

Our Early-Winter Announcement!

The opening of the winter Season finds us grateful for the largest volume of business we have ever enjoyed. Not only are we grateful from a purely business standpoint but there is to us a very deep feeling of satisfaction in knowing that the public has thus given our business methods the stamp of their appreciation and approval.

The New Season Finds Us With a Very Complete Stock of Worthy Goods

Although much has been said about the shortage of goods, the new season finds us with a stock larger than we have ever carried before—a stock of quality and merit which we will have no hesitancy in recommending—a stock bought to advantage by reason of early buying and quantity buying. Also, it is only fair to mention that our close connection with the manufacturing business has still further aided us in buying to advantage.

Our Advantageous Buying Enables Us To Sell To Your Advantage

Bear in mind—our stock embraces practically everything in wearing apparel for men, young men and boys. Every article an article of merit backed by our guarantee

Bishop All-Wool Suits and Overcoats \$20 to \$40 SPLENDID VALUES	Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits and Overcoats \$25 to \$50. You Know Their Worth	Wool Underwear Less Than Present Wholesale Prices All Grades - Good Values
Overalls Blue 220 Denim, The Standard Everywhere, Now Wholesaling at \$2.50. Our Price \$2.25	Sweaters and Jerseys Excellent Quality All Worsted Stock. Woolen Hosiery, Same Old Qualities, Complete Assortment	Woolen Overshirts U. S. Khaki Flannel Splendid Quality \$4.00. Loggers' Shirts 7.50 and 8.50

Our Shoe Department Will Supply All Your Needs in Work or Dress Shoes

SALEM WOOLEN MILLS STORE

Men's Store

SALEM OREGON

Boys' Store

Life Story of a Polk Co. Pioneer

Thomas J. Hayter, a resident of Polk county for 68 years, died at his home on Birch street at 4:40 Wednesday afternoon October 30th.

Thomas Jefferson Hayter was an ex-member of the Oregon legislature and a former extensive farmer of Polk county. He was born in Howard county, Missouri, February 8, 1830, and came of English forefathers long identified with the south. His father, James H. Hayter, was a native of Virginia and moved to Missouri about 1816. At Old Franklin in that state he established a sawmill and flouring mill in the wilderness and lived there until 1856, when both he and his wife died during a cholera epidemic. Of their ten children, Thomas J. was the last survivor. The seventh child in his father's family, Thomas J. Hayter, spent an uneventful youth at the home in Old Franklin, the first interesting period in his life being the preparation to cross the plains. About 19 years old, he was just the age to appreciate all the proposed change meant, and he entered with zest into equipping for the departure, which took place April 15, 1849. By way of the old California trail, past Fort Hall, Humboldt and Truckee, the train made its way, and upon arriving at Sacramento he found employment as a teamster until going to the mines in August of that year.

In the fall of 1850, Mr. Hayter came to Oregon on the schooner Creole, twenty-three days being consumed on the trip between San Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia river. He came immediately to Polk county and took up a claim. This he disposed of in 1852, and the following year returned to Missouri, by way of Panama.

In the spring of 1854 Mr. Hayter again crossed the plains with ox-teams, taking the old route of Raft river, and from there branching off onto the Oregon trail. On this trip he took more time, in order to get safely through with a herd of cattle. He arrived at the first house in Oregon in September and soon after was located on a claim three miles west of Dallas, where he engaged in stock raising. In the fall of 1855 he volunteered in Company G First Oregon regiment of cavalry, Colonel James W. Nesmith commanding, and served in the Yakima Indian War. He then returned to his Polk county stock ranch, and after selling it in 1856, located on a 260-acre farm three miles east of Dallas, where he lived until 1884. Since then he had lived a retired life at his home in this city.

Mr. Hayter was a life-long Democrat. Although taking an active interest in politics, he cared little for office holding personally, although in 1876 he served his county as a representative in the Oregon legislature. His chief interest outside his home was in school affairs, and he always took an energetic part in educational work.

In May, 1856, in this county Mr.

Hayter married Miss Mary I. Embree, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Carey Embree, and also a native of Howard county, Missouri. To this union five sons and one daughter were born. Surviving with the aged widow are four sons—Eugene Hayter, Dr. Mark Hayter, J. C. Hayter and Oscar Hayter, all of this city. The daughter, Ellen, and a son, Frank, died in their early childhood.—Itemizer.

Saved in the Eleventh Hour

Captain Cameron, describing how the prisoners aboard the "Igotz Mendi", the Spanish ship captured by the raider "Wolf", evaded the prison camp in Germany by a piece of luck, tells of running aground on the Danish Coast, and what followed.

Lieutenant Wolf had gone ashore and had phoned from the lighthouse at Skaw Point, where we were ashore, to a salvage company in Skagen, saying that we were a German merchant ship bound from Bergen, Norway, to Kiel and, that we had run aground in the fog; and that if a tug was sent immediately we could be pulled off easily.

The manager of the salvage company ordered his largest tug, the Viking, around, but instructed his captain not to put a line on board until the manager had gone down over land and investigated a little.

The manager of the company on arriving at the lighthouse and

talking with the various people there, concluded that perhaps things were not just right with the Igotz Mendi, and that he had better get in touch with the Danish naval authorities before doing anything. The manager called up the commander of the Danish cruiser Diana and stated the case, saying that things didn't appear to be just right. The commander, a Lieutenant Lagoni, getting in touch with the authorities, phoned the manager of the salvage company that he would come right down and investigate. At about midnight the Diana arrived and Lieutenant Lagoni, being a gentleman and also a shrewd, wide-awake officer, took his Chief Officer on board the Igotz Mendi, telling him that he, the commander, would keep the Captain of the Igotz Mendi busy answering questions in the saloon, while the Chief Officer should have a good look around and gather what information he could. As soon as the Danish commander arrived on board we were all pushed and shoved into our rooms, and the doors closed. Rose led the way toward the chart room above. Lieutenant Lagoni did not follow.

"It is not customary, Captain," said he, "to entertain the commander of a cruiser in the chart-room. Let us go into the saloon."

Thus they came into the saloon before there had been time to hustle us all out of sight. Rose's face was red with vexation, but the Danish officer made no comment. Now began the campaign of the women's signal corps. One of them would

call down the hallway in a voice like she was calling to the lighthouse. "Oh, Mrs. So-and-so, won't you come in my room a minute?"

Another shrill voice would come back: "No, I don't dare to, I'm afraid they wouldn't like it."

"Don't be frightened," the first voice would call back, "it's a Danish officer and he won't hurt us." And so on back and forth, until Lieutenant Lagoni must have wondered what sort of a party it was.

In the meantime the Danish Chief Officer was wandering round the Igotz Mendi taking notice of all he saw.

Strolling through the bunkers he came to the spot where our temporary warm place had been made. Here he stopped and looked at something lying on the floor. It was Nita's kewpie doll.

There were men standing around through all these quarters. Suddenly the officer turned toward one of these and said: "You are not a German." "No, sir," answered the man, "I am a Dane."

"Well, what are you doing here?" was the next question. It was Jensen, the man who had told us where we were. He now told the officer everything, how he was from the Wolf and was working here on the Igotz Mendi, and that there were Americans and British prisoners on board, including some women and children. After completing his rounds the Danish officer went to deck and told Lieutenant Lagoni that he was ready and calling him aside, told him what he