

# The Oregon Statesman

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**CURSING OR BLESSING?**—Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. Jeremiah 17:5-7.

### AN APPRECIATIVE OUTSIDER

A man passing through Salem, stopping over night at our municipal automobile camp ground, came to the office of The Statesman yesterday morning and bought and took away for mailing to his home folks fifteen copies of the Slogan issue of The Statesman of yesterday; the annual Sheep Slogan issue.

To the clerk who waited upon him, he was very generous in his praise of the issue, and he asserted that such work must have its favorable results upon the sheep industry here and on the Salem district, and the country as a whole.

And the stranger got away without divulging his name or his home address, for the clerk did not think of making these inquiries.

If the gentleman is still in these parts, he will please accept thanks for his good words, and the Slogan editor would be pleased to have his name and address, or to meet him.

Now, this brings up a matter that deserves more attention than it has been having here; the matter of rendering these Slogan editions still more helpful. They have done a vast amount of good to Salem and the Salem district in the nearly six years that they have been published. There is not one of the industries that has been exploited that has not grown in the nearly six years; most of them have grown greatly—

But there is not a subject that has thus been treated that is not capable of still vastly greater things.

The reader is invited to make suggestions along this line. The interest of The Statesman in the matter is unselfish. The good of the city, district, state and country only are sought.

But this good is not being accomplished to the extent that it might be—

And the people near at hand are likely to overlook the possibilities in this field—

In fact, are they not doing it?

Suggestions are in order and will be appreciated. Perhaps the reader has an idea that might be adopted to the vast good of Salem and the Willamette valley and the whole state and nation. Send it in.

### RELIEFS FROM DUTY

Poultrymen of the state feel it necessary to employ special additional means for the apprehension and conviction of chicken thieves. The state association went on record recently for laws forcing officials to mete out definite punishment. The organization proposes to go still further and provide for a special prosecutor to try the cases of chicken stealing and to offer money inducement for detection and arrest of thieves. After a while, at this rate of relief from regular duties it will be possible to pension law enforcement officials on permanent furloughs. Their duties will all be absorbed. How considerate.

### THE WILL MAKES THE WAY

It is hardly probable that the city administration will either ignore the acts of those who defy the city ordinances or turn cases properly within the jurisdiction of the police court over to the county for prosecution and punishment.

The excuse for accepting cash bail as a substitute for trial and fine or imprisonment should not be tolerated. It is usually an evasion of the law and is practiced to the shame of courts and to the disgust of law abiding citizens, altogether too commonly.

To transfer city cases to the county is to acknowledge the city's incompetency as a civic unit. It is to her discredit and the county gets whatever fines are paid in such cases after the city goes to the trouble and expense of arrest and other preliminaries. Hence the transfer of cases is poor business for Salem.

The fact that the maintenance fund for prisoners at the city jail is exhausted, at the present time, does not warrant non-commitment to the said jail. The city is still responsible for food for its prisoners and it is ridiculous to believe that the council will not make provision for meeting this responsibility which they can be forced to meet anyway.

Nor should those who violate the city ordinances or state statutes under jurisdiction of the city be permitted to escape jail sentences upon the basis of "no room" or "crowded conditions." REAL EMERGENCY cases can always be cared for at the "hotel de Bower." Arrangements are often made, in extreme cases, with neighboring cities and counties for boarding and guarding prisoners.

The large number of persons who avail themselves of the very alluring accommodations of the city bastle over night can be quickly reduced by prompt application of the principle that "in the sweat of the face thou shalt eat bread." Let it be announced and known that in the Salem jail lodgings and meals will be either preceded or succeeded by an hour or two of honest work at something worth while. As an appetizer or for the satisfaction of accommodations enjoyed

require these city "guests" to dig weeds from Willson park, clean up around the armory or work on the street. Bums such as now look upon this city as an "easy landlord" will after a single lesson in vocational training give her a wide berth. And their friends and associates will try some other place.

Any and every official attempt to sidestep the punishment of those who defy the law merits vigorous condemnation. And current opinion that the law can be successfully evaded encourages law defiance.

## MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

### Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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#### CHAPTER F72

#### WHAT MADGE DID TO END CONTROVERSY WITH MOTHER GRAHAM

I never have admired Katherine Bickett more than when Mother Graham icily put her malevolent little query:

"Has Dr. Braithwaite been consulted about this arrangement?" The effort to answer nonchalantly, utterly ignoring the undercurrent of malice which both Katherine and I recognized, but which, to do my mother-in-law justice, was really a subconscious thing born of her anger, must have been a severe strain upon

the professional composure with which my little friend is able to mask her real feelings. But there was only casual courtesy in her answer.

