

# The Oregon Statesman

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POWER OF THE WORD:—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Hebrews 4:12.

## EVERY ROAD THE MOST IMPORTANT

Marion county has done and is doing wonderfully well in providing paved market highways, and the program is planned to be a continuous one; with some paving every year, and with an increased mileage with the passing of the peak load of payment of serial bonds and interests, and the constant increase of the county's share of automobile licenses, and some other direct and indirect sources—

All causes for congratulation on the part of the people of this favored county, who had the vision and enterprise to start right, and to keep on keeping on.

Marion stands first among Oregon counties in this respect, and first among all the counties of this coast—

And still there are many paved road extensions that ought to be made or to have been made this year, or that should be made next year, in the opinions of the people of the various districts of the county—

For every road is the most important road to some one or some neighborhood. This is natural. It is laudable. He who looks not out for his own has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.

But there is one road that, by all means, ought to come now, or next, or very soon—

And that is the road along the Lake Labish district—the "Million Dollar Highway"—having the heaviest haul in this county of products of the soil.

It is nothing more than justice that this road should come early in the program. It is also good business. There is vast possible development there yet; and nothing will encourage it like a paved highway.

## BETTER IMMIGRANTS

After a year's test of the new immigration law, Commissioner Curran, who stands guard at Ellis Island, New York harbor, the gateway through which most of our immigrants enter, has this to say regarding its operations:

"As an affirmative performance, the immigration act of 1924 has already done great good to our country, and it gives promise of doing more. The immigrants who come to us now are fewer and better. They are cleaner nowadays. They possess better health, better intelligence, better promise of industry that produces, than did their predecessors. In the main, they are outdoor folk, pink-cheeked, long of limb and muscular. They will labor rather than barter, work in the open rather than buy and sell in the alleys. They are self-contained, confident. And they are young. It is the youth of Europe that is coming through the island these days."

The annual quota to be admitted until June 30, 1927, is 2 per cent of the number of foreign born of each nationality, resident in this country in 1890.

The new law has automatically reduced the total number of immigrants to about 1000 a day, or one-third of the prewar numbers. By careful examination through our consular agents abroad, undesirable immigrants are weeded out before embarking rather than at New York, as was the former practice.

The words of Mr. Curran have an encouraging sound— But there are still many leaks over the international borders along the Canadian and Mexican lines, and at many ports of the Atlantic and Pacific. The only way to have even handed justice, or an approach to it, in this field is to have regular registrations in our country.

Some one has suggested that our policy should be in the line of long time investments in family stocks rather than short time investments in productive labor, in dealing with our immigration problems.

## FOR THE CITY BOUND

The movement of farm population to the cities has two sides as an economic question. Gradually the migration to the city is growing less as the social condition of the farm and tract improves.

Among these farm improvements are the extension of electric lines so that the housewife enjoys more generally than heretofore the use of this utility to reduce the burdens of the household. Gas for light and heating purposes is also found outside the cities. Milk and creamery routes relieve the same housewife of skimming milk and making butter while the gasoline engine pumps the water and pipes carry it into the kitchen of many farm dwellings. At comparatively small expense hot and cold water systems and bath may be established in the rural home. And from this home the auto can transport the occupants to the city where they may enjoy all the privileges granted local residents.

The work on the modern farm is less than in former years owing to the employment of machinery and the owner enjoys many of the social, economic privileges of his city cousins.

But migration of farm residents to the cities will continue. The various allurements of the latter and the hardships of the former will continue to stimulate change from

one location to the other. And after all isn't such change desirable?

Some farmers are located, either by inheritance or choice, on farms that are naturally unproductive. Others are not adapted to farm work and even though trained for it by study or experience, will never make a success of farming. It is usually advantageous to both themselves and to other farmers for them to leave the farm and relieve farm competition.

Often it is poor economy for city bred folk to take up farming although occasionally one makes a real success in agriculture. And there is little argument against the desirability of rearing the family in the rural district.

What is needed most on the farms for production of food in the interest of the country as a whole is trained farmers, dairymen, fruit growers and livestock producers. The nation and the world must be fed and clothed and the farmer is the producer of food and clothing. Upon the farm everyone is dependent.

Better farm methods arrived at through scientific agricultural training in college or by actual experience and study combined is another necessity in successful farm economics.

Better livestock, better managed and more intensively cultivated farms, and cooperation in marketing assuring fair profits are the most effective antidotes for farm emigration.

## A PUBLIC DUTY

For the "guests" at the city and county jails there could be no finer compliment than opportunity to contribute to the civic beauty of the local parks and highways. Idleness degrades them mentally, morally, physically. For them to accept free food and shelter at the expense of others who toil is an imposition.

