



School Boy Farmers

Among the great number of Marion talk, and if we only remember a little county 'school boy farmers' perhaps of the good things said to us our stay none is more proud or has reason to be in camp will be worth while. The publisher than Perry Nathan Pickett, he did not seem to know who we were the little son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pickett, of this city, who not only won premiums in all classes in which his farm garden products were exhibited at the state fair last year, and \$17.50 in cash prizes, but he also won the distinction of being awarded the first prize of \$2 in cash for the best article written and published in a local newspaper descriptive of camp life, in connection with the boys industrial school camp, which was held at the fair last fall, and of his impressions of the fair in general. Floyd Thornton, a little Union county lad, whose home is near Elgin, was second prize in the article writing contest, the announcement of these awards having just been made by Field Workers N. C. Maria and L. P. Harrington, in the department of State School Superintendent Churchill. Aside from having won premiums, prizes and other honors in connection with his agricultural products' exhibits Master Pickett is now engaged in selling his crop of popcorn, upon which he took first prize and won the year's subscription to the Capital Journal, consisting of 250 pounds, at four pounds for 25 cents. The two prize articles, as written by the winners and published in local papers, are published herewith in full.

Perry Pickett's Prize Story.
It was my good fortune to be one of the boys in the first boy's industrial camp at the Oregon state fair, September 25 to October 3, 1914. I entered camp at 10 o'clock Monday morning and found about 10 boys already there. We occupied the first five tents in the east row of the military camp just west of the new pavilion. Each of us had to make our own blankets and eating tools. We made our beds on straw and were shown how to roll up the blankets of a morning commencing at the foot. This gave us a roll to sit on. There were eight boys in our tent and we slept very comfortably. Sometimes we had so much fun that it was hard to get to sleep and still harder to awaken up when that 6 o'clock bugle blew first call for mess.

After breakfast we had a few minutes' rest, then drilled for an hour or so. Then we studied soil plants and dairies for two hours, after which we had recreation till noon mess. In the afternoon we had study of exhibits for two hours, followed by two hours' recreation. Drill call at 5 o'clock and mess call at 6 o'clock and an entertainment at the educational building at 7 o'clock each evening. Taps were sounded at 10 p. m., when all the boys were supposed to be in bed and lights out.

My first break was to ask the cook for leave of absence. He asked if he looked like the general. I told him no, but I was used to getting the cook's permission when I wanted to do anything. I, however, soon learned to ask Lieutenant Aker for orders.

On Tuesday morning our camp numbered 33 boys, but was soon broken by Lin Pugham of Ontario, Malheur county, being called home with the sad news that his brother and been killed by electricity. We turned up a collection and sent a floral offering with our sympathy. We were sorry to lose him as he was a fine chap.

About 10 o'clock we assembled in the big auditorium and were talked to by Mr. Harrington, who gave us a slogan, the word "leader." Mr. Maria and Mr. Seymour also gave interesting talks.

Wednesday was Salem day, and quite a crowd came over to watch us drill in front of our tents. Mr. Maria took pictures of the lunch. Our state superintendent, Mr. Churchill, gave us a fine

Smile a Few.

Here, you discontented knocker, Growlin' 'bout the country's ills, Chloroform your dismal talker; Take a course of liver pills; Stop yer darn eternal howlin'; Chew some sand and git some grit; Don't sit in the dumps a growlin'. Smile a few, An' boost a bit.

Fall in while the band's aplayin', Ketch the step an' march along; 'Steal o' pessimistic brayin'; Join the hallelujah song; Drop your hammer—do some rootin'; Grab a hors, you cuss, an' split; Every echo with your tootin'. Smile a few, An' boost a bit.

—Selected.

It began to rain Thursday evening and was wet and sloppy on the grounds, but Sergeant Walter Koenig stayed in camp and kept fires going, so our beds were as warm and dry as if we were in our own home. Friday morning Mr. Seymour gave us our achievement button and Mr. Maria gave each boy a picture of our group. I am very proud of this, not only because of the group of boys, but because in this picture is Lieutenant Aker and our good friend, Mr. Griffin, whom we boys so much admire.

