

Society

BY MOLLIE RUNCORN.

Smart society thronged the Portland home of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Giesy, who are well known in Salem, Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Giesy received at a handsomely-appointed tea. Mrs. William P. Fuller, a well-known San Francisco society matron, who, with Mr. Fuller, is a guest of the Giesys for a few days, assisted in receiving.

Mrs. John F. Dickson and Mrs. Joseph Nathan Teal presided at the smokers, and Mrs. Daniel Andrew Shindler and Mrs. Thomas Honeyman served ices. Assisting in the dining-room were: Mrs. Kenneth Robertson and Miss Genevieve Church. Miss Katherine Hart and Miss Ruth Teal were stationed at the punch bowl, arranged in a floral bower in the living room, and assisting the hostess in the drawing room were: Mrs. S. M. Johnston, Mrs. Rudolph Prall, Mrs. Roger B. Sinnott, Mrs. E. L. Thompson, Mrs. Henry H. Van Deuser, Mrs. Samuel W. Church, Mrs. Frank Gilbert, Mrs. L. G. Clarke, Mrs. James B. Honeyman, Miss Ella Stephens and Miss Tica von Bolton.

Before her marriage Mrs. Giesy was Miss Ida Church, a daughter of Mrs. J. J. Murphy.

Miss Mary Evelyn Calbreath returned to Portland the latter part of last week from New York, where she has been studying voice during the winter with Franz X. Arens. Miss Calbreath has just completed her second winter in New York, prior to which she passed a year in Germany in music study. She is a clever and talented girl and with her splendid equipment is an interesting acquisition to the musicians of Portland. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Calbreath, and a sister of Miss Helen Calbreath, and formerly resided in Salem.

The Misses Calbreath since their removal to Portland have been frequent guests of the George G. Bingham.

Miss Fae Goin and Miss Mollie Adams, left Saturday for their homes in Charter Oak, Iowa. Miss Goin is a member of the liberal arts class of Willamette University and expects to return to Salem next fall to resume her studies at that institution. She has been making her home with the Dr. E. E. Fishers, who also entertained Miss Adams, during her stay. Both were entertained at several affairs, and they were also Newport visitors previous to their departure. They went by way of San Francisco, expecting to make short stops in Salt Lake City, and in Colorado.

Mrs. T. M. Barr, was hostess, Thursday, to the ladies of St. Joseph's altar society, entertaining with an informal afternoon. Assisting with musical numbers and in serving were Miss Lucille Jaskoski, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Marie Campbell and Miss Helen Barr.

The entertaining rooms were artistic with decorations of crimson rambler roses.

Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Lawrence, left Saturday for Portland, where they will make their home.

One of the most attractive features of the parade Saturday evening, was the beautiful Artisan float which won the Three Hundred Dollar sweep stake prize in the Portland Rose Carnival. This elaborate float was designed and built by E. M. Learman of Portland, especially for the United Artisans, and was shipped to Salem under the auspices of the local lodge.

The value of the float was over \$300, and was not only beautiful in design, but suggested, very cleverly, the teachings and work of the order.

Upon rocks which arose from a turbulent sea, stood the various exemplars of the order. Father Time, with a golden scythe, was impersonated by Samuel Vail; War and Commerce were

represented by E. A. Pruitt and William Zoel, each stationed by a huge anchor, while Music, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture were represented by the following young ladies: Miss Florence Smith, Miss Mignon Oliver, Miss Rose Breitenstein and Miss Rosalia Bach. On an elevation from this, in a picturesque setting sat the Queen and her pages, neath a golden dome, which rested on Grecian pillars entwined with garlands of roses. The beauty of the queen, Mrs. Anna Breitenstein-Quinn, combined with the richness of her robes and surroundings, presented a scene of splendor and attractiveness. The pages were represented by Masters Burdick and Kreisel.

The float was lighted by 200 colored lights, artistically placed by L. L. Robinson. The float was followed by eight decorated automobiles bearing the Portland Artisans headed by Supreme Master H. S. Hudson.

The entire party which numbered over forty came to Salem especially for the Cherry Fair in a private car. The local order, as well as the entire order is to be congratulated upon the demonstration and the assistance which was given to make Salem's first Electric Parade a success.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Needham on Fourth street was the scene of a simple but beautiful wedding Sunday evening, when their daughter, Pearl, became the bride of Arthur P. Thompson. Rev. P. S. Knight performed the ceremony. Miss Daisy Needham, a sister, attended as bridesmaid, and Howard Edwards was the best man, the nuptial group forming beneath a bower of ivy and orange blossoms. The bride was gown in blue-toned messaline with over-drapery of wide shadow lace. Her bouquet was formed of lilies with a shower of sweet peas.

