

President Doney of Willamette Qualifies as Story Teller at Meeting of Salem Arts League

Many special talents that were previously unguessed have been brought out by the Salem Arts League. The story-telling section has been particularly notable in this respect. Recently a meeting was held in the library, when on impromptu stories were featured. The following fascinating little story was the contribution of Dr. arl Gregg Doney, who is known as a man of letters, but whose gift for story-telling has not been so generally recognized. The story is entitled "Billy Pine-tree, a Story of the Crooked Pines."

"If you were to go into any of the great forests where there are many pine trees, you would find most of the trees looking much alike. They grow tall and straight, they push out their branches on all sides and they keep themselves clean and tidy. But here and there you will find a tree which is different from the others, its trunk is twisted, its branches are tangled and it does not seem able to grow tall and straight; really it looks like an unhappy tree.

There are not many of these twisted trees, but they are scattered over all the forest, here one, there one, enough to make you notice them and to wonder what causes them to be unlike their brothers and sisters. And they were not always that way either; for one time the pine trees were just alike, except that some were small and some were big. But in

maybe, he was the happiest; anyway, there was none happier than he was. Now it came about that when the wind stopped blowing, Billy would continue to throw his head about and wish, his branches back and forth, and shout as though he were in a great storm.

Mama Pine-tree called to him. "Billy, the wind is not blowing; you should now be quiet. You can not grow as you should if you toss about so much." But Billy laughed up to her, and said, "What of it? I like to swing back and forth and look around. It's great fun; and there's plenty of time to grow." Mama and papa Pine-tree knew well enough why he should be quiet; they told him that in throwing himself about and on twisting and turning, he would loosen the bark from his body and his wood might become crooked and weakened.

Billy would not believe them, or at least he did not obey them, and said, "I want to see what is going on. I want to know what all these trees are doing. It's lots of fun just watch me." And he gave a big turn and swished his branches in every direction. "Please don't do that," said all of the pine trees near him. "Your branches strike us and hurt us." "Pooh," said Billy, "who cares? I'm going to look around all I want to, and so can you."

Billy was talking quite loud and some little bodies on the ground heard everything he said; indeed they would have heard him had he but whispered. They had been watching him for a long time and were beginning to wonder if they would not have to do something in order to protect the other trees and teach Billy a lesson. These little bodies were the tree fairies, people who watch over the forests and try to keep them orderly and clean and beautiful.

The very night after Billy had been so rude and disobedient, the king of the tree fairies climbed up to Billy's ear and whispered to him. "Billy Pine-tree, I am the king of the fairies who love and guard the trees and I have come to tell you that you must obey your papa and mama because they know what is best for a young pine tree. And you must be kind to your neighbors because you have no more right to hurt them with your swinging branches than they have to hurt you."

"Huh," said Billy. "I don't think you know any more about it than I do. Let the trees look out for themselves; that's what I do. I like to twist and turn to see what's going on around me; and I'm going to enjoy myself as I please. Good-night, Mr. Fairy."

"No, not yet, Billy," said the king of the tree fairies. "I must

tell you something more. The tree fairies have held a meeting of the council and it is decided that if you refuse to be kind and will not grow up like other trees, a punishment will come to you. Some time when you have turned and twisted yourself and thrown your branches into a better skeleton, that you can't untwist your branches, and you can't straighten out your branches. I give you fair warning, Billy Pine-tree, and I do hope you will obey it. Now I will say a 'Good-night' to you."

"Good night, Mr. Fairy," called Billy, as the king of the fairies went away. "You bother me; and I did not ask you to call."

Of course, this was also very rude of Billy; and in the morning his mother asked him to whom he had been talking during the night for she had heard him though she had not heard the fairy. But she had long known about the fairies and had been afraid that they would have to punish Billy. Billy told her that some old, foolish fairy had come to try to frighten him and that there wasn't a fairy living that could scare him. His mother and father were both greatly troubled and begged him to heed the warning. A shower of rain coming up, they even shed tears over their son, who seemed determined to have his own foolish way.

