Traveler Wilson Finds Paris Statues Without Winter Clothing

Finds Triumph Arch Striking

Paris Men not Like Star Menjou but Women Are Dressy, Animated

Editor's Note: C. E. Wilson, former secretary of the Salem chamber of commerce, is on an extended tour of Europe and from time to time forwards accounts of his impressions to The Statesman. Following is another of his interesting letters.

By C. E. WILSON

When you visit Paris, come prepared in an artistic spirit. Make up your mind to see the human form in paintings and sculpture, with and without clothing, but mostly without.

For Paris is an artist and this temperament is expressed in statues, monuments, broad boulevards and lovely gardens or parks. Wherever there is a meeting of two or three streets, there you find a monument or statue of some famous person. But more often the artist preferred the human form divine in the way of a beautiful woman. And it seems the sculptors, as a matter of economy, preferred to sculp the young lady "as is," rather than to cover her up in a lot of winter clothing. Same way with painting.

Paris is a really beautiful city. So many broad boulevards, broad sidewalks, flowers and statuary everywhere. The men, well dressed, do not look "Frenchy" like Adolph Menjou, the movie star, but the women one sees in the business districts, give the impression of good looks and a certain French animation and stylish clothes. They look just like pictures of French women.

Where a few streets meet, the square or meeting place is called a "place," and duly adorned with many statues and monuments. For instance, there is the Place de la Concorde, meaning the place of Concord and that is where during the French revolution, the guilotine worked overtime and Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI and Robespierre and a couple of thousand others, lost their heads.

Sidewalk Cafes Plentiful

Paris is the city of sidewalk eating. Nice big chairs and tables with big sun umbrellas overhead, are everywhere. At one place along the stylish boulevard Champs Elysees, I estimated 500 chairs. (You pronounce it, "Shousay-lee-say" with the accent on the "lee.")

Sidewalks on main boulevards are twice as wide as those in down town Salem.

The famous Seine river flows through the city and isn't quite as wide as the Willamette at Salem. On each side are fine boulevards. Men may be seen fishing, right in the city. I saw one man land one about six inches long.

Most impressive sight was the Arc de Triomphe erected in 1806 by Napoleon to commemorate his many victories. For comparison with the statehouse, note these figures: The arch is 162 feet high, while top of dome of state house is 138 feet. Napoleon built his arch 147 feet wide and 75 feet thick. The state house is 162 feet wide with height of building 52½ feet. On Napoleon's arch are names of his battles and his generals or marshals who fell in battle. In those days the generals were mostly on the front line of battle, and didn't live any too long.

Went out to Mal-Maison, nome of Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon. She had gold trimmed furniture and paintings on the ceiling of her bedroom. But the guide showed us a large bowl from which Josephine ate bread and milk for breakfast. Seems she was on a diet.

Sees Louis XIV Paintings

Louis XIV, the French king who spent so much money in building and adding to a palace at Versailles, had the best painters of his time paint him all over the place. He wore high heels to make him appear tall. The paintings show this. They couldn't make much of a manly beauty of him as his nose was long, thin and hooked and he had a big underlip sticking out. Louis XIV spent too much money and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette paid for it with their heads.

However, when Napoleon became emperor, he lived in all those gold trimmed rooms, with paintings on the ceiling. In the room where he talked French politics, he had a little throne built, three steps up. All chairs in gold with deep damask upholstering. But the table is shown on which he signed his abdication, after the battle of Waterloo.

Remarks

The French taxi driver is not near as big a robber as the New York City taxi man, but he will almost run over you in crossing the street. The French franc is worth a little less than three cents. Hotels quote price for room and then add 15 per cent for service and an extra franc government tax.

The French breakfast is two hard rolls, little butter and small pot of coffee. Any extra such as marmalade or jelly, costs six cents extra. Some restaurants charge five cents just to look at you and then add 15 per cent for service. Then you tip the waiter. Also tip about everything else that gets in your path.

I heard Paris policemen had to travel in pairs, with a big stick and handy gun. Well, during the day, the stick is painted white just to control traffic, but they do pack a gun. London policemen do not.