The bridesmaid was costumed in pink with lace garnitures, and she carried an armful of pink carnations.

The house was artistically decorated with sweet peas. Decorations of these also centered the table, where a wedding luncheon was served, covers being laid for 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will leave shortly for Stockton, Cal., where Mr. Thompson is engaged in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Martin entertained Mr. and Mrs. William G. Martin and their daughters, Josephine and Mildred, of Eugene, as week-end guests, the Martins coming down to attend the Cherry fair. Miss Elma Harris, of Dallas, was also their house guest for Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. John Sholund, who has been ill for some time, left today for Waldport, where she will spend several weeks the guest of friends, hoping that the outing at this delightful place will restore her health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Shover will leave Thursday morning for Evanston, Ill., where they will reside. Mrs. Shover has been an active member of the W. R. C. since their residence of several years in Salem.

Miss Florence Hofer is entertaining a number of young people this evening with a launch party.

During the Cherry Fair Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Gilbert entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and two daughters, of Paris, Ill., and Mrs. L. Weider, of Albany. Mr. Gilbert, who formerly resided in the Hunter's home town realized much pleasure in taking his guests on motor trips through the surrounding country, showing them Salem and Oregon at its most attractive and delightful season. Although wintering in California and coming directly to Salem from there they were very enthusiastic in their

BREEDING UP DISEASE-RESISTANT POTATOES

From the interest expressed by several farmers in the subject, I feel it will be of interest to a good many farmers, and maybe of financial value to some, to know my method of breeding up disease-resistant potatoes. As potato digging time is the time to begin the work, now is a good time to explain the method, giving you lots of time to think it over, and nourish your determination to carry it out. If you have any fear of forgetting any of the points, it might pay you to save this article for future reference.

Before beginning on the main subject please let me express a few thoughts on the simplicity of and the sources of knowledge.

When I was a youth I read the following incident: "A certain poor woman had worked in a certain large factory for years. She had a little blind child of three summers who had grown up in the factory, and, having a sweet, gentle, unobtrusive disposition, was loved by everybody and given the free run of the great building. One day a certain intelligent gentleman came to visit the factory. The little one asked him if she should sew him around. He laughingly assured her he would be able to find his way. After wandering around and inspecting many different departments, he was ready to leave the building, but after trying for some time he discovered he was lost. At last in his wanderings he ran across the little child, who, at his appeal, kindly showed him the way out."

The thought brought out in this little parable has staid by me all my life. Many times I have stimulated myself to perseverance by saying it is probably so simple a child could understand it when it gets the run of it. I once had a puzzle given me. I worked on, off and on, for two years. I sat down one evening and worked it out in a few minutes. I feel humbled even now when I think about it. It is so simple even a child can understand the science of it. If I had permitted any one to explain it to me, it being so simple, I would have felt the disgrace of it all the rest of my life. The main reason for the difference in progress in their studies of students is not difference in mental ability, but mental laziness. The average person gets sleepy or thinks they have a headache when given a book to read that is rather dry and difficult to understand.

The last year I was in the Nebraska School of Agriculture I was given the short course boys to instruct in the separator section of the dairy department. Prof. Staeker, head of the department, often said to me: "Pretty boy, how do you manage to handle those fellows the way you do?" I did not understand the real reason at the time myself. I know now. It was because I impressed upon them the simplicity of everything I undertook to explain to them, and made them feel I considered it a matter of pure laziness on their part if they failed to take hold of and comprehend it.

Next to laziness, fear is the deepest river we have to wade in reaching the land of knowledge. There are many people who if they had developed their ideas along some worthy line of thought with the same zeal they have developed plausible excuses to keep from branching out into new channels, would have their names go down in history.

There is quite a fad among the so-called educated class to hide their defective knowledge in gaudy ornaments such as nice quotations and big sounding words, to strike awe into and dazzle the untutored. If the untutored would work up spunk enough to pry beneath the mask of their so-called educated persecutors, they would find they had more of the real stuff in themselves. The ability to spout off long quotations, use big words and talk about distant lands is all very nice, but it will never go far toward helping a body through life. Those accomplishments are not food in capable of acquiring. It is a sad fact that if we extracted the ornamental trash from the minds of the average college graduates there would be little left. But I hear a low, deep, indignant muttering coming from the laboring classes, demanding practical studies for their boys and girls so they may be a prop instead of a burden for their parents in their declining years.

