

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Problems in Railroad Arithmetic

HOW good are you at simple arithmetic? Do you think you could pass a test in the primary processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division? All right, here are some problems suggested by the proposed freight rates which the Southern Pacific wants to put into effect. Here is one problem:

From San Francisco to Eugene the distance is 597 miles. The freight rate on dried fruit is 59 1/2 c. All right, how much should the Southern Pacific charge for hauling the dried fruit through Eugene, Salem, Portland, Seattle and on to Bellingham, a distance of 1,000 miles? Oh, nearly twice as much, you say. Wrong, the S. P. figures it all out and proposes to charge 32 cents!

You see, you may know all about grammar school arithmetic, but you don't know anything about railroad arithmetic. We'll give you another trial.

Shipping butter from Eugene to San Francisco, 597 miles, the rate is 99 1/2 c. What should be the rate from Bellingham for the 1000 miles? Well, you couldn't either guess it or figure it. The proposed rate is 75 1/2 cents a pound. We can't figure out for ourselves why that half cent dangles on to the six-bits.

If it is worth 69 cents a hundred to ship bags and bagging from San Francisco to Stokes, Utah, a distance of 798 miles, how much should be charged for the haul from Fresno to Salem, which is 771 miles? The railroad says 88 cents.

The railroad seeks to charge 89 cents a hundred for hauling beverages from San Francisco to Ruben, Ore., a distance of 572 miles, all on the one line of railroad, crossing one mountain range. How much does it actually charge for hauling the three railroads over three mountain ranges to Boise, Idaho, a distance of 1501 miles? Worth three times as much, you say? Wrong again; it can be done on a "reasonably compensatory" basis for 87 1/2 c.

These are some of the facts marshalled by Attorney William P. Ellis, attorney for the Western Traffic Association, in the hearings and now in his brief fighting for the cities of western Oregon against such discriminatory rate-making as the Southern Pacific proposes. At the present time the discrimination against the interior cities is serious enough, hampering agricultural and industrial development. The new schedule of rates would make the burden fall still heavier on the interior communities.

The railroad figures this way: we have a monopoly on the business of the interior cities; so we can charge what we can get away with there, and then cut the gizzard out of rates to compete with the ships for the port-to-port traffic. What is the net result of this policy? Why, it hamstring the cities located away from the ports and expands the port cities. The result to the railroad is that business centers at these ports where the boats get the most of the business or the roads have to take it at ruinous rates.

How much longer will the railroads try to juggle their figures as wildly as the citations indicate? How much longer will they continue blind to their own best interest and the interest of the country's development? By readjusting their rate structures so as to encourage building industries in the interior cities, they will get virtually all the business and that at fair rates. The roads can never hope to compete with the boats; then why do they persist in playing into the hands of the ports by discriminatory rate practices that only play into the hands of the boat lines?

The issue has been fought out for years in what is known as the Spokane rate cases. The transcontinental lines fought bitterly to establish rates which would be higher to the intermediate points than to the terminals. Thus the rate from Chicago to Spokane would be the sum of the rate from Chicago to Seattle and from Seattle back to Spokane. Illogical and unfair, of course; but only as a result of years and years of fighting in congress and before the interstate commerce commission did Spokane and the interior cities win their fight. Now the rate is the same to both Spokane and Seattle, which isn't just either, but better than it was.

The Medford country suffers because of high rates on its fruits. Perhaps the rates are just; if so then losses are heavy on other comparative rates. The upper Willamette Valley is handicapped in the same way and industrial development is very slow. Many an enterprise has been killed off either before or after launching, because of the freight rates. Perhaps not because the rates were too high, but because they were discriminatory.

The case is now in the hands of the interstate commerce commission. Whatever the outcome, the cities of western Oregon should not quit the field until they have won a complete victory and established freight rates which will give their industries a chance to live and to grow.