Saturday morning the weather cleared and we could get out more. We boys feasted on watermelon and had a good time in general. The boys at the camp owe a vote of thanks to our good-natured cook for his splendid grub. I, for one, paid him the compliments of eating all I could hold. Only one boy got sick enough to be sent home. Another boy had a sore throat but stayed with it. Some of the boys left camp Saturday evening, but I stayed until the stakes were pulled Sunday morning, and enjoyed every minute of the time, and shall always be glad I was one of the boys of the first industrial camp of Oregon state fair.

As Floyd Thornton Told It.
Uncle Charles took me to Elgin. I had supper there, and then I got on the train and went to La Grande. There I met Mrs. Ivanhoe and Carl. She bought tickets for us and put us on a sleeping car. All the lower berths were taken and we had to take an upper one. We couldn't sleep at all, and every time we rose up we bumped our heads. We made so much noise that the porter said he would put us off if we didn't quit. I told Carl that I would rather sleep in the crate that I had shipped my pig in than here.

We got up before we got to Portland for we had to change cars there. We arrived in Salem at 11 o'clock a. m. Monday.

After eating dinner we went out to the fair grounds, where we met Mr. Griffin and the other men. They gave us suits and Lieutenant Aker and Sergeant Koenig took charge of us.

We drilled, marched and lived in tents like soldiers. There were over 30 boys and we all ate under a big tent. Our cook had cooked in the army, and he was all right.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

Charlemagne Crowned as Emperor of the Romans 1,100 Years Ago.
On Dec. 25, in the year 800, the holy Roman empire was born. Europe was in the iron grasp of Charlemagne. The great king had gone to Rome to investigate charges lodged against the pope, Leo III. The pontiff made good his defense and on Dec. 23 took a solemn oath of excommunication. Two days later, early on Christmas morning, the pope celebrated mass in the great basilica of St. Peter's, a church not at all like the huge Renaissance structure reared by Bramante and Michelangelo. The edifice was crowded to the doors, for all Rome flocked in those days to see the wonderful Frank, who, like Mohammed, spread his gospel by the sword. Charles, clad in Roman costume, with the chlamys hanging from his shoulders, knelt in prayer before the tomb of St. Peter. When he rose to his feet Leo approached and, placing a golden crown upon the king's head, acclaimed him emperor of the Romans. Again the pontiff folded him in a purple mantle, and a great

short went up from the people as a greeting to the first of the new Caesars.

The scene is thus described by Egin hard, the historian of Charlemagne: "At the moment when, in his place before the altar, he was bowing down to pray Pope Leo placed on his head a crown, and all the Roman people shouted, 'Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific emperor of the Romans!' After this proclamation the pontiff prostrated himself before him and paid him adoration; according to the custom established in the days of the old emperors, and thenceforward Charles, giving up the title of patrician, bore that of emperor and Augustus."

A millennium later, on the banks of the Seine, another pope crowned another emperor, who had planted his throne on the wreck of the fabric reared by Charlemagne.

A lot of ex-candidates are now remembering that he who soweth wind reapeth the whirlwind.

Loganberry Oregon's Own

The Oregon loganberry has been termed the "mortgage lifter" of the Willamette valley, but it is more than that, for it prevents mortgages, which is much better; it buys the automobile, builds the bungalow and sends the boy and girl to college. For a 13-year-old the industry shows greater strength and importance than the other combined small fruits of the western section of the state, where the berry is peculiarly at home, and until some other country can duplicate our climate the loganberry promises to reign supreme as an Oregon product.

