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Public Forum

Salem, Or., Aug. 25th.
To the Editor: In reading over your ads in last night's Journal, I came across an ad for a housemaid, signed A. J. B. Considering the ability required of said maid, the restrictions imposed, and other suggestions concerning the household of considerable experience, I have no doubt that I might give A. J. B. some suggestions that would aid in her quest. To begin with, it is my opinion that any maid with sufficient intelligence to interpret the ad might take part in any family conversation and that to the intellectual benefit of many I have known. Maids are human, and like to be treated as such, and A. J. B.'s ad ought to be sufficient evidence to the person of average intelligence why housemaids are no longer so much sought for. I might have better success if the ad in question were inserted in the Cincinnati Enquirer, or the Evansville Star, or some other publication that has wide circulation south of the Mason-Dixon line. Oregon maids are not the right complexion to be housemaids under conditions imposed in A. J. B.'s ad.
Yours truly,
—HOUSEWIFE.

Oregon News

Portland, Or., Aug. 25.—Eight new forest fires were reported Wednesday to headquarters of the United States forest service in Portland. Only one of them, it was stated, has assumed serious proportions, this being located in Wallawa national forest, northeastern Oregon. Twenty-five men were sent to fight this fire. Airplane patrols returning here today reported the discovery of six small fires, four being in Lane county and two in Lem county.
The fire in the Columbia national forest along the Lewis river, which has been burning for ten day or more was reported to be almost under control.

Portland, Or., Aug. 25.—A considerable decrease in grazing activities this year from those of the season of 1910 was reported by the Oregon department of forestry. E. N. Kavanaugh, head of the department, to the discouraging outlook of market prices and the increased cost of labor and maintenance. For this season, says Kavanaugh, to a less extent last year, these troubles have been confronted with a losing proposition in the sheep and cattle industry. While the cost of production has held its own and in many cases increased, the prices received for stock products have decreased. As a result cattlemen have been forced to continue through the period at a loss or quit the business.

McNary Inspects Road.—Five automobiles carrying a delegation of Eugene businessmen and Senator Charles L. McNary and Representative W. C. Hawley arrived in Roseburg last night on a tour of inspection over the old military road into Klamath county. They will also visit Crater Lake where Senator McNary will inspect the hotel conducted there and report his findings to the secretary of the interior. The matter of federal aid for constructing a highway from Klamath Falls to Crater Lake also will be given attention by the delegation.

Grazing Decreases.—A considerable decrease in grazing activities this year from those of the season of 1910 was reported by the Oregon department of forestry. E. N. Kavanaugh, head of the department, to the discouraging outlook of market prices and the increased cost of labor and maintenance. For this season, says Kavanaugh, to a less extent last year, these troubles have been confronted with a losing proposition in the sheep and cattle industry. While the cost of production has held its own and in many cases increased, the prices received for stock products have decreased. As a result cattlemen have been forced to continue through the period at a loss or quit the business.

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"Missouri Fluff" Is New Chicken.
Kansas City, Mo.—It remained for a Missouri woman to "show" the National Poultry association, which assembled here, that she could, like Luther Burbank, plant "fluff" and produce a strictly "Missouri chicken."
The "chicken wizard" is Mrs. J. D. Rice, of Lucerne, Mo., and her product is said to be unlike anything heretofore known in the poultry world: It is a large white fluffy chicken with peculiar shaped feathers, and she has named it the "Missouri Fluff."

Cops Get Tramp As Parade Waits.
Birmingham.—A floral auto parade in which over an hundred girls decorated cars took part, was delayed here for nearly half an hour while entertaining motorcycle policemen chased a negro tramp arrested and waited for a patrol to take him to the city jail. The motorcycle officers had been directed to head the procession, but when the parade started about such a trivial thing as a parade until they had sent the prisoner away to a patrol charged with following.

Solving the Housing Problem
Salem is not the only city in the country facing a housing problem—though most of them have made a more serious effort to remedy the situation. In nearly every growing city in the United States similar conditions exist. In the larger cities the situation is acute, for rents have mounted skyward and there has been little building of dwellings, and there seems no limit to the greed of profiteering landlords, despite legislative action to restrain their cupidity.
For six years practically the only building done in America has been for public, business, industrial and pleasure purposes. Factories, theatres, office buildings and garages have been erected in quantity—but no dwellings. No provision has been made for increased population. High costs have scared investors and the high rates of interest have diverted money into other channels.
Nevertheless houses for people are a public care and if not provided by private means, should be provided by government. America has been slow to recognize the responsibility of the community to the inhabitants in this respect, yet it has long been recognized in European countries. Distrust of extending the scope of public activities is partially at least the cause.

