

The Importance of the Salem District as a Cucumber Producing and Pickle Manufacturing Center Is Growing Faster Than Ever

CUCUMBERS UNDER GLASS NEAR CITY

Pioneer Operation of This Kind at the Field Chestnut Farm

The largest operations in the Salem district in cucumbers under glass are carried on at the Chestnut Farm, on the extension of Center street some rods beyond the state hospital grounds; and the largest operations in tomatoes under glass, too.

The Chestnut Farm is under the direction of Field & Bagley, Hetta Field and A. W. Bagley, the former a graduate of Willamette university and the latter, her nephew, a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural college. They both labor with their hands as well as worry with their heads over the tasks and problems they daily meet.

20,000 Feet Under Glass

They now have 20,000 square feet under glass, the largest amount of ground in a single ownership in the Salem section devoted to vegetable growing under glass, though there are larger greenhouses here devoted to flower production, such as those of Mr. Brethaupt of Salem, for instance, and the Chase Gardens at Eugene are larger—also now producing exclusively cucumbers and tomatoes.

The cucumbers grown by the Chestnut Farm are a developed variety, originated there; made up of the Abundant and the English Telegraph varieties; mostly from the Abundant. The tomatoes are of the Bonnie Best variety exclusively.

Season Nearly Over

The harvesting and marketing season is nearly over now. It will last about two weeks longer. It has been rather an indifferently successful season, owing to the long period of cool, cloudy weather. The cucumber harvest started about April 1st. The cucumbers are of all sizes, from three to 14 inches long. They are graded for market into six classes, according to size and shape and color. The original greenhouse, still in use, is 70 by 150 feet, the next in order of age is 40 by 150 feet, and there is a new one, of iron frame construction, 40 by 150 feet. The same central heating plant serves all three; with a furnace burning oil. The heating is done with hot water pipes.

The marketing is done locally and by express shipments all over the Pacific northwest.

The Pioneer Plant

This is the pioneer plant here. Dexter Field, father and grandfather respectively of Miss Field and Mr. Bagley, started there in vegetable plant growing in 1875, having acquired the land in 1871. This is in fact the pioneer plant of the kind for the whole coast. At first Mr. Field grew tomato and other vegetable plants for the trade. Then he became an extensive grower of leaf lettuce under glass, shipping to the big city markets, and he sent the first cucumbers grown under glass to the Portland market. Mr. Bagley has been active in the operations since 1924. They grow nothing but cucumbers and tomatoes under glass. They have four acres under the Skinner (overhead) irrigation system. They do some truck gardening, besides their greenhouse operations. They have 35 acres in all.

Tomato Outlook Good

The outlook for the tomato crop under glass is good this season at the Chestnut Farm.

LARGEST GROWERS WOODBURN SECTION

(E. E. Settlemer and son have been the largest growers of cucumbers in the Woodburn section. In 1926, they produced nearly 35 tons of five acres, with a gross return of over \$1000. Last year, discussing the industry, they wrote as follows to The Statesman:)

With the installation of several large plants in this section of the Willamette valley, cucumbers are becoming one of the main cash crops for some of the farmers. It is possible to take in a gross return of about \$200 per acre. Usually about half of this or slightly less than half is paid out for picking. This leaves the grower about \$100 to distribute among fertilizers, labor, irrigation and profit. Taking out \$30 for irrigation and fertilizers and allowing \$20 for rent of land, this leaves the grower \$50 that he can consider his own providing that he did his own work.

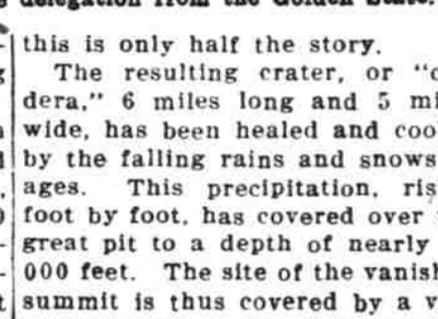
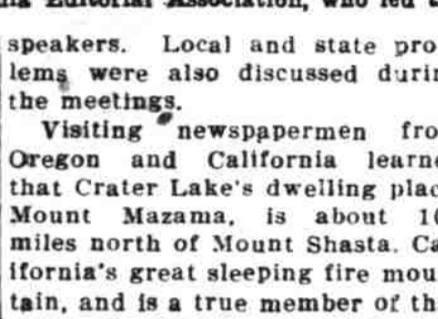
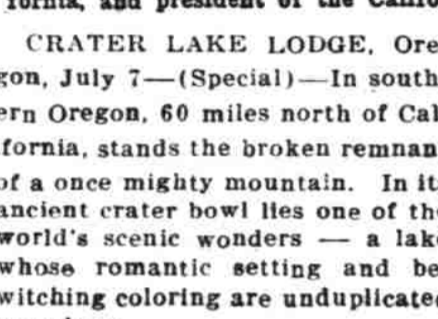
Other Benefits

