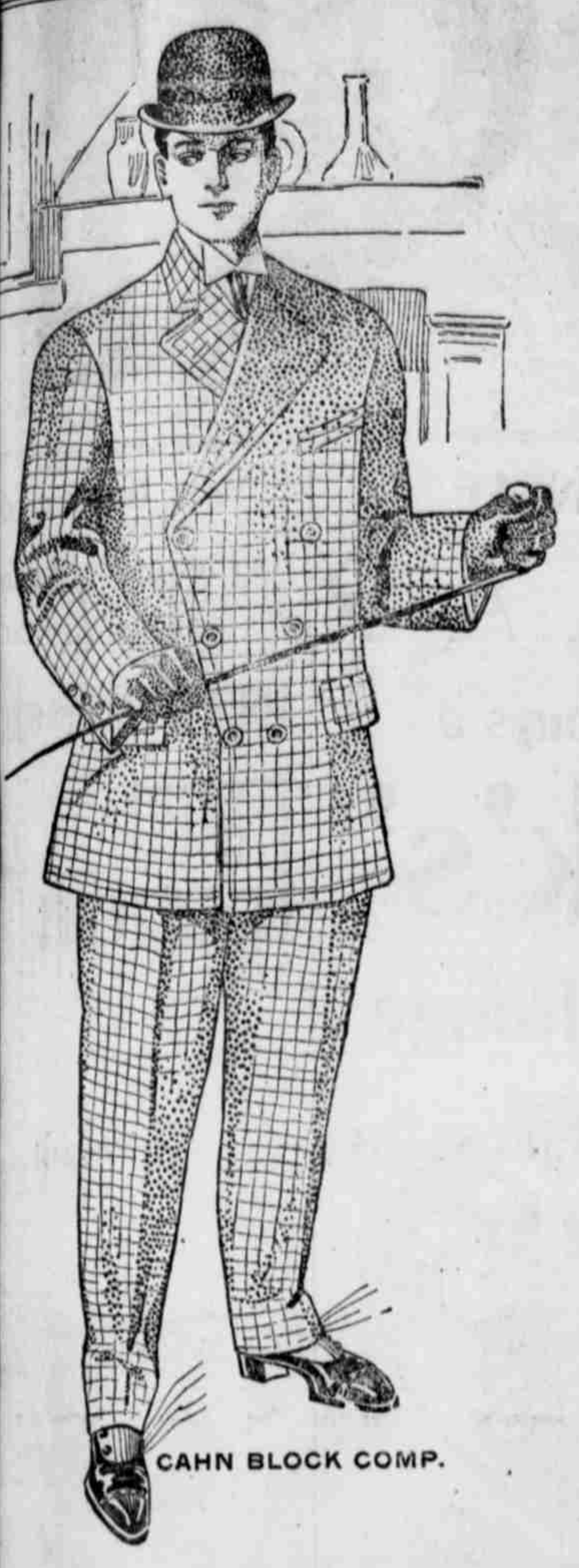
WE WILL NOT CLOSE TO MARK UP GOODS



J. L. Stockton & Co.

THE WHITE CORNER

Beginning Wednesday Morning we will conduct the

Greatest $39,000

CLOTHING SALE

Not Because we are broke   Not because we need money

But to Protect Our Customers

Against itinerant salespeople who drift about the country invegling honest merchants into a proposition to conduct a fake sale and give them 20 per cent of the proceeds. We will be our own brokers. You have seen it done right here in Salem. Don't let it happen again. We will give you all we promise, and at the same time assure you that we do it willingly. To lose a few days' profits in the interest of our customers and Salem in general will be a worthy sacrifice.

Depend on us, believe us, we live with you and are your neighbors

And cannot let you go elsewhere when you have been our faithful customers.

...W'LLIAMS' TIRADE ...GAINST THE SOCIALISTS

...e September American Maga-...Mirbeau writes an ex-...rdly frank and illuminating ...r sketch of Emperor Wil-...llowing is an account of how ...feels toward Socialism (giv-...the author by a friend who ...the emperor well).

...you know the large fountain ...ands in the Schlossplatz? It ...eathed to the city of Berlin ...ry rich gentleman. The may-...ordance with the usual cere-...custom, invited the emperor ...part in the dedication exer-... The emperor was absolutely .... He could hardly believe ...y would dare to erect in Ber-...onument which had not orig-...with him.

...exhausted all the administra-...d legal tricks that he could ...it to prevent the acceptance ...legacy, and, failing to arrest ...ject, sent a curt refusal to ...the dedication. He felt that ...ntain was a direct blow at ...thority; almost, indeed, a ...of lese-majeste.