The ornamental graduate is one the average young lady of today who covers up her personal defects with padding, paint and powder to win the unwise youth, and seizes the honest and thoughtful young man out of the notion of getting married for fear when he gets the wedding he will have scraped off his bride he will have nothing left. I have stood and listened on a street corner to a crowd of young men telling their imaginary stories of what we would probably find beneath that padding, paint and powder, till I would have the nightmare so bad that when I woke up I would lay and tremble for an hour.

I once made a custom of going to hear a certain preacher. For three months I had to consult my dictionary for an hour after each sermon till at last I became acquainted with his vocabulary. He was really a talented man, but few strangers came to hear him the second time, for they couldn't comprehend his big words. Most of them trembled at the idea of talking with him for fear they would show their ignorance. His influence in this world will be little above zero. Deep and pure thoughts expressed in earnest mood and simple language are the real diamonds to replace the worthless glitter so often used to create respect and admiration for ourselves.

The humblest people we have in the world today are the most learned ones. They fully comprehend the simplicity of all knowledge. Instead of being flattered they are irritated by the haze of mystery thrown around them and the worshipful attitude extended them by the so-called common people, who might become greater than they if they only would.

Seeking advanced knowledge is like hunting for the needle in the haystack. No one will doubt for a moment but what the needle can be found if you tear the stack into small enough bits. But who has got the will, the ambition, the grit to undertake it! Acquiring knowledge is just as simple and humdrum a task. It is the simple

task of dividing each unknown quantity, either material or mental, into the different elements of which it is composed until at last you simply come upon the truth woven into them.

The beginning of all knowledge is little things. Just as sure as the giant fir tree springs from a little seed that can lie on the end of your little finger, so sure are the sources of all sciences and philosophies as insignificant. While the average college graduate is putting on what he calls the finishing touches by sitting happily in the rear end of an observation car speeding across the continent, laying in a store of glimpses of fleeting landscapes, the scientists and philosophers, the men and women who have made this speeding possible, who have made possible the comforts and luxuries of today, who have made it possible to grow two pounds of produce of superior quality where one pound of inferior quality used to grow, are even more happy spending days, weeks, months, even years, in one little spot delving into and solving the mysteries of some little item of nature's handiwork.

And now, dear friends, nearly all I am going to tell you about the noble spud can be verified in most any little patch of potatoes two rods square. While I have had many acres of potatoes to study from, I have been years gaining the knowledge I am about to impart to you.

Now all these preliminary remarks are to shame out the lazy ones and encourage the fearful to begin the work of at least breeding up potatoes this fall.

Ten years ago I was talking with a neighbor from whom I had bought some extra nice Beauties of Hebron seed potatoes a couple of years before. They did so well for myself and others in the neighborhood they became quite a favorite. I asked him where he ran on to them. He told me one year he had a little patch of potatoes that he dug with a fork. Seeing several nice hits scattered around over the patch, he picked them up and stored them by themselves. The next year he planted them separate from his main field. The result was he got a far better yield and better quality of potatoes from his selected seed. I asked him if he kept on doing that way. He said: "No." I asked him why, and he said: "Oh, it is a good deal of bother. But I guess I will have to do it again, for my potatoes are running out pretty bad."

This was the germ that set my mind to working. The next fall I wanted to do that way. But we had many acres to dig, and used a potato digger and were washed to death for time, so I let it go. The next year it was the same thing over again. But this delay was a good thing for me, for it spurred me on to deeper thinking on the subject.

While picking up potatoes I observed some were nearly eaten up by weevils. Others were only partially affected. Now and then I would run across a nice potato that had a perfectly smooth and healthy skin. This simple observation had to be placed before my mental vision time and again for two years before I comprehended its significance.

The third spring while I was sorting potatoes I began saving out all the nice, large, smooth, uniform potatoes I ran across. Out of nearly three hundred bushels I secured between three and four bushels of as fine looking potatoes as ever you set eyes on. When I was ready to plant, I cut each potato into halves, lengthwise, and threw out all that showed the least signs of disease or hollowness. I had to throw out seventy per cent of those fine looking potatoes, and plant them with my common stock. You see, looks don't go far in potato breeding. The remaining thirty per cent I planted in the middle of my main field, giving them identically the same cultivation.

I always cut my potatoes, leaving not more than two eyes in a piece, and only one if they are strong and healthy. I throw away the cluster of eyes and the one or two little eyes that are always on the heel end. The former seldom develop anything but a lot of little potatoes, and the latter seldom grow at all.

