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CURSE OR BLESSING, WHICH?—He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it. Proverbs 11:26.

WATER WORKS VALUATION NOT LONG TASK

An engineer representing the city (or the people) and one representing the water company could in a very short time get the true and just valuation of the Salem water system.

For the records of the water company are well kept. An engineer whose word is above reproach and whose ability is unquestioned recently stated that the records of the Salem water company are among the best in the whole country; that they have been kept with unusual faithfulness and are accurate far above the usual.

In order to vote intelligently upon the purchase of the water works, the people should be shown very completely what they are proposing to buy. But competent engineers could make up the itemized statement in a very short time. The rules are well marked, through long experience and by many court decisions.

The cost should be what the rules allow, not more, nor necessarily any less— And at that cost there is no doubt that it would be a good buy for the municipality, for the reason that the city can borrow money at a lower rate than is possible for a private individual or company; also, and for the same reason, the city will save money by making improvements on a more permanent basis, looking to the growth of the future—

And there is vastly greater possibility of getting mountain water with municipal ownership than with private ownership. In fact, such an investment might be considered a very hazardous one by a private individual or company, and impossible, indeed, to finance through borrowing; while it might be shown to be a good investment for the city, on account of lower interest rates and the fact that the city could afford to go to some lengths for the advertising value of mountain water—

Though there is in fact not a great deal of real virtue in this. This is well illustrated by the fact that Seattle, having mountain water, treats its supply, just as the Salem water company treats its supply, brought from wells sunk in the sands. There is no absolute safety otherwise, in any large water supply.

ARE OUR DAIRY INTERESTS BUSY?

"Olemargarines and other butter substitutes are owned and controlled by the large meat packers and Standard Oil interests, who are now reaping enormous profits on the sale of their products resulting from the high prices on creamery. These interests can well afford to write off a loss on a limited amount of natural butter when they can make millions out of the increased prices for their own products."

The above paragraph is from the Produce News, the great market paper. No one is likely to dispute the truth of that statement, from that source.

Wonder if the dairymen of Oregon are busy, doing anything towards protecting their interests against the encroachments of the coconut cow of the Orient?

Oregon ought to be the greatest dairying state in the Union, in which distinction there would be a high tide of prosperity; and not a single loyal voter in this state ought to refuse to respond to a reasonable demand for protection by our dairy interests.

AID TO FARM MARKETING

Advertising farm products judiciously offers one means for increasing profits for the producer. Farmers know how to raise crops but generally depend upon others to fix prices for them and often the result is loss upon the investment in production.

Note how persistently other producers advertise their wares. The tobacco and ice cream manufacturers, the milk condensaries and raisin growers are among those who acquaint the world continually with the presence and quality of their wares and they find such advertising profitable.

Recently certain railroads launched a campaign advertising the use of apples in their dining service. They printed booklets containing bills of fare in which apples figured conspicuously. They issued also booklets of recipes featuring apples and these have been copied widely in household magazines. The effect has been to increase very greatly the use of apples.

The psychology of printed advertisements is to leave impressions on the mind which will react toward the object shown. This is the basis of newspaper and billboard advertising which carries with it information also.

The products of the farm can be brought to public attention at very little cost through local newspapers and on streamers strung along the highway, on home-made billboards or exhibited in boxes on stands erected for this purpose.

Roadside selling of farm products is increasing rapidly. The farm is a business establishment today with produce to sell. The auto takes into the country purchasers who like to buy fruits, vegetables, eggs and other produce fresh and direct. But the first step in selling must be taken by the

One of the first requisites in advertising is to make the surroundings of the place attractive.

A well-kept lawn, neat fence, clean show-stands and neatly written bill board announcements aid in selling produce on the farm to the same extent that attractive windows and well-arranged goods do in the city.

Absolutely essential to permanent success is, of course, full measure, good quality and fair prices.

The naming of farms is important. It provides reference which is invaluable in a business way. Every satisfied purchaser is a living advertisement and it is necessary that he should be impressed with the name of the farm from which he made his purchase so that he can readily use it when directing his friends or when repeating his own transactions. The name should be simple but distinctive.

