the Orecon the States man

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing-L. T

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Another Zag?

AS President Roosevelt, the amazing political acrobat, executed another zag after several zigs? Has he abandoned collectivist philosophy to return to advocacy of don. It read: free economy?

It is difficult to say. The democrats criticise the republican platform for being contradictory. It is by no means article on the history of J. M. thought. so contradictory in its fundamentals as the democratic plat- (Uncle Jimmy) Bates, I have conform and candidate.

While the platform adopted at Philadelphia appeared to be a frank justification for government paternalism, of the earliest of Oregon's pio- a feller's coat. (something wholly alien to democratic tradition) it contains neers. no endorsement of the NRA, no appeal for planned economy. None of the speeches endorsed the blue eagle conception of regimented business and labor. The president himself ignored the adventure which he had acclaimed as one of the greatest steps of progress when he signed the bill.

Instead the president denounced monopolies. He had denounced monopolies two weeks before in an address in Arkansas. Recently he set the dogs of the justice department on the steel monopoly. Has the president dropped the ment on the steel monopoly. Has the president dropped the ily gathered up ere the last op- job printing B. E. Telmadge planned economy of Tugwell and adopted the slogans and the portunities fade away with the shop in the midwest. There was reforms of Senator Borah?

Walter Lippman, noted political writer, thinks so. He says that Roosevelt "has once more changed his direction as decisively as he did when he scrapped the 1932 platform". The president, thinks Lippman, has discarded the collectivist ideas embodied in business centrally managed by government bureaus to return to "the old progressive ideal of competition and equal economic opportunity to be achieved by attacking monopoly, corporate privileges and concentrated corporate power." Lippman attributes the change to a change in public sentiment, in very great measure due to the addresses of Herbert Hoover and Senator Borah and even of Ogden Mills. Another reason for the change in public sentiment is the lessening of the fears of the depression, and still another reason, according to Lippman is this:

"In part to an appreciation of the dreadful consequences of a collectivist order as exhibited in the European totalitarian states. The American people know that in those societies men have lost their liberty without achieving security, and they have a profound antipathy to any policy which threatens to carry them in the same direction.

Not all the political observers agree with Mr. Lippman, and acknowledge that Roosevelt is now on a zag tack. They think he is still committed to the Tugwell philosophy of government-plan-all and government-run-all.

If the zag is genuine this paper would applaud it heartily. The Statesman had high hopes for the London world came so interested in the adveneconomic conference in 1933 which offered the opportunity for rebuilding the free economic processes in the world on a rational basis. Mr. Roosevelt destroyed the conference and of ships and their rigging, with turned to economic nationalism, "autarchy", it was called seas and their monsters, sea isthen. His new policy was devaluation of the dollar, continuance of high tariffs, the NRA with regimented business and and daring deeds. His people exemption from the anti-trust laws, the AAA with the econ- were shocked and grieved at this

We hope Mr. Lippman is right and that Roosevelt is now back on the sane path which looks toward economic liberty under regulatory restraint. However the president | had led to hopes of a brilliant fuhas been so much of an opportunist, so full of vagaries in ture. But the more his friends respected it. But there were days me to sit beside him. We discusshis policies, so shifting in his methods and even in his purposes, that it is quite impossible to accept the Lippman theory as final. The one thing clear is that the president wants four years more in which to experiment, and wants the country to give him a blank check, a mortgage with terms unspecified, expecting that his good intentions will cover all his errors. The public really should be enlightened more fully as to the zig or the zag which is now in the president's mind.

Sirens and Accidents

N ambulance collided with an automobile in Eugene Fri-A day. Fortunately none was hurt. Monday night we observed a near-collision at Ferry and Commercial when an ambulance coming down Ferry turned south on Commer- ity to slip away from his brother, cial to answer a call. Just preceding it had been a police car with screaming siren, which came down Commercial street. After it had rushed ahead the curious private cars started after, and it must have been one of these what narrowly escaped a crash with the ambulance.

Just why police cars and ambulances have to travel at high speeds in crowded city streets to reach the scene of an accident we do not know. What does it profit to cause a fresh accident en route to mop up on a first? Though the siren most any port his vessel missit press. Eight kicks to the impressounds sometimes the private motorist is bewildered as to enter. No better opportunity af- sion still continued to be eight where it is coming from and doesn't get out of the way fast forded him to get to sea until kicks to the impression. And the enough. The sirens rake the night with hideous blasts as ambulances race to hospitals with the maimed. They could proceed in 99 cases out of a hundred with more peace, less speed and with no added danger to the injured person in- harbor and young James was reside. We do not observe that the doctors who are summoned hearsing in his mind the brilliant as many as 10,000 dodgers in one to wait on emergency cases travel with any such speed. They have more sense than to risk their own lives and those of others in mad haste. They know too that it is extremely mighty results that followed that rare that life depends on split seconds of time.