No trouble to pick up some French. "Entree" tells you where to enter and "sortie" means the way out. "Defense du Fumer," means no smoking.

In England and Holland I often saw the sign "Verboten," but haven't noticed it in France.

My Oregon French doesn't seem to work, so in asking directions when lost in Paris, I get out my map and just show where I want to go. Then there is a flow of French and I am directed on my way.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

The Day and the Journey

I have journeyed a day in stifling heat,
And again in blinding snow,
And which I like most and which I like least
I confess I do not know.

A day I have known on a country trail,
Where lightnings livid flashed,
Smash hits a plenty, with rain and hail,
For the thunder roared and crashed.

I have known a day on a windless sea,
No sound save the engines' toil,
In the nostrils a reek from the boiler hold,
And a tang of heated oil.

And there have been many of such days,
Days not planned, but days that came,
I take 'em and like 'em—that way seems best—
Take 'em and like 'em just the same.

I reckon a trying journey makes the happiest of arrivals at the place you've been headed for.

"Ouida" and "Moths"

The "Ouida" novels were popular back in the sedate '90s. And they justified their popularity, for they were good novels. By "good" I mean that they passed the censorship board at our house and were at the same time interesting. I may say that a book which failed of passage by the censorship board at our house was usually read in the haymow. It has always seemed to me reasonable that a person who writes a likable book may be considered to be a likable person. Madame De la Rame, who was born in Italy, has a French name and is classified as an English novelist, was, I feel assured, a likable person. The circumstance leading to her adoption of the pseudonym "Ouida" gives a bit of evidence on this point. A little niece, so the story is told, was unable to pronounce her aunt's name, which was Louisa. So Aunt Louisa discarded the "Louisa" and became "Ouida" and remained "Ouida" to all the world so long as she lived.

I was sitting here by the open window a few nights ago—it was Tuesday night, to be exact, and I had been for the better part of two hours down in the street mingling with several thousands of other individuals who find it impossible to ignore the call of brass bands and drum corps and lines of marching men in uniform. I had turned on the light and was relaxing pleasantly when a party of moth millers arrived and began that weird performance around the light which in the day of open flames resulted in the destruction of so many of the tiny creatures. And in that moment came to my mind a book which "Ouida" titled "Moths," a story which dealt with human characters who in their frantic efforts to find pleasure came to their deaths in the flame.

It is somewhat pitiful to observe 20 or 30 of the moths striving for the great thrill of the flame where there is no flame. An electric light bulb will not do the trick. And this accounts, I presume, for the fact that I find in my drinking glass and in the washbowl, when water chances to have been left in it the remains of the moths which the night previous had held orgy around the light.

A plain case of suicide, as the coroner said when was found the body of a man who held a revolver in his left hand and had a bullet hole back of his right ear.

There may be more things in this world, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy, but there are not a great many things in this world, Horation, which are not suspected by the newspapers.

I met up with Henry Porter of Aumsville on Court street Thursday, near a thermometer that was registering close to 100 degrees. Mr. Porter stated that it is not so hot on his farm as it is in town. Still, I don't reckon that he came to town in order to get warm.

The Pig and the Squeal

One of the big pork barons of Chicago once stated, presumably with pride, that he made a marketable commodity of every part of a hog except the squeal. It think I heard the squeal on a radio a few days ago.

Perhaps that is one way to become a baron or magnate—turn the waste into cash—paste a bright red label on it and sell it for a dozen times what it is worth. I ran onto a sort of baron or magnate back in the bottoms years ago. He was running a store (he was walking it slowly, but of course you cannot properly say that a man is walking a store, because it would have no meaning to a user of correct English.) I was attracted to the place by a sign in the window — "Ice cream today." Well, it had been a long walk up from the river and the sun was powerful hot. I had stepped on two blacksnakes on the way and they had tangled themselves about my legs and unsettled my nerves. So I went into the store and ordered ice cream.

"Five, ten or fifteen?" asked the man. "The nickel a dish kind is made from water instead of cream, the dime kind is made from skim milk and the fifteen cent kind is pure morning's milk with the cream still in it. Mighty rich, the fifteen cent kind."