The present tendency is toward increased advertising as an aid to solution of the farm market problem.

AFFIDAVIT OF QUALITY

The use of identification labels, cards or stamps with every container of farm orchard or garden products would be profitable investment for the seller. It is a type of effective advertising, a sort of affidavit as to quality which creates confidence in both the product and the producer.

Salem is adopting head-in parking. It will have the virtue of accommodating many more machines, which is not to be disregarded. But the number of accidents will not likely be decreased. Perhaps we will before long hear a demand for some other style of parking.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 76

THE STORY SAM TICER TOLD THAT SWIFTLY SENT MADGE HOME.

Jerry Ticer's excited request for something to eat in a hurry for his father and himself, because the state troopers wished them to help capture a man, apparently gave his mother no incentive to haste. She smiled at the boy, and said calmly:

"Bring me in a couple of sticks of wood, and then wash your face and hands and put on a clean shirt and tie."

Jerry patiently knew better than to question her, and as he disappeared around the corner of the house, she turned to us with charming courtesy.

"Don't you think you'd better come in until we find out what this is all about? If there's any escaped criminal in the neighborhood, you ought to know about it."

"Of course, we'll come in," I answered promptly, for I realized that every second she spent with us was delaying her own task. "But you mustn't let us be in the way."

"I won't," she said, smiling, as she turned and leisurely led the way into her bright, cheery kitchen, with its shelf of blossoming geraniums and begonias. "If you will just sit over on those chairs in the corner for a few minutes I'll get things ready in a jiffy."

She was measuring coffee into the pot as she spoke, and when she had added hot water, she put the pot on the stove, pulled a fry-

ing-pan over and laid thin slices of bacon in it.

While the bacon sizzled appetizingly, she broke eggs into a big plate, then replaced the bacon with the eggs, and in the intervals of watching the pan, set places for two at the end of the table.

"Cut it short, Jerry."

Katherine and I watched her, fascinated. She didn't make a quick or flustered movement, but every one counted, and by the time stalwart Sam Ticer, red-faced and breathing hard, reached the kitchen door, a beautiful meal of cold meat, bread, bacon and eggs and steaming coffee was in readiness for him.

Jerry rushed back into the kitchen at the same time, and father and son, with muttered apologies to us, drew their chairs to the table and proved themselves valiant as well as swift trenchermen. It wasn't five minutes before big Sam Ticer pushed back his chair and declared himself satisfied, although Jerry still lingered over a last tantalizing mouthful.

"Cut it short, Jerry," his paternal ancestor commanded. "This ain't no church sociable we're on." "Let the boy alone, Sam," Mrs. Ticer interrupted with piqued authority. "You've got two minutes yet, and you aren't going a step out of this house, either of you, until you tell me what's up."

Sam Ticer bridled for an instant like an insulted turkey gobbler, while his wife quietly waited for him to speak. Then, with the resignation to the inevitable which well-trained husbands have, he told us what he knew, while Mrs. Ticer quietly and efficiently brought out coats and caps and mufflers for her men folk.

Disquieting News.

"It's a bootlegging murder, I guess," Sam said importantly. "The fellow hasn't died yet, but he's over at the hospital, and they don't think he'll pull through. They was two fellows on the truck over at Bridgehampton, and I guess they got to quarrelling. Anyhow, this morning, the cops found the truck rammed into a tree, smelling like forty saloons

rolled into one, while one of the fellows lay on the ground nearby with about twenty knife wounds into him. They picked him up and took him to the hospital, and started to look for the other man."

"Were they anybody from around here?" Mrs. Ticer asked. "No, they were foreigners living over Amagansett way. One of 'em has a good boat down there, and I guess they've been doing a pretty stiff business. I s'pose one of 'em thought the other was doing him, so he knifed him. The cops think he made for some of his relatives—all that tribe are related down through here—so they're going over everything with a fine-tooth comb. You'd better lock up and go over to Miss Graham's till we come back."

