

# The Oregon Statesman

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**CHRISTMAS DAY**

**TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY:**—The angel said unto them, Fear not for, behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke 2:10, 11.

### WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN?

When the real meaning of Christmas dawns upon the world there will be no more war and no more selfish aggrandizement. Then the Christmas spirit will not be limited to the one day, but will extend over the whole glad year. We know that it ought to be so—

That "giving" should always be the dominant impulse—  
 True giving, which is neither aimless nor desultory—  
 The giving of ourselves for others—

That is the true note sounded in the song of the angels; the giving of time and talent, of thought and purpose, of material and spiritual assistance.

This is the true meaning of Christmas.

The building up of our very material civilization has been such a long, slow process, that we have failed to realize its strangle hold upon the finer side of life and character. It was necessary to conquer the physical world and develop its resources. It was ever necessary for a time to allow the finer faculties of man to remain subservient to the materialistic forces whose urge was always in the direction of selfish possession. All our systems of jurisprudence recognize and foster this faculty of acquisitiveness in the human race. It was natural, then, that materialism should grow apace. After all these centuries, however, it would seem to have served its purpose. The grasp of selfish power and possession has transcended human bounds—

Its undue development would produce a race of demons—

As the over development of the martial spirit would result in chaotic destruction—

And excessive pandering to the lower instincts of animal nature would result in degeneracy.

It is high time in the progress of so-called civilization for the human race as a whole to face about and begin the long, slow upward climb toward the heights of divine human nature—

Led by the forward looking nations of the world which have the duties of leadership through superior fitness—

And it is a good time to begin at the Christmas season.

Thus we may be worthy to share in the vision of Isaiah, the inspired prophet of old:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. . . .  
 "And he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

### "FOR US IT IS A DAY FOR MEMORIES"

(Contributed by a Salem Friend.)

Merry Christmas! and how many meanings the greeting has, from the joyous, carefree one of laughing youth to the quiet, gentle voice of age living in memories of the vanished years; and as we write this we hear some one softly playing "Long, long ago," and we know others are recalling the past, as we are.

Our thoughts turn back through the centuries to a little child in a manger in lowly Bethlehem and over Him was a

star—a star of love and hope. Such a humble way for Him to come to us and such a straight and simple religion He gave us—yet—at the end was—Calvary; and so often has it been Gethsemane and Calvary since. So simple yet so difficult because we make it so.

Coming down the centuries we realize how slow and uncertain has been our upward way, though the right road was ever to be seen and so many have seen it and told us. Shakespeare was seeing it when he wrote "Love is not love that alters when it alternation finds," and nothing more beautiful did he ever write. George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" tells it, and it is one of the fine poems of our English language. We glimpse it in Gray's "Elegy" or we feel it when we recall "Little Nell's" last request, "Put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." IF we would only keep near US something that loved the light and had the sky above it always—a sad word that "if", is sometimes.

To most of us elder-ones there is a bit of sadness in the old greeting, for we recall other days and see faces lost years ago. For us it is a day for memories, and, I think, each year we see more plainly that life is given us to be of service to others. "To grow old gracefully, is it not to grow sweeter, kinder and more thoughtful? I wonder.

So with these thoughts, and many others, do I believe our smiles are better and our greetings more earnest and sincere; and thus believing, we are wishing you, one and all, a "Merry Christmas" and "Peace on Earth, good will to men."

### The Arizona Sheriff

Tales of his adventures, his courage, his humor, his keen intelligence—as collected by Major Grover F. Sexton, "The Deputy from Yavapai County." How with nimble gun and motor car he brings swift and sure justice to evildoers.

### The Jap Rider

Up out of the basement staggered the six-foot sheriff, with a chubby Jap on his shoulders, legs wrapped in a vise-like grip around the sheriff's neck.

"Gimme back liquor! Gimme back liquor!" the Jap kept



screaming in a frenzy. "Takes all moonshine; takes ev'ryting, but gimme real liquor."

Sheriff F. D. Divilbess was the man staggering up with a load like unto "the old man of the sea." He preserves the peace in Navajo county, Arizona—a giant county of mesa and mountain and virgin forests.

Down below the milltown of Winslow, at the western end of the county on the Santa Fe, where the National Old Trails road

branches off for Grand Canyon, was "Japtown," habitat of Japanese sawmill workers, home of saki or rice wine, and fearful moonshine concoctions even more poisonous than "white mule," or Mexican mescal or tequila.

Caused lots of trouble, too, and disorder so Divilbess took six deputies and busted into Japtown like a whirlwind, getting over there in the Studebaker—it is always a Studebaker with a sheriff—before the Japs could be tipped off. How pained and shocked were the celestials that the "fine big sheriff" think Japanese make had likka. "He couldn't find it either, for a time.

But the sheriff touched a spring on a great heavy cupboard beside the wall. Silently, smoothly, the whole cupboard moved out from the wall, and behind it was 10 gallons of moonshine liquor.

