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Merchandise backed by our personal guarantee of satisfaction makes this store the shopping center of Salem and the vicinity.

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New U.S. Navy Officers TENTS
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Just the thing for Camping, Motor trips or Playhouses for the children. Genuine U. S. Navy Officers Tents, made from best quality 12 oz. White Canvas. Cost Uncle Sam almost twice as much as our price. Complete with hardwood stakes, poles and ropes. Size 9x9 feet and every foot a real tent.

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PAINTS, VARNISHES, ENAMELS, Etc. Dingy rooms dampen many a housewife's interest in the home. Keeping the woodwork, walls, floors and furniture looking bright and new helps to make her home life well worth while. A few dollars spent for FULLER Products will work wonders. It will put "rays of sunshine" into the home.

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"Red Crown" is all-refinery gasoline with the full and continuous chain of boiling points necessary for ready starting, quick and smooth acceleration, steady, dependable power and long mileage. It is made to meet the requirements of your engine. Look for the "Red Crown" sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

The Gasoline of Quality



M. DIMICK, (Local Agent) Independence, Oregon.

A CENTURY OF ANTHRACITE

First Ton of Hard Coal Reached the City of Philadelphia Just One Hundred Years Ago.

An even hundred years have elapsed since one William Wurts, a Philadelphia merchant, drove his team of mules with the first ton of anthracite through the spring freshets and bog land to the banks of the Delaware river and floated the new fuel down the river to Philadelphia on a pine log raft.

But he experienced no little difficulty in that first anthracite year of 1820 in overcoming the popular objection that the coal was "extremely slow of lighting." Pine log rafts floated only 365 tons of anthracite that year. But it fetched a price of \$12 a ton and could be delivered freight-on-raft Philadelphia at \$3—a fact that was freely advertised to attract additional capital, for, of course, there was no profiteering in those days.

Spring freshets and bog land and slow inflammability no longer worry operators. Silk shirts for miners are a bigger nuisance. But production in a hundred years has jumped to 86,200,000 tons, and could this year surpass the 100 million-ton mark, which was almost reached in 1917.

Reading, Wilkesbarre, Lehigh, Mauch Chunk—these names are spoken one thousand times hourly in the industrial world today, simply because there lay up in the hills of Pennsylvania a hard, black substance, one ton of which six old William Wurts steered on a raft down the Delaware to Philadelphia, just one hundred years ago.—Wall Street Journal.

ASTRONOMY STILL AT FAULT

Men of Science Forced to Admit Exact Results From Their Calculations Are Not Possible.

The celebrated observatory at Greenwich, the place from which we reckon longitude, was founded by Charles II in 1675, mainly for the purpose of investigating the movements of the moon in the interests of navigation. Although in the intervening two and a half centuries astronomers have worked at the problem, the moon has not yet become entirely amenable to their mathematical calculations. In a recent report of the observatory at Greenwich attention is invited to the increasing deviation between the calculated position of the moon in the sky and its real position shown by the Greenwich observations. The deviation has lately been growing in a serious manner. The error last year was more than twelve times as large as the error twenty years ago, and the average annual increase during the two decades has amounted to half a second of arc in longitude. The reason that astronomers have failed in getting exact results from calculations based on the dynamical laws of gravitation is possibly the existence of some attractive force that they have not yet discovered, although the result may also be affected by the true shape of the earth, which still awaits accurate determination.

Deadly Weapon of Warfare.

An invention by a French wireless engineer, M. Dunoyer, will completely change the character of naval warfare, if its claims are fulfilled, says the London Mail. It consists of what he calls an "electric safety lock." The mechanism to direct the course of a torpedo and secure its explosion against an enemy warship can be worked not only by wireless waves of the right length, but also by a proper sequence of Morse signals. Any error in the right sequence of dots and dashes would run the mechanism down to zero again and render the torpedo harmless. Each torpedo launched would have its own key sequence of dots and dashes, and so the enemy would be unable to tamper with it.

Books From Washington's Library.

