

Sage of Salem Speculates . . .

By D. H. TALMADGE

The Problem Solver
He is ever on the air.
He solves his problems skillfully.
If he doesn't, doesn't care.
But he's an entertainer's man.
That we must all admit.
He's sure an entertainer's cuss.
No question as to that.

I keep forgettin' that this is another generation we're minglin' with now, and that times and conditions have changed. Folks a round these parts are plannin' their summer vacations. They get a heap more from 'em than if they followed the plan that existed in the middle west when I was a kid. It's all right, of course. I just keep forgettin' that's all.

D. H. Talmadge

An old minnow bucket hung on a nail in the woodshed at our house. It was used but once during the season.

People have been flocking to the Grand theatre of late to see the last raid of the James and Younger brothers, directed at a bank in Northfield, Minnesota, which, as planned by Jesse James, was to furnish them with the capital necessary to a life of peace. The Northfield venture was not a success. On the contrary, it was a complete failure. And we northern Iowa youngsters knew in our hearts that it would be so. But we were mightily relieved when it was over. Jesse was the only one of the gang to escape—at any rate, it is I recall the circumstances, and his career was ended by a cowardly shot in the back from a former associate. Desperado or what not, Jesse James passed into history with a fairer

case had he died in a fair fight. The 20th Century Fox film is frankly a somewhat garbled story of the last venture of the gang. It was Jesse's plan to retire after the Northfield raid. He said he had had enough, and the Northfield raid was made for the purpose of keeping the wolf from the door so long as he remained on earth. The force of the James boys was not bank robbery. The attack on the Northfield bank established this fact for all time.

I have known a number of people who knew the James brothers intimately. There is amongst them general agreement that Jesse was a bad citizen largely because he "got off on the wrong foot." There was something of the hero in him.

Did I ever tell you that I once took the agency for "The Life and Adventures of Frank and Jesse James." Published in St. Louis, as I remember it. The book had a pretty good sale. But father thought I had better not continue the agency. I never quite understood what he meant when he said that the book was not worthy of the efforts made to sell it. I never quite understood why, but of recent years—something similar to an understanding of his meaning has come to me. Father was not a flincky man, either.

There is a heap of talk in progress relative to the coming fair at New York. And more talk is in progress respecting the show at San Francisco. Much of it, of course, just talk, but the indications at this time are that the attendance, which it is foregone will be big, will include the largest attendance from here of any similar exhibition. I am planning to attend both shows, but will probably attend neither. However, there is no harm in planning.

I shall probably not see New York this summer. Still—well,

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Add to that millions of flowering plants. Girod himself probably couldn't say how many, for of pansy plants alone there are six

How Does Your Garden Grow?

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

While Helleborus Niger is commonly known as the Christmas rose it does not bloom, as a rule, at Christmas time. Some of my readers have written me recently that they were disappointed that the Christmas rose was not in bloom at Christmas and that perhaps they were using the wrong kind of soil for the plant. Another Reader wrote to ask if the Christmas rose was a house plant.

The Christmas rose is a hardy herbaceous perennial. It is admired largely for its very early flowers and attractive foliage. But it seldom gets in bloom by Christmas. In a number of gardens it is coming into bloom now. Winters which are a little colder than this has been so far hold the Christmas rose back from bloom until late in February or very early in March.

The Christmas rose will thrive in an ordinary garden soil, but will give best results if a soil of rich loam and coarse sand, with a top-dressing of manure has been used. A moist, well-drained, partially shady location is best. Rockeries and shrub borders furnish good places, if the flowers are not to be used for cut flowers.

Doesn't Like Moving The Christmas rose rather resents moving. Frequently it will not bloom for the first year or two after it has been moved. It permitted the plants will seed themselves and these seedlings will blossom the third year.

Kalmia and American Laurel are one and the same thing. The Kalmia latifolia, known as the Mountain Laurel, is one of the most beautiful of the flowering hardy evergreens. Massed in groups or even used as a single specimen on the lawn, its symmetrical pink flowers are bound to attract the eye. The Kalmia does not grow very rapidly, but it will bear flowers when very small. The foliage itself, which is evergreen, is attractive.

The Kalmias thrive best in sandy, peaty or loamy soil and will not bloom for the first year or two after it has been moved. They are others listed under the Oxycantha species which are white, pink, single and semi-double. There is one variety of this species where the flowers are white in the center and edged with red.

The hawthornes grow well in exposed positions and do not, as a rule, like much shade. They are planted in rich loamy soil and will grow well in rich loamy soil and even in clay.

There are almost half as many species of dogwood as there are of the hawthorne. So often gardeners will purchase a tree or shrub, not noticing what specie or variety

Mrs. China Bones Passes 81st Year

TURNER—Mrs. China Bones has just celebrated her 81st birthday at her home. She was born in Tennessee January 25, 1858, coming to Oregon with her husband and children in 1903, establishing their home about six miles south of Salem on the old Turner-Salem road. After her husband's death she moved to Turner, where she has resided about 15 years.