I ordered the nickel a dish kind. Nor was it such a bad dish. The water was frozen to the consistency of snow and flavored.

"I figger I make four and seven-eighths cents net on that grade," said the storekeeper.

I don't know whether he ever became a magnatorial baron or not. I never saw him again.

It has been a somewhat hectic week in Salem, what with the Veterans of Foreign Wars activities, the extreme heat of the weather and all, and probably for this reason one or two exceptional motion pictures have been passed up which would not have been passed up otherwise. The "We're Going to be Rich" film, which Twentieth Century - Fox sent a cast to England to make, after vainly trying to induce Gracie Fields, Great Britain's premier box office attraction, to come over here and make the picture, passed at the Grand as an ordinary program feature, which, having thus been accorded much the same reception here that Lillian Harvey and Jessie Matthews films have been accorded, might lead a person to suspect that Salem does not favor the London music hall type of stars. It is a bit queer, the show business. Personally, I feel a sense of satisfaction in having seen Gracie Fields.

I think the reason that Gracie went rocketing to the top of the English box office list is the fact that in her the English public—the 'arrys and 'arriets of that country—sees itself.

He or she who uses too many words spoils many a compliment.

About Stamps

By DORIS HAROLD

Hello Fellow Collectors:

The fact that Postmaster James A. Farley is on a five weeks tour of the country doesn't interfere a bit with the new issues race of the United States. The Sesquicentennial of the Northwest Territory is being commemorated by a new 3-cent stamp which was released July 15, 1938.

Marietta, Ohio will be first day of sale station as the first civil government in the Northwest Territory was established there.

The central design will be the memorial statue of the colonization of the west which is now being erected at Marietta. It will be printed in purple and will be ordinary size arranged vertically.

It has been announced that a new series will soon appear for all Portuguese colonies. These will include both regular series and airmail stamps.

Riches at Turner

TURNER—Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Riches are vacationing for two weeks at the parental S. A. Riches home. Riches is an OSC graduate in Smith-Hughes agricultural department and has accepted a position at Carnation, Wash., which territory includes the famous Carnation dairy.

The Builder

(W. J. K.)

Not for an hour, not for a near horizon
Were sill and strut designed.
That in his thought as beacon towers should rise on
The hilltops of mankind.

His trestleboard, insistent on precision,
Makes not of point and place,
But in the surge and splendor of his vision
Accounts for time and space.

Though earthquakes topple towers and rend asunder
Stone walls with frenzied noise,
His beacons stand amid the smoke and plunder
Imperial in poise.

They lantern seers over lofty passes
Where cosmic currents flow;
They flood the crowded highways of the masses
With truth's imperious glow.

—EDWIN T. REED.

Motorloggers Complete Three Flag Route Trip

Reach Mexico And Ensenada

Find Hotel at Ensenada Entrancing and City Full of Glamor

This newspaper is co-operating with The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor association in presenting a series of motorlogs designed to stimulate recreational travel. This article is condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian July 17. It describes the second half of a motorlog down the Three Flags highway.

By VINTON H. HALL
Public Relations Director, Oregon State Motor Association

Clean and sparkling under the morning sun, the little Nevada town of Minden faded behind us as our white motorlog car skipped along the Three Flags highway toward Ensenada in old Mexico. Reno, Virginia City and Lake Tahoe, visited the day before, seemed the high points in our motor cruise, but on this last lap of our trip we were destined to strike a lode of equally rich recreational ore.

Our road, still the fast, smooth route that we picked up four days earlier far north in Spokane, curled easily through Gardnerville and rich farming country in the shadow of the glistening snow-capped Sierras.

Ahead of us loomed the highest of the great Sierras providing an entirely different setting for the Three Flags highway motorloggers who had traveled over the rolling wheat fields of southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon, through sagebrush and tall pines, past Lake county's lakes and across purple plains.

At Conway summit, 8138 feet high, we brought the white Ford V-8 travel car to a stop in front of a service station-store, and a rugged, sun-tanned individual approached us, his hand extended.