When the doctors equip their cars with sirens and frighten people out of their wits, as they speed down city of that faithful band of Pilgrim streets to take care of emergency cases then we will believe Fathers. it necessary for police cars and ambulances to make speedways out of crowded thoroughfares to answer calls the seriousness of which they do not know.

Eleanor says in her story today that the effect the redwood trees of California had on her was, "you seemed to see the past stretching back and back of you." We seem to recall that something of the kind occurred, but our recollection is that there were three backs instead of two and also that it was not the past that stretched but one of the trees. Anyway, it was a truly delightful Californian incident and they should mention it when they advertise for tourists who want to see things out of the backs of their heads.-Yakima epublic.

Now as we recall the redwoods it wasn't your back or your past that stretched, but your neck.

The Capital Journal endeavors to extract grains of comfort for its presidential candidate from the utterances of Norman Thomas. socialist candidate, while in Salem, by asserting that Thomas implied that hope of the farmer, laborer and average citizen lies in the return of Roosevelt, barring the unlikely prospect of his own election on the socialist platform. There was nothing in Thomas's lecture that carried any such implication. Perhaps the Capital Journal jumps to bound for the west, he concluded that conclusion because the new deal is so saturated with socialism to board a full rigged merchant

Those newspaper ghouls, the photomen, paid no attention to the sons of J. P. Morgan who requested them not to photograph the old gentleman as he was being lifted from train to ambulance. They got a few bum shots of a feeble old man in dressing gown. Too many editors consider that freedom of the press extends to rude invasion of the private rights and comforts of individuals in matters of no

Administering relief or the dole is not a simple job. In England the report of the Unemployment Assistance board has been pub lished. It complains of "numerous examples of public money granted to households who are quite well off; far better off in fact than many wage-earners."

They put a red shirt on Governor Martin over in Baker; but nobody tried to put a red flag in his hand.

Doctors have put Mr. Morgan on a reduction diet. So far as his bank account is concerned Mr. Roosevelt beat them to it.

Zioncheck complains that his publicity is "tiring". Incredibly (Continued on Friday, July A wrestling bout lasted five hours in Omaha, Neb.

Bits for **Breakfast**

By R. J. HENDRICKS

James M. Bates was most 7-5-86 versatile of Lee missi family; erected the first house of whites in Jefferson:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The second article, promised in the first, appeared in the Weekly Capital Journal of Feb. 18, 1892, over the signature of W. T. Rig-

"Having been solicited from several sources to write another cluded to give the public the little that is known of the early history of this man who was one

"The old pioneers will soon all have passed beyond the shores of time where they will not be engaged in fighting Indians, cutting trails, felling footlogs and climbing to the tops of rugged mountains to get their bearings. The few scraps of interesting history of Oregon and her pioneers still ungathered must be speedily gathered up ere the last opfew remaining representatives of once a job printing shop in a Mis-

"How singular it must seem to those who knew Mr. Bates to to which I have reference. learn that he was born and faised in Washington City, D. C. His father David Bates was from Maine, his mother, whose maiden name was Venable, was born and James was a mere lad, leaving to the past was impossible the family a large estate. James being of an eccentric disposition and the youngest child was no doubt a spoiled boy. The family succeeded, however, in keeping young James in the academy un-

"Up to this time he had made good progress in his studies and was nearly ready to exchange the academy for college, but he betures related by Riley that he lost all interest in school. His mind was all absorbed in the matter lands and their hideous inhabitants, with hairbreadth escapes and relatives protested against ent he became, until a decision be under the guiding hand of a brother of mature years.

5 5 5 "But all to no avail-the land had lost all claims to his ardent nature. Nothing but the 'the sea, the sea, the boundless sea' had any allurements for this youth. He embraced the first opportunand, with but the clothes on his back, and not a penny in his pocket, he boarded the first vessel that would accept him. This proved to be only a coaster. Young James was disappointed, for he did not wish to sail up and upon what is yet to be done down the coast in sight of land as he did not know but his broth- to convince myself that it helped er might apprehend him at althe following year.

