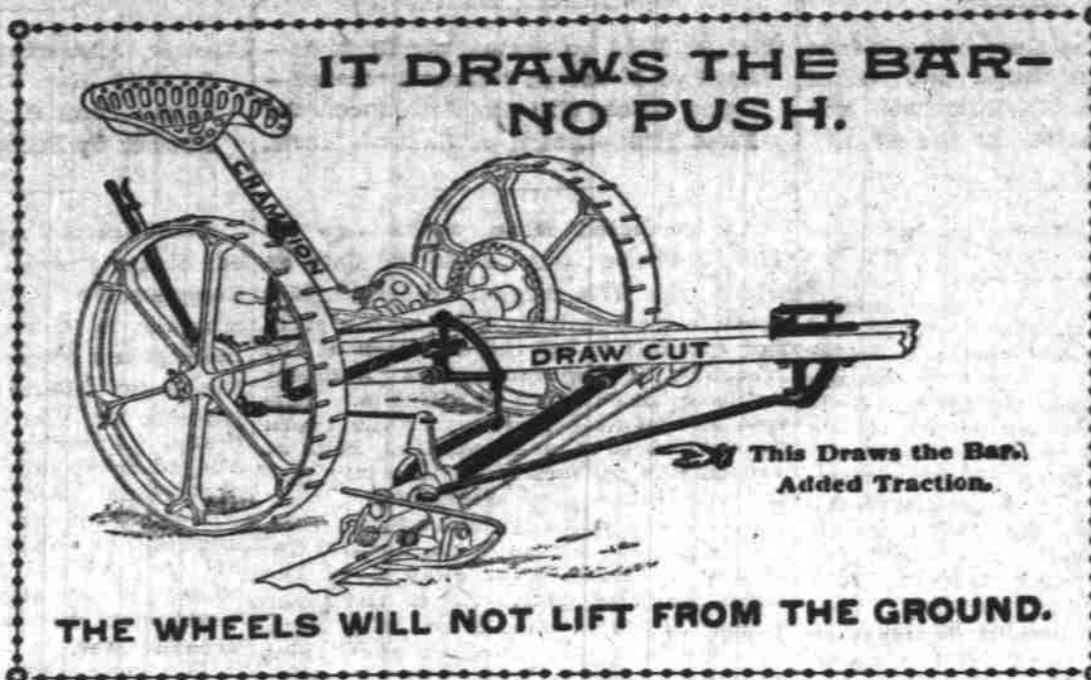


# Champion Draw Cut Mower

Named for its principal feature--DRAW CUT. No neck weight. Knife can be lined up with pitman when wear occurs. The finger bar in which the knife runs is drawn from a point in front--not pushed from the main frame of the machine. All other mowers push the finger bar more or less, and that is what reduces the cutting power and makes them dangerous to ride on. When the finger bar is pushed--much or little--there must be a bar to push it--a push bar. All front-bar mowers have push bars except the CHAMPION. The CHAMPION has none. The CHAMPION finger bar is drawn, not pushed in the least. If a mower has a push bar it is dangerous to ride upon it, and it loses cutting power when in tough grass, because the tendency is to lift the wheels. On other mowers the finger



Wheels cannot lift from the ground. Balanced adjustable finger bar, flexible swath board. Draw cut sizes 4 1/2 and 5 ft. Big draw cut sizes, 6, 7 and 8 ft. Every Champion Mower has two knives. The Champion is draw cut and has increased traction and power in hard cutting, that is, the resistance of the grass in cutting draws the wheels tighter to the ground. It is light draft and has no neck weight.

bar is almost entirely pushed. Some other mowers have a small draw rod, but remember they also have a big push bar. ALL SUCH MOWERS ARE PUSH CUT. When the finger bar of a push cut mower strikes forcibly a fixed obstruction, the inside wheel raises off the ground. Tough grass acts as an obstruction to the cutter bar, and when the cutter bar of a push cut mower is obstructed, however little, the tendency of the wheels is to lift. It is only when the obstruction takes the form of a fixed obstacle that the wheels will actually lift clear off the ground, but the tendency to lift is still there, and the tougher the grass the lighter the wheels press on the ground and the less traction you have just when you need it most.

