

IN THE DAYS OF TY FOO; A LOCAL HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE EOLA NEIGHBORHOOD, TOLD IN SYMPATHY

All of Which the Author of the Sketch Saw and Part of Which He Was, in the Old Days When He Was a Barefooted Boy on the Banks of the Rickreall in Old Polk—A Chinese Hop Grower Who Was Good to the Boys of That Locality, This Being a Tribute by One of Them.

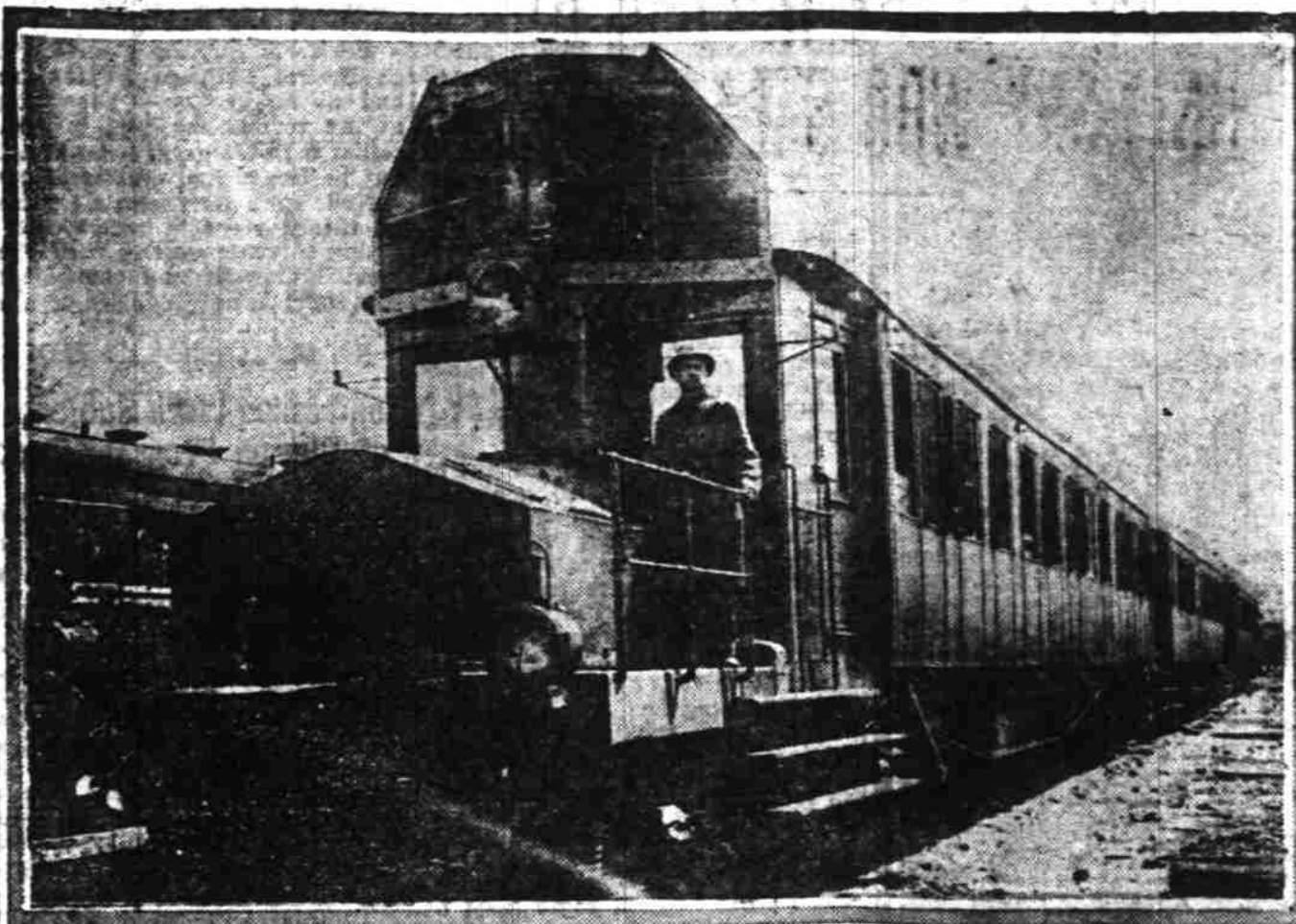
By LOWELL M. SHOEMAKER

Ty Foo, as the name suggests, was a rice-eating Oriental. His quene was long and thin, and his face had the appearance of a copper kettle that had been well dented with a hammer. Ty Foo gambled, smoked opium and fought the devil, in the strictly orthodox fashion of his Mongolian ancestors. In the early nineties of the last century, Ty Foo's place of residence was on the Putnam ranch in the county of Polk, in the state of Oregon. Here, he and his almond-eyed partners had a lease on some hop yards. Here they tended and trained the rough young vines during the showery months of April and May, and in