The select potatoes yielded me sixty per cent more salable potatoes than my common stock. While my common seed produced me, many knobby potatoes, my select seed produced me practically none. Of course I stored them by themselves. The next spring that little bin of forty or fifty bushels of potatoes was an interesting study to me. I found practically every potato that was cut by the potato digger was starched over and perfectly sound. There was not near the shrinkage from evaporation naturally expected to take place over winter. I secured several bushels of large, uniform potatoes from among them. And on cutting them into halves had to throw out thirty per cent instead of seventy. The chief complaint was hollowness.

My method of selection was crude and unsatisfactory to me. I would have liked to select the best yielding hills, and from these select the uniform potatoes. Then I would have liked to plant a number of potatoes by themselves, cutting them one eye to the piece and planting them so I could tell from what part of the potato each eye came, and see what the difference in yield of each eye would be; also discover if there is anything in the individuality of potatoes grown in the same hill.

The potato is not the only thing that can be improved by intelligent, systematic selection. The average yield of all kinds of grains could be increased twenty per cent, and smut can be practically exterminated. The wonderful improvement that can be made in the yield, size, quality and flavor of the strawberry will be a revelation to any one who will carry out the proper methods of selection.

The vegetable garden is another important field for selection work. There is no question but what a dent corn can be developed that will mature well and yield abundantly in the Willamette valley.

Disease resistibility can be developed in nearly all kinds of vegetation.

—EARL M. PETTYCREW,
Salem, Oregon, Rural Route 7.

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Covers were laid for Mrs. S. E. Notson, of Heppner; Mrs. H. C. Seymour, of Dallas; Mrs. A. E. Ivanhoe, La Grange; Miss Fay Clarke, Vale; Mrs. Walter Smith, Salem; Mrs. R. E. Cannon, Corvallis; Mrs. Percy Wells, of Jacksonville; and Mrs. Morrison of Dallas, a member of the board of examiners.

Miss Marie Churchill, a University of Oregon student, and her guest, Miss Edith Buel, gave several vocal selections for the pleasure of the guests during the afternoon, Miss Churchill singing "Sweet Miss Mary" and "Just Her Way." Miss Buel gave a lullaby by Carrie Jacobs Bond, and an Irish love song.

The J. A. Churchills entertained as week-end guests Miss Edith Buel, a college friend of Miss Marie Churchill, of Eugene. Mr. Harvey Dean, of Portland, and J. F. Elton, of Baker.

Dr. and Mrs. B. V. Ellis leave that week for Skagway, Alaska, after a few weeks in Salem. Dr. Ellis has successfully taken up the practice of his profession in the northern city.

Mrs. Harry E. Clay, who has been spending several weeks at her former home in Emporia, Kansas, and other eastern cities, returned home today, more than delighted with Oregon's beautiful weather after enduring the extreme heat of the East. Mrs. Clay was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. John Snyder, of Portland who also returned with her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Bush have returned from a motor trip through Victoria, Vancouver and other Canadian cities.

Miss Nina Parrish returned home last night from a very enjoyable six weeks' sojourn in eastern cities. In Washington, D. C., Miss Parrish was entertained by the Senator Chamberlains and Mrs. Carolyn B. Shelton. Atlantic City, New York City, Pittsburg and Philadelphia also claimed part of her time, as well as Seattle, which she visited on her return trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Terrell and Miss Mabel Rosh of Newberg were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hodge last week, during their attendance at the Cherry fair.

The Capital Journal
 will keep you posted of
 Home affairs while you
 are enjoying your vacation.

Personal Mention

Charles S. Noble, of Oregon City, is at the Marion.

N. Margolies, of Boston, Mass., is at the Marion.

W. G. Moore, of San Francisco is at the Marion.

G. W. Stabile, of Portland, is at the Marion.

H. C. Smith, traveling passenger agent for the Northern Pacific Railroad, is in Salem. He is working especially in the interest of Salem people who are contemplating eastern trips.

C. D. Purcell went to Portland this morning.

State Senator W. W. Calkins, of Eugene is in the city attending a meeting of the legislative tax committee.

Senator Geo. Neuner and C. S. Jackson, attorneys of Roseburg, are in the city on legal business.

FRANCIS J. HENEY GETS FORTUNE OF \$200,000

Had Contingent Fee in Lawsuit Over Mine Which Was Sold Recently for \$600,000—He Gets a Third.