## CHAMPION HAY RAKES

THE CHAMPION lock-lever self-dump rake. With this machine a boy may rake the heaviest hay and bunch it with the rake as well as a man. The foot lever for holding the teeth down may be locked or not as desired; when locked no effort is required to hold the teeth down while gathering, but simply the weight of the driver's foot will keep them in position. It is a simple device. It cannot get out of order.



## Everything in Agricultural Implements

And everything in Wagons, Buggies, Bike Wagons, Runabouts, or Vehicles.

We Have EVERYTHING on WHEELS

# MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAVER COMPANY

Salem Branch, F. F. CAREY, Manager  
219-229-237 STATE STREET SALEM, OREGON

### Concerning Celebrated Characters

Henry James, the novelist, recently visited Henry Adams, the historian, at the Washington home of the latter. Mr. Adams was making his first visit to the capital city of his native land in twenty years. He found much to divert him, much to admire and some things which he utterly failed to comprehend. Mr. Adams, who lives in Washington at least seven months out of every year, found his guest more amused than he anticipated, for even such James enthusiasts as the courtly Mr. Adams do not consider their idol a promoter of gaiety.

Mr. Adams' diagnosis of the case was that Mr. James needed an interpreter, since he was so behind in the vernacular that he did not understand the popular slang, and failed to enjoy the tidbits of wit which otherwise would have given him unbounding joy. Mr. Adams, therefore, put a "Foolish Dictionary" before his guest and told him to study up every evening before he went out to dinner. Now, yesterday, you came home tired in the afternoon and told the boy to get you a basin of tea. He obeyed orders, but when it came to the cook, that dignitary declared that no such performance should go on in this house unless I gave the orders myself. The cook told me confidently, later, that he thought you were just a little fuddled and he sent you some apollinaris and seltzer to cool you down. He added that once he had served with a man, when he got like that, would fill the wash pail with punch and drink himself into insensibility out of his shaving mug."

blond looking, drew himself up and exclaimed frigidly: "I think you have mistaken me for some one else. I am the minister from the Netherlands." The stranger gasped, blinked and then apologized: "I took you for McKim, the man who had over the house, architect, you know; blessed if you could not pass for him any day."

This was the beginning, and for two mortal hours the genial M. Marce van Swinderen explained to me at least ten things that he was merely a foreign envoy, the representative of her majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, and not the man to be praised or berated in the present aspect of the historic home of the president.

The house of representatives is to have a fine marble building devoted to office purposes for the 386 members of the lower branch of congress. Every part of the government service evinces the members their coming luxury, but no one doubts that this addition to the house has been needed for some years past. Every old nook and corner in the south wing of the Capitol has been converted into use by the members and their much badgered secretaries. But Marce Sidney Mudd of Maryland had a spot wherein his faithful scribe may lay down his weary pen.

At the end of the long corridor where the members must pass in entering the council halls from Pennsylvania avenue is a huge wooden box, used to store away wood for the open grates in the committee rooms. This box Mr. Mudd and his secretary consider their castle and they resent intrusion on their privacy. Of course, the casual visitor does not know that Mr. Mudd has pre-empted the wood receptacle and sometimes a man, tired of supporting his avoirdupois first on one foot and then on the other, perches himself on the box. If Mr. Mudd happens along--and the doorkeepers have noticed that he always happens whenever an interloper is in possession, he asks rather frigidly if the man is waiting for any one. If the intruder replies in the negative Mr. Mudd invariably answers, "Well, I am. I am waiting for my secretary and you have his seat."

He then proceeds to climb on the wood box and hold fast until his bright young man appears with pencil and paper. It is the duty of the secretary of the day to see Mr. Mudd stamp up and down the corridor, heedless of whom may be passing, frowning, clutching his watchchain and pulling his hair, in the throes of dictating a different letter or composing a speech. As Uncle Joe Cannon paraphrases the famous Reed witicism: "It's worth a trip to the Capitol to see Mr. Mudd when he thinks he is thinking."