There are other advantages, of course, from growing this crop. Other than the profit derived. The crop following after the use of commercial fertilizers and cultivation necessary to the production of cucumbers usually receives the benefits of part of the soil elements made available during the summer months. This is true, however, with most any cultivated crop. In other words, cucumbers can be fitted into the crop rotation of most any Willamette valley farm and pay a profit, providing that the soil conditions are right and that they are handled properly. Irrigation is a big help in the production of a high quality cu-

NEWSPAPER MEN OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA ENJOY BEAUTIES OF CRATER LAKE



Above—View of Crater Lake, in heart of Crater Lake National Park. This lake of deepest indigo blue is one of the wonders of the Pacific Coast. Below, left—R. W. Sawyer, publisher of the Bend Bulletin and president of the Oregon Editorial Association, who presided at the Oregon session; R. W. Price, manager of Crater Lake lodge, who was host to the newspapermen, and Friend W. Richardson, former governor of California, and president of the California Editorial Association, who led the delegation from the Golden State.



CRATER LAKE LODGE, Oregon, July 7—(Special)—

In southern Oregon, 60 miles north of California, stands the broken remnant of a once mighty mountain. In its ancient crater bowl lies one of the world's scenic wonders—a lake whose romantic setting and bewitching coloring are unduplicated anywhere.

This broken mountain itself is still lofty, its upper crags soaring 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea. The lake is over 1,000 feet below their summits, and is one of the deepest fresh water lakes on earth. The mountain crags, the lake, and the surrounding territory of mountains, pinnacles and forests are collectively known as Crater Lake National Park.

The story of Crater Lake and how it came into being was one of the most fascinating features of two state editorial association meetings here during the week of June 25 to July 2. During the early part of the week the California State Editorial Association, led by its president, Friend W. Richardson, was welcomed at this great resort, and immediately following them, on Thursday, the Oregon State Editorial Association convened for its annual meeting. All members of both organizations were guests of R. W. Price, manager of the Crater Lake Lodge.

With Robert W. Sawyer, publisher of the Bend Bulletin and president of the Oregon State Editorial Association, presiding, the Oregon delegation held one of the most interesting meetings in the history of the organization. Members present heard the report of the activities of the new field manager, Harris Ellsworth, and listened to a number of noted

speakers. Local and state problems were also discussed during the meetings. Visiting newspapermen from Oregon and California learned that Crater Lake's dwelling place, Mount Mazama, is about 100 miles north of Mount Shasta, California's great sleeping fire mountain, and is a true member of that chain of extinct volcanoes that includes Rainier, Adams and St. Helens in Washington, and Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters in Oregon—all snowcapped peaks to-day of rare scenic loveliness—and Lassen, the still smouldering volcano of California. Mount Mazama's fires, however, are utterly stilled. Its day as a fire-breathing mountain has been over for untold centuries. Its loftiest crag is now but 8,156 feet above sea level. Yet there was a time when this mountain was probably equal to Rainier and Shasta, perhaps overtopping 15,000 feet.

Created by the volcanic forces that cast up its neighbors, Mount Mazama, like them, grew cold. There came a day when great glaciers gathered. Such glaciers may still be seen upon Rainier, Adams, Hood, Shasta and other volcanic cones of the Pacific Northwest.

Yet Mount Mazama is only 7,000 to 8,000 feet high today. What became of the rest of it? Evidently there was a vast cataclysm of nature that carried the upper half of Mount Mazama away, leaving a yawning depression. But surrounding plains of Oregon do not show debris of an explosion. Yet seventeen cubic miles of rock and lava have vanished from the earth. The conclusion of geologic science is that the entire upper half of Mount Mazama fell in upon itself. But

this is only half the story. The resulting crater, or "caldera," 6 miles long and 5 miles wide, has been healed and cooled by the falling rains and snows of ages. This precipitation, rising foot by foot, has covered over the great pit to a depth of nearly 2,000 feet. The site of the vanished summit is thus covered by a vast glittering lake of deepest indigo.

