

NOTICE OF SCHOOL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the legal voters of School District No. 8 of Malheur County, State of Oregon, that a SCHOOL MEETING of said District will be held at the High School, on the 30th day of October, 1922, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of discussing the budget hereinafter set out with the levying board, and to vote on the proposition of levying a special district tax.

The total amount of money needed by the said school district during the fiscal year beginning on June 20 1923, and ending June 30, 1924, is estimated in the following budget and includes the amounts to be received from the county school fund, state school fund, elementary school fund, special district tax, and all other moneys of the district:

**BUDGET**

**ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES**

PERSONAL SERVICE:	No.	Salary Per Year	Total
1. Superintendent	1	\$2,700	\$2,700
2. Principals	1	1,800	
	1	1,350	
3. Teachers	1	1,215	4,265
	1	2,000	2,000
	1	1,700	1,700
	1	1,530	1,530
	1	1,440	1,440
	3	1,350	4,050
	4	1,125	4,500
	4	1,080	3,240
	7	990	6,930
4. Janitor	1	1,200	1,200
	1	675	675
	1	450	450
5. Clerk	1	300	300
<b>Total</b>			<b>\$35,080</b>

**MATERIAL AND SUPPLIES:**

1. Furniture (desks, stoves, curtains, etc.)	\$ 500
2. Supplies (chalk, erasers etc.)	275
3. Library books	400
4. Flags	10
5. Playground equipment	00
6. Janitor's supplies	265
7. Fuel	1,500
8. Light	185
9. Water	300
10. Postage and stationery	50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$3,485</b>

**MAINTENANCE AND REPAIRS:**

Building and grounds	\$ 750
Building and grounds	750
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,500</b>

**INDEBTEDNESS:**

1. Bonded, and interest thereon	\$2,805
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2,805</b>

**TRANSPORTATION OF PUPILS:**

	\$1,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,000</b>

**INSURANCE:**

	\$ 925
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 925</b>

**MISCELLANEOUS:**

Home Economics, \$650; Mus. & Art, \$300; Phy. Training, \$125; Science \$225; Com. Dept., \$220; Printing, \$150; Vocational Agriculture, \$150; R. O. T. C., \$100.	
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,920</b>

**EMERGENCY:**

	\$ 500
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 500</b>
Total estimated amount of money for all purposes during year	\$47,215

**ESTIMATED RECEIPTS**

From county school fund during the coming school year	\$6,615
From state school fund during the coming school year	2,205
From elementary school fund during the coming school year	\$1,759
Estimated amount to be received from all other sources during the coming school year	\$8,050
<b>Total estimated receipts, not including proposed tax</b>	<b>\$18,629</b>

**RECAPITULATION**

Total estimated expenses for the year	\$47,215
Total estimated receipts not including proposed tax	18,629
<b>Balance, amount to be raised by district tax</b>	<b>\$28,586</b>

Dated this 6th day of October, 1922.

Attest: W. L. TURNER,  
District Clerk.

W. H. LAXSON,  
Board of Directors.



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**THE TROUT SEASON**

By JEAN M. GRAY

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Trout had been married almost a year when Mr. Billy brought home the invitation from his big and genial boss to spend two weeks with him at his camp in the Adirondacks. Little Mrs. Billy almost wept with delight, although she hated to leave her pretty little apartment.

"An anniversary honeymoon," she told her husband.

"And a raise, with a membership in view," he returned. "We must make a success of it, honey, for I'm pretty sure our whole future depends on these two weeks. Mr. Henry's a bug on fishing, so he and I will hit it off all right, and if anyone could help loving you—"

After the ecstasies and the packing and the trip, the visit started auspiciously, and continued so for a week and a half. Mrs. Henry and Jack and Jill, the incorrigible seventeen-year-old Henry twins, took Honey to their hearts at once, and Billy and Mrs. Henry waded miles of brook for trout and bass and came back to the camp tired, content, and empty-handed.

"Got to go down to the village with this letter, Honey."

"Not in this downpour, Billy!"

"Silly! It's important, and Mr. Henry wants it to go at once. I met Jack and Jill just coming in, soaked from head to foot. They're going to have a con pop and promised to wait till I got back. Doesn't that sound good?"

"Yes, but—oh, run along, I'm going to have a nap till you get back, 'cause I'm sleepy, sleepy, stee-ee-yy." She nearly yawned a big, impolite yawn. Billy hugged her, and hurried off. Honey tugged the screen around the couch, disappeared behind it, and snuggled down by the leaping fire.

Some time later she woke to the sound of voices, one irritated and fretful, the other soothing.