Smoking With Meals

SHOULD cigarettes accompany meat and potatoes or follow the demi-tasse? Nervous Americans pay no attention to the proprieties; smoking is resorted to whenever there are any gaps in the service. So common has the practice become of smoking during meals that the Chefs d'Cuisine Association of Chicago has drawn up a resolution on the subject. Of course the resolution will probably meet the fate of all good resolutions and just "resolve" into vacuity. But this one is to be sent to all the other chef associations in the country. That will do no good either unless the chefs emerge with potato mashers and beat up those they see spoiling their choice dishes by smoking.

Never talk back to a chef, is a safe rule. It applies here too. The tobacco taste spoils the flavor of the viands. Why should a chef labor painstakingly to prepare his dishes for the most discriminating palate and then find the one he serves ruining his taste by smoking between courses?

'Tis a matter of habit. Our nervous rush ruins our enjoyment of eating as it sooner or later ruins our digestion and puts us on agar-agar or bulgarian buttermilk. We rush out at noon, avoid places where the service may be a little slow, mount a high stool or sit at a one-arm dairy lunch, and try to masticate our food in a few moments of intermission. Cigarettes occupy one if there is any delay, not from desire to smoke but from nervousness and impatience.

Foreigners are "slow" as we rate them; but they can at least enjoy a meal.

No Light on Dark Subject

THE Eugene Register takes The Statesman to task for saying the contestants of the constitutionality of the single educational board act were unknown. It claims that because L. B. Smith was the attorney of record the parties behind the move were the Greater Oregon Association. As a matter of fact, we believe it was never announced that the Greater Oregon Association was behind the litigation. We heard by grapevine that "university" interests fought the bill; and again we heard that "state college" interests were back of the contest. Even if it was the Greater Oregon Association, the identity is still undisclosed, and we know no more than we did before. Perhaps Smith has two clients.

A Really Popular Appeal



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Harking back 95 years—

It is good in these days that carry the minds of thoughtful men and women back to the beginnings of American independence and expansion to the incidents that extended the arch of this republic to the shores of the Pacific, after its leap of the Alleghenies, then across the Mississippi, and vaguely to the crest of the Rockies.

On April 28th, 1834, the tent of Jason Lee and his three companions, Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepard and P. L. Edwards, with a Mr. Walker engaged as a helper in their work, was pitched among the lodges of the wild camp at Independence, Missouri, 10 miles east of what is now Kansas City. In the language of H. K. Hines the historian: "The bark that bore Caesar and his fortunes bore not half so momentous a burden as the beast that bore Jason Lee and his mission toward and over the Rocky mountains."

Jason Lee, according to his expectations, had joined his company with that of Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth and, besides, they would travel in close proximity to Capt. Wm. Sublette, the most renowned and ablest of all the rangers of the mountains from 1826 to 1836. The company numbered not far from 200 men. Headed into the Indian country, they were outside the pale of civilization. They were a law unto themselves. The very decadence seemed to be abrogated.

There were no roads; Indian trails only marked the plains, and these more often led in wrong than in right directions. Lee and Shepard left camp in the Pawnee country in pursuit of a stray animal, and were lost, a dangerous situation for any small party, with the land infested by murderous and thieving savages. They were alarmed by a company of horsemen sweeping down upon them, but were relieved to find the riders were of their own cavalcade. That was near the Big Blue River. In the Platte country below Grand Island they encountered the first buffalo, and for weeks the entire party subsisted on buffalo meat, the missionaries taking part in the hunt. They stood guard with the rest and became true mountain men, excepting in their disposition, lusts and roveliness. They reached Spott's Bluffs May 30. While the party was encamped on Laramie's Fork, Fort Laramie was built by Capt. Sublette.

