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OUR REDEEMER GOD—"Remember . . . thou wast a bondman, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee." Deut. 24:18.

ANOTHER STORY ON BANK BUILDING

If the men behind the eleven story First National bank building in Salem had seen the development coming in the Santiam irrigated land district, perhaps they would have added a story to their structure, now in course of erection—

For the full use of that 27,000 acres of land, with all their potential production, will mean many millions of dollars annually coming to this section from far places—from every land under the sun where canned and dried and processed and fresh fruits and vegetables are consumed, linens worn, or houses painted or puttied or linoleum used, or pork, poultry or dairy products marketed.

But here is the main reason for this editorial suggestion: Those lands will produce asparagus of canning quality and in canning quantity—

And why not develop a great asparagus industry here, with canneries to pack it? This is an immense field, the world is the market. Asparagus is the only vegetable grown that is improved by canning.

The little Stayton cannery has already developed a tomato industry on those lands—a growing one. They produce a peculiarly fine canning tomato. And vegetables. Many kinds. The Eugene cannery puts up a long list of vegetables. Even to beets, turnips and potatoes. Why not Salem? And what is the matter with corn and peas?

SALEM UNIQUE AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER

Salem is an educational center. She should be. She was born that way. The "old institute," the beginning of Willamette University, was here before Salem was. So Salem was born in a school house; cradled by a school teacher. Salem was started through the planting here of the first institution of higher learning west of the Missouri river. In all the years since this city has grown and her influence has radiated as a school town; as an educational center; as a rallying point of cultural advantage. Is it any wonder that with such beginnings, with such nurture, the time should have come when it might be said truthfully that there are more colleges, academies, universities, schools in a narrow strip of the Willamette valley running as far south as Eugene than in any territory of equal size in the whole wide world?—

And great institutions, too; some great in attendance; some great in useful service, in glorious records, in influences for good radiating to the far corners of all civilized countries, and onto the mission fields of the backward districts in out of the way places at the ends of the earth.

Willamette University has struggled up from its meager beginnings until it has become more than a two million dollar school; and it will be a ten million dollar school in a tenth of the time it has taken to attain its present size. The University of Oregon at Eugene takes rank among the best of the state schools of the country, in all ways. Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis stands at the head of the whole list, in proportion to the population it serves and from which it receives its support. The Oregon Normal School at Monmouth is in some respects at the head of the list in the United States—

In both quality and size.

Our state schools for the blind, for the deaf, our training schools for erring boys and girls, and our state institution for the feeble minded, stand high—

So does our U. S. Indian training school, with its 1000 students, the largest in the United States.

We have Albany College, at Albany; Linfield College at McMinnville; Pacific College at Newberg; Pacific University at Forest Grove; Philomath College at Philomath; Mt. Angel College and Mt. Angel Academy and Normal at Mt. Angel—

All in Salem's trade territory; in the Salem district.

There are numbers of other smaller institutions in this territory. We have a splendid public school system, keeping pace with the rapid growth of our city—

And we have one of the coast's best business colleges—the Capital Business College. And we have numerous fine private schools and music houses—

And we have the chance to make Salem a great music center, drawing students from far places. This would be a splendid thing. It can and should be done.

The new Catholic school in the northern part of Salem was built and opened last year, and is making fine progress.

As a result of all the above, witness:

Oregon ranked first in the intelligence tests given to the men of the United States upon their entrance into the army or navy during the world war—

Oregon stands third in the list of the states in literacy—

Oregon and Arizona are the only states west of the Mississippi river that require eight months of school in every district each year—

Only one state in the Union, New York, exceeds Oregon in its requirements of a minimum school term—

Oregon is first in the Union in the per cent of school population in daily attendance—

Oregon is first in students in institutions of higher learning—

And second in those attending high schools—

And in fact, in nearly every way, Oregon is taking the lead; holding high the torch. The beginnings here were right; they remain right; they will continue to be right to the end of the chapter.

Do you wonder that we are proud of Salem; of Oregon; of this great northwestern corner of this great country?

Bits For Breakfast

Born in a school house—

Salem was birth marked an educational center—

And this city's highest destiny is in remaining an educational center; in increasing her lead as an educational center—

For cities are not dead walls and factory chimneys and paved streets and tall spires and counting houses and banks and stores. Cities are great as their people are great; as they accomplish things worth while; as they serve their day and generation and radiate their influence for good in the world.

Willamette university's loyalty fund means a contribution every year to her endowment funds from every graduate; a contribution however large or small. This will mean in the long years that stretch before us untold millions coming from all lands under the sun, and keeping the memories of Salem and the old school fresh under every bending sky around the whole earth.