The city of London has gone into the building of dwellings on an extensive scale, as has Berlin and Paris. Slums have been rebuilt and made attractive. Thousands of comfortable homes have been and are being built outside the municipal limits by the county council, while the industrial housing projects financed by the British government during the war are enduring models for the world.
In England the ministry of health, working in conjunction with the office of works, has general charge of the building program, co-operating with the local officials of various municipalities. There are not enough skilled men to do even a quarter of the work wanted, and the government has prohibited "luxury and unessential building," so that if a man will not build cottages, he is not allowed to build anything else.
There are housing bond campaigns all over England. Over 10,000 housing schemes are being financed. Of these 7,120 have been approved with an area for 550,000 houses. In Scotland 103,000 houses have been authorized, the bids averaging about \$5,000 per house—as against an average cost of \$4,250 in England.
Money is raised by municipal and district building bonds, authorized by local governments, bearing 6 per cent interest. The British government charges 7 per cent for money advanced for building, and borrowing in the ordinary way for housing schemes not financed by bonds, is usually 7 per cent.

During the war the United States government built some fine dwelling centers, but since then has done nothing. Nor have any of the states, though some of the cities have cooperated in the effort to supply dwellings. But there seems no reason why the credit of the community and of the state should not be utilized to secure needed dwellings especially if private capital refuses to meet the emergency.
Governor Smith of New York has recommended the creation of local housing boards in communities of 10,000 people and of a central state housing agency "to aid each locality in meeting the immediate pressing need for sufficient homes," and his recommendations have been embodied in the state democratic platform. Further measures suggested are extension of state credit, legislation for housing, if necessary as a municipal activity and various forms of tax exemption, which require constitutional amendments.

Providing homes for people is more essential than building highways for automobiles. If Oregon's credit can be loaned for thirty million dollars worth of roads, some way certainly ought to be figured out for a loan of credit of a fraction of this amount to assist community home building.
Here is a fitting task for some of our newly elected legislators, the mapping out of a program of state and community cooperation in supplying needed houses.
The successful efforts along the same constructive lines of foreign states and cities, point to a solution of the housing problem, which is growing more acute as the days go by.

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Love and Married Life
By the Noted Author IDAHL McGLONE GIBSON
Shall I Surrender to Elizabeth?
Alice and Helen left me soon afterwards, as I had learned that my baby in my arms was like taking a composing draught. With her tiny head burrowing into my bosom, I could always think better and more clearly.
This time, however, I could not dismiss the feeling of unrest into which Karl's letter had thrown me. I almost wished he had not written me, and yet, I knew that if anything terrible was to come to me, I would feel much more able to bear it if I knew that the steady hand and ready sympathy of Karl Shepard was near.
I had many things to think about. First, I had to decide if I were going to carry on the battle that I had begun with Elizabeth Moreland. Again came the question, did I want to keep John? Should I ask him to choose, after showing him the letter which would tell him that I knew all? I knew that he would instantly change me and respectably rather than Elizabeth and the scandal which would ensue. I knew also from the look on his face, as he looked at Elizabeth when we were over at the new house, that he was mine to keep if I wanted him.
D John, like most other men, was a coward when it came to facing consequences. That was one thing I had to give Elizabeth Moreland credit for—she, too, lived up to her type. She, too, lived up to her type. She, too, had the courage to face anything for the man she loved. But, like other loving women, she could not face him with the truth. She was always trying to be the woman he wanted her to be, rather than the woman she was.
All at once I felt very sorry for John. She probably loved him better than I did. She certainly had loved him more. And beside, Elizabeth cared more for the material things that John could give her than I did. I knew that it must have ground her proud spirit into the dust to see all the things that had come to me as John's wife—yes, to have helped prepare for another woman some of the things that John had, in his obtuseness, asked her to prepare for me.
Was it because John Gordon was so egotistical? So bound up in himself that he had made quite unhappy the two women who had loved him most?
Even while asking myself this question I gave John credit for not realizing just how he had tortured both Elizabeth and me. To both of us he exerted the same magnetic influence—probably to a much greater degree with Elizabeth than with me. I was quite sure of this, because that very morning I had found another misgiving from Elizabeth, which said: "My world means only you, John, and whatever comes you, you to remember—"
All through the long, unhappy years I made one passionate plea: Implying Fate to brush aside the dark despair of Hope deferred. And give me the boon of Love; Without which Life were drear indeed.
In the gray days and months and years I span Eternity's fair shore Just sixty minutes filled with love. Would make my cup of bliss overflow; And I on memories feed for evermore.
One little hour by radiance blessed. One golden hour! Alas! Dear were the ears to which I cried. And I went stumbling through the storm. My way o'ercast with clouds and dark; Until you came, I saw the sun Of love shine through your eyes. I laid my weary head upon your breast And there encircled by your loving arms I found my hour of gold.