Is California "Invention."
Fourteen years ago the berry was "invented" down in California, where it thrived only moderately, as the intense heat of a California sun burned up the berries on the vine. A year later it was brought to Oregon by A. M. La Follette, who planted the first three acres in Mission Bottom, and who has since been an extensive grower. But it was the late A. M. Aspinwall and his several strong sons, just arrived from the blizzard-bound Dakotas, who popularized the berry and put it upon a commercial basis in Marion county. Each year they added to their acreage until there are now 50 acres growing in long, graceful rows at Brooks, and in the state there are perhaps now 3000 acres, since every farmer has at least enough vines for his own use.

Is Profit Maker.
Of its profits there are authenticated cases where \$700 per acre has been made, while \$125 is the minimum net profit; and \$140 per acre a fair average, while there is practically no danger of over-production, since climatic figures largely in its success, and while Oregon still has many acres that could and probably will be devoted to the culture, the demand keeps pace with production.

The year just closing saw a crisis in loganberry affairs in which the berry came through with flying colors, and no fear of a repetition of the difficulty. The price paid for fresh fruit for several years had ranged around 3 1/2 cents to 4 cents a pound, which was entirely satisfactory to the growers, but when the last July crop was being harvested, the price took a slump to about half that, since canneries, driers and fruit stands were loaded clear up and the season just fairly begun. At this time, fortunately, a buyer for an eastern fruit house read of the Oregon loganberry, and as a venture bought 20 cartloads of fresh fruit and shipped them back to various eastern cities, where they were eagerly snapped up at \$2 per crate, and more demanded. With this new outlet the situation improved and not a berry was lost for lack of market.

Has Many Uses.
Later in the summer the making of fruit juices was begun in Salem, and this proved a second valuable outlet, since the bottled juice has already been found valuable in hospitals and in the home. It has proven an excellent berry for jellies in the home and retains all its good qualities when placed in the glass jar. The canneries were unable to handle the berry during its first years owing to the peculiar tartness that ate into the tin, but special cans were made for it and they are now one of the heaviest buyers. The more important disposal of the product has been by evaporation, in the first seasons prune driers being used after an experiment showed them to be excellent when sun-dried. Now the loganberry driers are springing up over the county with the same frequency that marked the hop drier a few years ago. Indeed, the loganberry drier promises to replace the hop drier to a great ex-

TAD'S CHRISTMAS THEATER.

How President Lincoln Came to Grant Son's Unique Request.
Tad Lincoln wanted a Christmas gift such as perhaps no other president's son ever wanted before or since. "Father," said Tad, "there is something I'd like for Christmas, if you'll give it to me."

As the son asked the question his father looked at the boy over the rims of his spectacles in a grave way and asked:

"What is that, my son?"
"I want a theater," said Tad.
"Well, my boy, I don't know that I have any objection," said the president. "There are plenty of them, I suppose, in the toy shops."

"Oh, but I don't want a toy theater," protested the youngster. "I want a real one. There isn't any reason why we shouldn't have a theater in the White House."

Mr. Lincoln was not at first disposed to take the suggestion favorably, but Tad, who was his favorite child and at that time eleven years old, was persistent, and at length the indulgent parent yielded. This was just before the Christmas of 1863—too late to have the theater ready for the holidays, many preparations being required. But it is a matter of history, though known to few, that not long after the following New Year's day the boy's ambition was realized, a room on the second floor of the executive mansion being set aside for the purpose and a stage erected, with gas footlights and simple scenery.

A Christmas Time Saver.
To save the minutes on Christmas eve and leave time for the many things that are bound to come up shut out from the children one room in the house suitable for the tree a couple of weeks before Christmas and gradually accumulate there all decorations and presents. The tree can be trimmed a day or two before the holiday and the presents wrapped more quickly and easily because they are all in one place.

—Housekeeper.

Under the Holly Bough.
Ye who have scorned each other Or injured friend or brother, In this fast fading year, Ye who by word or deed Have made a kind heart bleed Come gather here. Let aimed against and sinning Forget their strife's beginning And join in friendship now, Be links no longer broken, Be sweet forgiveness spoken Under the holly bough.

—Charles Mackay.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the MORNING