...w a good deal of him at this ...nd tried to reason with him, ...flew into a rage and imposed ...upon me.

...his fountain drives me mad!' ...d in French. (He always ...the French when he wishes to ...ear language.) 'It is a social-.... Mark my word, a socialist ...

...ied to calm him.

...heaven, you are a socialist. ...Everybody is a socialist now-...' he shouted. 'But they had ...take care!'

...agine the surprise of the ...and of the officials when, on ...of the unveiling, they say the ...r appear. His face was ...r and threatening, and his mustaches were more warlike than ever. Hurling himself upon the platform, he interrupted the good man who happened to be expatiating upon the virtues of the donor.

"'An evil spirit is hovering over this city!' cried William. 'Socialism is lifting its head. I will not tolerate it. I wish every one to know that I have given orders for an immense barracks to be built right in the heart of Berlin. It will be filled with my loyal troops and my faithful cannon. If the socialists stir I will not hesitate to mow them down. Let them look out! I will mow them down. I have had enough of it!'

"With this he turned his back on the crowd and looked scornfully at the fountains.

"'As for this fountain,' he said, addressing the dignitaries on the platform, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'it is simply ridiculous—absurd!' So saying, he went as he had come, like a temptest, leaving the crowd stupefied.

"Strange to say, the story of this affair was not broadly circulated, even in Germany. I sometimes think we have a national modesty which causes us to cover with our mantle the ridiculous doing of the emperor, as Noah's sons covered the nakedness of their father."

—o—

THE APPROACH OF DELIRIUM TREMENS

In the September American Magazine Charles Roman begins a series of articles entitled "In the Wonderland of Delirium." It is the record of the personal experiences of the author in a Washington hospital within the past year. As a rare psychological document, and as a piece of writing, the story is entitled to a place beside De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Here is the author's account of how he first experienced the approach of delirium tremens:

"My introduction into this phenomenal condition was in this wise: I was returning up-town on a streetcar with a friend after having dined at a down-town hotel. Suddenly my companion gave me a thrust in the ribs.

"'What's the matter?' I asked testily.

"'You don't know that man sitting up there, do you?' he replied, indicating a passenger seated near by.

"'No,' I said, 'I never saw him before.'

"'I thought not,' he said, looking at me astonished.

"'Then what do you mean? You have been cursing him roundly these two blocks. Stop it.'

"I did. I also alighted from the streetcar, and made the remainder of the trip in a closed carriage. I understood, and I reflected. Twenty-four hours before I had discontinued certain habits. It occurred to me afterward that my resolution had been enforced too abruptly. However, as I rode home I felt that perhaps the impending revolution might end where it then was. But it didn't."

—o—

SAN FRANCISCO QUARANTINE RAISED

San Francisco, Sept. 29.—San Francisco merchants are rejoicing today because the government has raised the quarantine on all vessels coming from this port. Word was sent out from Washington yesterday that vessels from San Francisco need not be inspected unless sickness is discovered.

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One hundred and three died in St. Petersburg in the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday.

AN AMUSING CUSTOM

How Spaniard Trick Themselves Into Wanting a Glass of Water.

Writing of experience "Mid Pleasures and Palaces in Barcelona," a gossipy account of American travelers' experiences with Spanish hospitality, Ellen Muary Slayden, in the October Century, says:

The cafes were always crowded to suffocation and yet we lingered past the small hours, the men smoking dozens of cigarettes and the women dipping bits of wafer into chocolate as leisurely as if they had the night instead of the day before them. A favorite drink was a thin almond milk, which looked like something for the complexion, and which, after tasting, I would have much preferred applying externally. There was a refreshing absence of the highball and cocktail element, and no one ever seemed to take too much to drink.

It was always amusing to see these most temperate people tricking themselves into wanting a glass of water. They recommend certain dishes and enjoy their eternal chocolate chiefly because "it makes one so thirsty." Visiting a country house once, we were invited into the dining room, and I honed for tea. The table was elaborately spread, we were seated, and each helped to a delicious conserved peach, an tenderly urged to eat it to make us want some water. When we had eaten the peach and drunk the water the ceremony was complete.