And what a lake! In 1853 a party of prospectors were ranging over the Cascade Range in search of a lost mine. The mine was never found. But the mule or one rider stopped suddenly, his forefeet planted at the brink of a mighty crater. It was then that Crater Lake, bluest of the blue lakes of nature, was first beheld by white man's eyes.

For years after the great discovery, Crater Lake remained accessible only to travelers on horseback. But every party that reached the spot brought back stories of the witchery and mystery of this fresh water lake without visible outlet.

And so the varied wonders of Crater Lake came to be known; its blue waters and its painted cliffs, and the prospects that could be obtained from those cliffs. Elmo Rock, the Watchman, the Cloud Cap, Glacier peak, Garfield Peak, Vidua Peak and others. It was recognized that here was one of the most interesting scenic spots in the West. So it was made a National Park, and set aside as a place of public recreation for all time.

Newspaper men of both states some of whom visited the lake for the first time, were enthusiastic in their praise for the area and the lodge, and many are planning to return for longer stays later.

just as well have been five hundred.

Mr. Jones still has his home in the Ozarks. It is a log cabin which he calls "Hill-Billy Home," and it is here he goes to rest between lecture tours.

Great men of the ages have found strength to go on with their work in the solitude of the mountains. When one of the crises in Christ's life came as went up into the hills. In the hills of the Ozarks Granville Jones found a philosophy of life which was simple, convincing and satisfying. This philosophy, together with that of a whole life of rich experience, has been wrought into his lecture, "The Philosophy of a Hill-Billy."

"The Philosophy of a Hill-Billy" is delivered in simple Anglo-Saxon words—clear, logical, and powerful and it is spiced with the richest humor, fresh and unstudied. Dr. Frank L. Loveland says: "Granville Jones is one of the rare types of men of the indescribable sort, a human rail split out of some genealogical tree that is as yet uncatalogued, with the bark and silvers still clinging to him, but sound to the center; a strange mixture of the Aristocrat and the democrat, a commingling of the blood of the dashing cavalier and the stern Puritan, with a brain and a heart that balance each other with all the delicate accuracy of a chemist's scales."

Wilbur Glen Voliva says that the world is as flat as a saucer and it must be confessed that most of it is the greater part of the time.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD DAYS IN SALEM

The Oregon Country Was Not Held in High Esteem in Kentucky in 1844

(The principal address at the old timers' annual picnic at the state fair grounds last Sunday was delivered by Hon. Charles B. Moores, long a resident of Salem, but now of Portland. The following is the full text of the address): Some 40 or 50 years ago a familiar sight on the streets of Salem was a half grown boy carefully guiding from time to time the footsteps of his blind father, and stories were current that the same filial spirit was being shown in his kindly and constant assistance and care of his mother in her battle with poverty and in her struggle to do her part to provide the ordinary necessities and comforts of life. He was happily endowed with a militant and aggressive spirit. It was as an endowment richer than any surplus of worldly goods. It sustained him through a long series of years. Although for half of his life he was one of the "submerged tenth," his fixed determination to make a success of life enabled him to batter down every obstacle and has finally landed him as one of the members of the judicial bench of this district. Conditions that surrounded his early days developed a somewhat sour and belligerent disposition. He was at war with the world and his temperament was pugilistic rather than judicial. There are evidences that his experiences on the bench have already tempered his disposition somewhat, and the consensus of opinion is that he will ultimately become one of the greatest ornaments of the Oregon bench. This is a brief character sketch of a man who is responsible for the discomforts that are momentarily to overtake you. Presumably I am expected to flounder about without chart or compass or program in any field of historical inquiry, with Salem selected as a radiating center. We are confronted with a confusing wealth of material, embarrassed with the task of making a selection of topic, and hampered by a limitation of time that cannot be waived without incurring a riot.