The sale of the library of the late Samuel Riker of this city was concluded at the Anderson Galleries recently. Dr. A. S. Rosenbach paid \$4,000 for George Washington's copy of "A Collection of All the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and Commerce Between Great Britain and Other Powers From the Treaty Signed at Munster, in 1684, to Treaties Signed at Paris, in 1763," three volumes, London, 1785. The work contains Washington's autograph on each title page and his book plate on the inside of each front cover. The work was auctioned off at the sale of the library of Lawrence Washington, the great grandson of George Washington, in Philadelphia, in 1876.—New York Times.

Concerning Aerial Flights.

Air Commodore Edward Maitland of R-34 fame, speaking at the Royal Society of Arts, said that while flying the Atlantic he retired about 9 a. m. and he was ashamed to say he slept until nine the next day. He found that the air not only induced sleep, but sharpened the appetite. Ladies had often asked him, the commodore said, "In what should we dress when about to take an aerial flight?" He felt tempted to suggest crinolines, which would become very useful as parachutes should the necessity arise.—London Chronicle.

A Big Contract.

"I see where the people at Atlantic City are asking the authorities to make the high winds stop blowing the sand about at Chelsea." "Next thing the public will be demanding that somebody stop the hot air blowing in congress."

HOW "ROMOLA" WAS WRITTEN

George Eliot's Immortal the Result of an Inspiration and Much Hard Work.

The scene of "Romola" is the Florence of the fifteenth century, and the plan of it came to George Eliot in the course of an Italian journey, "one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in half so many new ideas do they suggest, so many new sources of interest do they open to the mind." Having fixed on her scheme, she returned to Florence, visiting the old streets, rummaging ancient books, seeking to impregnate herself with the spirit of the venerable city. But she was still far from her goal. When, on her return home, she at last set to work, she saw its difficulties rising before her. Would not her genius desert her when she left the familiar scenes of rustic life in the England of today for foreign countries and past ages? She despaired more than once, gave up her task, then took it up again, plunged (conscientiously as she did everything) into historical studies, and brought forth in sorrow a kind of moral tragedy which even the reader cannot behold without emotion.—Edmond Scherer.

SCULPTOR'S USE OF CEMENT

Gigantic Figure of Neptune Is Work of Art as Well as Architectural Curiosity.

At Monterosso, near Spezia, Italy, there stands an architectural curiosity—a gigantic figure of Neptune, constructed of cement and used to support the extreme end of a terrace for a seaside villa. The house is the Villa Pastine, and the statue is the work of Arrigo Minerbi, a talented sculptor of Rome.

A small promontory on which the villa is built presented many difficulties to the architect, but he finally succeeded in building there a very commodious and comfortable residence. The statue, which is wonderfully life-like, is about 33 feet in height. The body, which, like the head, is built of reinforced cement, is hollow, and contains a spiral staircase. Considering the nature of the material with which Signor Minerbi had to work, he is to be congratulated on the result of his labors.

"All For a Song."

"He has sold his future for a song" they said of a rich man's son who, instead of taking advantage of the unusual opportunities open to him for a worth-while career, was willing away his golden years in the Great White Way.

"All for a song" has come to mean to us "paying too much for a whistle," any undue sacrifice or waste for something that is worthless or only of transient moment, particularly the superficial.

It has come down to us from the day when its significance was literal. As a token of her appreciation of the poet, Edmund Spencer, Queen Elizabeth ordered Lord Burleigh to present him with £100, which in those days was a small fortune. Upon this Lord Burleigh is said to have exclaimed "All this for a song!"

Penn and Land Buying.

The story that William Penn bought from the Delaware Indians as much land as a dozen bulls' hides would cover and then cut them into narrow strips to cunningly enable him to trick the Indians by encircling a vast stretch of territory is not true. This is a very old story. It was told in remote times of Dido of Carthage. The legend is that Dido built that city after buying as much land as a bullock's hide would cover. She cut the hide into strips, getting a large bit of real estate in the transaction. The story reappears in the case of the Dutchman in Irving's "Knickerbocker," who bought as much land from the Indians as Tenbreck's trousers would cover. But Tenbreck had on pairs of trousers enough to cover the island of Manhattan.