There are pitfalls in diplomacy of which the general public never dreams. The secretary of state has just safely named a crisis which made all the minor officials in the department hold their breath. Each month there is issued from the ministry of foreign affairs a small blue book bearing the legend, "The Diplomatic List," wherein is inscribed the names and addresses of every member of the corps, together with each member of his family. This list is furnished gratis by the department to the diplomats themselves, and to all

who have occasion for such a document. It is, of course, exceedingly useful as a social register and is a golden book to the ambitious hostesses of the national capital and other cities.

But some of the foreign envoys are fond of splurging with an infinite variety of titles, surnames and abbreviations and thereby reducing the clerical force of the department and the social scribes of the White House to the verge of dementia. The Cuban republic has kicked such names as Senora Maria de la Cruz, Senora Dolores de la Vega y Calderon, and it is surely a task to transcribe all this in German type on an official document or a social remembrance from the executive mansion. But the Cubans stonily maintain that they cannot drop a "de la" or "y" without hopelessly mixing their identity.

Mr. Hay's recent victory lies in persuading the genial secretary of the Netherlands to drop at least one title and "receiving" the flourishing Christian cognomina in abbreviations. When the suave gentleman known in society now simply as Baron van Thuyll first came to Washington he wrote a communication to the state department and signed as "Baron Ernest Leopold Luitwilde van Thuyll, Dtamholder van Serouskerken." Now, the addition of some high sounding military titles and cognomina which go with orders of chivalry. Mr. Hay in a kindly manner got out of the genial Dutehman which of all this array he preferred to adopt, and he is now entered on the diplomatic list as Baron E. L. L. van Thuyll van serouskerken."

A select audience at the national capital had an impressive object lesson not long since about the license allowed to genius. Ernest Thompson Seton, the eminent naturalist, was invited to speak to some members of the Cosmos Club on the habits of rodents. The popular writer began very entertainingly and the scientists, who had a practical as well as scholastic end in view, were delighted. But Mr. Seton veered off, told about deers, big black bears, the ways of ants, anything, everything except about rats, on which subject the scientific men were pining for expert knowledge.

In that audience was a delegation of Indians, Pueblos from New Mexico, here on business before the commissioner of Indian affairs. He was never out of sight of money until he reached the Sacramento valley. The snow, however, served good purpose, for it fell before the severe colds experienced during the winter set in, thus leaving the ground in good shape after the snow cleared away.

While East the colonel visited his mother in Chicago and his old home in Iowa. In the Windy City the colonel saw something of the strike that is now being waged there between the cloakmakers, teamsters and the Montgomery Ward & Co. He says that the strike was precipitated by the employers on the day of the election of Mayor Dunne, and for no other purpose than to test him in his assertion that he stood for arbitration of all strikes. And for the same reason the laborers tried to put the strike off.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong.

to be a little huffy, but he soon regained his suave manner and joined in the cordial applause accorded his interloper.

One of the most gifted members of the diplomatic corps in Washington is the first secretary of the Russian embassy, Theodore Hansen. Mr. Hansen is a musician of rare attainments and he has always entertained the idea that he missed his vocation in choosing diplomacy as a career instead of art. He has studied under the most famous masters and in the best equipped conservatories of Europe. He is proud that he is one of the few pupils whom the great master, Rubinstein, consented to teach, even though he realized that Mr. Hansen considered music as a recreation and not a serious profession.

The piano is Mr. Hansens specialty, although he can play ten other musical instruments as skillfully as a member of a symphony orchestra. His home in Washington is a treasure house of relics belonging to the great composers of medieval and modern times. He has a piano which was once the property of Abbe Liszt. He has violins, mandolins and guitars, all with fascinating histories, worthy of a separate telling. But, most of all, Mr. Hansen prizes his collection of manuscripts. He has autograph copies of Bach's compositions and of Wagner, Verdi, Gounod and Schubert and more than a hundred autograph letters from the renowned masters who have revolutionized modern music.