"I'm Fred Curtis," he said, smiling broadly. "I've been expecting you and Mr. Snyder." Burt Snyder, president of the Three Flags Highway association, had joined the motorlog party in Alturas. "What do you think of our highway?" Curtis asked anxiously. And as we nodded our enthusiastic approval he ocntinued: "Beautiful country, isn't it? Just look at the view you get from here. All of this was a great mining area, worked as early as 1820. Off that way is Mono lake. You'll see it as you drive south."

See Famed Pass

We finished our visit with Curtis and started down the gently winding grade. Skirting Mono lake, we looked toward the Sierras and saw a ribbon-like highway winding high above. This was the famed Tioga pass, entering Yosemite national park and a favorite with recreationists after the snow has been cleared early in July.

We continued south along one of the most interesting stretches of this new Canada-to-Mexico route—Inyo county.

The ever-present Sierras cast a cool reflection on our highway as we entered Owens valley, where once the farmers rebelled at the storing of their water supply for Los Angeles consumption.

In Lone Pine Walter Dow pointed west.

"That jagged peak," he said, "is Mount Whitney, highest mountain in the United States. You don't notice its height so much because the mountains around it are so high. But its top is 14,501 feet above sea level.

"Now then," he added, "look over in that direction." He was pointing southeast, towards a deep, low-hanging haze. "Eighty-five miles away lies Death valley, the lowest spot in the United States, 310 feet below sea level. So you see, in this section we have both the highest and lowest sections of the nation."

Dow and Ellis guided us up a good 13-mile CCC road to the base of Mount Whitney—Whitney Portals they call it. It leads through the Alabama, a queer geologic structure just out of Lone Pine and a favorite locale for big motion picture productions. Its rocky formations are said to be the oldest known to geologists.

After a comfortable night in Dow's air-conditioned hotel, we embarked on the next-to-the-last day of our journey. A few miles south we relinquished the shelter of the cool Sierras and boomed suddenly into the desert. Large, fantastic cactus trees bordered the wide, straight road, and the motorlog car struck up a steady, droning tune that soon set co-motorlogger Snyder a-nodding.

Scenery Typically California

Time passed quickly and soon we dropped into Cajon canyon north of San Bernardino. California palms, heavy traffic, packing plants and service stations furnished a sharp contrast for the motorloggers.

Rolling southward, we knew that this was southern California. Sagging orange trees, heavy with the fruit so much in demand on Oregon breakfast tables, bordered our road as it unfolded in front of us along Lake Elsinore, through the picturesque city of Escondido and toward San Diego.

In San Diego hotel that evening Arnold Klaus, manager of the San Diego California club, had gathered a group of city and state travel officials around a banquet table. Klaus, whose father operated the famous Crystal bar in Virginia City during the gold rush days, told us about this southernmost California city and urged us to visit the old town, site of the original mission and settlement of 1769; the Spanish village, Point Loma and other spots. Time, however, prevented anything but a pleasant ride through the tidy, palm-decked streets and along the waterfront.

Next day, at the Mexican border, 15 miles south, we were surprised at the simplicity with which American tourists cross the international line. Cars from the states, obviously pleasure seekers, were waved through with a minimum of formality. Returning, however, American customs officials are a bit more strict and we were advised to register our German camera lens to eliminate trouble when we checked in again.

Ten miles south of the border the highway unfolded before us and we found it smooth, wide and fast. It emerged from the brown, sterile hills of Baja, Cal., and struck the coast line. Cool salt air gave u srelief from the stuffiness of the two border cities. Mexican hovels, about which lounged dark-skinned farmers, plump senoras, dropped behind us.

In less than two hours we had covered the 65 miles from Tijuana, rounded a point of land and Todas Santos bay stretched before us. Sprawled on the far side of the gracefully curving shore line lay Playa Ensenada, low and rambling along the sandy beach for nearly a quarter of a mile.