A card table pulled apart exposed another gallon. An unused electric light fixture on a wall, when twisted, dropped a panel of wainscoting, exposing to view five gallons of saki, or rice wine.

The Japs displayed little interest. Down cellar went the big sheriff. A stone there swung out from solid masonry and gave up another five gallons. A wall through the basement appeared rather thick. He kicked it in and found another cache.

Among this last assortment of liquors was a bottle—a pint—of real Scotch whiskey. This Divilbess stuck in his pocket, while ordering the rest of the stuff brought up by the deputies.

The Jap proprietor, standing at the head of the stairs, saw the pint go into the sheriff's pocket.

If he had been stolid and indifferent before, he certainly came out of it with a jump.

With a wild yell, he leaped straight down the stairway onto the sheriff's neck, demanding the real liquor, though he scorned the rest. It took two deputies to pull him off when they got upstairs. Then was a problem. They had taken Japanese names wherever they found liquor, but when they lined the eighteen of them up, none of the sheriff's party could tell one from the other.

"Every one of you show up for hearing tomorrow afternoon," thundered the sheriff "names or no names; I'll skin you alive, personally, if you don't."

But next day appeared one lone Jap. "King of Japtown," they call him, and said he, personally, was every man listed on the sheriff's book of bootleggers. As each name was called, the same Jap stepped forward, pleaded guilty and paid the fine.

"Wanta be good fella," he told the sheriff, ingratiatingly. "You can't tell one Jap boy from otha, so me be all Jap boy, save trouble; me 'n' you be good friend, yes?"

Now the king keeps them quiet over there, and the sheriff can forget that spot.

### Bits For Breakfast

A Merry Christmas!  
 And a persistent Christmas spirit lasting all your long life.

A few sticks of candy, some breakable toys and a good Christmas dinner will not get a poor man or woman or family through the dull days till spring work opens up.

It will not be very many weeks, and it looks like an open winter; but even so there are reported a large number of cases of need in Salem. There must be an organized way to take care of the situation. Let's go.

"Ye have the poor always with you" may not have been spoken for a future generation. But we have them yet, and we have them in Salem. And how would our canneries and other packing plants run without them; thousands of them? And how would our growers get their fruit and other crops harvested without them; tens of thousands of them? It is a matter of good business as well as sweet charity and common decency to take care of our poor.

This is the pear paradise of the world. Next Thursday's Statesman will be the annual pear Slogan number. If you can help the Slogan editor, please do so. Let's have a good review of the pear industry. There are a lot of questions needing settling, in this industry.

May Your Christmas be a Joyous Occasion  
 NELSON & HUNT Druggists  
 Court and Liberty

It is the greatest Christmas time in the history of Salem; in volume of Christmas business; in the beauty of the displays and decorations; in the universality of the Christmas spirit. Salem is getting along towards being a metropolis.

The Statesman's New Year edition will be out a week from this morning. It is well under way. If you are expecting a have an announcement in that edition, you would better not delay much longer.

### Rides Horseback to New York to Prove Hardiness

**BUENOS AIRES**—A former English schoolmaster is making the long ride by horseback from Buenos Aires to New York in order to demonstrate the endurance

and hardihood of the Argentine type of horse. T. A. Tschiffey left here April 21 and four months later had reached Bolivia. Writing to friends here, he said the animals were in better condition than at leaving Buenos Aires.

To Our Many Friends and Customers  
 We Wish a  
**Merry Christmas**  
 and a  
**Happy New Year**  
**Hillman Fuel Company**

Sincere Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year



Merry Christmas  
 TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS  
**Capital Drug Store**

**Half of Osaka Mail Matter in Replies to Puzzle Test**  
 OSAKA—A statistician discovered that the Osaka Central post office handled 4,172,829 crossword puzzle replies from June 25 to August 31, which is nearly half the total amount of mail matter handled by the office during the same period.  
 The largest number received in one day was 233,237, on July 2. It was stated that if the total of crossword replies were put end to end they would reach from Tokyo to Kyoto.

**Ouch! Rub Backache, Stiffness, Lumbago**  
 Rub Pain from back with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil!"  
 Back hurt you? Can't straighten up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now listen! That's lumbago, sciatica or maybe from a strain, and you'll get relief the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Nothing else takes out soreness, lameness and stiffness so quickly. You simply rub it on your back and out comes the pain. It is harmless and doesn't burn the skin.  
 Limber up! Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and after using it just once, you'll forget what you ever had backache, lumbago or sciatica, because your back will never hurt or cause any more misery. It never disappoints and has been recommended for 90 years.

**In All the World's History**  
 there was never a date that approached in importance that great event that we celebrate each year on December 25th.  
 For since God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, it is fitting that that great Birthday be most reverently observed.

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**GIESE-POWERS**  
 Wish at this Time To Extend Our Sincere Wishes For A Merry Christmas And a Happy New Year To Our Friends and Patrons  
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