3 3 3 "One day while the little coast- given me by the gods. er was laying at anchor in Boston party that tipped King George's tea into the harbor and the innocent amusement of our daddies, his thoughts drifted back to

"How his heart ionged for similar adventures! He longed to stand upon the prow of some noble ship and look upon a land yet untrodden by the foot of civilization. He immediately determined to visit every vessel in the great harbor and if possible find some opportunity to cut off every possibility of being apprehended by his relatives. The fortune left by his father was hardly thought of by this ambitious but rash youth. of curse in my blood. 5 5 5

"Here the power of books can readily be seen. He who writes a thrilling tale only for light recreation for the tired student may have a heavy load to carry through to the amnipotent bar of the great Jehovah.

"Finding no opportunity to join a fur trading vessel as he desired, that Thomas ought to regard Roosevelt the No. 2 socialist candidate. ship, loading for Europe; the American ship, George Gebratte. This gave him an opportunity at least to get beyond the danger of being discovered by his friends. During the three years the young sailor saw many of the noted harbors of the old world.

> "June, 1828, young Bates, being now 19 years old, finds the long sought for opportunity to go west on a fur trading expedition. "This was at the time when every adventurer who could pay for a stock of provisions and a few traps turned his face toward the Rocky mountains, and he who could not set up in business on his own account was eager to join some expedition by land or sea and share with the proprietors the results of his labors."

Record We Make Is Sure to Show, Something's Bound to Compensate

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

PAY DAY ain't lookin' for no reward For what I've done since I've been on earth; 'il be paid, I reckon, in accord With that what it's figgered I've ben worth.

Who'll do the figgerin'? I dunno! It's too much trouble to spec-But the record we make is sure to And somethin's certain to compensate.

Anyhow, it is not an unpleasant

something like the buttons on It's darn uncomfortable to

Now and then my thoughts go back to a little the primitive toilers of the far souri village which carried a sign upon its front reading "Gob Printting", but that was not the shop

Watching Art Edwards print 35,000 four-page eight column couriers for the Bishop clothing store one day this week, which operation was comfortably accomraised in Washington, D. C. plished in somewhat less than James was youngest of eight five hours on one of The Stateschildren, four boys and four man presses, and in two colors, to girls. Their father died while avoid comparing the present with

It is only by comparison that progress is measured.

So, while The Statesman' clicking monster poured out the printed sheets, my thoughts were busy with another pressroomtil he was 15 years old, about that of the town newssheets, my which time a small book, 'Riley's thoughts were busy with another African Shipwrecks,' fell into his pressroom—that of the town newspaper and job printing shop, back yonder, more than 50 years ago. A man-power drum-cylinder news press, which, when conditions were propitious, turned out 500 copies an hour. When conditions were not propitious, it didn't. The pressroom companion of this press was a half-medium old-style Gordon. No throw-off. Urged into action by a foot-pedal, eight kicks to the impression. Home-made rollers, which melted in summer and became hard as flint in winter. Pretty good in

the spring and fall. I was associated more or less unexpected turn in the affairs of intimately with this marvel of and watch the control of and watch the young James. His fine, round mechanical ingenuity for many and watch the cow eat grass. He forehead, his quick ear, his bright months, and, strangely, having said the cow would be perfect if eye and his small but wiry frame nothing upon which to base invidious comparison, I admired and -days when the sheets to be his infatuation the more persist- printed were many-when the spirit flagged and the legs wabwas reached to send the boy to bled. There were moments of al-Philadelphia and place him in the most complete discouragement, book store of his oldest brother, the pile of completed sheets grew where he could find employments so slowly and the sheets yet to be and new scenes of attraction, and done loomed so big in the picture.

It was at one of these moments that a village wiseacre, who had dropped in to get a thrill from the clash and roar of modern machinery, gave me a hint which I have never forgotten. "Young man," said he, "you'd

do better for yourself if you'd look oftener at what you've done and less often at what is yet to

There was something of wisdom in what he said. But not much. I presume a person may expend considerable vital energy in what the dwelling of the mind amounts to, but I was never able power of self-hypnosis continued to be lacking amongst the gifts

Long runs were infrequent, but not unknown. I have kicked off achievements of that midnight order. Such a run was equivalent to walking 16 miles uphill. A salesman who tried to sell the boss a steam engine-and failed told me this, and it was close to the truth. In addition to the pedthe Mayflower and the struggles aling, the sheets had to be fed in and taken out. The ink had to be put onto the disk with a small roller every few rods. The typeform had to be watched constantly. Type was not cast on uniform bodies in those days, and letters and words and even lines were likely to pull out at any moment understand why I did it. It certainly was not because of the money I received for doing the work. But I did it, and for some mysterious reason I enjoyed doing it. I reckon it was some sort