June 15, twelve years to a day before the international boundary dispute was settled, Jason Lee and his party reached the summit of the Rockies and camped in the Oregon Country; a coincidence of historic significance. Almost imperceptibly the company had wound its way over a gentle ridge and were surprised to find themselves suddenly on a rivulet that trickled away towards the west. "It gives me pleasure to reflect that we are now descending towards vast Pacific," wrote Jason Lee in his diary that evening, among other things for which he thanked the God of Love.

Lee and his party arrived at the rendezvous which was held that year on Ham's Fork of the Green River, and were there several days, till July 2, witnessing the drunkenness and vice of that annual gathering of savage Indians and equally savage white men. Capt. Wyeth communicated threats of violence on the part of some white rowdies to Jason Lee, who, fearing neither man nor devil, went to the camp of the men who had threatened his party and after a talk with them awakened their respect and made them friends ready to protect and serve instead of harm the missionaries. Six feet four, and devoid of fear,

and with the bearing of a leader of men, Lee commanded respect in any company. "Mr. Lee is a great favorite with the men, deservedly so," wrote among other things Mr. Townsend, the scientific gentleman traveling with the expedition. Lee met at the rendezvous the young Nez Perce chief, Ish-hol-ho-ho-ho-ho, afterwards to be known as "Lawyer," prominent in future Indian troubles and treaties.

Twenty-one years and two days after Lee's departure from the rendezvous, the Dr. Keil train (Aurora colony) arrived at about the exact spot, and the next morning found some cattle stolen by the Indians. The animals were taken away from the thieves by friendly tribesmen, who also sent two of their number to guide the colony train for several days, over a dangerous part of the route.

The Lee party arrived near the mouth of the Portneuf river on the Snake July 13, and rested while Capt. Wyeth began the erection of a trading post which he called Fort Hall. Sunday, July 27, he preached there from 1st Cor. x:21 the first Protestant sermon ever preached west of the Rocky mountains. A mountain man was that day killed in a horse race, and Lee preached his funeral sermon on Monday at 12. The Canadians (Hudson's Bay) were told a cross on the breast of the dead man, and a cross was erected at his grave.

Leaving Fort Hall with Hudson's Bay men under Tom McKay, August 3rd, the party was over the Blue mountains September 1st, and were at Fort Walla Walla the next evening. Some Columbia Indians who were with McKay at Fort Hall presented Jason Lee with two fine horses, bestowing their welcome to the missionaries.

On September 4th the Lee party took Hudson's Bay company baggage and camped on the 8th where The Dalles stands now; were delayed there four days by unfavorable winds, and at 3 o'clock of the 17th the crews of their barges touched the beach at Fort Vancouver, then the political and commercial capital of all the Oregon country, from the Pacific ocean above the Mexican (now California) line to Alaska and to the crest of the Rockies.

It will take the space of tomorrow's Bits to give a short sketch of the choosing of the site of the old mission, 10 miles below Salem.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

July 5, 1904

The Fourth was fittingly observed by a group of Salemites last evening at the home of Judge and Mrs. J. J. Murphy on Court street. Included in the group were, besides the hosts: Rev. W. C. Kantner, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. T. Holbertson, Mr. and Mrs. William Stager, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Gear, Mrs. Ogilvie, Miss Cox, Miss Emily Stager and Mrs. A. J. Manroe.

Albany and Salem split Fourth of July doubleheaders in baseball, 6 to 5 and 5 to 1. Both games were played in Salem.

An unknown man plunged off the big bridge into the Willamette yesterday. The body had not been recovered up to late last night.

Read the Classified Ads.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IS QUIET

Streets Appear Deserted as Large Proportion of People Absent

(Continued from Page 1.)

showed an abnormally quiet holiday, with but a few minor accidents reported; indisputable evidence that Salem had observed a real "safe and sane" Fourth of July.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 4.—(AP)—Portland truly was deserted today and not alone deserted but sedately quiet. Police officials and others declared that it was the quietest Fourth in the long and colorful history of the city of roses.