There is plenty of work these law violators can do. Neither the city nor county owes them a living. They have by their own acts caused the taxpayers expense. And in all fairness to themselves and to the public they should repay—and this payment should be by doing for the public some real honest-to-goodness work.

By this procedure with these city and county wards the authorities will earn the approbation of all progressive fair minded citizens.

## Bits For Breakfast

The circus is coming—

Ringling's circus will be in Salem the 29th.

Linseed oil meal is being advertised in this section as a dairy feed. The bulls are a good dairy and stock feed, too. The flax industry, as well as the beet sugar industry, will help dairying here, and the live stock industries generally.

The growers of mint will surely be careful to save all their peppermint oil, selling at \$11.05 a pound. That seems high for peppermint for candies, gums, etc. But a mighty little of it goes an awfully long way.

Ford rules the roads and proposes to rule the air and the water. And 25 years ago he was worse than broke.

Man in Salem dentist's chair asked how it was, after his tooth was pulled, that the place where the tooth had been seemed so large when he stuck his tongue into it. Dentist said he did not know, unless it was on account of the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate.

The horse drawn vehicles having been banished from the downtown streets, some one wants to get rid of the jackass-driven vehicles.

"Just why all state and mun-

icipal rules, regulations and laws should be waived to accommodate some secret society while out on a lark has never been quite clear to us," remarks an exchange.

A friend was driving his car in Salem for the first time when a fellow in the back seat exclaimed: "Jim, your engine is knocking badly." "That's not the engine," replied Jim, "that's my knees you hear."

"What did the Morons stick on their windshields before bathing girls were invented?" asks a State street barber.

## Survivors of German Boat Crew in Boer War, Meet

BERLIN.—A reunion of surviving officers and crew of the former German gunboat Litta, the first war vessel to run the gauntlet of the Taku forts during the Boer uprising 25 years ago, was held here recently. Former Commander von Lans, now a retired admiral, welcomed former officers and men.

The only war correspondent aboard the vessel during the Taku forts engagement was an American, Joseph Herrings, who was the first man on board to be wounded, an exploding shell fracturing two of his ribs.

Tell your eastern friends about the progressive spirit of the city of Salem. We want more people here, not only to share the city with us, but to help us build it.

## BODY OF BRYAN, APOSTLE OF PEACE, RESTS IN SOLDIER'S GRAVE



In a downpour of rain the body of William Jennings Bryan, three times candidate for president of the United States and crusader for peace and right, was laid to rest in Arlington cemetery, devoted to America's soldier dead. Photo shows the body of the Commoner being carried to the grave.

## MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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### CHAPTER 79

THE ERRAND ON WHICH KATHERINE AND MADGE EMBARKED

As my mother-in-law concluded her triumphant regatta of her precautions against entertaining the escaped bootleggers unawares, I had a sudden laughable vision of stolid faithful Jim locking and unlocking every door on the place when he should have occasion to go through it.

But I repressed my merriment sternly for she was still talking, it behooved me to pay strict attention if I wished again to avoid falling into her bad books. This, indeed, was a most fervent desire of mine. I was to be home but a home but a short time, Mrs. Durkee's, operation and the Braithwaite's coming loomed in front of me—to say nothing of other problems—and I coveted tranquility at any price.

I meant to humor my cantankerous mother-in-law to the extreme limit, if by that means I could keep her in good spirits until my departure.

"So that's all provided for," Mother Graham concluded energetically, and I noted that she appeared a younger woman by ten years than when she went out of the room. Excitement, especially when there is a touch of the mysterious or melodramatic in it, always marvellously rejuvenates her.

"Now, we'll get started on the

cleaning," she went on crisply. "We'll do the wing rooms first—Dickys and your fathers—and the extra room. Then you and Mrs. Bickett can take those rooms while we get yours ready for Edwin and Harriet. We could get two rooms done today if only Celia were available. Well, Margaret, you'll have to get dinner, for I'll have to have all of Katie's time!"

"I'd love to," I responded, trying to make my voice enthusiastic, but finding it a hard task, because of the resentment I was feeling at the high-handed ways of my mother-in-law.

Mrs. Ticer's Suggestion.

Besides, I was nervously fatigued after my journey and my experience with Mrs. Durkee's household, and I did not especially relish the task of getting dinner with the sure prospect of Mother Gram's caustic criticism of my culinary effort.

"The girl in that new family across the road is splendid help, although she's young," Mrs. Ticer volunteered meekly. "Celia was working with her the other day down to the Briggs' place, and she says she's a whirlwind and awfully neat."

"That little thing who looks as if a breath of wind would blow her away?" my mother-in-law demanded sharply.