the late summer or fall they cursed the hop lice eloquently, heaping upon these parasites every anathema they could frame in the Chinese language, supplemented with American expletives woven into fantastic and unusual combinations and uttered in exquisite and picturesque pigeon English. In his war on the hop-lice, Ty Foo used a horse—or rather a mule-sprayer. To the machine two mules were hitched tandem, but the word "tandem" was not in his English vocabulary. I remember that he was once asked, how he managed to work two mules on the sprayer, and he answered, "Me hitch one on sooner 'n nother."

Behind the loud-scented spray-

NEW FAST TRAIN DEvised BY RUSSIAN ELECTRICAL WIZARD.



A new fast electric train that can run from Moscow to Petrograd, a distance of 500 miles, without stopping to reload the motors, has been devised by a Russian electrical engineer, named L. I. Makbonin, who is seen on the engine. The Soviet Government sponsored the construction of the train and has refused to allow information to be made public as to the train's mechanism. Motive power is supplied by great electric motors capable of 3,000 horse power each.

ing machine, Ty Foo plodded day after day, the briar-like vines clutching at him vengefully as he stumbled along between the rows. They scratched his nose, rasped his ears, and raked his chops and neck, until his mournfully burnished physiognomy had the vermillion hue of a tough beefsteak just yanked from the refrigerator of a cheap restaurant.

We lads, the small fry of the village, were very prompt in calling on these particular hop growers when they were enjoying their New Year celebration. At such time they were all friendly and cordial, and Ty Foo was very generous. He gave us nuts, candy and firecrackers, and round, hollow cakes that resembled the puff-balls that grow on the oak trees; and these cakes were fried in some kind of grease, that for strength, had Hercules beaten a mile. It is a fact, however, that the cakes tasted good, or we thought they did, which was much the same thing.

There was a second good and sufficient reason why the boys were strong for Ty Foo. It was, that he was always in the market for anything in the way of meat that they brought to his house. If by the aid of a trap, slingshot or gun, we were able to get possession of a duck, pheasant, or squirrel, Ty Foo was always ready to buy, and pay cash then and there.

Among the bunch of lads, or more properly, village nuisances, was a boy in his tenth or eleventh year, who was known among his companions by the high-sounding name of "Spuds." During the winter months Spuds wore some clothes. His hat was usually much the worse for wear; his shirt had the appearance of having been sadly misused, while his mud-spattered trousers—their pockets crammed with strings, marbles and rusty hardware—hung perilously by a single suspender; and this suspender, worn threadbare in places, was evidently sustaining a much greater weight than the manufacturer had ever warranted it to carry.

In summer Spuds spent most of his time along the river, and

as his bathing suit consisted of a mantle of golden sunbeams, his neck and body were burned until their color was not unlike that of the rolls of sole-leather that one sees standing in the shops of the shoe cobbler. His face was a fine archipelago of freckles, and many years later, when I saw for the first time, Santa Catalina rising from the bosom of the Pacific ocean, I somehow had the impression that it resembled a huge fleckle on Spud's weather-beaten mug.

Spuds had, at times, been so fortunate as to snare a game-bird or a squirrel and by disposing of the same to Ty Foo, our little hero had so improved his financial circumstances that he was enabled to purchase candy and slingshot rubbers, two things which were at that time the most precious bits of personal property of which this young imp had ever cared to dream.

As the vagrant wind sometimes turns over a leaf and discloses a bug, so Fate, one gloomy day in spring, led Spuds out on the oak-clad hillside and showed him a skunk. The dark-colored gentleman had been dead a bit too long, but was, as yet, in an excellent state of preservation. Spuds looked him over carefully but was unable to determine the cause of his apparently early demise. But while making the aforesaid examination, a brilliant idea was suddenly born in Spuds' versatile brain: Why not, he began to reason with himself, take the skunk to Ty Foo and offer it for sale? Surely, the ingenious old Chinaman could find use for a big skunk. Spuds fastened a string to the skunk's tail and started for market, speculating as he went along on his chance of acquiring a piece of coin.

