

COLT SHOW A GREAT EVENT

PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED AT IMBLER

Edwin Morrison Exhibits Fine Strain of Holstein Dairy Stock.

Imbler, Feb. 17.—(Special)—Imbler is much pleased with the result of her colt show last Saturday and that the event will be annual hereafter is probable.

The class, horse, owner and prize of each exhibit follows:

Purebred Clydes
Stallion under one year, Highland Coberg, owned by S. L. Brooks, first and second.

Mare over one under two, Rose, owned by Brooks, first.

Stallion over two, under three, Woodrow Wilson, owned by Baker Bros. first.

Mare over three, Hat Gorons and Lassie, owned by Brooks, first, second and third.

Purebred Shires.
Mare under one year, Mayflower, owned by W. R. Ledbetter, first.

Mare over three, Osco Flower, owned by Ledbetter, first; Osco Glory, owned by L. A. Stringham, second.

Grade colts under one year, fifteen entries, J. D. Woodell, 1st; Ed Tuttle, 2nd; W. R. Ledbetter, 3rd.

Grade colts, over one and under two years, L. B. Larsen, 1st; W. R. Ledbetter, 2nd; Richard Rettig, 3rd.

Grade colts, over two and under three years, W. R. Ledbetter, 1st and 2nd; J. A. Gaskill, 3rd.

Mare over three years, W. R. Ledbetter, 1st; C. S. Woodell, 2nd.

Special for best colt sired by Gores Fashion owned by W. R. Ledbetter was won by J. D. Woodell.

Special for best colt sired by Molten Youth owned by Chas. Playton won by E. A. Willis.

Special for best colt sired by Highland Chief owned by John Wells won by L. B. Larsen.

Special for best pure bred under one year (Silver Cup) won by W. R. Ledbetter.

Special for best pure bred mare any age (Silver Cup) won by S. L. Brooks.

Special for best grade colt under one year (Silver Cup) won by J. D. Woodell.

Special 2nd Grade colt under one year \$1.00 box Johnson's candy Ed. Tuttle.

Special for best team draft mares, 1st S. L. Brooks; 2nd W. R. Ledbetter; 3rd L. A. Stringham.

Standard bred, H. McGoldrick two first prizes and L. E. Greiner, one first prize.

A feature of interest to stockmen in connection with the colt show was that the day previous one of the finest exhibitions of Holstein stock in the state was presented at an informal dairy exhibit at Imbler. Edwin Morrison, a progressive dairyman of the Imbler section, brought in for exhibition and dairy demonstration, some of the foremost cows in his herd. Anyone familiar with Holstein strains will recognize the merit of the following exhibited by Mr. Morrison: Sir Mutual Fobes-Johanna, a calf sired by the grand champion of the state of Washington in 1914; Model Johanna Ulkje, Daybreak Hangerveld Wayne and Daybreak Hangerveld Wayne II.

SWAMP LANDS RICH.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ly inhabited as the Great Sahara desert, my thoughts go back to another swamp just about 18,000 miles from here where similar conditions existed ten years ago.

Did I say similar conditions existed? I recall that. The swamp was about the same size, the water was just as thick upon its face, it had the same ring of lovely snow-capped hills surrounding it; but there the similarity ends.

Instead of a palatial building, steam-heated and kept at a regular and even temperature from the beginning

of winter unto its close, I see a slab hut with air spaces so large, and windows so small that the only way to get heat was to sit in the chimney, and to get light was to go outside. Instead of a glass-enclosed walk of many hundred feet in length, in which to take ones constitutional, I see an always-dwindling wood pile which answered the same purpose, less kindly, but quite as efficaciously. And when I think, as I snuggle into the capacious seat of this leather-upholstered chair, of that empty, upturned kerosene case which never even had the decency to balance itself on the uneven floor,—well my back begins to ache, and I feel that I must go and have a bath or I shall get rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, or every other ache to which the back of man is heir. So I go and take one; and when I am in the vapour room, with the heat coming up from the floor and down from the ceiling, and out from the four walls, and striking my face, like the blast of a baker's oven, only more so, my body is as wet and slippery as a Chinese wrestler, and I believe that I am back again in Moe Swamp in summer time.

Oh those were certainly the grand old days, when as winter approached and the snow-touched wind blew in through the parts of the hut where the slabs were not, and the smoke from the fire blew all around the room and tried to get out under the door, or any other fool place except the corrugated iron shielded hole I had left for it, I wished it were summer once more. And when summer did come, with a heat that makes Doctor Tape's torture chamber seem like an ice chest, and the meat made the hens lay, and we brought the butter home in a pint pot, and the mosquitoes, well then I wished I was dead.

No the conditions were not quite the same. But Mr. Editor, I will ask you to observe that for that very reason, I think it is all the more difficult to understand why that pest-infested region has left this valley so far behind in the march of progress. Perhaps I had better tell you a few things about what we did out there and then you will understand better what I mean, and draw your own conclusions.