San Francisco, June 30.—Francis J. Heney of San Francisco is richer today by \$200,000 as the result of a verdict rendered by a jury last night at Tucson, Arizona. News of Heney's fortune was contained in a telegram received at Progressive headquarters here.

Heney went to Tucson a month ago and brought suit to establish his claim to a third interest in the Three R mine, which recently was sold for \$600,000. By a verdict rendered last night, a jury decided that Heney was entitled to a third of the sale price. Heney left Tucson today and will arrive here Thursday.

CLAIMED WAS LOOTED WORSE THAN NEW HAVEN

Washington, June 30.—Alleging that the Washakie & Pittsburg Terminal company was "looted" as badly as the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, Representative Townsend of New Jersey today introduced a resolution in the house providing for an investigation by the interstate commerce commission.

Well, the country struggled along for quite a while without the polo cap before ever it was brought over here. Maybe we can endure the deprivation now that it has gone back.

A chance to save money.
 Read the announcement on page 5.



Daddy's Bedtime Story

The Eagle's Pride As the Bird Of Freedom.

Of course, as you can imagine, Jack and Evelyn had been buying all sorts and all sizes of fre crackers.

"I think the Fourth of July is my favorite holiday of the whole year," said Jack.

"Yes," said Evelyn, "so do I, except possibly Christmas and our birthdays."

"I suppose," said daddy, "that you two children will be up bright and early tomorrow morning, and I have my very great suspicions that your clothes are all ready to be put on in the morning instead of having to waste any time in thinking what you will put on."

"I hardly think I had better tell a story tonight," said daddy, "for you two ought to get some sleep. I am afraid by the time I finish you may suggest that instead of it being the time for going to bed it is the time for getting up."

"Oh, no," said both the children. "Please tell us a little story."

"Yes," said daddy, "I don't believe I can let a single night go by without a story, not even the Fourth of July eve."

"Well, once upon a time—"

"Daddy," chimed in Jack, "I never heard you begin a story that way before."

"You see, this is a special occasion, so I am allowed these favors."

"But, to continue, there was once a great big eagle who was flying overhead on the Fourth of July, and when he saw all the fre crackers going off and heard all the noise and saw the parade with the flags flying and the band playing, he said:

"To think that I belong to the family that is taken as the representative of all that. I mean freedom and liberty and all those wonderful things. My great-great-grandfathers may not have fought for freedom as the great-great-grandfathers of the little boys and girls who are today firing off fre crackers did, but they flew overhead and said to the winds which whispered it to the soldiers:

"The eagles are free—you must be free." And the soldiers whispered back to the winds:

"Yes, as the eagles are free in the air above, so will we be free on this land below."

"So, no wonder the eagle is more than proud of being the bird of freedom and the emblem of the United States."



4th JULY SPECIALS

FIREWORKS

The safe and sane kind. The right kind. Every thing new and full of pop. All the tried and true kinds. Superb assortments for home celebrations in any variety and at any price. Bring your children and let them pick out what they want. Little Giant Crackers, Mandarin Crackers, Dynamite Crackers, Pistol Crackers. Ball Candles, Zig-Zags, Domestic Sparklers, Pistols, Caps, Etc. Rockets in all sizes. See our window.

Hauser Bros.

Official Program

Salem Chautauqua, in Tent on University Campus

JAY B. HURD, Superintendent
 W. H. HEAD—Morning Hour Lecturer.
 Programs Begin Promptly

Children's Hour 9:00 A. M.
 Morning Lecture 10:00 A. M.
 Afternoon Concert 2:30 P. M.
 Afternoon Lecture 3:00 P. M.
 Evening Concert 7:30 P. M.
 Evening Lecture 8:15 P. M.

TONIGHT

Evening—Concert—Elwyn Trio
 Lecture—"The New American"—Dr. Frank W. Gunsulius
 America's Greatest Pulpit Orator
 Admission, 50 cents

TOMORROW

Morning—Children's Hour (Seton Indian Games)
 Bible Lecture—"Job"—W. H. Head

Afternoon—Melodies of the Southland, Hann Jubilee Singers
 Lecture—"Why I Quit Fighting"—F. R. Weidge, Ex-Prize Fighter
 Admission, 35 cents.

Evening—Jubilee Concert—Hann Jubilee Singers
 Lecture—Oration—"The Burden of the Nations"—Dr. Thomas E. Green, World Lecturer
 Admission, 50 cents

Yes, the Fair is Over

But the Warm Weather is Not

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