

# THE THOS. KAY WOOLEN MILL CO.

HE who is a close observer judges a city by its mercantile establishments. He sizes up the stores, notes the volume and class of business and gauges the community thereby. It may seem at first glance that this is not the proper measure of a city's prosperity, yet it is a true measure.

The store, of course produces nothing, but on the other hand it is the product of the city's necessities. It is an effect not a cause. To support it there must be somewhere a cause, and looking at Salem's splendid business houses, one naturally inquires what supports them? Where does the money come from that pours in a steady stream over the numberless counters?

It is a hard question to answer unless one is a close observer. Around Salem is a rich agricultural country,

a section that in summer is fragrant with hops, and the eye is delighted with the billowing fields of tawny bearded grain, as well as fruit, stock etc.

To make a city requires more than this. It requires the turning of raw material into some finished product.

The Thos. Kay Woolen Mills is one of the features that have built up Salem.

Quietly, unobtrusively, but steadily year after year, this institution has turned loose in Salem for wages alone, from \$3,000 to \$5,000 monthly. In one sense this is not a large amount but when you take into consideration the fact that this money is all brought here and left here you can realize what this institution is doing for Salem. It is outside money brought here month after month, turned loose in Salem, that otherwise would not come here.

One of Oregon's misfortunes is that she is a maternal state. With the most prolific soil, the perfection of climate, she has opened her bosom to send to the world a wealth of wheat and timber and wool, cattle, sheep, mining products, fruits and a thousand other things, and all in the rough. The Thos. Kay Woolen Mill is one of the pioneer institutions that has undertaken to save Oregon, and leave here the added products due to manufacture, yet, much as Salem's big mill has added to Salem's prosperity, it is but a drop of what it and similar industries must do. The opening of the markets to the west has quieted the clamor on the Pacific coast for an isthmian canal, for the reason that the young western giants of trade and manufacture have realized the possibilities of the Orient. We no longer need association with the east, but rather the maintenance

of all natural barriers which exist in our favor.

The keen insight of Thomas Kay in establishing the mills here, deserves the more commendation for the fact that they were established long before present conditions arose, and they indicate the far-reaching grasp of their founders' intellect. The west and the east, the Occident and the Orient, are both ours because we are of both and who is there shall say, where or when we shall reach the summit of our productiveness.

A brief resume of the history of the Thos. Kay mills may not be out of place.

This mill was built in the spring of 1889, with twelve looms. It was burned down in 1895. A brick mill took the place of the burned structure, which was mostly wood and a new start was made with 20 looms. Since that time twelve looms have been added.

Besides the two new looms added during 1902, an improved wool washing and scouring plant has been added—a Sargent plant, to take the place

of the old machinery which required much of the work the new machine now performs to be done by hand. In addition to its economy, the new machine does the work better than it was done before. A new water wheel was put in, a 48-inch special Leffel wheel, which increased the capacity to the extent of about twenty-five horse power.

It is the settled policy of the management to set aside each year a certain per cent for improved machinery, thus constantly increasing the capacity of the plant, and adding to its efficiency in various ways and improving the quality of goods turned out. In pursuance of this policy, some important improvements are being planned for 1904. Among these is the addition of a new machine for making blankets and robes, to take the place in part of gigs. This is a very fine piece of machinery, and will add materially to the output of these classes of goods.

The capacity of the mill is now more than three times what it was at first, owing to the additions of improved machinery.

The gross business of last year was something over \$200,000, not a great increase over the year before owing to the low prices prevailing for the manufactured articles—though the quantity of goods turned out was materially increased. The prices on future orders range slightly higher and as capacity has been still further increased the gross business for 1903 has been greater than former years and 1904 will show gratifying increase.

Thos. Kay was the founder of the mill and its manager until the time of his death, in April of 1900. Mr. Kay learned his trade in England. He came to the United States nearly forty years ago, and was during all his life thereafter connected with the management of woolen mills in Oregon. He conducted the old Browns-

viken woolen mill for a number of years and the Ashland mill for a period. The splendid property here