A few days ago I was confronted with an article from the Louisville Journal dated March 21, 1844, commenting upon what was termed the Oregon Craze. This was published 20 years after Jason McLoughlin had located in Oregon and ten years after Jason Lee had established his Oregon Mission. We append but a few excerpts, which follow. Listen: "We would not be subjected to the innumerable tortures of a journey to Oregon for all of the soil that its savage hunters ever wandered over. That such a wretched territory should excite the hopes and cupidities of the United States, inducing them to leave comfortable homes for its heaps of sand, is indeed passing strange. Russia has her Siberia and England has her Botany Bay, and if the United States should ever need a country to which to banish its rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region as Oregon will be demonstrated. Until then we are perfectly willing to leave this magnificent country to the Indians, trappers and buffaloes that roam over its sandbanks and by the side of its rushing and un-navigable waters. Those sections of Oregon that are most advantageously situated are unhealthy and abound in reptiles and insects which render life unsupportable. There are moccasins, copperheads, rattlesnakes, scorpions, lizards, tarantulas, fleas, ticks, mosquitos, gallinippers and the pests of which neither entomology, nor zoology, nor helpetology give any account. Wherever the mud is sufficiently oleaginous to produce mosquitos they swarm from it in flocks that obscure the sun at noon-day. After these rapacious insects, have eaten all the flesh from the bones the autumnal agues commence their interesting experiments. Perhaps those who reside in the swamps of Illinois, or in the Wash of Indiana or on the lowlands of Red river flatter themselves that their knowledge of the agues is consummate, but it is reserved to those fortunate individuals who reside in the smiling valley of the Willamette to be carried to the seventh heaven of delight on the wings of immortal

agues. A man enamoured of the loveliness of Oregon is as crazy as a coon in the last agonies of starvation."

If this is the country to which our forefathers came their most enthusiastic eulogists of modern days have done them scant justice. We have our critics in modern days who sometimes sorely try our patience. We have been told a thousand times about the trials, the hardships and the infinite patience and courage of the forefathers of Oregon, and all the tributes offered are well deserved. Their status is thoughtfully established. It now behooves us to meet the attacks and the criticisms that would question their judgment. How much do we value our heritage? With even the most patriotic there is a trace of the sordid element. Our patriotic pride is largely gauged by the number of benefits we enjoy. Philip Nolan was not the only man produced by America without a country. There are hundreds of thousands who are only concerned about the benefits they are denied. "Know your own state" has been offered us as a slogan. Let us see that our advantages are properly listed, and specialize on the slogan as a test. Dr. I. D. Driver on the floor of the Oregon conference, preaching loyalty and patriotism declared that if he lived in h—l, you would always find country. If the greatest logician him "whooping it up" for his own of the Oregon conference did not consider this profane or irreverent any layman can at least endorse the sentiment expressed.

I am from Missouri, next to Oregon the greatest state in the Union. I landed in Salem 75 years ago last March. Joseph A. Baker is Salem's oldest settler, now living. I am his "runner-up." In this county no lady is included, for no lady ever reaches the age of 75. Joe and I have witnessed greater world wide achievements, during the 75 years we have lived in Oregon, than were ever witnessed by the total aggregate of all the people in any 1000 years of preceding time. Having spent 75 years in Oregon, and knowing her varied attractions, we are of the opinion that, considering all of her advantages, she is entitled to the blue ribbon over any state, power or principality on the face of the globe. There may be people who do not share in this opinion, notably in southern California, but they have never spent 75 years of their life in Oregon and they have not given the matter sufficient consideration. It is not wise or neighborly to make invidious comparisons as to the climatic advantage or disadvantages of the various states, especially in the way of criticism. As a matter of propaganda, or defense, such comparisons are entirely legitimate. There is considerable human nature in Oregon. Some of us are just as "touchy" at hearing exaggerated stories about our rainfall as Californians are at any allusions to their occasional droughts or to the earthquakes of San Francisco, Santa Barbara, San Diego or Los Angeles.

There are some people in California who think, or pretend to think, that the people of Oregon are a webfooted race, that the sun never shines in Oregon, and that there is here a continuous drizzle of rain every day of the year from January 1st until December 31st, and a pained expression over-spreads their countenance as they reluctantly refer to our painful condition. They could be disabused of their erroneous impressions if they were to pay 60 cents for a copy of the World's Almanac and carefully peruse its pages. They could also get valuable information, of which they are painfully in need, by applying to any office of the government weather bureau. They would find that Portland's rainfall is almost exactly the same as that of Boston, New York, Louisville and Washington, D. C., and considerably less than that of Atlanta, Montgomery, Galveston, Charleston, New Orleans and other cities of the Mississippi valley. In the matter of extremes of heat and cold, Portland