Ty Foo's palatial residence had been constructed of one by twelve boards in the ough. The finishing touches consisted of spikes driven into the walls on the outside. On the spikes hung boots, harness, gunnysacks and other paraphernalia of the ranch. The house stood very near a little stream that sparkled and sang among the stones and waterlilies, and I well remember, that, in the days of which I write, I was inclined to believe that at this particular point it sang all its songs in the Chinese tongue.

When Spuds reached Ty Foo's dwelling, he found that worthy gentleman standing in the kitchen door, his face wearing the same expression as a boulder by the roadside, or a brick wall in a fog. In those days it was the universal custom in Oregon to use Pigeon English when addressing a native of the Celestial empire; therefore, Spuds held up his skunk for inspection, and asked, "You like buy?" Ty Foo made no answer, neither did he move. After a minute or two the boy placed the skunk on the ground and decided to await developments. Presently the Chinaman came out, went to the pig-pen and fed the pigs, came back to the house, went inside and filled his pipe, came to the door and lit it and blew a few puffs of smoke into the air while he regarded the rain-clouds that hung in a threatening mass over the immediate vicinity. At last, after what seemed to Spuds like a good-sized chunk of eternity, Ty Foo came out to where he was standing and gave him the once over with eyes that seemed to be all-comprehending. Then he turned the skunk over with his foot and sniffed the air like a man who has just discovered an unpleasant odor. Then as he turned the perfume-cat back again he remarked: "Goosh tem whacha malla him—him ceta too muchee onion." "Yeh," said Spuds, and repeated after him, "too muchee onion." Ty Foo talked to himself in his own language, and then turning to the lad he said: "Me give ty cent."

"Well, all right," said Spuds, "me tekkee five cent."

Ty Foo produced a wicket, handed it over as payment in full, and Spuds taking the coin walked rapidly away, whistling a bar of the then popular air "Boom-de-a", while his vivid imagination toyed with the five big sticks of striped candy which he had now determined to purchase that very evening at Asa Strain's general store.

In conclusion, let me say, here's to Ty Foo under whatever skies he may be sojourning! He played his part as well as any other man. It is true that his cast was that of a very humble character, but there are thousands in higher roles who are not half so good as he.

(Lowell M. Shoemaker, the au-

Spanish War Veterans is named; John W. Higgs, a prominent attorney; A. S. Olson, representative of the Pacific Live Stock Co.; Sam Mothershead, receiver of the United States land office during the Wilson administration and now secretary of the Silvie Valley Irrigation district; Fred Otley, a prominent farmer who is spending the winter in California with his family and came from there for this meeting.

It is reported that Emma Goldman wishes to return to dear old America. She is not at all intrigued with conditions in Russia. This offers another dilemma for President Harding to face.

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Ethical and Unethical

Being a continuation of my preceding messages. "Why Do I Advertise?", "What I Advertise", "Is My Policy Right?", "Do You Know This Fact?" and "Should A Person Be Penalized For Rendering A Public Service?"

They say I am "unethical." Let's see what the dictionary says about ethics:

Ethics. The science or doctrine of the sources, principles, sanctions and ideals of human conduct and character; the science of the morally right.

That's a mouthful all right. But note the words "ideals of human conduct and character," and "the morally right." Do you think my conduct squares up with that definition when, as a result of my efforts, thousands of people are made happier and healthier—people who would not otherwise know the benefits and blessings of good teeth?

Every dentist knows that 77 per cent of the people have seldom or never sat in a dentist's chair, either because they don't know enough or are afraid.

If honest dental advertising backed up by honest dentistry is helping to correct this appalling state of affairs, isn't it more nearly "ethical"—according to the definition above—than the silent "dentist" and do-nothing attitude of the so-called "ethical" dentists?

I leave it to you. I don't claim to be a philanthropist. But my educational advertising is benefiting thousands of people and so I am happy in the thought that I am able to render a public service while earning my livelihood. Yet, because I am trying to do single-handed what the profession as a whole should be doing, I am the inspiration for all sorts of obstructive laws and regulations fostered by dental associations and boards.

What do you think about it?

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