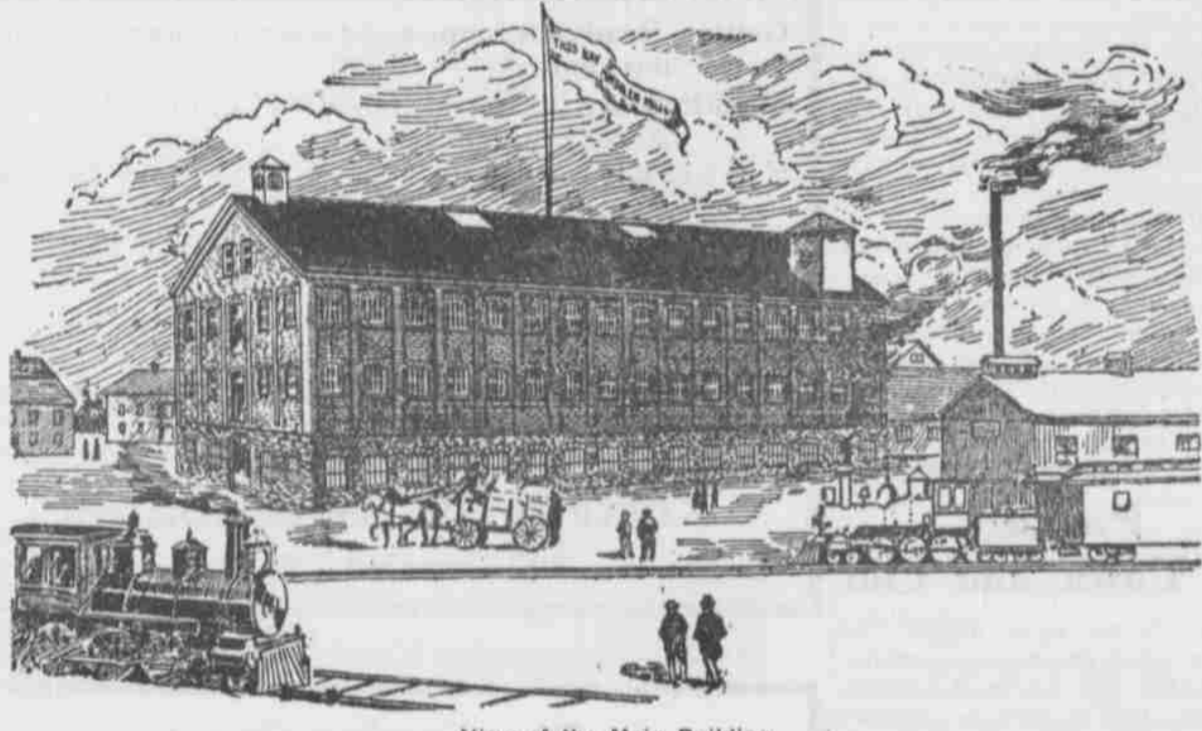


Thos. B. Kay, President.

in Salem, built by his efforts is an enduring monument of his untiring industry and zeal.

Thomas B. Kay, the present head of this institution was born and bred in this industry, and supervises every detail of the vast business from the purchasing of the wool to selling the finished product in the markets of the world. He is one of the pushing, briny and energetic young business men of the west who has learned and profited by the lifetime experience of his father to whom he is a worthy successor.

He has ability to grasp the new situation now opening to the Pacific coast, to realize the immensity of the field opened to us, and it is safe to say that under his direction Salem will reap her full share of the harvest coming from America's new accumulations and new arrangements in the far east.



View of the Main Building.

## ANNIHILATING SPACE BLOTTING OUT TIME

**Vivid Description of the Record-breaking Run on the German Electric Road When a Speed of 130 Miles an Hour Was Attained. Birds in Flight Were Overtaken, and the Front End of the Car Was Covered With Insects Crushed to Death by the Impact.**

(Dr. Reichel in a Berlin Weekly, Translated by the Scientific American.)

All preparations have been made; a brake test has been carried out; the engineers have climbed into the car, and the military posts along the road have been informed that the car is soon to start. The motorman turns the controller very slowly through a few degrees. Fourteen thousand volts shoot from the lines to the motors. With a whirl the car starts on its memorable journey from Marienfelde at twenty-five minutes after 9 o'clock. The overhead wires are swaying in a strong wind. As the car travels on, the strength of the electrical current fed to each of the four motors is gradually increased to 350 amperes. In other words, 2300 kilowatts, or 2600 mechanical horsepower, are being expended. A mile and a quarter has been covered. The speed indicator shows a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour. When Lichtenrade is reached, about half a mile further on, the car is rushing on at 94½ miles an hour. Each second the speed increases. Just before the station of Mahlow appears, a curve of 6500 feet radius looms up. The speed is now 100 miles an hour. We seem to be leaping toward the curve. No bend can be seen; the track apparently ends abruptly. We know it is only a curve, and yet we are anxious; we brace ourselves for a shock. Just as we reach the curve the track seems to bend into a gentle arc into which the car runs easily.