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has the advantage of almost all of the cities of the eastern states. If chairs relating to the science of meteorology were established in all the colleges of California it would greatly enhance their knowledge of the uses to which water can be put, and would intensify increase the happy relations existing between the two states. Some people seem to prefer a dead monotony of sunshine throughout the whole year to an occasional shower, having little use for water as a beverage and using it sparingly for bathing purposes. In Oregon the verdure of our valleys and our fir clad hills come from the hand of the Almighty without the artificial help of man. In Oregon there is a happy mean between the arid areas of the extreme south and the cold and disagreeable blizzards of the north. The champion pessimist of the world is the man who complains of the climate of Oregon. If he craves the continuous monotony of sunshine he should be condemned to a life sentence in Yuma, Arizona, if he is infatuated with cold weather he should be staked out for six months in the dead of winter on the plains of Iowa, Montana, Nebraska or the two Dakotas; if he is fond of cyclones and tornadoes he can find them in Kansas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Florida and Missouri, if he enjoys the excitement of a flood of waters let him go to New England or the valleys of the Mississippi. There is an infinite variety of climate in the United States, but in Oregon we are free from the menace of destructive floods, we do not suffer from extremes of heat or cold, and there is not a cyclone cellar in the whole state. No pessimist needs to remain in Oregon, for he can find a wider and more seductive field in which to suffer and complain and make himself and others miserable about him. The millions of people who live in other states and do not flock to the Pacific coast to share its advantages, are entitled to infinite praise for their self abnegation, their courage and their independence and their patriotism. They are a standing rebuke to the pessimists of Oregon who don't know a good thing when they see it. This is the country and these are the happy conditions toward which the ancestors of Jo Baker and I guided our footsteps over 75 years ago. It was the next thing to being born in Missouri.

Now will you permit me to make use of the personal pronoun a few times if I do not abuse the privilege by attempting to exploit any great achievement? Jason Lee was the real founder of Salem and the "Oregon Institute" was its real birth place. Mrs. Chloe A. Willson was the first head of the "Oregon Institute," later chartered as Willamette university. Joseph S. Smith, later congressman from Oregon, Rev. J. H. Wilbur and Rev. N. Doane, were, with Mrs. Willson, in charge, at various times, of the school until the advent, in 1860, of Rev. F. S. Hoyt, who was president of the school for ten years. I enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the first four heads of the school and was in later years a pupil of Mrs. Willson. I was afterwards a pupil of Lucy Anna Lee, the daughter of Jason Lee and of Miss Emily J. York, the first graduate of the university. I have been well acquainted with every president of the university from Dr. Hoyt down to the present time. I was led by my father, when six or eight years of age, through the stilted fronting the old "Oregon Institute," and into the "kindergarten" department of the school, and was thereafter a continuous stud-

ent until I was graduated in 1870. Thereafter I was for several years secretary of the board of trustees and for a brief season a member of the university faculty. I have had the pleasure of attending 54 banquets of the Alumni association, a sure sign that I am a lover of good provender and good society. I have been, for 50 years, in continuous service as a member of the board of trustees, and as I look down that long vista of years to 1873 I find that I am the lone survivor living of the 33 men who in that year constituted the board of trustees. This prodigal use of the personal pronoun does not indicate that I have been much of a factor in the upbuilding of the university, but it does qualify me as an authority on the history of the school, and as a fairly well preserved relic of prehistoric times.

The old historic buildings and the old historic characters of our earlier days have mostly passed away. The old "Oregon Institute" where our first courts and our first legislature in Salem met, and which, for years, furnished a home for Salem's first church, went to the ash heap in 1872, and our old wooden court house where our first and only constitutional convention met followed but a few years later. The disappearance of these buildings was preceded by the destruction of our first capitol at the hands of an incendiary. Our pioneer senators and representatives and governors have long since gone over the long trail and the earlier pioneer builders of Salem have for years been quietly sleeping on the slopes of Fairmont. It is the order of nature.

Oregon has become the heritage of a new generation and she is constantly growing in strength and in beauty as the years go by. A new Oregon and a new Salem are in the offing. May the coming generations worthily build on the foundations laid out by the forefathers. May they constantly find inspiration in the romantic background of the past. May the scenic beauties of Oregon give them an impetus to reach the highest ideals, and may they take advantage of all their potentialities to push Oregon into the front row of states and make Salem the outstanding scenic and municipal gem of the Pacific coast.

ENDURANCE SLIPPERS NORFOLK, Neb.—For 21 years A. W. Nichols has worn one pair of house slippers. They were given him before he was married and he has worn them every evening since.

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