Pertinent Questions.

Among the many Irish anecdotes told by Canon Hannay, author of several books under the pen-name of "George Birmingham," is the following. An Irish gentleman who heard of the death of a great enemy of his, who had harassed him for many years, remarked: "Well, it's a comfort to think that the devil's got that fellow at last." A clergyman who happened to be present felt it his duty to remonstrate against this uncharitable view of the dead man's condition. He said he hoped that, in spite of all that had passed, the poor man might have escaped the extreme penalty. "Well," retorted the other, "if the devil hasn't got that fellow, all I can say is that I don't see much use in keeping a devil at all."

Rats as Food.

Doctor Kane, the Arctic explorer, said that one of the worst curses in the far North were the rats that infested his ship. Nevertheless, when in want of other food, he was glad to eat them—sometimes chopped up and frozen into tallow balls.

He wrote: "During the long winter nights Hans beguiled his hours of watch by shooting rats with bow and arrow. The repugnance of my companions to share with me this table luxury gave me frequent advantage of fresh meat soup, which contributed no doubt to my comparative immunity to scurvy."

"Going All Around" says the Good Judge



I find men are taking to the Real Tobacco Chew.

The good, rich taste lasts so much longer that you find it saves you money to use this class of tobacco. Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

RIGHT-CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

OLD MAN OREGON

The spirit of the west is the spirit of youth, of faith and of hope. It is the spirit of optimism, of progress, of achievement, of adventure. All things are possible and therefore become actualities, because of the courage and enterprise and enthusiasm that materializes vision.

It is this spirit of the west that created its wonder cities, transformed its deserts into fertile fields, harnessed its streams to turn the wheels of a thousand industries and developed the resources of its great empire.. It is this spirit of youth that vitalizes the call of the west and populate the last frontier.

Oregon is of the west and yet has less of the spirit of the west than other coast states, hence her growth has been slower than that of her sister states, her development more backward. The conservation of her pioneers is reflected in the Oregon of today. Isolation and provincialism bred a pessimism that retards progress. Brim full of opportunities, the optimism and enterprise to take advantage of them is lacking. A Los Angeles could never have been created out of climate, hot air and a desert in Oregon—nor could a Seattle have been magically built to dominate the shipping of two continents—although nature provided Oregon the great river of the west to control its commerce. The faith in Oregon's future and the contagious cooperation that faith engenders are lacking.

Oregon is often cartooned as an old man—and the characteristic is a fitting one. Oregon seems to have been born old and Oregonians lacking in the imagination of youth, its audacity, daring and adventurousness. They have the rigidity of middle life, if not of age, and *Arquēbary oot si elapētiūj 'sawisnuqē jo poīap ēre* chilled at birth, enterprise too often dampened, and progress viewed with suspicious distrust. Not all Oregonians are pessimists by any means, but the majority are, and the pessimist prospers because he is the victim of circumstances and not because he is their master.

Nearly every Oregon community has the broad visioned few whose inspiration is the spirit of the west who have with difficulty held aloft the torch, but their endeavors are repeatedly forced to flounder amidst the breakers of hostile provincial resistance, their enterprise tossed helplessly on the waves of captions and cynical negation or cast adrift in the doldrums of indifference. The loyal support, the hearty cooperation, the community patriotism that sustains and uphold the builder are all too frequently conspicuous by their absence.

O! ye of little faith in Oregon and her future, her resources and possibilities—wake up! Discard the pessimism that destroys, cultivate the optimism that constructs. Communities do not build themselves, and their only limit is the size of the men building them. They are the result of the initiative, enterprise and courage of the few, sustained by the loyalty, enthusiasm and cooperation of the many. Support industry and development, encourage enterprise and expansion in the only way it can be encouraged, with your fealty and your money.

Catch the spirit of the west, that sees the future large and great. Smiling at reverses, resourceful and confident, build for tomorrow and realize the vision—for faith in Oregon and its future is the fountain of eternal youth Old Man Oregon is seeking for rejuvenation.—Salem Journal.

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All Work Guaranteed

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