

THOUSANDS AT MEMORIAL HERE

Eloquent Addresses Heard From McCamant, Pierce and Mayor Giesy

Several thousand persons attended the Harding memorial services at Willson park Sunday afternoon. The day had started in with rain, but before noon the skies cleared sufficiently that the grass in the park was comfortably dry for the service.

The Salem Cherrin band gave a sacred concert during the hour between 3 and 4 o'clock. Director Steelhammer had chosen his program with discrimination, and it was good from first to last.

Mayor Introduced

At 4 o'clock Thomas B. Kay, chairman of the Harding memorial service, took the stand. After two community songs, led by Miss Lena Belle Tarter and the band, Rev. Harry Johnson of the Central Congregational church offered prayer. Chairman Kay then introduced Mayor John B. Giesy, who spoke briefly on the late president. He dwelt particularly on the understanding friendship that President Harding had for the people. He was not a provincial president, said the mayor, but in the ties of conventional wealth and social and business success, but he was a lover and a developer of the newer and more noble west. The mayor regretted that Salem had not had the privilege of entertaining the president on his recent trip. Mr. Harding was really on his deathbed when he came through Salem only a week ago.

Governor Walter M. Pierce was introduced to tell of his personal acquaintance with the late president, when Mr. Harding attended the great Oregon Trail dedication at Meacham, Or., July 4. He told with fine feeling of the president's personal interest in the Oregon Trail movement. Old Charlie Becker, now a peaceful cowman, at one time a rider on the frontier, expressed that spanned the continent before the railroad came, was at the celebration, and shared with the president, to tell some of his adventures more than 60 years ago. One of these was to ride two shifts in carrying the news of Lincoln's first election across the plains to San Francisco. He should have ridden but one shift, but the next rider was ill, and he took the place for that momentous day.

Pioneers Inspiration
"We'll have to do our best to measure up to what these other men have done for America, governor," the president said, as he measured the sturdy old warrior with his appraising eye. The governor paid a splendid tribute to the president for his open-hearted, open-minded Americanism, as shown in his careful study of western problems on the recent tour which cost him his life through its very intensity of application.

Judge McCamant Heard

Miss Tarter was introduced to sing a solo, with band accompaniment, and R. D. Barton also sang "This is My Task," a peculiarly fitting song for the occasion.

Chairman Kay introduced Judge Wallace McCamant of Portland as the chairman of the Harding memorial that is to be staged in Portland on the official memorial day. Judge McCamant was for some years a member of the state supreme court, resigning to go into private practice. He was a member of the Republican convention at Chicago that nominated Harding, and he made the nominating speech that formally presented the present President Coolidge to the great convention. He spoke briefly, but in fine voice and with the effect of a splendid, finished orator, of the late President Harding. His address was in part as follows:

"The great World war was a testing time for men and nations. It is pleasant to recall that Mr. Harding rang true. During that period he sat in the United States senate as the representative of a great state. Difficult affiliation, president in political affiliation, gave the president loyal support in the conduct of the war. Every vote which Mr. Harding cast entitled him to the approval of those who adhered to the good cause.

Caught Message of Angels

"Mr. Harding was a genuine American. His ancestors had fought to establish American independence and to the principles for which they contended the late president was steadfast through good report and ill. He believed that our form of constitutional government is a treasure bought with a great price and he lost no opportunity to strengthen the faith of the people in American fundamentals.

"Mr. Harding had caught the message of the angels on the first Christmas day. His attitude was one of good will to his fellow men. He was overflowing with kindness. He delighted to say and do those things which put others at their ease and which ministered to their happiness. His high official station did not spoil him. He remained sympathetic, dem-

ocratic, approachable, interested in the individual citizen, a typical American gentleman. It is a fine thing to be able to say of any man at the end of his life that he was a gentleman. There is moral value attaching to good manners and especially to the outward vision which sincerely regards the welfare of others. The man who is always a gentleman unconsciously weaves the Golden Rule into his life and character.

Life Was Upright

"Mr. Harding was a man of upright life. The spot-light of a presidential campaign was turned upon him. His whole life was searchingly investigated, but no scandal was found.

"His philosophy of life was sound. He was more concerned with the performance of his duties than with insistence upon his rights. He believed in the truths of revealed religion. He was a Mason and a communicant in a Christian church. His public utterances attest his settled assurance that God reigns and that the soul is immortal.