"Yes, I know she's small, but she's wiry—she hasn't a load of flesh to carry around," Mrs. Ticer returned, with a lugubrious glance downward at her own ample, tightly-corseted figure. "My mother used to say that to set a fat eppron and a thin one side by side as a task was like putting two people of the same weight at it, and then tying a sack of flour around one man's neck. She said it took most of fat folks' strength to carry their extra weight."

"Did You See That?"

My mother-in-law greeted this ingenious theory with surprising tolerance.

"Yes, I've often thought that," she said, "but"—with astonishing graciousness—"you've always

## DINNER STORIES

While the train was waiting on a side track down in Georgia, one of the passengers walked over to a cabin near the track, in front of



which sat a cracker dog, howling. The passenger asked a native why

seemed able to keep up your end with anybody."

Mrs. Ticer actually flushed at the tribute, but her quiet "thank you," was the only answer she vouchsafed, and Mother Graham remained silent for a full half-minute, evidently weighing the pros and cons of employing the girl across the road.

"We'll get her," she decided finally. "Margaret, you go over there at once, and see about it. Have her come right away, and then with her and Katie and Mrs. Ticer all working, we ought to be able to get two rooms pretty well out of the way by dark."

"If we work by lamplight, it won't hurt us," Mrs. Ticer returned cheerily, and as I put on my hat and coat I felt a bit ashamed of my own listless fatigue.

"I'll go with you," Katherine volunteered.

"Don't go into the yard until you've called one of the children out into the yard," cautioned Mrs. Ticer. "They've got a dog there, which won't come out into the road but I guess would bite anybody going in whom it didn't know."

"Sweet prospect, not so?" Katherine drawled as we walked down the path to the road which lay between the farm and the "place across the road," of dreaded memory to be, and then she clutched my arm.

"Did you see that?" she whispered, with her eyes fixed upon the copse of evergreens surrounding the "house across the road."

(To be continued)

the dog was howling. "Hookworm," said the native. "He's lazy."

"But," said the stranger, "I was not aware that the hookworm is painful."

"Tall!" responded the garrulous native.

"Why, then," the stranger queried, "should the dog howl?"

"Lazy."

"But why does laziness make him howl?"

"Wal," said the Georgian, "that blame fool dawg is sittin' on a sand-bar, an' he's too larnation lazy to get off, so he jes' sets thar an' howls 'cause it hurts."

"How's times?" inquired a tourist.

"Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone come along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine."

"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it."

"Remarkable. But what are you going to do now?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

Persons you do not like are better than you think.

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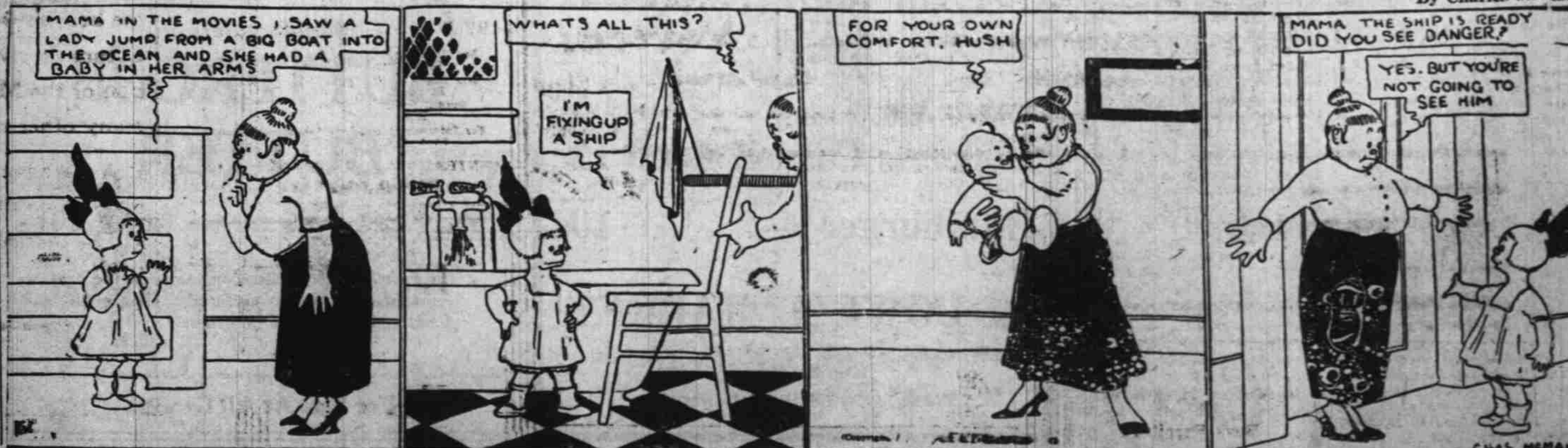
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