As soon as the rain stopped the sun shone brightly and Billy began to swing and toss his branches. He laughed and shouted and twisted himself until he had turned almost entirely around. Suddenly there was a sound in the pine needles at his feet like the scurrying of many little bodies; and then came the voice of the king of the tree fairies, not loud, but quite clear, saying, "Billy Pine-tree, you are held. You cannot turn back. Stay forever as you are, Billy Pine-tree."

He could turn around; try as he might, he could not go back. He called to his mother and father, but they could not help him. Ad there he stood, with his trunk twisted, his branches tangled and his head bowed in shame.

This was long, long ago. Billy Pine-tree had children; not many, and they were like him; they had twisted trunks and tangled branches. Their children were the same, on down to this very day. You will find them here and there in the forests looking like Billy did and so different from the other tall and beautiful trees around them.

I think this should be said for the fairies; when they punished Billy, they had intended to set

Hungry Linn County Man Misses Dinner to Seek Beautiful Iris in Salem, But Is Disappointed

Editor Statesman: Being an interested reader of your paper and appreciating your efforts for the betterment and development of the Salem district and especially the public safety, I am in the habit of reading your paper with much interest. It is with a certain interest that I read your issue of Saturday, April 30, a young man who teaches school in Linn County was called to Salem upon business with the state superintendent of schools. Living in the county a dozen miles or more from the railroad station, it required early rising and a two-mile walk in the fresh morning air to make connections with the train that left at 6:15 a. m. to meet the morning train. Unaccustomed to such early rising, he omitted breakfast and reached Salem with just time enough to remove the dust and dirt of travel and meet his appointment at the state house. On his way his attention was attracted to some remarkable iris in a vase in a shop window. Being a flower-lover, he was overcome by their beauty.

His business finished, he had a couple of hours left before taking the train for home. Nature began to assert itself, and the appetite that had been dormant in the early morning hours began to clamor for something to eat, but there were those beautiful irises—he was bewitched by them. Silencing the voice of hun-

ger, he hid away to the shop where he'd seen the flowers to find out where they grew.

Being informed that they grew on D street somewhere near the railroad he hastened away and traversed D street, peering into people's yards and interviewing every householder in sight, but all in vain; no one had, or knew of such a plant.

The woman erred.

Falling in his quest, he returned with but five minutes left before train time. He stopped in the shop and told the man (now in attendance) of his disappointment, whereupon he found that he had been misdirected. The woman had erred. The flowers grew on Jefferson street.

Requesting the man to bestow

his parting blessing upon the woman whose mistake had cheated him out of his dinner as well as the flower, he went on his way a hungrier and disappointed man.

It struck me as being rather remarkable for a young man rather to miss his dinner after he'd missed his breakfast than miss getting a choice flower.

This story is true in every detail.

Young an Retiree

I could give the young man's name if necessary, though I am sure he'd never consent to have it made public. And I am sure he change.

was utterly unconscious of anything remarkable in the incident when he related it to us, except that he was so mad when he found he'd been misdirected and thereby missed the flower as well as his dinner.

With best wishes for the continued success of your paper, I am, sincerely yours,
—BERTHA M. PEOPLES,
Lacomb, Ore., May 2, 1921.

Don't forget that the good Lord not only made the sunshine but the moonshine also.—Exchange.

Break Chest Colds With Red Peppers

Ease your tight, aching chest. Stop the pain. Break up the congestion. Feel a bad cold loosen up in just a short time.

"Red Pepper Rub" is the cold remedy that brings the quickest relief. It cannot hurt you and it certainly seems to end the tightness and drive the congestion and soreness right out.

When heat penetrates right down into colds, congestion, aching muscles and sore, stiff joints, relief comes at once.

Nothing has such concentrated,

penetrating heat as red peppers. The moment you apply Red Pepper Rub for colds, backache, sore muscles, stiff neck, lumbago, or the pains of rheumatism or neuritis, you feel the tingling heat.

