

ATTEND THE SKIDOO.

EAT

Fuller & Douglas Ice Cream, the best in the land, and you'll be happy. For quality we lead them all.

FULLER & DOUGLAS,
Salem's Leading Grocers.
Confectioners and Bakers.

154-460 State St. Phone 182-187
Cream direct from the dairy to our freezer makes perfect ice cream.

Keep the Flies Off

Use So Bos So, the only stuff that gives satisfaction to every one. Applied with a small sprayer, it costs less than 10c a day and does the work. Give it a trial and we know you will like it.

D.A. WHITE & SON

FEEDMEN and SEEDMEN

Poultry and Bee Supplies.

255 Com'l Phone 160

EDISON THEATRE

TONIGHT AND ALL WEEK

The Brigham-Cooper Company presents the beautiful patriotic drama entitled

"FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE"

Friday, Saturday and Sunday Nights.

"The BOHEMIANS"

By Special Request

WE HAVE THE BEST

Of everything that you could wish for in the way of lumber, or so large is our assortment that it is easy for the builder to find just what he wants.

The low prices we ask make the buying as easy as the choosing.

Why not get our quotations on your supply?

VOGET FUEL & LUMBER CO.

Smiles

Taxation is a funny thing. You buy a lot, spend money grading it, put on a fine house and improvements, then you are forced to pay taxes on all you have in improving the property, enhancing your neighbor's property, enhancing the community. On top of this the city will make you build sidewalks, grade and pave streets. The plumber will tax you, the water company will tax you, and all because you were foolish enough to be enterprising. The owners of unimproved property are constantly getting the benefit of all that the enterprising man does, and are constantly dodging taxes and getting out street and sidewalk and sewer improvements. It is such the public-spirited man all the time and favor the man who does not spend ten dollars a year on improvements of any kind.

Indigestion.

With its companions, heart burn, flatulence, torpidity of the liver, constipation, palpitation of the heart, poor sleep, headache and other nervous symptoms, sallow skin, foul tongue, offensive breath and a legion of other ailments, is at once the most widespread and destructive malady among the American people. The Herbine treatment will cure all these troubles. The bottle. For sale by D. J. Fry.

CASITORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Castor Oil

BRONCHO BUSTING IN OLD CROOK

When Governor Chamberlain, State Land Agent West, State Engineer Lewis, State Treasurer Moore and the others of the gubernatorial party went into the wilds of Crook county two weeks ago to inspect the mammoth irrigation project, that will soon make the arid plains of the desert blossom like a rose garden, "Mine Host" O'Kane, the cheerful boniface of the Hotel Bend, spread himself like Murphy's law. He said: "Nothing in the house is too good for Riley," and he began to cast about for some suitable amusement for the official guests from this capital.

While the party was at dinner a couple of cow punches came down the main street of the town, leading or rather herding, a fine four-year-old sorrel colt, just roped out on the range.

He was a fine specimen; his dam, a wild broncho of the sage brush—his sire a thoroughbred. Born on the desert, his life spent in following his mother and the herd many miles each day, through canyons and over mountains and rim rock, in search of food and water, until he had built up that iron constitution, possessed only by the range horse. The rim rocks had made his feet as round and hard as a cannon ball. Constant travel had made him strong of wind and muscle, and the abundant bunch grass had given him strength. The blood of his thoroughbred sire showed in his clean limbs; in his eye shone the fire and fight of his plebeian mother.

This horse was captured but not conquered, and was turned into the corral. Then Landlord O'Kane announced that Bill Howell would ride the untamed beast for the edification of his honored guests from the lowlands.

It may be remarked, parenthetically, that Bill Howell has the reputation of being one of the best riders that ever came up the creek. But when Bill was sent for it was discovered that he had been lingering a little too long around the flowing bowl; but Landlord O'Kane said that Bill should ride that horse anyhow.

Bill arrived on the scene and was just as full of confidence as he was of booze, and he announced to the spectators that he would give an exhibition of a man riding a bucking horse, and carrying a gallon of booze without spilling a drop.

While Bill tucked his trousers legs a little farther into the tops of his high heeled boots and donned his chaps and spurs the colt was leaping in front of the hotel, and as he passed Bill, by the way of an introduction, slapped him in the flank with his hat, and was kicked on the hind in return.