Ensenada was a monotone in brown, but its stores, streets and people gave it indescribable color. We halted the white car at the entrance to a new green-grey building in front of which a sign spelled "Camara Nacional de Commercio e Industria de Ensenada." This was the chamber of commerce. Luis G. Beltran (we soon called him Louis) was waiting for us with a delegation of city officials.

Visit Playa Ensenada

After viewing an open-air program staged by the public schools, we drove to Playa Ensenada where ten years ago there was nothing save the sands of Todos Santos bay. Today Playa Ensenada dominates the shore. Modern in architecture, yet built in true Spanish style, Playa Ensenada is an entrancing series of patios, gardens, walls, doorways and balconies. It is a hotel built for those who love comfort, peace and leisure. Most everywhere, through its rambling corridors, in its cheerful dining rooms, is historical ironwork, many pieces obtained from a monastery built in Castile before the renaissance. Murals, bold in line and subject, were created by Martinez.

We asked Bruno Pagalli, young and handsome manager, about the gambling edict that closed the doors of the giant casino, occupying the west end of the rambling structure. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said, hopefully: "Some day maybe, it will come back." We could hear in his voice the story of Playa Ensenada as it used to be less than two years ago when money-mad men, diamond-clad women swarmed the gaming tables; when the movie colony moved south in droves; when the click of the wheel and rattle of dice mingled with the sound of music, tinkling of glasses and gay laughter.

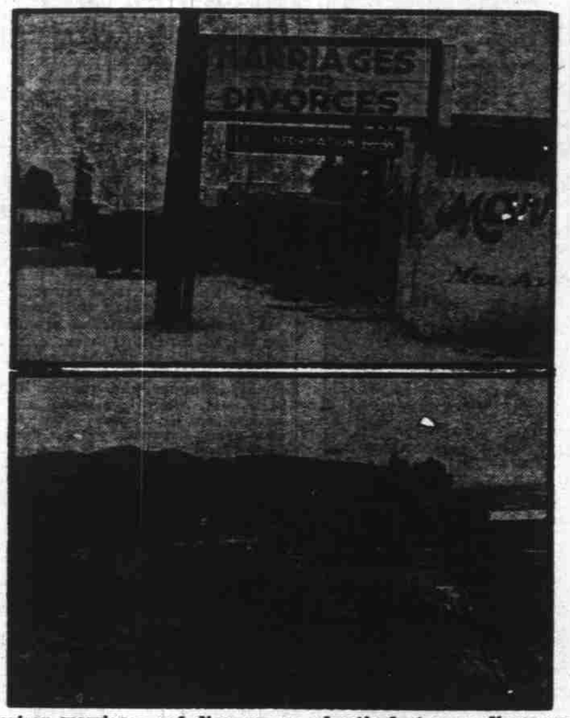
With Louie, Santos B. Cota, chamber president; Luis M. Salazar and others, we drove the beach, smooth and straight, they say, as Daytona in Florida.

That night Louie took us to a boxing match, then showed us Cecelia's, the red spot that few visitors fail to miss, whether alone or accompanied by wives. "Ensenada is a lot like Reno, don't you think?" asked Louie. "Someone told me the main streets look much the same. I've never been to Reno."

In a way, yes, Ensenada was like Reno, but the main street was as different as day is from night. It has glamour, but a glamour of of its own. It has character, in its typical Mexican way. It is an attraction at the southern tip of the Three Flags highway, and the end of our motorlog, that should not be missed.

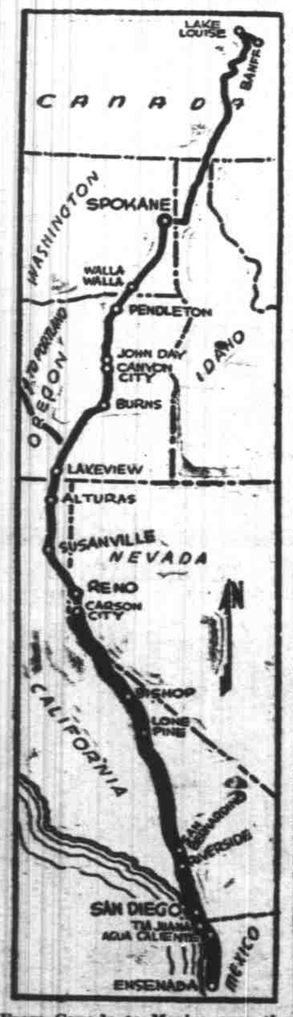
Next morning we said good-bye to our Mexican friends and started the little white car on its long trek homeward. We had completed a 1500-mile tour from Spokane south along the amazing new Canada-to-Mexico route. We had plenty to talk about and much to remember, and a new road to advise for south-bound vacationists.