"But, dear—" the soother was saying.

"I know, I know," the irritated voice of Mr. Henry answered his wife, "you are going to tell me it's my own fault, but how the—but how could I know it was going to be like this? Usually when we've been up here at this time of the year everything's been fine, but—"

Honey, an unwilling eavesdropper, held her breath. What could he mean? Mrs. Henry was speaking.

"Surely, dear, you can afford to be magnanimous, and forget that these two weeks haven't been all that you expected."

She was laughing at him, and he, as always when she laughed at him, forgot his grouch and laughed ruefully.

"You're an angel, Clara," he told her, "but this blamed trout season has got me. Let's go and see if Bill is in sight yet."

Honey lay cowering among the pillows. "This blamed trout season! This blamed trout season!" It beat into her brain. Then she had failed, after all, and Billy's life was ruined. Their visit was not a success, but a miserable failure, and it was her fault. Poor Billy, it meant so much to him and she had spoiled it all. Tears rolled down her cheeks. What had she done? Why? Why? She would go to Mr. Henry and ask, and tell him that it was her fault. Billy must have his raise.

She staggered to her feet, pushed aside the screen and stared at Billy, still in his dripping oil-skins.

"Why, sweetheart," he began, and the storm broke, rivalling the one raging out-of-doors. On his breast Honey panted out her story, and Billy, at first inclined to laugh at her, grew serious and then alarmed. This thing meant so much to Honey, and if he had done anything to queer it, he'd straighten it out or—

"There, there," he said lightly, "don't cry, Honey. You're just a silly little girl. He didn't mean anything. It's just your imagination. Too vivid. He wants to see me now, just as soon as I get off my coat, and everything'll be all right."

"But he said: 'This blamed trout season!'"

"Well, but—" Billy was worried himself. "Honey, listen, I'm going to see Mr. Henry now. Bathe your eyes and wait for me here and then we'll see what's to be done. Will you, Honey?"

Honey went off with her tears and troubled soul, and Billy squared his shoulders and marched into Mr. Henry's den. Honey came back tearless, and waited, still accompanied by that same troubled soul. And then, when she could bear it no longer, Billy shot out of Mr. Henry's den, hugged her, kissed her, and sat upon the couch and held her on his knee. He laughed and laughed until Honey was ready to burst into tears again.

"Dearest," he gasped, "you dear, silly little kid! Mr. Henry's crazy about me. You're sitting on the knees of the junior partner of Henry, Millard & Henry, right now, and Mr. Henry says I owe it all to you. He's stuck on you, darling."

"But, Billy, those blamed trout—"

"Exactly. We swallowed through fathoms of water, and have we caught one? We have not. They are the trout that are 'blamed.' Honeybunch, not your poor, unfortunate fish of a husband."

"Billy! My Billy Trout!" gasped Honey, and sat silent, thankful with all her heart that the fishing had been so good last year, when she caught her Billy.

**THE LITTLE GIRL**

By HELEN WAITE MUNRO

Nurse Crane was really responsible for it all. When she saw wealthy Charles Ladd's room full to overflowing with beautiful flowers, she suggested that he send a few to "the little girl across the hall," who had none.

Big-hearted Charles Ladd gladly acted upon the suggestion, without knowing that the "little girl" was little only in Nurse Crane's eyes—had, in fact, reached the mature age of nineteen.

"Who was lovely enough to send me these?" Lois Wilson queried as she snatched the roses eagerly and cuddled them against her cheek.

"Oh, a little boy across the hall, who had more than he wanted," Nurse Crane carelessly said, and immediately went away and forgot all about it.

Lois sent a note of thanks the very next day. She printed it, to make sure the "little boy" could read it—rather crooked printing at that—appendixes. So, of course, he printed his reply, and the childlike correspondence flourished until his broken leg had mended enough to allow him to go to the piazza, the very same day that she took her first trip there.

It was Nurse Crane, as it happened, who introduced the two, and her surprise at the misunderstanding was equal to theirs at finding each other grown up.

"Shall I play marbles with you, or will you play dolls with me?" Lois asked after the first astonished questions and answers were over.

"Either, as long as we play together nicely and don't quarrel," he responded, deciding that the hospital was not quite the dreary place he had, up to now, considered it.

The morning passed quickly, with exchanged confidences and friendly conversation. So did the next, and several more following, until the two felt like very old acquaintances. Then came a day when heavy, pouring rain made the piazza impossible. Lois in her room gave up to the queer bodily aches and pains that had been growing more and more troublesome through the night, and to the queerer heart-ache which had been developing for several days.