Mr. Hansen's favorite hospitality during the season is to give a series of musical teas. He plays himself and gets other noted artists to help out in the program. Between each division of the program, pretty little pages of around tea, ices, bonbons and conserved fruit. There is some talk of having a musical dinner at the secretary's--a feature of entertainment popular in Paris and Berlin, but never attempted in Washington.

### Personal Side of John Hay's Life

John Hay, secretary of state, is intensely human. From those fortunate enough to know him personally and from the fewer number who may be termed his intimates, he attracts sincere affection. At sixty-six years of age he still unfolds in his home and among his close friends a youthful personality, which is the equitable complement of his brilliancy in affairs of state.

The statesman who will be remembered as premier of the Roosevelt cabinet is in all his relations a man of simple directness. He is something of a pessimist concerning himself, looking at his own works, as it were, through the little end of a telescope. Yet this tendency does not affect his clear vision of other men and their works or his appreciation of all that is good in life.

The Hay home, in Washington, a comfortable large red brick house at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets Northwest, reflects the individuality of its owner. Just within the portals one used to be reminded of Mr. Hay's famous "Pike County Ballads," for on the north wall of the entrance hall hung a picture of Jim Bludsoe, the red light of his burning stamper playing on the river pilot's breast and face. Underneath the memorable lines:

"I'll hold her nozzle agin' the bank 'Till the last galoot's ashore."

The Hay family, which, when in Washington, resides in this house, consists of Mr. and Mrs. Hay. Two charming daughters have been married, the secretary's oldest son met with sudden death a few years ago in New Haven and the youngest son, Clarence Hay, is away at college. Secretary Hay is essentially a home man. Within the four walls of his comfortable residence he spends most of his time. This recalls a story of years ago. At his bachelor dinner one of his friends remarked, "Ar how long was your honeymoon last?"

"Why," replied Mr. Hay, "I expect it to last the rest of my life."

Every weekday morning Mr. Hay works from 9 o'clock until 1:30 at the state department. Such matters as require his attention after that hour he attends to in his study at home. The room in which he usually receives visitors is on the first floor. A great fireplace occupies part of the wall space on one side. Comfortable settles offer inviting repose within the genial glow. At one end of the room is a big desk where Mr. Hay works.

The Hay library contains everything that is good. The taste of the secretary is nothing if not catholic in literature. He appreciates everything that is well done from the classics to nonsense verses. His tastes, in fact, shown by his own writings, which cover a wide range, from pathos and keen humor to the most serious and polished diction of his greatest speeches. John Hay is a man of speech which falls with wonderful expressiveness upon the ear, whose spoken address stands close scrutiny in cold, gray print. Yet he occasionally uses slang if he finds for purposes of brevity or emphasis it better suits his purpose.

Secretary Hay's closest personal friend is perhaps Henry Adams, the historian, who is his next door neighbor in H street. The secretary's only ex-

ercise consists of long walks in company with Mr. Adams. They have congenial tastes in literature. Mr. Adams writes for the love of writing, never having his recent works printed except for his own delectation.

In the language in which they were first written Secretary Hay is fond of perusing the works of great authors, believing that something is always lost in translation.

For poetry he has a wonderful memory. It is related that not one of his friends has ever been able to quote from standard poetical works a passage which Mr. Hay could not immediately place by naming the author. Whether Mr. Hay has written much action in recent years is something of a puzzle to his friends. A successful novel recently published anonymously and that it may have come from the pen of the author of "Little Breeces." It is thought that the man who from the days of his youth has found so much pleasure and not a little fame in his pen has probably not yet forsaken authorship, and that later there may be added to the list of his works something to be prized in literature. No "memoirs" need be expected, however, at least touching diplomatic questions, for Mr. Hay abhors the man who leaves behind him secrets which he has feared to reveal while living.