"Mr. Harding's public career gives evidence of the high ideals which he has kept before him. Many of his fellow citizens have differed with him in his political views, but now that his career in this world has ended, there will be general agreement that he was sincere, high-minded, patriotic and untrifling in his efforts to serve the people. He was guided by his convictions and was loyal at all times to his own views of what was wise and what would make for the public weal. He was not to be swayed from his course by clamor. With courage he hewed to the line, and did his duty as he saw it.

Public Respect Due

"It is the glory of our free institutions that they inspire this character of service. Men in public office who give the best that is in them to the service of their country are entitled to the respect and support of their fellow citizens. We should not delay the expression of our approval until they have passed away. They should be heartened from time to time with evidence that their high ideals are recognized and that their fruitful service is appreciated.

"Mr. Harding attracted to him many of the best intellects in the nation. His cabinet was one of exceptional strength. In making appointments he endeavored to select those best qualified for the service to be rendered. He loyally supported those who were laboring with him for the public good.

Big Job Realized

"When the returns came in following the election in November, 1920, he telegraphed Mr. Coolidge: 'We have a man-sized job. Let us tackle it together.' He generously invited the vice president to sit in at cabinet meetings. As a result of this thoughtfulness his successor takes up the helm of the ship of state familiar with the courses taken and with the chart ahead.

"Our hearts are heavy as we part with this intently human president, this chieftain who exemplified all that was best in our national character. Let us not forget to thank the Giver of every good gift for his high character and his fruitful public service."

LABORERS IN DIRE STATUS

Seattle Contracting Company Reported as Failing to Pay Men Wages

Failure of Nettleton, Bruce & Eschback, Seattle contractors, to pay about 70 employees an aggregate sum of approximately \$20,000, has thrown the employees and their families into destitute circumstances at Klamath Falls, and C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner, is endeavoring to recover the money for the men. They were employed in the construction of the Strahorn railroad and the contracting company threw up the job.

Information of the predicament of the workers came to Mr. Gram from W. H. Fitzgerald, his deputy, who is investigating the case. In a telegram to Gram Mr. Fitzgerald says Mayor Arthur Wilson of Klamath Falls gave him \$20 to feed the destitute, but that he had made practically no progress.

According to Fitzgerald, the situation at Klamath Falls is deplorable. The working men, most of whom are outsiders, were induced to move to Klamath Falls with their families, and now that they are out of work with the contractors owing them money, they are dependent upon the citizens. Telegrams have reached the state labor department, both from the workers and from the citizens of Klamath Falls, asking assistance.

The contractors say they threw up the work because of advanced labor costs, bad weather and the fact that they entered a bid that was too low. The Strahorn road is now being built by the railroad company with equipment purchased from Nettleton, Bruce & Esch-

BRIDE OF FIVE MONTHS MURDERED.



Mrs. Julia Coyne, eighteen year old bride of Patrick Coyne, was found shot to death in the bedroom of her "Honeymoon Cottage." A few hours after the discovery of the body her husband, Patrick Coyne, railroad brakeman, lost both his legs in falling from a train of cars. In the hospital he is yet in ignorance of his wife's tragic death. A former suitor is being sought by the police.



By MARGUERITE GLEESON

NEWS of the wedding of Miss Gertrude Ashby and Raymond Archibald in Lawrence, Kan., July 26 was received by their friends here yesterday. The wedding was held at the home of Mr. Archibald's brother, H. G. Archibald with only members of his family attending.

Mr. Archibald is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Archibald of Albany and is well known in Salem. Mrs. Archibald went east July 22. They are now at Hooker, Mo., in the Ozark mountains, where Mr. Archibald is construction engineer for a big bridge being built across the Big Piney river.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald will be in Hooker for the summer and will later go to Springfield where they will make their home.

The district convention of the Neighbors will be held in Salem Friday and Saturday of this week with an open meeting Saturday night. Silver Bell circle will be hostess for the delegates from other circles.

The meetings will be held in the W. O. W. hall.