"The Gold Rush" of Charlie Chaplin will be in Salem a whole week, beginning Saturday. Will draw from wide distances.

Our second and longest and biggest fruit canning and picking rush is beginning now.

Lawton and Himalaya blackberries have this year pieced in the season between cherries and loganberries and evergreen blackbrries and pears, and kept two of our canneries going all the time, in a small way, without a break. The supply of Himalayas has been surprisingly large, though in small volume compared with our other bush fruits. If there is a market for canned Himalaya blackberries in large quantities, or if one can be developed, here is a suggestion for pushing the planting of the necessary acreage. If the canners will say the word, this can be put over. It would serve the useful purpose of keeping the cannery forces together, also the picking forces. The Himalaya blackberry looks and tastes like a fine fruit, worthy of large exploitation.

CHAUTAUQUA GETS LOCAL SUPPORTERS

New Contract Guaranteed by 25 Men Has Increased Advantages

The return of Chautauqua for its 16th season in Salem is guaranteed by securing 25 signatures to a contract between the Salem men and the Ellison-White Chautauqua company, which provides for the local men to back the season ticket sale and make good any shortage in it.

The number of signatures this year is 25, as compared with 13 last year, and the contract is different. Last year the committee made a straight guarantee that $1800 worth of season tickets would be sold, all of the $1800 going to the Ellison-White company.

Under the new contract, the committee guarantees the sale of only $1600 worth of tickets, and agrees to pay for all the newspaper advertising. The local men then receive one half of the return from any oversale of season tickets above the $1600 guarantee, besides one half of the gate receipts made from tickets to an individual performance. The gate receipts ran from $50 to $100 a night this year, and a return of between $400 and $500 is expected next year, which will be used for future Chautauquas.

Behind the men who signed the guarantee is a committee of 100, each of whom has agreed to sell at least $20 worth of season tickets. Signers of the pledge to be a member of this committee agree to stay with it unless they file written notice to the local secretary within six months following the last Chautauqua appearance.

The 15th appearance of Chautauqua in Salem, which took place this year, is said to have been the most successful Chautauqua ever held here. The programs put on were considered excellent, and some even said that any individual one was worth the price of a season ticket. The crowds which attended were the largest yet.

Members of the committee for next year are J. H. Lauterman of the Argo hotel, J. E. Kirk of the Chemawa Indian school, C. E. Wilson, secretary of the chamber of commerce, U. J. Lehman of the Spaulding Logging company, F. C. Ewing, fruit grower, Rev. A. S. Mulligan, Dr. H. C. Epley, Albert Gille of the state forestry department, Rev. J. W. DeYoe, L. M. Gilbert of the boys' training school, D. H. Mosher, tailor.

J. W. Carson, farmer, H. H. Vandevort, sheep grower, Lane Morley, I. H. Vinson and U. G. Holt of the Spaulding Logging company, J. H. Scott, real estate dealer, Dr. M. C. Findley, Dr. E. E. Fisher, E. H. Ellis, Fred J. Tooze of the Oregon Statesman, W. N. Blodgett, farmer, F. E. Loose of the Capital City Transfer company, and D. A. Larmer of the Larmer Transfer company.

CELEBRATION SONG WINS IN CONTEST

Irene Stewart, Class of '22, Takes Honors in Words of Hymn

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, July 21.—(Special.)—Irene Stewart, '22, one of the younger group of university poets, won the Oregon semi-centenial song contest, according to an announcement made by the song committee, Mrs. Alice H. Ernst, chairman; W. F. G. Thacher, and Ralph D. Casey. Philippa Sherman, '27, won second place. The song will be set to music and will be sung as an event of the half-centenary observance on the campus, October 18 to 23.

The March issue of Poetry printed "The Little Queen's Sleep," one of Miss Stewart's work. Her work has been published also in the Magazine of Verse and the Measure, a journal of verse. The winning song:

GREAT OREGON

Today we stand on the same ground
Where fifty years ago
Our fathers stood and proudly crowned
The fair Ideal we know.
They pledged the University
To us with loyal vow,
And loyalty to loyalty
We pledge our fathers now.

CHORUS

O Pioneers of faith and light,
We sing our praise to you!
May we, with reverence for your might,
Love true as you loved true.
O Oregon! Flower of the State
As beautiful as Dawn!
We sing our praises to you, great,
Great Oregon!

When fifty years again pass 'way
There will be yet a few
Of us to gather here and says
"As we have loved, love true!"
What is great now shall greater be
As fuller years go on,
For faith and love build mightily
Our Oregon.