—o—

WELFARE WORK AND PROFIT SHARING

About 21 years ago my firm began the experiment of sharing 10 per cent of its profits with the employes, part to the office force and part to the men in the mill. We do not tage the credit to ourselves that our feelings in this matter were purely altruistic, for while we wished to better our people we also wished to better the bus'ness. We thought by this profit sharing we would get more earnest and efficient work; we hoped to make each man feel that to a certain extent he was a partner in the business and was, therefore, not only interested in putting forth his utmost efforts himself, but also interested in seeing that all the others should equally give honest and faithful work.

In very large establishments where several thousand men are employed, of course, the manager cannot know all the men, but in our flour mills, while the volume of output is very large, the number of employes is comparatively small—only about 250 all told. We have, therefore, always felt we should know the men better—but how get acquainted with them? Louisville is a large city, and many of our men live miles apart, never meeting except in working hours.

In this lack of acquaintance on the part of the office with the men, and perhaps the lack of comradeship among the men themselves, largely consists whatever may be wanting in the perfect development of welfare work. I tried faithfully to make up for this want by infusing my own personality into the work, but I was too busy, and was called here and there and could not, and did not, get in touch with the men as I had hoped—it was impossible.

About this time my brother's son graduated from college. He went into the mill to learn milling from bottom up and became interested in the men and in welfare work. Last winter we were considering a library for the men and were making a list of books, when he said: "If you want to give the men something they want give them a billiard table." A happy idea, and one that had never occurred to us older people; also a happy way of putting it: "If you want to give them something, let it be something they want." There, I think, is the way to the whole question of welfare work. Give the men something they themselves want, something that appeals to them, though it may not appeal to us.—S. Thurston Ballard in American Industries.

—o—

Grotesque Crimes.

There is a point in crime at which the tragic merges into the grotesque, and that point was reached and passed in the case of the Boston man who, having slain his wife, sought to dispose of her body by cutting it into small pieces for convenient and safe disposal. As for the murder itself it was probably neither more nor less barbarous than any other uxorcide. There are only slight degrees of difference between such killings, all being brutal in the extreme. In this case the man's whole thought after the crime was to evade its consequences. This is a perfectly normal impulse, an instinct of self-preservation. And naturally this impulse leads to some methods that are outrageous to the normal sense. There was Luetgert, the Chicago sausage-maker, for an instance, who tried to dissolve his wife's body in a vat by means of acids. He neglected, however, to dispose of the [illegible] which remained after the chemicals had done their work, and when an investigation was instituted upon the growth of suspicion that Mrs. Luetgert had met with foul play, the police found in the vat a ring and portions of certain small joint bones. These bones were at the trial identified by scientists as human, and Luetgert was convicted and executed.

Trunks play an important part in the plans of murders who are trying to dispose of the bodies of their victims. Quite recently a man's dismembered corpse was found in a trunk in Pennsylvania, and now his wife, son and daughter are in custody awaiting trial for the crime. So common is this device that the "trunk murder" has come to be recognized as a distinct class. The Boston case differs only in degree of preparation from the ordinary case. The slayer displayed marvelous fortitude and nerve. Probably in such a case fear of the gallows drives out all other sensibilities. The body of the dead is regarded merely as a menace to life, to be destroyed, and without the slightest sentimental significance. The wielder of the knife is an elemental man, struggling for physical salvation.

There will continue to be such horrible crimes and shocking methods of concealment as long as human passions continue to rise beyond restraint. The "brutality" of the aftermath is in no sense to be rated as a reflection upon the modern civilization. For the murderer is but a reversal to the primal type, and what he does after slaying is simply in keeping with the role.—Washington Star.

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EDNA WALLACE HOPPER STANDS TRUE TO BROWN

(United Press Leased Wire.)

New York, Sept. 29.—The announcement here today by Edna Wallace Hopper that she is going to marry A. O. Brown, despite his bankruptcy and his arrest for alleged fraud in stock deals, has caused a sensation. Friends thought she would not marry the broker on account of his financial failure. She says that she received a $7000 automobile from him as a present, and thinks that it is nobody else's business what her fiancee gives her.

Brown testified yesterday that he had given Miss Hopper an automobile valued at $7000.

—o—

INSURANCE MAN ACCUSED BY WIFE OF BIGAMY

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 29.—After spending several thousand dollars, and several months hunting for her husband, Mr. Arthur B. Donaldson, of Detroit, today had him arrested on a charge of non-support. She avers that she will prosecute him for bigamy.

Donaldson is an insurance man and declares that he was divorced from the Detroit woman in San Francisco last June. His wife declares that she was never served with papers in the divorce suit, and that she will have it invalidated, and then have her former husband jailed for bigamy.

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Our Motto "A Dollar Show For a DIME