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D John, like most other men, was a coward when it came to facing consequences. That was one thing I had to give Elizabeth Moreland credit for—she, too, lived up to her type. She, too, lived up to her type. She, too, had the courage to face anything for the man she loved. But, like other loving women, she could not face him with the truth. She was always trying to be the woman he wanted her to be, rather than the woman she was.
All at once I felt very sorry for John. She probably loved him better than I did. She certainly had loved him more. And beside, Elizabeth cared more for the material things that John could give her than I did. I knew that it must have ground her proud spirit into the dust to see all the things that had come to me as John's wife—yes, to have helped prepare for another woman some of the things that John had, in his obtuseness, asked her to prepare for me.
Was it because John Gordon was so egotistical? So bound up in himself that he had made quite unhappy the two women who had loved him most?
Even while asking myself this question I gave John credit for not realizing just how he had tortured both Elizabeth and me. To both of us he exerted the same magnetic influence—probably to a much greater degree with Elizabeth than with me. I was quite sure of this, because that very morning I had found another misgiving from Elizabeth, which said: "My world means only you, John, and whatever comes you, you to remember—"
All through the long, unhappy years I made one passionate plea: Implying Fate to brush aside the dark despair of Hope deferred. And give me the boon of Love; Without which Life were drear indeed.
In the gray days and months and years I span Eternity's fair shore Just sixty minutes filled with love. Would make my cup of bliss overflow; And I on memories feed for evermore.
One little hour by radiance blessed. One golden hour! Alas! Dear were the ears to which I cried. And I went stumbling through the storm. My way o'ercast with clouds and dark; Until you came, I saw the sun Of love shine through your eyes. I laid my weary head upon your breast And there encircled by your loving arms I found my hour of gold.

Love and Married Life
By the Noted Author IDAHL McGLONE GIBSON
Shall I Surrender to Elizabeth?
Alice and Helen left me soon afterwards, as I had learned that my baby in my arms was like taking a composing draught. With her tiny head burrowing into my bosom, I could always think better and more clearly.
This time, however, I could not dismiss the feeling of unrest into which Karl's letter had thrown me. I almost wished he had not written me, and yet, I knew that if anything terrible was to come to me, I would feel much more able to bear it if I knew that the steady hand and ready sympathy of Karl Shepard was near.
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SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF FREDDIE FIREFLY
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Mrs. Ladybug's Advice.
Finding himself face to face with Mrs. Ladybug one night in Farmer Green's meadow, Freddie Firefly noticed, even before she spoke, that the little lady was not in a cheerful mood. In fact, she frowned at him darkly and pointed one of her knitting needles straight at him as she began to speak.
"You're terribly careless with that light of yours," she said. "People are always warning me that my house is on fire and telling me that I'd better hurry home. Now—" she added—"now I her other knitting needle at Freddie.
"Well, if you're not careless, you're silly, anyhow," she snapped. "I wouldn't object so much to your light if only you'd put it to some good use. But as long as I've known you—and that's several weeks—I've never seen you do anything but caper about the meadow and dance." And then Mrs. Ladybug began to knit furiously, as if to show Freddie Firefly that she was never idle, even if she did spend a good deal of time away from home. "Do you intend always to fritter your nights away as you do now?" she inquired.
"What else could I do? I should like to know—" Freddie began.
"Why not use your light in some kind of work?" Mrs. Ladybug asked him.
"What work, I should like to know—" Freddie said. And since Mrs. Ladybug did not at once answer him, he added: "I don't believe you can suggest anything—can you?"
"Oh, yes, I can!" she declared quickly. "I was thinking. That's why I didn't reply sooner. Probably you don't know that I have helped many youngsters to begin to work. For instance, it was I that told Daddy Longlegs to help Farmer Green with his harvesting." Little Mrs. Ladybug felt so proud of herself that she dropped a stitch without noticing it.
"Daddy Longlegs! He's not young!" Freddie Firefly exclaimed. "Oh, yes, he is! He's not so old as you think," Mrs. Ladybug replied. "He's just about your age. And if he can work, you certainly can."
"But I didn't know that Daddy Longlegs was working for Farmer Green," Freddie Firefly said.
"He tried, to be sure. But the wind blew too hard. And it wasn't really Daddy's fault," Mrs. Ladybug explained. And you o' Ladybug explained. And you ought not to attempt to work on windy nights, either," she went on. "For your light might go out, and then there'd be a terrible accident."

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