"Naturally not," she said, "as I believe it has been but a few minutes since Madge wired him, asking him to operate."

"Has it not occurred to either of you," Mother Graham queried, her dignified rage visibly increasing, "that so eminent a surgeon as Dr. Braithwaite may wish to have a word to say concerning the selection of a nurse to work with him? Unless, indeed—"

"I'm Sorry to Hurry You."

Leaving that she was rapidly working herself up into a tantrum, in which she might say things which could never be recalled, and which in a calmer mood she would indignantly declare never had left her lips. This idiosyncrasy of hers is one which Dicky has inherited with flourishes. It is a peculiarly trying one, for neither Dicky nor his mother, after recovering a lost temper, has the slightest idea of having said anything which possibly could cause offence to any one.

"Edwin probably will have several words to say," I interrupted lightly, "and most of them, I

should think, would express thankfulness that his patient was to have a nurse of her own choosing, and in whom she has every confidence. I have heard him say that was half the battle. Come, Katherine"—with an imperative little gesture—"I'm sorry to hurry you, but we simply mustn't wait another second. Remember it's afternoon now and Mrs. Ticer will have to hustle to get those uniforms dry today."

I swept Katherine out of the room, knowing, but not caring, that my shrewd mother-in-law could read my ruse plainly. Experienced housewife that she was, she knew that there was no possible chance of getting the stiff heavy uniforms dry before dark, but she sent no comment after us. I fervently hoped that some sense of decent courtesy had stilled her tongue, although I knew better than to bank upon any such good luck.

Off to Ticer's.

"Go on out and get into the car," I whispered when we had reached the hall. "I'll come with the uniforms right away."

Katherine nodded. I guessed from her compressed lips and her steely eyes that speech was beyond her for the moment, and her slender figure was vibrant with anger, as she snatched her motor coat and a small hat from the hall closet and hurried out of the door.

I paused only to put on my own coat and hat and get the bundle of uniforms before following her, but even with my hand upon the door, a plaintive little voice arrested me.

"Mama, I want to go, too. Please, Mama."

My small son stood behind me, his little body wriggling with

eagerness. I remembered what his grandmother had said about a cold—but a glance out of the window showed me the sun shining brightly, and my belief in the efficacy of fresh air gave me courage to wrap him snugly in his warmest outdoor wraps and take him with me. For additional precautions, however, I took along an extra motor rug, and Katherine sprang from her seat to help me when I finally reached the car.

"Hurry!" I whispered frantically as she took the blanket and laundry bundles from me, and I lifted Junior into the car. "If Mother Graham sees this child—"

I turned my switch key, pressed the starting pedal, and the little car shot loyally forward.

From the door behind me came my mother-in-law's voice, raised in an imperative command. But I pretended not to hear her, and in another minute we were well on the road to the Ticer farm.

(To be continued)

## THOUSANDS LOOK ON FACE OF COMMONER

(Continued from page 1.)

the cabinet in which the commoner was senior adviser to President Wilson.

After consultation with Mrs. Bryan it was determined that a military escort should meet the funeral procession at the south gate of the cemetery tomorrow afternoon. Noncommissioned officers of the regular garrison at Fort Meyer will lift the casket from the hearse and lower it into the grave and an army bugler will sound "taps," but there will be no triple crash of rifle fire, in deference to the wishes of the widow.

The last family reunion will be held tomorrow in the church.

The doors will be closed to the public at noon and the dead be given back to the keeping of his loved ones for a little space before the religious services that

precede the funeral services and opened at 2:50 p. m. It was so arranged since the son from California, William Jennings Bryan, Jr., and the daughter, Mrs. Grace Hargreaves, could reach Washington only in time for this last assembly of the family circle. No others will share in those moments of parting before the casket is closed for the last time. When they are over, the very few who can be admitted to the little church will take their places and the funeral service of the Presbyterian faith will follow, supplemented by the reading of those Bible passages in which the dead man found his greatest comfort and strength, and the singing by the church choir of his favorite hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and "Faith of Our Fathers."

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### BILLY'S UNCLE



### DOROTHY DARNIT