"Gold Rush" Coming Soon

Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," his latest picture, and undoubtedly his best, will be seen in Salem at the Oregon theatre Saturday, July 24, for an entire week. The picture is one of the greatest dramatic comedies ever filmed and the story was written and directed by Chaplin himself.

Tragic Loss of "Marjorie" Dampens West Salem Eyes

Sterling Christian Character of Young Woman Attested in Tributes as Citizens Gather to Pay Final Tribute to Exempliary Life

The funeral services for the late Marjorie Hamer, who was drowned while swimming in the Willamette river Sunday afternoon, were held at the Ford Memorial church, West Salem, Tuesday, July 20, at 1:30 o'clock, with Rev. F. L. Cannell officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cromley and Rev. Mrs. C. H. Burleigh.

Marjorie was a member of the Methodist church of West Salem, a teacher in the Sunday school, and a member of the Epworth league, and, as her pastor said in part, in his sermon: "We do not have to go back over a lot of old musty church records to determine as to whether or not Marjorie was a Christian. She leaves more behind her than an obituary in the newspaper, and an epitaph on a tombstone. She lived a life that leaves no doubt in the hearts of those who knew her, as to where she has gone."

When the news reached West Salem about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon that Marjorie was drowned, the whole community was soon in tears. Church services were called off; the Community club picnic, which was to have been held Wednesday, July 21, was postponed indefinitely, and men and women, boys and girls, old men and old women bent with the weight of years, all came from far and near to mourn the loss of Marjorie, for everyone who met her could not help but love her. About 400 people gathered at the church Tuesday to bid a last farewell to Marjorie until we meet her again in the land where there is no more parting.

The pall bearers were young men of the Epworth league, while 18 young women dressed in white, who are also members of the Epworth league, acted as honorary pall bearers.

She was a fine student in school, always making the highest marks, and apparently had a great future ahead of her, but in the midst of our tears we are satisfied to say, "Not our will, but Thine be done!"

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we love is stilled;
A place is vacant in our hearts
That never can be filled.

(Contributed by her pastor, Rev. F. L. Cannell.)

Marjorie Hamer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hamer of Polk county, and niece of G. W. Johnson of Salem, was born June 19, 1907, and came with her parents to Eola when four months old.

A girl of unusual beauty of character, she grew to young womanhood among us, beloved and admired by all. Studious and serious, yet cheerful and happy, she was an inspiration to all who knew her. This year she completed her teachers' training at Monmouth normal and accepted a position as teacher in the West Salem school. She was a member of the West Salem Methodist church, taking active part in all its services, often leading in public prayer with an earnestness unusual in one so young.

The following incident will show how much Marjorie's religion meant to her: On the night of her conversion a lady gave her a little yellow flower. Long afterwards her mother saw her frequently turning the leaves of a large book and looking intently and tenderly at something which was between its pages. Later the mother discovered what it was that engaged Marjorie's attention. That little yellow daffodil pressed to a piece of paper bearing these words in her own hand writing: "In memory of the night God forgave my sins at the altar of the Highland Friends' church."

On Sabbath afternoon, July 18, in company with a girl friend, Marjorie went to the river to bathe at a point near her own home. A few moments later her spirit went up from the waters of the Willamette to the Saviour she loved and served.

We shall miss her sweet smile and cheerful greeting as we drive past her home in the Eola hills, but we shall await her welcome on fairer hills. In the words of James Whitcomb Riley:—

"Did her father or her mother ever
love her more than we?
Could a sister or a brother prize
her love more tenderly?
I question—and for answer, only
tears, and tears alone
And every neighbor's eyes are wet
with tear-drops as my own."

Electric Shovels Remove Fossils Under Cleveland

CLEVELAND.—The Cleveland Museum of Natural History is digging prehistoric records out of the earth with an electric shovel here.

Since May 13, Prof. Jesse E. Hyde, curator of geology, and Peter A. Bungart, collecter and preparator, have supervised the operations of the efficient shovel out of whose maw comes beautifully preserved fishes, sharks of the primitive Cladoselache type, and other fossils and mementoes of important episodes in the Devonian history.

The excavations will continue all summer. They are being made at Big Creek and West 117th St., which soon will be made inaccessible for explorations by the growth of the city.

The fossils are enclosed in smooth, almond-shaped masses of rock three to five feet across called concretions. They are harder than the shale, through which they are scattered like raisins in a cake.

A twelve-foot tree trunk was found, which had become waterlogged, imbedded in the mud of Ohio's ancient sea, flattened and turned to a film of coal, one-fourth inch thick.

Clatsop county has exceptionally god hay crop this year.