She is very entertaining when telling stories of the south land, and enjoys fairly good health for her age, often gets out to public gatherings, and frequently visits at the homes of her eight children.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Mundinger, Mr. and Mrs. M. Stauder, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bones and children Lucille and Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Wyatt and children Mrs. J. Hastings, Mrs. Kerlee, Mrs. Daun, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Roberts, and children, Mrs. Carl Fields, Doris and Ray Lundeen and Keith Bones.

Envoy Extraordinary

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

CHAPTER XXII

"I'll leave Andrews to Finch," Sir Francis decided. "It seems to me at the moment as though someone had followed Ferguson down from London. If so, the letters are probably in Paris by now."

"Are you going to tell me what was in those letters, sir?" Matresser asked.

"That's why I begged for an invitation to Sandriham so as to have a bona fide excuse for calling in to see you. One letter concerned your report on Territory Number 7. Theft of that message makes the whole business in which the Foreign Office is concerned extraordinarily difficult."

"It is a record of plain unvarnished facts," Matresser said firmly.

"My dear fellow, we realize that and we are tremendously grateful," Sir Francis declared. "If those facts had leaked out afterwards, provided our great move comes off, there would have been an uproar. We should have had a red hot press against us. You did what we asked you to do by telling us the simple truth, Matresser, and I won't have a line of your report altered. We shall have to deal with Number Seven separately."

"What about the other letter?"

"You will probably smile when I tell you its contents and it will take me the best part of an hour to plain exactly its significance. The letter contains an invitation from a certain person in mid-Europe to spend a fortnight with him at his shooting box in the Metzger Mountains."

"From a stranger?" Matresser asked.

"I don't think it likely that you have ever met him," was the thoughtful reply. "He is a very charming person, however, and although he is not English himself, he appears to have a great affection for our race. You will take with you the usual outfit—a rifle and I suppose a couple of shotguns, with cartridges from number two to seven. Let it look as much like a genuine sporting expedition as possible."

"And when I arrive with this stamp?"

"Sir Francis was silent for several moments.

"I shall have to wander for a few minutes," he said, "from the immediate subject of our discussion. You have shown yourself capable of helping us to such an extent that I am going to take you still further into our confidence."

Matresser pulled up his chair closer to his visitor's. He leaned forward and listened intently.

"The fact of it is," Sir Francis began, "that neither you nor anyone else outside the Cabinet knows exactly how serious the present situation is. Even we do not dare acknowledge it. Our ambassadors keep us on the jump the whole of the time."

"Where's the danger, sir?" Matresser asked.

"Germany, of course. She is the strongest and best prepared nation in Europe and she knows it. The serious thing about it is that the man who is chiefly responsible for her strength, the man who has hammered militarism into the country, defied all Europe and broken every covenant, is the man who today desires peace."

"That seems rather surprising," Matresser observed quietly.

"I am not guessing," Sir Francis assured him. "I am telling you the absolute truth. . . I was in Berlin myself, as you know, a short time ago. I had two interviews with the person whom I will call the Dictator. He acknowledged frankly that he was losing his hold upon the country, and he was losing it because, having weighed up all the possibilities, he has come to the conclusion that what Germany needs is peace."

"Why?"

"You have asked a question," the Foreign Secretary replied, "which I believe I am the only man in the world who could answer. The Dictator gave himself away at our last

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Families Move to Woodburn Region

SILVERTON—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brant have moved to Woodburn to operate the lunch room at King's tavern. The Brants recently sold their household goods at Silverton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Lehman have sold their home here to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Enloe and have purchased acreage near Woodburn. They will move to their new location as soon as a house can be erected. The Lehmans have lived at Silverton for 15 years.

"Envoy Extraordinary"

interview. I know what it is he is really fearing.

"A return to monarchy?"

"Precisely. There are at least three of the present generation of Hohenzollerns who are lusty, ambitious fellows and they have been living before their public in the one hope that some day the country will swing back and they might be chosen to take Hellstern's place. The students are all with them and curiously enough, the army, fashioned and developed by the Dictator, is becoming more and more royalist every day. Not one of those three likely candidates for the throne of the new Germany can show himself in the streets today without being saluted and applauded."

"And France?"

"Our alliance with France has become almost a fetish of honor with us all," Sir Francis said gravely. "And frankly, Matresser, we may have to face at any moment a terrible decision. There's not anyone in the Cabinet or out of it who could pretend the France has treated this country well since the war. She only once made a gesture of being our ally at Geneva and in the matter of sanctions she did her best to heap all the onus of making a decision upon us and us alone. She never for a single moment played the honest game. You know as well as I do, Matresser, that there is no more unpopular country in France today than England. They don't trust us. They don't believe in us. In the press they call us a nation of hypocrites. We have been stupid often enough but we have not deserved such an attitude on their part. That in one of the things we are up against, Matresser. It boils everything down to this. Are we to risk everything that this nation stands for by fighting Germany for the sake of France?"