> A curse in an individual's blood may be one thing or it may be another. The individual may do the work he likes to do, regardless of the money reward to accrue there-

Ten Years Ago

July 5, 1926 Kenneth G. Ormiston, formed radio operator at Angeles temple, is once more wanted for questioning in connection with the Mc-Pherson kidnapping.

ekar, former wife of King Fund,

Eaton hall is being repaired during the summer months

from, or he may devote his life to labor which he does not like to do, because of greater financial rewards. In either case he is a sucker from one point of view or another. Much of the work I have done during the past 50 years has been poorly paid for in money; some of it has been done without

material payment. You see, I am

not just a plain sucker; I am an

aggravated case. Consider the past 15 years. During that period I have written approximately 4,000,000 words, aggregating 4,000 newspaper columns. Ninety-eight percent of this has been taken "from my own head", meaning that it has not been ordinary news. This has all been bought and paid for and published for the benefit of a breathless world. And in none of these 15 years have I received more than \$600. All of which merely goes to show the sucker class to which I belong.

I should be dark blue with remorse, I suppose. But I am not. Nor would I be thus setting forth these intimate facts were it not that I have during the years been approached through the mail and otherwise, by young people who wish to know how they may become writers such writers as I heaven save the mark! Now and then a message has come from some of the elders, stating that I have been a blessing to them, which, of course, is all bosh, although I should like to believe it. The young inquirers, most of whom can do as I have done if they are willing to put up with what I have put up with, may find food for wholesome thought in this confession.

At any rate, the figures are as entertaining as many of those emanating from certain of the commissions under the N. R. A., and have a clearness of quality which renders them comprehensible.

I once had a friendly little chat with a millionaire in a New England manufacturing village. I was in that part of the day described in a sweet old song as "in the gloaming, O my darling", and was on my way to do a trifle of night-work in the village newspaper office. Rounding acorner, I encountered the millionaire (he owned all the mills in the village) sitting on the edge of a board walk holding the end of a rope. To the other end of the rope was attached a cow. Of the two, the cow was the better looking. The millionaire looked like a tramp, but I knew him for a thorough bred. The cow looked the thoroughbred she was. The millionwas unable to talk. So he invited ed the nature of success in life and the means of attaining same. I told him I had never had enough money; probably never would have. And he said, heaving a sigh clear from the soles of his rubber boots, "Me neither, my lad." Which seemed to me ridiculous. But he was sincere enough.

Some discussions get nobody nowhere. That millionaire was suffering from the same pain I was suffering from, yet his wealth was tremendous, while mine, as I recall the figure at this time. amounted to somewhat less than four dollars.

And I reckon his pain was far the acuter of the two.

An I do not enjoy people who talk too much about themselves. I trust the reader of this will par-

Nineteen hundred thirty six may go down in history as the year of great and astonishing upsets. Such appears to be the tendency.

A correction: In a reference here last week to R. A. Harris's magazine, Abundance, the statement was made that not many of those who give it a thorough reading will nod affirmatively a number of times between the first page and the last. The copy for this item read "will NOT nod affirmatively." A small omission and a large difference in meaning.

AT THE RAILWAY CROSSING He stopped and looked and lis-

But all that he did hear as a crash made by an auto That bumped his in the rear. In relating the incident at th

olice station later, the driver who had stopped and looked and listened delivered himself of a remark. He said, scowling heavily at the other driver and paraphrasing an aged saw, "Well, s'pose you can't make a silk purse out of a pig's rear." Pretty scorn-ful, eh?

Some of us, who have seen Hen-ry B. Walthall in pictures frequently since the day long agoor what seems long ago-when The Birth of a Nation photoplay was creating a sensation throughout the country, felt as if we were bidding farewell to an old friend at the showing of The Mine With the Iron Door at the Grand during the week. A fine actor. He died at Hollywood June 17.

Lightning, we are informed by the diggers-up of useless information, travels at a speed of from Former Premier Roef Bey of 800 to 19,000 miles a second. Not Turkey will marry Princess Chivmuch chance of dodging the 19,much chance of dodging the 19,-000 mile variety.

> So long as we love, we serve. Robert Louis Stevenson.

able.