"I'll take care of things," Mrs. Ticer promised, non-committing, and with that assurance her husband and son hurried out of the door. "Can't we take you back with us?" I asked anxiously. With this disquieting news, I was frantic to get back to my home, but I couldn't leave Mrs. Ticer alone in the face of her husband's warning. I think she saw my anxiety, for she suddenly smiled comprehendingly.

"Don't you worry about anything Sam says," she remarked, as she cleared the food from the table. "He's the beatliest man for making a mountain out of a molehill I ever saw in my life. But I know you're anxious to get back home, so I'll just lock up and come with you. May Junior have a cookie?"

"He wouldn't think the day was complete without one," I returned trying to match her lightness, but the minutes seemed endless until we were back at the farmhouse.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DINNER STORIES

Paderewski arrived in a small western town about noon one day and decided to take a walk in the afternoon. While strolling along he heard a piano, and, following the sound, came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons 25 cents an hour."

Paying to listen he heard the young woman trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes, and not succeeding very well.

Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can, afterward spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterward he returned to the town, and again took the same walk.

He soon came to the home of Miss Jones, and, looking at the sign, he read:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons \$1.00 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski.)"

Picture postcards of a hotel carry this message:

"This hotel fully equipped with automatic sprinklers. Statistics show loss of life has never occurred in a sprinkled building. In case of fire you may get wet, but not burned."

To one traveler this brought some thought and he wrote thereunder the following prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep. Statistics guard my slumber deep. If I should die, I'm not concerned;

I may get wet, but won't get burned.

Bridget saw an airplane for the first time. It came down with a great swoop and landed in the yard next door.

"Holy Moses!" she cried in great excitement, rushing to her mistress; "all the saints be judged, marm, if the stork hasn't brought a full-grown man to Mrs. Maloney, and the wee booties she be a-knitlin' yesterday will no more's fit his great toe."

Bits For Breakfast

Speeding the harvest—

Most of the grain in the Salem district has been threshed, and the work of finishing goes forward with all possible speed.

If you can help the Slogan editor on the subject of national advertising, please do so, today.

Denney & Co. are sending checks for their Bing and Lambert cherry pool. They are paying a little better than 8 1/2 cents a pound, and promising further payments in case they can collect for

the neglect of the express company.

J. W. Veatch is visiting in Salem and other valley towns. As a young man he worked on The Statesman. He is now manager of the Evening Capital News, of Boise, Idaho, a very successful newspaper. "Johnnie" Veach, as he was known to his familiars here, was raised in Salem. He is a brother of A. W. Veatch of Salem. His father, J. F. Veatch, long a resident of Salem, where he built many of the early cement walks, is now living at Cottage Grove.

There is every appearance that a great majority of the people of Salem are rarin' to go; to vote to have the city take over the waterworks. If the matter is properly presented the vote will be all but unanimous.

Polk county is furnishing about a third of the flax crop this year. It would seem that the people of old Polk might back the second linen mill even a little stronger, getting a couple or three scutching mills for the treatment of their flax.

This is a paragraph that is going the rounds: "I have just

learned of an editor who started poor 29 years ago and retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him \$49,000.

Now that everything else has been discovered, the explorers might start expeditions to find the reputed "dry" spots in the United States.

SAVE
 By Ordering Your
Gasco Briquets
 Now
 Phone 1855
Hillman Fuel Co.

Paid for reading advertisements

IT COSTS a small fortune to make one watch, automobile or fountain pen. It takes a large part of the brains and of the factory to make just one of any manufactured product—but if a thousand or a million can be made, the cost of each comes toppling down.

Advertising, by multiplying the number sold, makes it possible to slash costs. Advertising, by opening up undreamed-of markets, has brought within reach of the people thousands of things which formerly were luxuries only of the rich.

When you buy an advertised article, you join in the popular movement to cut down production costs. America's millions of shoppers, by buying advertised goods, are every day forcing factories to be made larger and commodities to be produced for less.

To buy advertised goods is to start savings on their way to your pocket.

Read the advertisements to know how to save money in the daily business of purchase

BILLY'S UNCLE



DOROTHY DARNIT



By Charles McManus