing and washing your face and hands? How do you know what infection you may have brought from the city? Besides, you're

cold. You ought to get thoroughly warm before taking him."

"Play Lots?"

There was just enough truth in her words to make me flush painfully with a sense of guilt. Usually, I, too, take the precautions she had named. But even as I prepared to obey her mandate, I wondered grimly whether she wouldn't have forgotten some of her precautions if Dicky, not I, had been the unexpected visitor.

It took all the grace I had to speak in conciliatory fashion to her, but I finally managed it.

"You are perfectly right, Mother," I said, as I made my way up the stairs. Junior's disappointed little wall tugging at his heartstrings. "Be a good boy, Junior," I tossed back at him encouragingly. "Mother will be right down, and we'll play."

"Plays lots?" he demanded, drying his tears. "And lots of lovings?"

I choked a bit as the familiar little request floated up to me. "Lots of lovings," is the quaint phrase which Junior gives to a cuddle in my arms with its accompaniment of caresses and humming. To my starved heart it seemed years instead of weeks, since I thus had held him.

"Just oceans of lovings!" I promised, as I hurried down the corridor and into my room.

There, determined to give my mother-in-law no cause for criticism, and actuated by my own common sense as well, I made a complete change of clothing after I had bathed my face and hands, putting on a house gown which I had left at home, and which never had seen the city whose contamination my mother-in-law so feared.

Then, with happy rushing feet, I was down in the living room with my arms extended toward my little lad, who was prancing impatiently inside the restraining arm of his grandmother. She made no movement to release him, however. Instead, she eyed me critically.

"You look to me as if you had a cold, Margaret," she said. "I don't think you should take this child if you have. You can talk to him just as well while I hold him."

(To Be Continued)

## EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Unsanctified

Editor Statesman: On the corner of North Church and Chemeketa streets, in the center of our beautiful city, is a hole in the ground four or five feet deep and running the full length of the lot, covered with rocks, old dried-up grass and weeds that constitutes a fire menace as well as an unsightly sight. An old rickety rickety fence, ready at the slightest provocation to topple over, causing a possible injury to some child that might be climbing or leaning against it; on the curbing dirt is piled two or three feet high, where it has been since being excavated two years ago. This condition exists and can be seen just one block from the civic center, or half a block from the high school and directly opposite the beautiful St. Paul's church.

The people in general, and more especially the abutting property owners, feel something should be done by the city council to remedy this condition. They feel an injustice has been done them and the city as a whole.

CITIZEN.

## DINNER STORIES

By Charles McManus

A man quite tipsy sagged down on the lobby lounge beside a dignified clergyman.

"Thishs fine hotel," he began. "Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Whadja say to havin' a drink?" asked the boozey one genially.

The clergyman's face set severely. "No, thank you. I never touch the vile stuff."

"Shay!" exclaimed the other, "whattja givin' me? You gotcha collar on backwards now."

Lazy Tim and Tired Dick were discussing something they knew little about—work.

"I think," said Lazy Tim, "that if they did away with work altogether it would put an end to all these strikes."

"Yes," said Tired Dick, "that'll be the time when everything's done by electricity; only got to press a button and the job's done."

A slow horror dawned in Lazy Tim's eyes. "That won't do," he said emphatically. "Who's a-goin' to press the button?"

Macfarlane had been invited to spend an evening at a friend's house listening to a wireless program. At its conclusion the host said, "Well, Mac, what could a Scotsman desire better than that? Singing, instrumentalists, a talk on bluebottles, opera, news and dance music—all for nothing."

"Ay," said Macfarlane, "but we didn't have any acrobats."

The jurymen had retired to consider their verdict. When they reentered the court the judge asked the foreman if they had arrived at a unanimous decision.

"No, your honor," he replied, "we haven't. I never met 11 such obstinate men in all my life."