Over the fireplace in the dining room hangs a Botticelli Madonna with a history. Not alone was it painted by the master, more than four hundred years ago; not alone had it hung in the palace of great nobles before it became the property of the present owner, but Secretary Hay a few years ago saved it from declining into a wrinkled mass of pigment. He had observed that the reverse side of the wooden panel on which it was painted was badly cracked. The cracks threatened to increase and to break through the paint, destroying forever the beautiful representation of a Madonna in profile, the full length figure surrounded by a host of cherubim. A smaller Madonna, but of which question had been had by Botticelli or his master, Fra Lippo Lippi, the Carmelite, also showed similar distressing tendencies. The authenticated Botticelli was Mr. Hay's greatest concern, for it is valued at \$40,000. An artist who had been found willing to attempt the salvation of the picture died before his task was begun. Mr. Hay found in New York a man confident of his ability to avert the impending ruin. After working success-

fully with the smaller Madonna he proceeded to treat the larger.

His object was to remove from the panel the paint laid on four centuries before without cracking, rubbing, scratching or bending it. Over the painted surface were laid scores of sheets of damp tissue paper. There was just enough thin paste to cause them to adhere at certain points. Over the ridges of paint which in some lines Botticelli had used to enhance the relief the tissue was moulded by hand with infinite care. More sheets of tissue paper were added, until a fairly thick matrix was formed. Then the whole was laid away and dried for many days. Face down the panel was placed upon a soft but firm bed, and the masterpiece doctor attacked the reverse side with sandpaper. The magnitude of his task may be appreciated when it is said that the panel was in such a state that it was worn away, until there remained between the paint and the left hand of the artist only a paperlike sheet of wood. This was delicately resolved into dust. Then a linen canvas was moulded to the pigment, and when it was secured the painting was fully restored, with no danger of cracking and good for four hundred years more. It was set in a frame built in the wall above the fireplace in the dining room, and there it is to stay. In the preservation of this painting Secretary Hay took great delight, just as he would have deeply deplored its loss.

From the sublime to the ridiculous ranges Mr. Hay's taste in art, for among his most highly prized possessions are the cartoons which have marked the controversial zenith of certain of his public policies.

In a little room just off the hall is a telling cartoon representing Mr. Hay astride the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty galloping a winner under the wire of a diplomatic racecourse. One room in the house is covered on every wall with originals of excellent cartoons. Some are adverse to the secretary, some are laudatory--all are clever. Mr. Hay has a high appreciation of wit and is broad enough to laugh as heartily as any one at a cartoon which good naturedly pokes fun at his policies.

Secretary and Mrs. Hay do not move much in "fashionable society." Since their daughters were married there are fewer social functions in their home than formerly, but invitations to dinners at the home of the secretary of state are seldom declined by any one.

Legal Blanks at Statesman Job Office

**CO MA** By Caution 2:25! Sire of Francisco 2:25  
 Edisons 2:16M, Kitty Caution 2:25, Juniper 2:25M,  
 Santiam 2:25M, Lady Careful 2:25, Naltese 2:25,  
 Ruth 2:25, Electrochrome 2:25M, and other of OLLIE  
 M. 2:15M, Helen Norte 2:16M, Bellad 2:18, Oregon  
 Sunshine (B) 2:16M. Caution's sire was Electrochrome, sire of 162 in the list and 90 dams of 111  
 in the list. He was sired 125.  
 First dam OLLIE E. by Friam 1788, sire of Frank M. 2:17M, Honesty 2:25M. Second  
 dam by Hawthorne 1998, sire of Little Thore (B) 2:07M, Backbone 2:19M, Frank L. (B)  
 2:14M, Madison 2:17M, Tompset 2:19, Thorwood 2:19M, Capt. Thorne (B) 2:19M, and fifteen  
 others, and eight dams of ten in the list.  
 CO MA is a handsome blood bay with black points, 15 1/2 hands high, six years old and  
 traces to the very best families. He is a close, compactly built horse with a "w" in natural  
 speed. He gets a very uniform lot of colts, all very galloped, which may be seen at  
 all grounds CO MA will stand with unusual steadiness.  
 All mares bred to CO MA will be nominated in the 5000 Oregon Futurity, which is  
 held at the Statesman Job Office, 1000 Oregon Street, Salem, Oregon.  
 ROBT. STEPHENSON, Keeper, Fair Grounds, Oregon.  
 HOLMES FARM, Owner,  
 McCoy, Oregon.