Early in the day, it seemed that everybody, including their uncles, aunts and all the rest of the relatives, hitched up the family fiver and hid themselves to the mountains, seashore or camping spots along Oregon's many beautiful rivers. Hundreds attended the rodeo's at two neighboring cities while a huge throng visited the amusement parks and playgrounds where they could at least try to keep cool and out of the blazing rays of the sun.

There was no denying the fact the fourth was both "safe and sane" in so far as its celebration and observance in Portland was concerned.

STRIKERS RIOT AND KILL ONE

(Continued from Page 1.)

of police, told union officials late in the day "if the strikers are peaceful, the police will be peaceful. If the strikers adopt methods of violence, police will retaliate."

It was indicated police would be provided with sawed-off shotguns, long barreled shotguns, regulation pistols and tear bombs to cope with further outbreaks.

In commenting on the carmen's union's rejection of the public service ultimatum that the men return to work today or face an "open shop" policy, J. B. Lawson, union official, asserted the proposal of the public service company meant carmen could be discharged without cause and would have no right of appeal, of arbitration.

NEW FILM STAR IS FOUND VERSATILE

A new and versatile star, called by many as "The Idol of France" is Maurice Chevalier. Chevalier, whom some have hailed as being a combination of Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin and Will Rogers, will be seen and heard in his first 100 per cent talking, singing and dancing production, which comes to the Elsinore theatre Saturday for a four-day engagement. The French star, will be seen and heard in such outstanding musical numbers as "Louise," "Cherie" and others. His voice and personality are said to be above the ordinary average.

MIXED PRUNES SPOIL MARKET

Consulting Specialist Asserts More and Better Care is Necessary

If mixing of the "Oregon French" or "Petite" now shipped to the Bordeaux, France, market with the so-called "date" prune is continued, Oregon packers may find themselves without the market they are now enjoying in that country, M. J. Newhouse, consulting specialist of the bureau of agricultural economics, reports upon return to this country following a study of prune production and consuming centers in Europe.

The Bordeaux prune growing and packing center has been particularly partial to the "Oregon French" prune, Mr. Newhouse reported, however, with the development of the so-called "date" prune, there has recently been a tendency for growers and packers to mix these two varieties of prunes with undesirable results as far as the Bordeaux market is concerned, states M. J. Newhouse. While both varieties are characteristically sweet prunes, the stone of the "date" prune is large and coarse compared to the small, smooth stone of the "Oregon French." The general characteristics of the two varieties are not at all similar and as far as the Bordeaux market is concerned, the two types must be kept separate. Unless this is done, the expanding Bordeaux market for the "Oregon French" will be a thing of the past.

In the opinion of Mr. Newhouse the word "Petite," which in French means small, should be dropped and the designation "French" or "Oregon French" used instead. The prune grown in France is generally looked upon in Europe as being of higher quality and the Oregon growers of the French prune, should take advantage of this fact, states Mr. Newhouse.

WOMAN'S AGE NO SECRET IN COURT

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—(AP)—

There are no secrets in court—not even a woman's age. Probate Judge Holtcamp ruled today when he ordered Mrs. Adele McCoy from the witness stand in the suit of her sister, Miss Mathilda Peters, against their mother's estate.

Asked her age Mrs. McCoy said she didn't know. Judge Holtcamp interrupted saying, "you mean to say you don't know your own age?"

"That is a woman's secret," the witness replied.

"We do not have secrets here," the court remarked. "What is your age?"

"Thirty-nine."

As the attorney started to question Mrs. McCoy again, Judge Holtcamp excused her, saying "you might as well not ask her any more questions. She testified falsely about not knowing her age and now I could not believe her on anything."

FISHERMAN DROWNS OFF OREGON COAST

ROCKAWAY, Ore., July 4.—

(AP)—Charles Seamon, about 38, was believed to have been drowned when a fishing boat in which he was riding overturned near here about 7:30 o'clock last night. No trace of his body had been found by members of the coast guard at a late hour.