The annual family reunion and picnic of the H. Y. Magee family was held at the country home of Hugh Magee on Crooked Finger prairie near Scotts Mills, July 29. All of the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Magee were present besides many other relatives and friends. The children and grandchildren are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Magee and children, Dale, Glen, Dorothy, Mildred, Emily, Merle and Marion. Scotts Mills; Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Magee and daughters Margaret and Hazel, Salem; Mr. and Mrs. E. Nicholson and sons, Edgar, Rex and James, Scotts Mills; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Magee, Scotts Mills; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Smith and daughter, Gale, Scotts Mills; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Magee and son Robert, Shaw. Others present were Mrs. Jennie George of Idaho, great great aunt of the H. Y. Magee grandchildren, Mrs. Emily McCowan of Los Angeles, grandmother of the Hugh Magee children, Mrs. E. Smith, grandmother of Gale Smith; T. George and family, Idaho; Mr. Carl Aslin and children, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. W. Aslin and family, Armstrong, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bess, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitzgerald, Lebanon; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Fitzgerald, Lebanon.

Miss Edna Purdy and Dr. A. E. McCulloch were guests of A. McGill and son of Portland at Newport.

Miss Marguerite Wann is a guest of Miss Dorothy Brant at Twin Rocks for two weeks.

Mrs. Harold Wygant and children of Portland are visiting relatives in Salem.

Mrs. B. F. Shepard of Central Howell was hostess for a delightful dinner party Sunday honoring Mr. and Mrs. William R. Olson, and Mrs. Virgil A. Anderson, both being newly married. Covers were laid for 18 guests. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William R. Olson, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil A. Anderson of Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Neal Wolf and daughter, Bernice of Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Earl King and daughter Murial of Tillamook; Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Shepard, Alex E. Anderson, Arlie Anderson of Salem and Merle Tolmon of Guthrie, Okla.

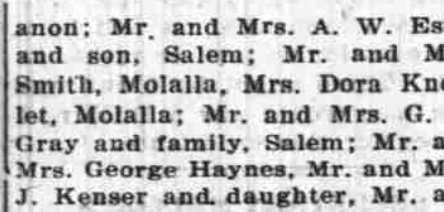
SILVERTON, Or., Aug. 6. (Special to The Statesman)—Miss Marian Lois Chase, who for the past two years has been in charge of the home economics department of the Silverton high school recently announced her engagement at her Corvallis home to Clarence Harwood of Silverton. At present Mr. Harwood is employed at Albany. The date for the wedding is not set but it is understood that it will not be this fall as Miss Chase has given out her intentions of teaching at Eugene during the coming winter.

NO WONDER IT WINS!



ANNE NICHOLS AND HER SON.

Photo shows the author of "Aldie's Irish Rose," a play now breaking all previous records for long life in New York city. She is going abroad with her son, Henry Duffy, Jr., for a vacation.



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NEW CORPORATIONS

The following Oregon concerns yesterday filed articles of incorporation:

Patent Sales Service, Portland; incorporators, Earle A. Pack, D. B. Coates, W. A. Smith; capitalization, \$25,000.

Oregon Meat Packers, La Grande; incorporators, J. A. Russell, George W. Schwarz, George W. Singer; capitalization, \$300,000.

Notice of increase in capitalization from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 was filed by the Consolidated Glove & Hosiery company, and from \$10,000 to \$50,000 by the Gardiner Fish company of Portland.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 374

THE PARTING SHOT DR. PETTIT FIRED AT DICKY

"Ma-ma! Ma-ma-tum! Mama-tate Dooner."

This was the joyful little cry which greeted my ears as I entered our sitting room at the Ticer farmhouse, followed closely by Dr. Pettit.

Dicky, who had been sitting by the window with Junior in his arms, rose quickly, in evident astonishment at my return from the hospital. I vouchsafed no explanation at first, simply tore loose my hat and coat, throwing them on the nearest chair in defiance of my usual careful habits, and gathered my little lad into my arms, trying to crowd into a minute all the petting I had been longing to give him ever since the accident.

With a little sigh of contentment he snuggled his head into the hollow of my shoulder, for all the world like a kitten nuzzling its way under a sheltering elbow, then his muffled voice sounded pleadingly:

"Ma-ma-sin 'Dooner Boy.'"

"In a little while, darling. Mother can't sing just now. Cuddle down, and mother will rock you."

"Sin 'Dooner Boy' pretty soon," he persisted.

"Yes, very soon, if you're a good boy and keep quiet."

"Dooner is dood boy," he said.

"Yes, I know you are," and with this assurance he kept quiet while I gave my attention to what the others were saying.