What did the second Dionne

"KING OF HEARTS"

SYNOPSIS

"What haven't I told you about Lynn?" Doti demanded.
"Something that could not have been expressed in words, I suppose, alse you would have done so," he replied with affectionate humor.
"She has done you justice since I arrived," Lynn assered him.
"Having only a week in which to get you two acquainted, I had to do some advance promoting," Doti defended herself, and inquired of Jack. "Now aren't you sorry you age should be made very some statement of the same advance of the same advance promoting." Doti defended herself, and inquired of Jack. "Now aren't you sorry you Left destinute when her mother dies, Lynn Bartel is forced to leave the beautiful that could not have been expressed in words, I suppose, he be becomes a mamosquin, fee for mething that could not have feel to be treating as a placed her on a higher social level that the fellow-worders and her low to come for the Mard Gras. With a light worder of the fellow-worders and her low to worder the fellow-worders and her low to worder the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the low the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the fellow-worders and her low the low to her low the fellow-worders and her low to her low to her low the low to her low to her

with a mere suggestion of a waye where the ends swept into diagonal lines across his head, which was proud and set solidly upon his shoulders. His dark eyes were both serious and merry, and they twinkled roguishly when he smiled, which

referred to it, that he was ambitious.
Lynn had learned that Jack was in business with his father, who also was associated with Colonel

Merchen at the refinery. Very much a family affair, and one would have thought Doti would be delighted over Jacks interest in the source of gumbo

her present comfort and happiness and that of her future as well. But, "The ingredients are traditional, having been accustomed to that firm foundation all her life, Lynn supposed her cousin never gave a laughed, "but Mattie insists that thought to that practical angle of the thickening, only that one must Jack came to the house for dinner amount of file powder."

Jack came to the house for dinner that evening, looking very handsome in a blue Monte Carlo jacket with cream trousers. Doti presented him to Lynn by their first names and insisted that they must be very good friends. "That will be easy," Jack bowed over her hand with dignity, but the twinkle in his eyes was much more intimate. "I thought I knew you very well, even before I saw you, but I notice there have been lots of omissions in our acquaintance by proxy. We'll have to fill them as quickly as possible."

amount of file powder."

"That's just an excuse for putting in anything they have around," Jack scoffed. "Irish stew, goulosh, gumbo—it's all the same. Everything in the kitchen boiled in one kettle and seasoned with mystery—and what do we have? Creole gumbo, in New Orleans."

"Don't mind him," Doti admonished cheerfully. "Men are all slike about food. They want it just right but they never admit it takes any work or brains to get it that way."

"Humph!" said the Colonel, but

wife are expected to reach home

his eyes twinkled as they glanced at his daughter. "When did you develop your philosophy concerning

"When I discovered you were my daddy," she retorted. "Humph!" he said again, and fin-ished his gumbo.

Steaming plates of soup were ance or some costumed anomaly to served unctuously by the shuffling watch during the interim of wait-

dera. His dark eyes were both serious and merry, and they twinkled roguishly when he smiled, which was often. He had a leisurely manner and yet it was apparent, from Doti's renunciation of his loyalty to business and his attitude when he referred to it, that he was ambitious. Lynn had learned that Jack was in business with his father, who is a best was a war and water during the interim of water and sold ing.

Accustomed as Lynn was to the tense and sober countenances of most northern faces, she was amazed to discover that there were still so many people in the world who could play with such a spirit of good-natured abandon. She sat in the open topless motor car beside the open topless motor car beside the open topless motor car beside. good-natured abandon. She sat in the open topless motor car beside Doti and moved with a sense of deme about what marvelous gumbo—
was it, Mattie—made?"

"Mattie made this. She's still
with us, and always makes the
gumbo."

"But what is in it?"

Doti and moved with a sense of delicious unreality through the gentle
air, as Jack guided the car expertly
through the swirling masses. He
and Doti directed her attention and
explained innumerable customs and traditions of the Mardi Gras.

"This is nothing, compared with what you will see tomorrow, after Rex emerges from his den, at eleven o'clock," Jack discounted her amazement. "Tomorrow is the big day, and the climax of the celebration." "I don't see how anyone keeps his

senses, if it is more exciting than this," Lynn exclaimed.

"Not all of them do," he laughed.

"Many people live all the other fifty-one weeks of the year in the most rigid economy, to be able to celebrate extravagantly for this one week." Doti explained. week," Doti explained.
"Which has its advantages," added Jack.