Seamon, it was said, was attempting to cross the Nehalem bar at the time of the tragedy. He was reported to have waited just outside for about two hours, afraid to attempt the crossing because of a heavy sea. When last seen he had started over and it was believed the motor failed and the small craft capsized. Seamon's hat, a barrel of oil and two life preservers were washed ashore and recovered by coast guardsmen. The boat, when found, was upright.

Seamon, it was said, had left with the boat for Astoria earlier in the day. The boat was understood to be owned by Harry Seavey of Nehalem.

BOLSHEVISM AND FASCISM DEcriED

WASHINGTON, July 4.—(AP)—Charging open efforts by forces of Italian fascism and Prussian bolshevism to prevent American citizens from voting in the election, Dr. Charles F. Hanna, president of the national fides society and of the defenders of the constitution today urged that national unity and loyalty be preserved. "Bolshevism from Russia has extended its tentacles in every state in the union," he declared in an address at the Temple Baptist church. "More dangerous and by far more bold have been the forces of Italian fascism working subtly and openly trying to prevent our American citizens of Italian extraction, and a tremendous insidious campaign among our youths of Italian extraction. Mussolini has issued orders that the four million Italian in the United States must become loyal fascists, not only themselves, but their children and their children's children."

Letter Between 2 Former Willamette Men Shows Condition of Old Days

Dr. H. C. Epley got this letter one day last week from a schoolmate of the early Willamette days. It has so much of contrast between the early days of both Willamette university and Salem and the present that it proves itself good reading and therefore it is submitted to the interested reader:

Dear Cliff:

I have before me a cut out of some paper, showing three of the old historical first "Willamette quarter." Cliff, Burpee, and Fred! The same old triumvirate of the old four, Ginn, the fourth, (if my memory serves me) having passed beyond some years ago. Forty-one years ago I was at the christening of this wonderful college enterprise—the "Original Willamette Quarter." It seems but yesterday, unless I stop to count the squeak in my bones—which I never do unless rain is threatening. In my memory, I'm still young.

Four decades ago since we went to Jefferson, with the first really "paid" faculty, I believe that was the very first time you folks essayed on a "moneyed trip," with me along as the "mascot," whatever that is in music. It was quite a success. You received many accolades.

I wonder, Cliff, if you ever have realized how many times our cherished dream came true. The realization may be postponed; but we are often blessed.

The very first recollection I have of Cliff Epley was driving the milk wagon for Ben Kelly, who brought, not only his wife and children to college, but his horses, chickens and cows. He brought everything he had to old Willamette. Ben's dairy attending college was quite the thing. But old Willamette was resourceful those days, offering every serious-minded aspirant a real chance to grow up within its walls of learning.

But I envied your job. You really had provided the eats for his milk delivery.

I was in seventh heaven when you turned the job over to me while you got into other work of some sort. I was going to get to stick my feet under a real table again. No more washing dishes. The Lord was with me. I think I got my training in jumping and running with that old milk delivery; 69 deliveries in 69 minutes! Can you beat it? A quick-tiring process.

Those were wonderful days to me—big days! I had come in off the range—in many a mud and tail, and was in college. Experiencing the ambition of my life. And many of those incidents of 41 years ago are still fresh in my memory, stamped upon the impressiveness of youth.

The old Willamette brass band! Yes, that was it. The first brass band of the school, I believe. Dave Rosebrook, who later on made quite a name for himself in music, was the leader. Cliff played the double bass, Burpee the clarinet, Fred the alto, I believe, and I whacked the snare drum. You folks played music—I made a "joyful noise," as we are adjured in Scripture.

There was some sort of political contest one year. They "hired" us. I do not know to this day whether we were hired by the opponent to play in favor of the other fellow, or for himself. But we sure made the racket.