Spreads Austrian Map.
If you look at the map of Australia you will see in the south a state called Victoria, and if you look at the centre of its coast line you will see its capital, Melbourne. Now let your eye follow the railroad line due east from Melbourne, and at a distance of about 119 miles you will notice the following towns marked, all close together, and more or less in a ring. Moe, Trafalgar, Buln Buln, Shady Creek, Bloomfield, Warragul, and Traralgon. At the time of which speaking—ten years ago—Moe was a postoffice and a shipping point for stock, Buln Buln had a co-operative creamery, and also was a shipping point for stock.

Warragul was some city. It had a tennis lawn. True it was in the missionary's garden but all his parishioners used it just the same. In fact one man was asked to leave the parish (100 miles by 80), because he objected to the farmers' daughters playing on the court in high leeled shoes. The idea. We showed him where he was getting off. And he complained because Lucy Jones' father wanted to learn the game and accidentally lost the balls. And he had no boots on at all. He said that he had bought the balls with his own money. The idea. I'd like to know who gave him the money. Well we let him go, but we didn't gain much because the next man said he couldn't play tennis. We were all very much disappointed, and Lucy Jones' father wrote to the bishop about it. He didn't believe he was a real minister at all. He said all curates had to learn tennis, same as the Bible, and waiting on ladies at afternoon tea. But the bishop said that he was all right, so we had to keep him. Well just after he had been with us a few weeks and got to know us all by name he told us he was going to have a "gym" in the Sunday school, but that as he was new in the parish we would all have to help to pay for it. That

sounded reasonable so we all kicked in with what we could and he went to Melbourne to get it. There were not many of us knew what a "gym" was, and that's why he got so much money. Lucy Jones' father said he paid his money because he thought it was something like tennis and he'd kinder got to like the game. Most of the men thought thought it was an animal and spelt the word "Jim." The ladies were satisfied it was a picture or a book or he would never put it in the Sunday school. However, they all knew what it was before very long. When he had it all fixed up, and he was mighty secret about it, he gave an invitation to all the men and boys in the parish to come to the opening. Australian Farmers View Gym. I think some of the farmers thought it was something to eat, because there was an awful crowd, men that had not been to church for years turned up. Well they were all terribly disappointed at the affair when they saw all it was. He made us a nice speech and told us it was a duty every man owed to himself to be able to defend himself 1/2 the hour of need. The boys liked the parallel bars, and the trapeze all right but the man said it was all foolishness, and that they would not have given a penny if they had known.

So the parson made us another speech and told us that work in the fields kept a man healthy, and made him hard, but did not make him lissom, but on the contrary very stiff, and that to be able to defend ones self it was necessary to be lissom as well as hard, and strong. And he said that if one of the men present would put on the gloves with him he would prove it. Now Lucy Jones' father was getting crosser and crosses all the time. He felt that the parson had gotten the money out of him under false pretences and he whispered to us that he would like to put 'em on with the parson and take it out of his hide, but he was afraid maybe he would kill him. Then one of the other farmers who thought he had been cheated too, but was not quite as brave as Lucy Jones' father told the parson that Jones would have a try. Then Lucy's father wanted to back out but the others would not let him. Well the parson brought over a pair of thickly padded gloves and put them on Lucy's father and told me to hold the watch and when three minutes was up to call time, and they would stop for two minutes to get their wind, and then start again. He said he thought four rounds would be enough, but the other boys said that was nothing, so finally he consented to five.

Parson Trims Farmer.
Well there wasn't much to it, the parson proved his point alright, and Lucy Jones' father kept indoors for a few days with one piece of raw steak on his ear and one on his eye. The boys all had a good time though and he was the best parson we ever had there.

Warragul had a post office and a saloon as well as the "gym" and that is about all it did have. The other three towns were not on the map.

Growth is Remarkable.
Today Warragul has 100,000 people Moe has 6,000 and the other towns had about 1500 each when I last saw them about two years ago. But there are far more than 112,000 people living in the vicinity because every forty acres is supporting a family now, and at that time no one lived on Moe Swamp. They couldn't. They would have been drowned. The swamp belonged to the government. It was open to settlement under the homesteading laws but no one wanted any of it. So the government rented it all to a man called Ben Cook, and if time and space permitted I would like to have told you lots about Ben. He was a great character, but as my space is already used up you must take my word for it, which is also illogical, and another chance for the critic to earn his daily bread. Ben paid a penny an acre a year and wrote to the Minister of Lands every time he paid his rent saying the rent was too high and that he was going broke. But as a matter of fact Ben fattened thousands of cattle there every year from Spring till fall. Ben was like a lot of other farmers I know, and his greed was his undoing.

Swamps Produce Results.
The Minister of Lands got suspicious about Ben so he asked the Minister of Railways, which you know belong to the government in Australia, to let him know how many head of fat cattle Ben shipped out every year, and when he heard he sent a hurried note to Ben and told him that as the swamp was so wet, and times so hard, and the cattle business not what it used to be anyway, he agreed with Ben that the rent was too high, so would not rent it to him any more, as his department did not want to rob any man.