(To Be Continued)

Il Duce is dividing Ethiopia into sister Loreta at Eugene. . . Rud- Hamlin, comic strip artist, whose five states, each of course to be yard Kipling, the English writer, provided with a set of officers. left an estate valued at \$712,-There are moments when Il Duce 240. . . Motion pictures are pareminds one of Jim Farley more

When a man bites a dog it is must bite a dog. Merely to bark ing the Yellowstone park. The Dr. at a dog will not turn the trick

Caesar.

It was some keen student feminine nature—Barrie, I think who said that a woman will acif she is not told she must.

Something in the present p litical situation (it is somewhat vague, but still has definite form) that reminds me of the state of affairs in 1884, the campaign in which the Mugwump fote elected Grover Cleveland over James G. Blaine, and did it in spite Blaine's popularity and the publican machine, which at that time was unhampered in its operations by civil service regulaary publications of national circulation have shown an earnest interest in party politics. Usually they are strictly non-political. But now there is little use in try ing to disguise the fact that they are using their influence for al be determined later.

The firecracker may have strong points, but as a wisecracker it is much of a failure.

FOLKS HERE AND THERE Frank Hutchison of the state printing department, with Mrs. interest Crater lake and the Ore-studies at the University of Wash-gon caves. . . Roberts Varley is ington, is a visitor in the Warren will be the order on some of the According to the foreign news, spending the week-end with her Gray home at Marion. . . . Vincent

from their Detroit trip about July said on generally accepted authority that he creates news. But he and seeing much country, includis one of Salem's distinguished citizens, being the sole official in the northwest of the national optometrists association, attendance at the national conveniton of which was the principal purpose of the trip. . . Word comes from Cliff McDougal, in advance of the Tom Mix circus, that they are now in Iowa and Illinois and that business is good. . . Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Henry B. Walthall the the principals in a somewhat more than usually enjoyable western picture, featured in a double bill at the Capitol during the week, the second feature being the Schmeling-Louis fight, also somewhat unusual, moved over from the Elsinore Sunday. . . Opinions were freely expressed in tions. This is the first year since the lobby following the show that 1884 that the higher class liter- Mr. Walthall appeared extremely weary, the illness which resulted in his death evidently having fas-

Mrs. Alma Bottrell's thorough-bred English setter, Lady of Salem, has a family of seven thorthere is in it to defeat Roosevelt. oughbred pups, three of which How significant this fact is will have been recently declared by a Portland dog expert to be of exceptional quality. . . Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hardy are home from Harvard for the summer. . . Jean Arthur, the screen actress, is 28 years old, 5 feet 3 inches high and weighs 110 pounds. . . . Ott Schmidt of the Grand theatre has grounds have been landscaped sold his home in the Kingwood Hutchison, has returned from a district and is building a new one motor trip to California. . . Mr. on South High street. . . John and Mrs. W. A. Marshall, he of Moritz of the local rural mail dethe Western Union and she of the livery force is on vacation. . . Style Shop, have been recent visitors at their former home, Peo, other issue of his Junior Gazette ria, Ill. . . . Velleda Ohmart of during the week. . . Mr. and Mrs. I wenty Years Ago

| July 5, 1916 | The Statesman business office is off on a vacation. She left year of two former I of their arrival? Mrs. McIlree of the West Union (Iowa) Union says it was treday morning, accompanied by the old familiar line from the pressed on all sides by the Allies | Chautauqua opens July 12. | Chautauqua opens Ju

the picture was in the making. .

tour amongst his relatives in the Pacific northwest. He was in Salem one day last week, calling on than he reminds one of Julius tronized annually by 80,000,000 an aunt, Mrs. Graham of South people. . . Dr. August Glutsch and | 12th street.

WELL, AFTER ALL-The tumult of conventions and of ring fights dies away, things that folks have had in mind they quite forget to

And o'er the streets of Salem rests a sort of breathless hush, And radios are silent and subdued's the daily rush, When into town, like Caesar, his bosom bulging out, Appears a man who's caught a half-dozen 12-inch trout!

He caught also one that measured 18, mebby 29, inches,

But that one got away.

Title of a Sunday paper syndicate article: "Is the Home on the Way Out?" No, of course it isn't. But most of the folks in the house usually are.

Improvement Made tened itself upon him while still On Mill at Turner

TURNER, July 4 .- W. F. and of workmen putting in a second floor and commodious grain bins at the Turner Feed mill. A new of the building. New machinery will also be installed. The mill A new spillway and flume have been built at the intake of their feed ditch in the south end of town, and with a new headgate installed it will be passible to control the flow of water.

Rev. and Mrs. Bruce Groseclose