The curve is passed. About a mile ahead of us a safety signal can be seen. We climb a grade of twenty-six feet to the mile—slight, to be sure, and yet to ascend it at full speed we must expend 300 horsepower more. The train is flying on faster and faster. We rush through Mahlow (four miles from Marienfelde) at a speed of 115 miles an hour. No vibration or shock is felt. It seems as if the car itself were not moving—as if buildings, poles, trees, were flickering past. Only the humming of the wheels assures us that it is we who are moving. The voltmeter shows that the current collectors are doing their work smoothly. No fear of increasing the speed need be felt. The last resistances of the controller are grad-

ually cut out under the load of 2300 kilowatts. The finger of the speed indicator slips along to a mark which shows that the car is making 121 miles an hour. At every crossing a loud ringing note can be heard, caused by the wheels.

Fragments of ballast as large as walnuts are sucked up into the air and fall back as the train rushes on. At first the speed is bewildering, almost stupefying. We in the car are much nearer the track than is the engineer of a steam locomotive. On that account it seems at first as if the car is literally devouring the road by the mile. Gradually we become accustomed to the new sensation. The feeling of safety and comfort while overcoming the first shock of amazement gives rise to the desire to travel still faster. After the 120 mile an hour mark has been passed the excitement in the car becomes intense. Not a word is spoken. Only the click of the wheels over the rails is heard. Every eye that is not fastened on the speed indicator is glued on the track. Suddenly we see two men unconcernedly standing in the middle of the road calmly awaiting the car. The motorman jumps for the whistle string. As the danger signal shrieks the two men on the track turn about with a frightened look, and then flee for their lives. No power can stop this 93 ton car within a mile.

We whiz past the town of Dahlwitz. Dust, sand and large pebbles leap up behind us. We just catch a glimpse of people on the station throwing up their hats in joy. Suddenly a smashing blow is heard against the window of the cab, as if a man brought his fist heavily down upon the table. It was a bird, overtaken in its flight and killed. The speed indicator finger climbs up past the 124-mile mark. Rangsdorf is only one and one-quarter miles away (8½ miles from Marienfelde). It is soon time to shut off the current. If the 4000-horsepower engine at the power station at Oberspreewitz does not help us we shall not reach the speed for which we are all hoping. The engineers at the power house have not forgotten us. The finger of the speed indicator, as we near Rangsdorf, moves just a little further. And so we cover the last mile which we still have before cutting off the power at top-notch

speed, with 1400 kilowatt or 1600 horsepower.

A quarter of a mile before reaching the curve near Rangsdorf we shut off the current and apply the full power of the brakes. The speed of the car drops to 102 miles. The curve is rounded in a noble swing. The brake is released, and the car glides along under its own momentum without any current whatever until Zossen is reached. In eight minutes we have leaped from Marienfelde to Zossen. We crowd around the telegraph instruments, which have recorded a speed never before attained in the annals of railroading. The telegrapher can hardly attend to his instruments, so many heads are pressing about him. Finally he succeeds in reading off the record—130.4 miles an hour. Every one smiles; hands are shaken, congratulations exchanged. An officer rushes off to the telegraph station to announce to His Majesty the Kaiser the feat which German engineers have succeeded in performing.

The front end of the car is covered with flies, bees and small insects, crushed as if by a thumb against the iron and glass.

**The Governor's Dilemma.**

Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, recently arrived in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after a former resident of that state called and was shown to his room. He found the governor sitting in a chair surveying with gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall.

"What is the matter, governor?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," said the governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man packs them. If I open it the things will boil all over the room and I could never get them back. Now what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks."—Philadelphia Post.

They call the Jap "the Yankee of the Orient," in spite of the fact that his forefathers' day is a trifle older than 283 years. Perhaps the Yankee is really the Jap of the Occident.—Mail and Express.

Uncle Sam made it clear to Colombia that any monkeying with the Isle of Pines will make it an Isle of Hickory switches.—Denver Republican.

A flying machine constructed of bank notes should be able to fly away easily during the holiday season.

## STATE LAND BOARD

**Prices of the State Lands and Conditions of Purchase**

**How Loans Are Made From the School Funds—the Local Attorneys in the Various Counties**

Prior to May 21, 1903, the price of school lands was \$1.25 per acre and during the early part of the past year the sales were greatly in excess of those of any previous period in the history of the department. Since the law raising the price to \$2.50 per acre has become effective the sales have almost entirely ceased.

The amount due as deferred payments on outstanding certificates issued for the sale of school lands is about one million dollars.

The receipts of the department for the past year have been about four hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

The farms acquired under foreclosure of mortgage are in the hands of the State Land Agent who acts under the direction of the Board.