Dicky evidently had asked at once for news of Marion, and his mother and my father were listening attentively to the account Dr. Pettit was giving. I did not wish to sing for Junior until the physician had gone, because I knew he wished to examine the child's arm, presently, and second, because I have no singing voice, and the song for which he had asked was simply a croon with but 10 notes of music involved, and no words, but the two he had named, "Junior Boy." As far as it went it was my own composition, and no one ever had heard it but the members of my own family, and such intimate friends as Lillian and the Durkees. But Junior never tired of it, demanding it especially if he were ill or downhearted over some baby tragedy like the breaking of a favorite toy.

An Apprehension.

I had an especial reason for not singing it before Dr. Pettit. Once, the summer before, he had heard me humming it to Junior, and had murmured something especially saccharine about it. I feared that in the egregious vanity he appeared to have developed he might think that I was attempting to recall to his memory his former banality of sentiment. I was exceedingly thankful that Junior had been so docile about it.

"Then you think she is out of danger?" Mother Graham asked, after the physician had answered a number of excited questions concerning Marion's awakening from her long unconsciousness.

"That is something no one can say absolutely," he replied with professional caution. "But perhaps you can judge what my opinion is from my action in bringing Mrs. Graham home. If I had anticipated any emergency in which Mrs. Underwood would need her support I would have insisted upon her remaining, for—frankly—I think Mrs. Underwood's physical condition is far from satisfactory."

A little chill of apprehension crept around my heart. The physician's words told me nothing that I had not suspected before, but to have my fears thus professionally confirmed, terrified me. Thankful, indeed, was I that Robert Savarin was on his way to my friend's side, I set my lips tightly in the grim determination to aid him in his struggle to break down Lillian's quixotic attitude toward freedom from the hateful bonds which shackled her, with happiness at the end.

But Dicky was plainly startled. "What do you mean?" he asked brusquely.

A Hasty Exit.

"Exactly what I said," the physician replied stiffly, and I was reminded involuntarily of two short-tempered mastiffs, warily growling and growling at each other. "I would not answer for the effect on her of a serious shock such as Marion's death would be."

I clasped my own child closer with the feeling that I would not wish Lillian to live if Marion were taken from her. I knew only too well that not even my husband would be sufficient to make me desire life if my little lad were no longer in the world.

Dr. Pettit rose abruptly—I knew that Dicky's roughness of manner had offended his dignity—and crossed the room to me.

"If you will let me see the

arm," he said, with his most accented professional manner.

With a tiny bit of malice flavoring my knowledge of the diplomatic thing to do I called to Dicky without moving:

"Please come here and help me with Junior, so that the doctor can see his arm."

That the physician was distinctly annoyed I knew by the sudden contraction of his nostrils and the tiny white spots which came and went around the corners of his mouth. But he said nothing until he had finished the examination of the arm and taken the little lad's temperature.

"Everything is in most favorable condition," he pronounced measuredly. "Get him to bed as soon as possible, Mrs. Graham, and don't excite him. I must ask your pardon, Graham, for presuming to bring your wife home in my car, but there appeared no alternative. Good night all."

He made a hasty but dignified exit, while Dicky and I stared at each other in stark amazement at his gaucherie.

CHAPTER 375.

WHAT DICKY FELT IT NECESSARY TO ASK MADGE.

"Well, what do you want to know about that? What's eating his Nibs, anyway?"

This was Dicky's flippant comment as soon as the door had closed behind Dr. Pettit. But I knew that beneath his flippancy he was questioning the meaning of the physician's apology at parting.

As for myself, I was furious. Dr. Pettit was either crassly stupid, or he had permitted his offended dignity and his dislike for Dicky to betray him into a

petty exhibition of bad taste. Whatever the cause, his action in formally asking Dicky's pardon for bringing me home was the height of crude absurdity.

It was not the first time this physician had sounded this ridiculous note since my arrival at the Ticer farm house. I could not quite fathom his meaning, unless—my cheeks burned at the almost unavailing inference—he was bent upon disabusing both my mind and Dicky's of any suspicion that there was in his heart the slightest vestige of the feeling which to my great embarrassment, he had shown only too plainly in former years, and which had been the cause of much friction between my husband and myself.

Of course, I realized the reason behind his action. His infatuation for beautiful, witty Claire Foster was written in large characters all over him. But I had seen other men infatuated by other women without making themselves banally ridiculous in the particular fashion Dr. Pettit had adopted.

A Quandary.

I cast an apprehensive eye toward my mother-in-law's corner and was relieved, indeed, to find that she had left the room. Dicky saw my look, and grinned maliciously at me. I bit my lip savagely to keep back the quick, humiliated tears, for—if I read his glance aright—he, too, had fathomed Dr. Pettit's purpose.