In three minutes the congested spot is warmed through and through. When you are suffering so you can hardly get about, just get a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, at any drug store. You will have the quickest relief known.—Adv.

his children be like other pine trees. But this is what happened, alas! All of the trees near Billy knew why he was so ill-shaped, they knew it was because he had been rude and disobedient, and they said to themselves that they did not want to be that way; that they would try as hard as they could to grow up tall and straight, that they would keep their branches untangled and allow no moss or dirt to cling to their trunks. When the fairies saw this they thought it would be a good thing to have a few twisted trees in the forests to be an example of what a pine tree ought to be. And it is because of this constant warning which the pine tree sees every day that it is so beautiful, always green and cheerful, always tidy in its ways and always speaking in a low sweet voice like the gentle music of the singing birds.

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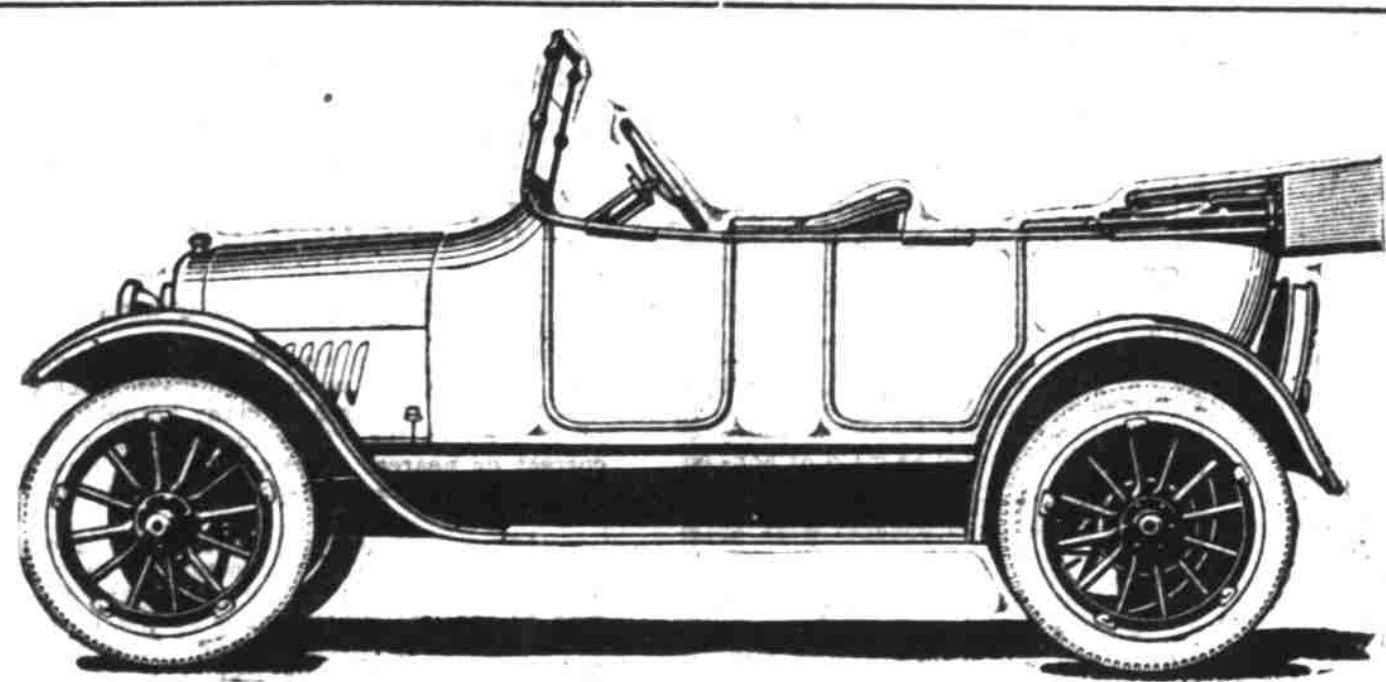
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