The colt was then thrown on his hind legs, but not until he had landed on Bill a couple of times with both feet. In spite of his bellowing and fighting he was saddled and bridled and was allowed to get on his feet. While

How Landlord O'Kane of the Hotel Bend Entertained the Gubernatorial Party—Bill Howell Took the Cake and Never Spilled a Drop.

standing somewhat dazed by the stunt he had just gone through, the colt was approached by Bill, who proceeded to climb aboard. About the time Bill's right leg slid over the saddle the colt pulled himself together and went up in the air like a sky rocket, and before Bill could settle himself safely in the saddle the colt's hind feet shot straight up in the air and he came down on his front feet, which struck the hard street like a pile driver. In the meantime Bill had turned a complete somersault and had landed flat on his back in the middle of the street.

He arose with the exclamation that "this horse is sure a daisy," and again proceeded to get aboard. But before he could get safely astride the colt repeated his stunt, and for a second it was heads and tails whether Bill would go overboard or remain on deck, for there was about a foot of daylight between him and the horn of the saddle. Fortunately Bill flopped back into the saddle, and with his feet once in the stirrups gave an exhibition of riding that made his spectators wonder what he could do if he were sober.

Frederick Remington's drawings give us the "running buckner," the "sunfisher" and several other varieties, but this colt combined the wild qualities of all of them. He would shoot up in the air and the double up like a jackknife, head and tail meeting between his legs, his hind feet and tail pointed towards holier scenes like a tall church spire. Then in an instant he would be over on the other side of the street and up in the air again and then down the street, bucking all the time and twisting like a corkscrew.

Bill continued to deliver the goods. He held the bridle with his left fin and kept the other high in the air to show the crowd that he was not touching leather.

About this time the colt caught sight of an open door leading into the dining room and he headed that way, Bill assisting with the spurs, but fortunately for Landlord O'Kane one of the waitresses had enough presence of mind to shut the door just as the colt's nose appeared inside.

Bill now heeled the colt down the sidewalk, and as they passed the glass front of a store the colt took a flier with both feet and demolished a window, sash and all.

Then he ran into an alley in the rear of the hotel and ran amuck of several clothes lines. But Bill bowed as gracefully as a windswept vine and came out without a scratch. He then made for a tall tree with spreading branches, and Bill was occasionally lost among the leaves, but when the horse emerged from the foliage Bill was still in the saddle. After this Bill let the colt go and he shot into the thin distance like a bullet. It was half an hour before Bill came leisurely riding the subdued colt back to town. Bill Howell had made good.



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FIRE CLOTHING
MICHAEL STERN & CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Stylish Suits

Especially designed in the most "natty" styles for neatness and durability.

We have the best suits in the country. A complete line and every new style in summer clothes, values can't be beat.

Summer underwear in sizes 34 to 50. Shirts 30 to 20 dis. 50c a garment.

Salem Woolen Mill Store.

THE STORY OF CLASSIFIED TOWN

CHAPTER XVII.



This is the bandon of Classified Town, Whose genial smile won wide renown. The best investments he'll secure, And of their value he is sure.

If asked his method, he replies: "It's told in one word—advertise. Use Journal want ads and read them, too. You'll learn that what I say is true.

The time or money thus you spend; Will always bring a dividend. If you seek a loan, or would invest; Journal want ads you will find are best.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

X-RAYS

Leaf land in Chicago is made from this leavings.

One hundred and thirty years ago yesterday there was something doing in Philadelphia.

Oregon promoters seem to think that railroads can be built by wind-mill power, bossed by a megaphone.

The late Senator Mitchell must have had Oregon's gang of hot air railroad builders in mind when he talked about a railroad to Mars.

Mayor Lane, of Portland, has performed the hitherto supposedly impossible. He has made a public committee apply the contributions entrusted to it to the object for which it was given.

Frances J. Heney, the spectacular and fraud prosecutor, arrived in Portland Wednesday morning. It is hard to tell whether he comes loaded for bear or snipe, though the latter seems to be his favorite hunting.

There are 13,000 miles of railroad under construction in the United States, and if all the paper railroads in Oregon were under construction, there would probably be something like 13,000,000 miles.

The horse editor has no immediate intention of purchasing a marriage license, but it strikes him that the changing of \$3, or any sum whatever, for the privilege of getting married is an outrage on decency.

The Atlantic cable must have sized when it brought the glad tidings across the sea that the Crown Princess of Germany had a kid, and that they were going to call it Billy, because Nannie wouldn't be appropriate.