Motorloggers Cross Into Mexico



Mexican marriages and divorces are advertised at same dispensary just across the border (above). Street scene in Ensenada, goal of the motorloggers in their trip from the Canadian border.

Motorlog Route



From Canada to Mexico over the new 1500 mile Three Flags interior route was the journey taken by the AAA travelers.

Improvement Meet At Grand Island Chooses Officers

GRAND ISLAND—A business meeting of the Yamhill county District Improvement company No. 1 was held at the local schoolhouse Thursday night.

A report of the work in progress along the river was given. Officers and directors elected included Roy h. Will of this community, chairman; Lynn Gubser of McMinnville, and representing the Unionvale district, secretary; R. T. Kidd, Albert May, C. A. Rockhill, George Asher and J. H. Freshour.

Ripe tomatoes and sweet corn of the early market variety are being enjoyed for table use at the Ernest Douglas home. Mr. Douglas has also started marketing his early potatoes.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Add a Handful of Alum to Heavy Lime Soil If Its Blue Hydrangeas You Want

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Lillie L. Madsen

Geraniums—Bacterial leaf spot sems to have attacked geraniums rather badly this year, judging from the complaints that are reaching me. The leaves turn yellow and later drop off. Some gardeners tell me their plants have almost completely died. Spray the leaves with Bordeaux a couple of times at week-intervals. Also pick off and burn the most badly affected leaves. Stir up the soil about the plants. Frequently lack of air circulation or too rich a soil will bring about this condition. Dig in a little Bordeaux in dry powder form around the plants.

Hydrangea — Chlorosis sometimes attacks hydrangeas causing the leaves to turn yellow. Some growers think this is because there is too much lime in the soil. In fact the common pink hydrangea will turn blue in an acid soil. It has been suggested if the blue hydrangeas are desired and if there seems to be too much lime in the soil add a handful of alum. Hydrangeas want a lot of moisture during the warm weather if they are to be at their best.

Catalpa—There seems to be no definite known control for the catalpa twig blight which will sometimes kill branches right back to the trunk. When one notices the blight appearing, it wise to cut off the affected branches, spray around them with Bordeaux and cover wound with corrosive sublimate.

Fir trees — It is difficult to control the pine rust that takes our evergreen trees. However, I would suggest to Mrs. L. R. who complains that a very large fir tree growing on her lawn is dying, branch after branch, that she have the tree topped and also the branches headed back. I have been told that early August is a good time to do this. All dead or dying branches should be cut off. All the cuts should be painted over with one of the disinfectants suggested for this purpose. I know of two trees that began dying seven or eight years ago which were saved in this manner.

Fighting the Borer

Borers in annuals—Borers will frequently attack annuals and perennials and do considerable damage before they are even discovered. This pest is on the increase and it is likely so because not enough precaution is taken to do away with it. Notice the holes in the stalk of the plant, inject a few drops of nicotine, rotenone or pyrethrum and close the opening with clay or somesuch material. In the fall be sure to burn all old stalks and weeds which may be growing near by.

Redbud—Twig blight and borer both seem to affect the redbud particularly in dry seasons. To Mrs. P. M. who says her little newly planted redbud is not doing well and from her description might be affected by both the blight and the borer, I would suggest giving the tree plenty of water and some fertilization. The tree will outgrow the injury if considerable care is given it. Cut off and burn the twigs affected. Spray with Bordeaux. Next spring remember to spray early with Bordeaux. This will do much to prevent the blight from taking hold.