"You are being extraordinarily candid with me, Sir Francis," Matresser observed.

"We have more faith in you than you have in yourself," was the blunt reply. "Now that we have begun, let us go through with it. There's Italy. Well, my own opinion is that Hellstern's turn-about-face is entirely due to the disaster which has befallen that country. Matresser embarked upon what he considered a perfectly safe and glorious war in Abyssinia, a hollow victory, and then came—Spain. . . ."

"Today, Dictator Matorni is facing doom as a tyrant whose authority is falling away from him. Hellstern looks across the Alps and shudders. The only thing that could restore Matorni's popularity would be if he were able to join any combination of nations strong enough to make war against this country."

"Meanwhile, the Crown Prince of Italy, who once was utterly neglected, becomes more and more popular every day. Only last week he was received with cheers at the opening of the Opera while Matorni took his place alone and in silence. In Austria—well, the people don't even trouble to conceal the fact that the only thing they are praying for now is a Hapsburg back upon the ancient throne."

"We have face the music," Sir Francis Tring went on, "but exactly what policy to embrace, which will enable us to retain our honorable place among the nations and yet keep England safe, is a dire problem. What we fear most is being dragged into a war with France as our ally against Italy, Germany and probably Austria. The only thing that has held her hand already upon the sword, France, a shuddering mass of nerves suspecting our every action, is terrified every moment of being what she calls betrayed by perfidious Britain."

"You have taken note of the other possible complications?" Matresser asked.

"We have gambled upon your report," the minister replied. "We studied it carefully and without a dissentient voice we planned our faith to it. We have accepted it as an axiom that in the face of a possible closer fusion between Japan

POLLY AND HER PAIS

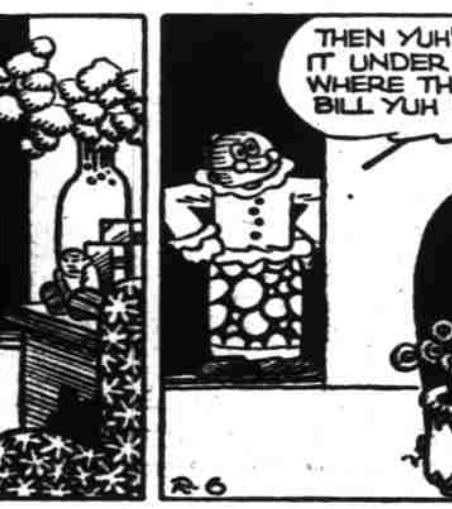


The Lady Left Her IOU!



By CLIFF STERRETT

MICKY MOUSE



By CLIFF STERRETT

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"We Boys Must Stick Together!"



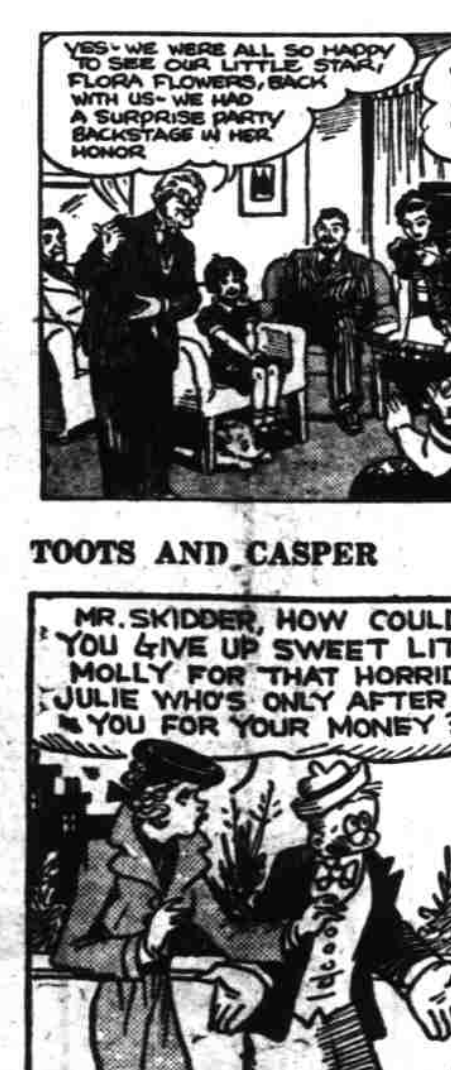
By WALT DISNEY

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By BRANDON WALSH

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



Oh You "Kid"!



By JIMMY MURPHY