My father rose abruptly, murmuring something about "the moonlight outside, and left the room with his face carefully averted from mine. Had he, also, comprehended the inner meaning of the physician's words?

Dicky eyed me quizzically when we were left alone, save for Junior, sleepily nestling in my arms. "The doc isn't the most chivalrous lad in the world, is he, old dear?" he queried.

I was in a quandary what to answer. If I betrayed my pique and humiliation he might suspect I knew not what absurdity as to my feelings toward the physician. And if I were flippant, off-hand, he might imagine that I was heroically concealing my emotion. I busied myself for a minute in changing Junior's position before I decided to pretend ignorance of Dicky's meaning.

"—Tell Me Something."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," I said coldly. "Oh, yes you do!" he retorted, and I saw that he was perfectly near anger.

"Cuss him!" he exclaimed a second later. "The insufferable conceited—"

"Ma-ma, now sin 'Dooner Boy.' Junior's insistent little voice afforded me a providential escape.

"If you want to keep on talking about an absurd nincompoop, please find another audience," I said spiritedly, and with a touch of flippant unconcern. "But I'm going to sing to this blessed baby. He's waited long enough for it. Please ask mother to arrange Lillian's bed for me. I'll take Junior in there with me tonight, for he'll be restless."

He was on his feet in an instant, Junior's necessity promptly driving every other thought from his mind. He dispatched his errand with alacrity, but even before he came back my first little lad smiled contentedly at me.

(Continued on page 8)



Carnation Home Cooking Lessons

Conducted by Mrs. Mary Blake

This series of lessons on milk cookery has been appearing weekly. Mrs. Blake's counsel will be helpful and stimulating, because of her practical experience in home cooking. She will answer any questions on cookery asked by her readers. Address Mrs. Mary Blake, care Carnation Milk Products Co., Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

Lesson No. 2

Ices and Cold Drinks

Carnation Milk Punch

A delicious and refreshing drink may be made by diluting ice cold Carnation Milk with cold water in equal proportions, sweetening with sugar and shaking well with the beaten white of an egg. This may be flavored with vanilla and a dash of nutmeg or with any sweetened fruit juice, or it may, by the addition of cocoa, be made into a Chocolate Milk Punch. It should be mixed well before serving.

Questions and Answers

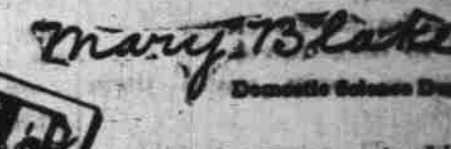
Will you please publish a recipe for making cream puffs?—Mrs. C. S. M.

Cream Puffs

Cook ½ cupful fat with 1 cupful boiling water until fat is melted, then add 1 cupful flour which has been sifted with ½ teaspoon salt. Add flour all at once to prevent mixture lumping. Cook until smooth ball is formed that does not stick to the sides of the pan. Remove from fire and add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well after the addition of each. After last egg is added continue beating until mixture does not string when a fork is drawn through it. Bake on baking sheet or inverted pie or cake tin. Drop by teaspoonfuls or tablespoonfuls, depending on size wanted. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes, increasing heat first fifteen or twenty minutes then rapidly decreasing until oven is almost cold. When cold, slit one side of puff open and fill with cream filling or whipped Carnation Milk.

In these lessons it has been possible to touch on only a few of the uses for Carnation Milk, and in this column I have tried to answer such questions as seemed of most interest to my correspondents.

Remember that Carnation Milk is just pure, rich milk "from contented cows," reduced in bulk for your convenience. Used as it comes from the can it is richer than ordinary milk and imparts a finer flavor to many foods. When diluted to the consistency of ordinary milk, its economy is apparent.



Write for free booklet of 100 tested milk recipes. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., Hillsboro, Oregon.

(Clip and paste this lesson in your cook book. If you have missed any previous lesson, I will be glad to send it to you on request.)

TO THE HOUSEWIFE OR CHEF:

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"Try Salem First"

ECONOMY GROCERY

E. T. Barkus & Son Props.
Center at 17th St., Phone 1077
Free delivery, 6 trips daily

WARD K. RICHARDSON
2395 N. Front, Phone 494
Free Delivery

Try one of Mary Blake's suggestions—Order your Carnation Milk from one of these dealers