After effecting an entrance into the bank the burglar found his way, easily enough, to the strong room. When the light of the lantern fell on the door he saw this sign written in red letters: "Save your dynamite. This safe

is not locked. Turn the knob and it will open." For a moment he ruminated. "Anyhow," he reflected, "there



is no harm in trying it if it really is unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned it.

Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a panel in the wall opened and out rushed a bulldog which seized him firmly.

An hour later, when the cell door closed on him, he sighed: "I know what's wrong with me. I'm too trusting. I have too much faith in human nature."

Young Harold was altogether much too garrulous in school to please his teachers. Punishments were tried without any apparent effect upon the boy, until at last the headmaster decided to mention the lad's fault in his monthly report. So the next report to Harold's father had these words: "Harold talks a great deal."

Back came the report by post duly acknowledged, but with this written in red ink: "You ought to hear his mother!"

The story is told of the composer Handel that a tenor once found fault with his conducting, exclaiming from the stage, "If you can't conduct any better, I'll jump down there and show you."

Snappily came Handel's retort: "Wait till I advertise it, because more people will pay to see you jump than to hear you sing."

## WOMEN POSTMEN WIN PRAISE

LONDON.—Women as letter carriers in Great Britain have proved a success, according to Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, postmaster general, who said recently that 4,200 women were now in the employ of the department in that capacity.

## Did You Ever Stop To Think?

By E. E. Wallis, Secretary Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

That products that sell the best are the ones that are advertised the best.

That the prime feature behind well advertised products is quality; a quality that means dependability, which in turn means satisfaction.

That satisfaction with the quality means success to those concerns who have built their business on quality, well advertised.

That wise buyers always profit by the experience of those who have selected and used well advertised lines.

That the sale of well advertised lines has been growing steadily because of the high quality of the product themselves and the satisfaction they give.

That advertising through the printed page is rapidly increasing in popularity every year because it has been thoroughly tested and found to be the only sure way of increasing business. Everything possible should be done to encourage its further use.

That there is nothing more instructive and nothing more helpful to buyer or seller than the persistent, truthful advertising of quality.

Well advertised quality products cost no more than those of unknown quality. For that reason they are the best to buy or sell.

The selling of well advertised products means quicker, easier and larger sales.

To the consumer, the buying of advertised products means buying satisfaction at a known, reasonable price.

"Does a fish smell?" asks the Literary Digest. "Yes, if kept too long. You don't have to look in a book to answer that."

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**

Small text describing the benefits of the pills for various ailments.

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### BILLY'S UNCLE

BILLY: I EXPECT I'LL HAVE A MOTHER FOR YOU SOON.

UNCLE: HAS TH' HEAT GONE TO YOUR BRAIN?

BILLY: THAT GIRL I MET AT CENTRAL PARK CONFESSED HER LOVE TO ME.

UNCLE: CONFESSED IS THE RIGHT WORD!

BILLY: SHE SAID SHE COULD BE HAPPY WITH ME ON BREAD AND WATER!

UNCLE: AN' I SPOSE YOU TOLD HER IF SHE'D BAKE THE BREAD—

BILLY: YOU'D FIND THE WATER!

### DOROTHY DARNIT

DOROTHY: I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANY THING TO DO WITH YOU YER TOLD MY TEACHER THING'S ABOUT ME.

MAN: I AM AVERSE TO YOUR ACCUSATION AND WILL NOT TOLERATE THE TITLE OF INFORMER.

DOROTHY: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT HUH?

MAN: I SHALL IN THE FUTURE, HAVE NO DESIRE TO SEEK A MUSEMENT WITHIN THE CURTILEGE OF YOUR RESIDENCE.

DOROTHY: THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME YOU CAN'T PLAY IN MY YARD ANY MORE.

MAN: I REITERATE, I HAVE NO WISH TO PLAY AROUND THE ADJACENT PARTS OF YOUR PREMISES, UNLESS I AM ACCORDED THAT RESPECT, WHICH IS COMMENSURATE WITH MY STATION IN LIFE.

DOROTHY: WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE.

By Charles McManus