Then the local street car company hired us a few times to play at the end of their car lines; sometimes east, sometimes west or north. I have wondered since if the local neighbors around where we were wont to "practice" did secretly make up a purse and contribute with the railway officials to transport us out into the sticks those Sundays so they could have their needed rest.

Then we gave a concert with Professor Parvin aiding in old Reed's hall, and our glory was complete. We actually "drew a crowd." But I have since thought how restless Prof. Parvin was. He let us play down on the street a couple of "airs" and then concluded number on the program, working in his music students for the body of the program. He got some advertising for the musical department and we got the glory of a real success and a little spending money for buying some more music. But it was a noteworthy band. It was ripe with potentialities among its members. Many successful men have emanated from its ranks. In fact, I think most of the old members have "lived down" that brief band experience.

Old Waller hall with its winding stairs has an eventful history. Well I recall how we students had to stop in the hall, before entering the class room and "unwind" ourselves from our experience with those old circular stairs. I wonder if any of you ever lived up in the "pigeon loft" or associated with the tenants of that favored spot. Just the select were permitted to roost up there under the rafters in those old bird-cages. An uncanny place, but there was a long waiting list. To live among the far-flung rafters of old Waller hall, was a special endowment of good fortune. The seniors had the first claim. There was glory in having quarters there under the belfry of old Waller hall.

My scholarship was never ranking enough to place me under the

sheltering rafters of old Waller hall. It somehow grew sacred to me. I longed to be entailed among the shadows of the "pigeon roost."

The old Willamette cadets! Remember them? They were born along with the old Willamette quarter. A quiet, a brave band of patriots! What more glory could old Willamette ask? Historical days!

We had been staked by the state with some cast-off Springfield muskets, single-loaders. A cross between a can-opener and a catapult, more dangerous to the patriots waiting the trigger than the enemy over the sights. They had a very complainant way when they "kicked." In fact, those old Springfield had a very serious objection to being used. But for patriots and show purposes, they got by very well.

The permanent orders coming with the guns was to "drill with them, but don't use them." Well, we didn't not the second time.

Seventy-five Springfield muskets! And seventy-five old "Army of the Potomac" blue truncated caps! That was as far as the state would go. No blouses or pants. Not one brass button! And so the old Willamette cadets essayed forth full of patriotic endeavor with military guns and caps, and civilian pants. It was a hybrid patriotism, at best. There is no patriotism fully complete without brass buttons or khaki. There must be some military badge of effectiveness. Take the "show" out of patriotism, and you have left only duty. Well, duty never saved a nation. It never will. Trumpets and drums and bag-pipes and brass buttons, it takes to conquer the world.

Nevertheless, our patriotism was superb. Without military pants we still made a showing. Miles we drilled with those old Springfield.

Once we had the big parade. Out on the campus it was. Pres. Van Scoy, toastmaster; W. C. Alderson, captain; Vergil Penninger, 1st Lieut.; Prof. Asbury Starr, 2nd Lieut. I was bottom corporal.

It was a great parade. Seventy-five stalwart students tramping the grass of the old campus one October day.

Our drum corps consisted of one solitary drum, kindly offered by one of the students with his services.

But the old Willamette cadets! What of them? Past history now as an institution! But living in the verities of life.

Out of its ranks came two high state officials, next to governors; several legislators; one state superintendent of schools; a sheriff; two district attorneys; eight deputy sheriffs; eleven justices of the peace, and fourteen preachers. Quite a military record!

Van Scoy, Stratton, Jory, Starr, Arnold, Parvin! How many are left? It seems but yesterday that I blew in from the bunch grass to old Waller.

Fred Brown, Virgil Penninger, N. M. Newport, Frank Moore, H. M. Rounds, O. H. White, Alvin Bagley, Van Winkle, Aylshire, Fitzgerald and son on. The old stand-bys. How many are left?

This cut of your fellow brought back memories. Memories that had long lain dormant. Trivial things, some of them. But who ever remembers the big things of life?

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