The horse editor has always given the President credit for knowing enough to "come in out of the rain." But his confidence is shaken since read-

ing the dispatch last night that Teddy made a spectacular play by making a speech in a driving rain, and refused to stand under an umbrella.

If the convicts cannot be taken to work at the state fair grounds without taking them in the regular street cars where ladies and children are compelled to ride with them, then the state fair grounds had better be left as they are. If the ladies will pardon the horses editor's French, he desires to state it is a d—d outrage.

Promoters have found a crooked strip 100 feet wide running from a point on the Columbia west of Umatilla via Sumpter to a point on Snake river near Huntington. They promptly located a railroad line on it, and formed a company with \$25,000 to build 200 miles of road. It looks as though the company put its capital stock low, so it could raise enough money to pay its incorporation tax.

Croup
Is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the wind pipe, which sometimes extend to the larynx and bronchial tubes; and is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It almost always comes on in the night. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. 25c, 50c and \$1. For sale by D. J. Fry.

Boil Drinking Water.
While the work of enlarging the filtering system is in progress it would be better for all to boil their drinking water—The progress of the work will be noted in this paper. 5-19-1f.

Men Wanted.
Sawmill and lumber yard laborers, \$2.25 per day. Woodmen, \$2.25 to \$3.00. Steady work. Apply to Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., Eugene, Or. 5-22-1f

The Texas Wonder.
Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble; sold by all druggists, or two months' treatment by mail for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Stone's drug stores. dr-12c

Personals

Tom Holman returned to Brooks this Portland today.

T. B. Shortridge, of the Bohemia mine, is in town.

Pearl Locke, of Independence, was in the city yesterday.

Floyd Patten, of McMinnville, spent the Fourth in Salem.

Miss Nell Miller, of Albany, spent the Fourth in Salem.

H. D. O'Neil went to Portland today for a brief visit.

Adjutant-General Finzer returned to Portland this morning.

Miss Mollie Frost has returned home after a brief visit here.

Tom Nolan, of Corvallis, spent Fourth of July in Salem.

Ralph Rader, of Portland, is spending a few days in Salem.

Clair O'Flynn, of Tacoma, is visiting his father in South Salem.

Miss Lottie Randall, of Oregon City, is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Bernice Sears, of McCoy, spent the Fourth with friends here.

Frank Osterlin was a Portland-bound passenger this morning.

Miss Hazel Hollister, of Dallas, was in the city to spend the Fourth.

Misses Ora and Lulu Goodrich, of Chemawa, spent yesterday in Salem.

Dr. E. A. Preece returned to Portland this morning.

Mrs. Z. Koyes left for a visit to Earl Shepard, of Portland, was in the city yesterday visiting friends.

Dr. Leo Skinner was among the north-bound passengers on the morning local Harry Pillsbury left today for a few days' recreation with relatives near Eugene.

Mrs. Harrison Green, of Portland, who has been visiting relatives and

friends in the city, returned home this morning.

Ralph Zercher has returned from the East, where he has been attending Oberlin College.

W. B. Phillips, who was visiting relatives here, has returned to his home at St. Paul, Or.

Clarence Bonchamp, the Stayton druggist, was homeward bound on this morning's train.

Miss Gertrude K. Bashor, of Portland, spent the holiday with her mother in Yew Park.

Mrs. Lottie Dorris-Helges, of Independence, was among the excursionists in Salem yesterday.

Rollin K. Page, manager of the Citizen's Light & Traction Company, is in Portland on business.

Miss Gertrude Bashor returned to Portland this morning, after a brief visit at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe Nye, of Portland, visited relatives here and attended the celebration yesterday.

Miss Cooper, who has been the guest of Mrs. Ray Gilbert for several days, left this morning for Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Leabo, formerly of this city, but now residents of Portland, are visiting friends here.

Messrs. Murphy and Mendenhall, of Harrisburg, former medical students at Willamette, spent the Fourth here.

Misses Carmen and Harriette Sears and Misses Bernice and Winnette Sears, of McCoy, spent the Fourth in Salem.

Philo Crawford, a former Salem boy, now in the employ of Allen, Lewis & Co., of Portland, spent the Fourth here.

Alton Coates, Doc Wallace, Ollie Rowe and Walter Blyen, of Albany, were taking in the celebration yesterday.

Hon. C. B. Moores and family left today for their annual outing at New-