Then one of those college chaps that all true farmers despise so thoroughly came up to look the swamp over, and Ben went to talk to him every day, and assured him with tears in his eyes that it was no good, and that it stank in the spring, and was very unhealthy, and that he had gone broke trying to improve it, and now when he might have made a little out of it the Government came along and took it away from him. It was a pitiful tale he always told that school farmer, and the school farmer told him that maybe if so—and so were the case he would get it back, and that made Ben feel good because he did not know what the college chap was talking about.

At last the school farmer went away, and he took with him about a ton of earth that Ben had dug up for him from various parts of the swamp, all in little boxes and labeled with numbers Ben did not understand. Then one day to Ben's astonishment two or three men came up with

curious looking instruments like telescopes on wheels and started going all over what Ben used to call "his swamp."

Draining is Commenced.
Ben asked them what they were doing, and they told him they were taking levels, so that the swamp could be cut up into small farms and sold on time to other farmers. Ben enjoyed the joke immensely and asked them if they knew that the swamp had been open for homesteading for years, and nary a soul was fool enough to risk his life living on it? Yes they knew all about that but that was before they had drained it. The swamp was to be drained first. Now Ben had drained a few acres himself at his home and he knew that the tiles cost money and it was an expensive undertaking even though it paid in the long run. He said as much to the men, but they told him it was not going to be drained with pipes, but with open ditches. Ben got very sarcastic. What size drain would be necessary to take the water off that depression? He wanted to know. So they told him the size and number, and Ben felt that a lot of the land would be used up in drains and that not nearly all the soil could be used. They admitted that but explained that some would be used instead of all being wasted. Ben thought it was going to cost a lot of money, and he was told it would cost about \$11.00 an acre, but that the water would pay for its own right of way before long as it would be used for irrigation purposes further on where it was wanted. Ben wanted to know how much the government figured on getting for the land, and he was told that that depended on the analytical chemist, who would decide the composition of the soil and its agricultural fitness. This was a little deep for Ben, but when he found out that the price of his swamp depended largely on the report of that College-bred farmer he had helped to get specimens of the soil he became so objectional that they had to tell him to go and live in a place where the water did not freeze.

But Ben was by no means finished in his fight to get his swamp back. His agents in Melbourne were warned that there would be no more business from Ben if that fool trick went through, and were instructed to put every obstacle in the way of its accomplishment. The nation was warned of the reckless extravagance of the present party, and that the whole country was going to the dogs, and taxes would be greater than ever. It was all to no purpose. The swamp was drained. The method was simplicity itself. Every mile a big main drain was dug, and a smaller one every quarter. As the land was sold in quarter sections each purchaser found his lot securely fenced with water, if I may use such an expression.

The land was sold at ten pounds per acre or \$40, and though Ben made a great joke of that he never-the-less bought 160 acres. For the first year the scheme was not a success. It took time for the sun to sweeten the land, but when it did the crops were so big that the country was staggered. The men who had bought from the government on terms extending over 20 years, paid up their indebtedness in three years.

Soon men learned that forty acres was all they could comfortably manage, and they began to sell, each one three-fourths of his holding. The ruling price was 40 pounds, or about \$200 per acre after the third year. Three years ago none of this land was to be had at any price. I knew of one instance where a man wanted 100 acres for his prize Shropshire sheep, and it was imperative that he should have a piece of ground there if possible. He offered 125 pounds of \$625 per acre and the offer was promptly turned down.

The man who offered the price was the Hon R. G. Wilson the best known breeder of Shropshire sheep south of the equator and the man who refused the money was Ben Cook, who laughed when he heard that the government expected to get \$40 per acre for it.

But the increased price of land means very little, the real proof of the success of the venture is the fact that there is a family living contented and happy on each and every forty acre lot on what is still known as Moe Swamp.

Is there any reason Mr. Editor why the same thing cannot be done in the Grande Ronde valley? The land is not so very wet that extra large drains would be necessary. I venture to say that the cost would not exceed ten to fifteen dollars per acre. I have ascertained that there are about 97,000 acres of land in the valley. Of that number only about 33,000 require draining. Let us suppose that it would cost \$12.00 to drain that, and we get an outlay of about \$400,000, or an assessment of less than five dollars per acre.

Now let us see what the owners would get in return. **Local Application Made.**
The price of land in this swamp now runs from twenty dollars per acre to one hundred and forty, and strikes an average of about \$68 per acre. When drained and brought into shape this land ought to be worth somewhere near as much as the land around Stanfield, Hermiston, Echo, or the alfalfa flats on Rhea and Willow creeks in Morrow county. These lands change hands at prices ranging from \$145 per acre upwards. Let us suppose that this land reaches only the lowest figure, and we have an increased land valuation in the county of \$7,469,000; but as a matter of fact it would be even greater. Then you would have some money to build goods roads, for the comfort and convenience and economy of the residents, La Grande would spring from its 6,000 to 106,000 in a very short

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