In order to secure a loan from the school fund it is necessary to apply to the Attorney for the Board in the county in which the land to be offered as security is located, and it is his duty to examine the title of the land appraise it, file the completed application with the Clerk of the Board by whom it is submitted to the board and after their approval it passes into the hands of the State Treasurer who forwards the money to the applicant and receipts for interest and principal payments thereon. Loans are made for only one-third of the appraised cash value, exclusive of all improvements. The rate of interest is six per cent. Loans are made for the period of one year with the privilege of extending the time to ten years providing the interest, which is due January 1, and July 1, of each year, is promptly paid.

The sales of state lands and the investment of funds arising therefrom are in the hands of the state land board which is composed of the Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer.

This board appoints a clerk who has charge of the affairs of the land department and is custodian of the records and seal of the board,

receipts for all moneys paid on the sale of lands, and all certificates and deeds issued for the sale of state lands are prepared by him.

The regular meetings of the board are held in the office of the clerk on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

The price of school lands is not less than \$2.50 per acre; of Agricultural College and University lands not less than \$1.25 an acre; of swamp lands not less than \$1.00 per acre and of tide lands not less than \$2.00 per acre, the board reserving the right to fix whatever price may in their judgment be proper. Any person above the age of 18 years who is a free citizen of the United States is entitled to purchase 320 acres of each of the above classes of lands.

Upon school, university and agricultural college lands one-fifth of the purchase price is required to be paid down; one-fifth becoming due in one year with interest at 8 per cent; one-fifth in two years with interest at 7 per cent and two-fifths on demand with interest at 6 per cent. No application is accepted for these lands unless accompanied by at least one-fifth of the purchase price. On swamp and tide lands the full amount of the purchase price must be deposited with the application.

The very efficient office force at the state capital is as follows:

G. C. Brown, Clerk of the Board.  
C. L. Parrish, Chief Clerk.  
Julia K. Webster, Recording Clerk.  
Grace N. Babcock, Stenographer.

**The County Attorneys.**

The attorneys for the board in the different counties of the state and their addresses are as follows:

J. Fred Yates, Corvallis, Benton.  
Frank L. Moore, Baker City, Baker.  
G. E. Hayes, Oregon City, Clackamas.  
Chas. H. Page, Astoria, Clatsop.  
W. H. Conyers, Clatskanie, Columbia.  
L. A. Roberts, Myrtle Point, Coos.  
M. B. Gibson, Langlois, Curry.  
W. A. Bell, Prineville, Crook.  
F. W. Benson, Roseburg, Douglas.  
Jay Bowerman, Condon, Gilliam.  
George H. Cattanch, Canyon City, Grant.  
A. W. Gowen, Burns, Harney.  
W. I. Vawter, Medford, Jackson.  
W. G. Halo, Grants Pass, Josephine.  
C. H. Withrow, Klamath Falls.  
W. A. Wilshire, Lakeview, Lake.  
A. C. Woodcock, Eugene, Lane.  
J. B. Wyatt, Albany, Linn.  
C. B. Croson, Toledo, Lincoln.  
F. A. Turner, Salem, Marion.  
Wm. Miller, Ontario, Malheur.  
Warron E. Thomas, Portland, Multnomah.  
J. L. Collins, Dallas, Polk.  
J. M. Parry, Moro, Sherman.  
B. L. Eddy, Tillamook, Tillamook.  
James A. Fee, Pendleton, Umatilla.  
L. J. Davis, Union, Union.  
J. D. McCully, Joseph, Wallowa.

W. H. Wilson, The Dalles, Wasco.  
E. B. Tongue, Hillsboro, Washington.  
H. H. Hondricks, Fossil, Wheeler.  
W. T. Vinton, McMinnville, Yamhill.

Sir Thomas still has his eye on the America's cup, but we don't intend to let him get his hands on it.

## Hominy Corn

Some fine white corn that makes hominy "Like mother made."

Violet Rolled Oats, use them and get a White House Cook Book, free.

Oat Flakes, a prize in every package.

We sell Flour, good flour and at the lowest prices in the city.

**D. A. White & Son**  
Feedmen and Seedsmen  
301 Com'l St. Phone 1781

J. J. MILLER, PETER HOCH,

## German Market

Just opened, next door to Harritt & Lawrence's grocery store, a clean, new market, where all kinds of meat can be had. Low prices and prompt delivery our motto. We make a specialty of fine German sausage of all kinds. Give us a call.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly, largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 351 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 57 St. Washington, D. C.