Some growers suggest cutting the borers out with a sharp knife. Some suggest wrapping the young trees from the ground up to the branches and leaving this on for two years. Before you do any wrapping however, be sure you are not wrapping up the borers. There is also a nicotine paste which is squeezed into the holes and thus suffocates the borers.

Poison oak — Sodium chlorate will eradicate poison oak. Spray it on the shrub two or three times at week-intervals.

Treating Flowering Almond

Flowering Almond — G. H. writes that he noticed that some of the branches on his flowering almond trees wilted about a month ago and are now completely dead. He wonders what he should do. This is one of the bad features of the flowering almond and seems to have to be continuously fought here in the Willamette valley. Cut off all the withered and dead branches and burn. As soon as the wilt was discovered a Bordeaux spray should have been applied. Spray now. Then spray again during the dormant time of the tree or shrub and again in the spring after the bush has leaved out. It can be controlled and I think the beauty of the flowering almond is worth the effort—but effort must be expended if this shrub is to be cutivated here.

Delphinium—Blackening of the delphinium flower stalk is a mite known as Blacks. Naphathalene flakes around the base of the plant will prevent the pest from appearing on the plants. A nicotine spray will control after it has appeared.

Magnolia—Mrs. W. B. reports a scale on her magnolia tree. This is the first report of the Magnolia scale that has reached me. It is said to be the largest scale found. References give the young of this scale as hatching in late July and early August with the suggestion that a rotenone or nicotine spray be used at this time. It is well to examine lilacs and other shrubs given to harboring scale and if any is noted then spray at this time. Scale spraying must also be done in winter when winter miscible oil is suggested.

Red Spider—The control of this infinitesimal insect must be as persistent as the control of black spot on roses. A sulphur dust is recommended as a good control of the spider. Nicotine spray will also help control.

Snapdragon Rust—Snapdragon rust is very serious and control must be effected or the entire plant is soon destroyed. If the rust has gained any headway it is the wiser course to pull up and burn the plant. If it has just appeared start systematic spraying or dusting with Bordeaux or a sulphur dust. This must be done once a week for the remainder of the season. Try next year to purchase rust resistant plants. They are remarkably successful, although the plants do not grow as large as some of the other varieties.

Earwigs Eat Foliage

Violets—A number of things might be eating your violet foliage, D. A. Likely the leaves are being eaten by some small caterpillar, a beetle or earwigs. The little hopping beetle which in early spring is, I believe, our famous spittle bug, is plentiful this season and does considerable feeding on foliage. A small green worm, about a half-inch long is also busy this season. Earwigs, at least in our part of the valley are numerous. We are being told that earwigs run in cycles, that they continue to increase until they reach their peak and then gradually decrease. We are sincerely hoping that they have reached their peak this season and most of us are doing what we can to help their rapid decline.

I found large quantities of earwigs resting in the soil around my stocks. I dug in a small handful of naphthalene flakes around each plant and now the earwigs have disappeared from that place. They were doing considerable damage to the stocks. Also the naphthalene flakes seem to do away with cutworms and other pests which spend a part of each 24 hours hiding in the soil of gardens.

In spraying for chewing and biting insects it is well to have the poison spray reach all surfaces of the leaves. Leaf hoppers for instance, are pront to feed on the under surface of the leaf. They are doing considerable damage to fig leaf foliage, I note.

Primrose and strawberry weevil:—The same weevil feeds on the roots of both of these plants. The plants turn brown and die. Arsenate of lead cultivated into the soil and thoroughly watered down has been suggested as a good control.

Todd Boy Injured

EVANS VALLEY—Dean Todd, 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Todd, fell from a cherry tree near his home and broke both bones in his right arm.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

SWP HOUSE PAINT

One gallon of SWP house paint covers 800 square feet of surface . . . at a cost of less than ½c per square foot!

And look what you get for this low price. Beauty no other house paint can beat. Complete protection against weathering . . . a protection that lasts for years. And the added feature of washability. That's why more homes are painted with SWP than any other brand of paint. See the 32 beautiful SWP colors at our store and get your free copy of our book "The Truth About House Paint."

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