Dr. Gordon looked grave when he found her so.

Meanwhile, Charles was having troubles of his own. For several days he had been annoyed by a very uncomfortable little conscience. Now he began to realize clearly the fact that he, an honorable, upright young man, engaged with all due formality to Miss Sylvia Preston and receiving daily dainty notes from her in her distant home, was falling deeply in love with Miss Wilson.

When at last that long, dreary day had worn to a close and Charles was trying to forget his perplexities and settle down for the night, his attention was attracted to a subdued commotion across the hall. At last a low moan reached him. He rang his bell furiously and a nurse responded. His anxious inquiries drew forth little information, however.

He lay back on his pillow, great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. "Lois—Lois," he whispered, and knew that in losing her he had lost his mate—the one woman designed for him.

It was thus that Nurse Crane found him when she made her morning rounds. She looked keenly at his white, set face, smiled a wise little smile and said softly:

"I wouldn't worry. She is better, you know."

"She! Do you mean Lois?" Charles sat straight up, regardless of the injured leg.

"Why, yes," Nurse Crane looked puzzled. "Didn't you know she was taken worse yesterday and they had to operate in the night? She has been very low, but her condition is quite satisfactory now," she went on, noticing the anguished bewilderment in his eyes, "and if all goes well she will soon be back in her old room."

"Did you care so much?" she said.

"More than all the world," he whispered, and closed his eyes as she tipped from the room.

The days went by with Lois gaining slowly.

On the day he was first to visit Lois he waited impatiently for the appointed time, firm in this determination. Mail time broke the tediousness of his waiting. There was the usual violet-scented envelope—the note was short this time—his face altered strangely as he read. Sylvia, his old pal, had found the same wonderful experience that had come to him. She felt she must tell him and break the engagement before his homecoming. Her heart ached for him, but frankness was the only way.

The clock struck three. Without waiting for the nurse, he made his way with surprising quickness across the narrow hall and through the half-open door. Lois was lying, frail and sweet, looking deep into the heart of one of his roses as though to read some wordless message there.

His eyes gave the message the rose had failed to convey, and hers answered the light in his. His hands clasped hers tightly and—

A gasp from the doorway. Nurse Crane stood there, on her face a mixture of bewilderment and surprised satisfaction.

"I suppose I am responsible for this," she said, after a moment. Then, bending closer the elderly face on which no romance had ever left its imprint, she added softly:

"Bless you, my children! How fast you have both grown up!"

**BUSINESS INFLATION IS  
TEMPORARY SAYS BABSON**

Wellesley, Hills, Mass., Oct. 7, 1922. Discussing the statement of certain bankers that the country is headed for another period of inflation, Roger W. Babson today issued the following statement from his statistical offices at Wellesley Hills:

"For readers who are not bankers and economists, let me first explain in a simple language what is meant by inflation. Men who are acquainted with the Babsonchart of Business Conditions know it is made up of two lines—a normal line representing the permanent growth of the country which looks like a simple up-hill grade and a second line which looks like the outline of hills and valleys. This second line represents temporary business conditions. For a few years it is above the normal line. When the two lines coincide, business is normal, but when the second line is above the normal line, bankers say we are having inflation, while when this line is below the normal line, bankers say we are having deflation. Just now they say we are threatened with another period of inflation.

"The normal line of business is determined by the honesty, intelligence, industry, and thrift of the people. Comparing the health of business with the health of a person, we would say that the normal growth depends upon how we behave and how we take care of ourselves. The temporary business line, however, is affected by stimuli the same as our body. A stimulant may greatly exhilarate us, but we know the effect is only temporary and the reaction afterwards is very depressing—we feel much worse in a few days. This is the scientific explanation of the common saying, 'I feel like the morning after.' There are several reasons why the bankers may be right in saying that a temporary period of inflation is at hand. The country during the past year has been given three distinct stimulants, which should artificially help business and thereby cause inflation.

"The first of these stimulants was the Immigration Law passed a year ago and which was recently reenacted. This is known as the 3 per cent Law, which limits the emigration from any country in one year to three per cent of the people now here from that country. It is practically a tariff on manual labor. If continued it will cause a famine of common labor in this country. It is the reason why the United States Steel Corporation and other concerns are increasing the wages of common labor. If this law continues very much longer it will cause an inflation in the wages of common labor and thereby tend to bring about a general inflation.

"The Tariff Bill, which was passed last month, is a second cause of inflation. Whether or not such a tariff is good for the country is a political question and is not for me to discuss, but all students are agreed that it is largely a temporary stimulant. The tariff helps the manufacturer the same as the Immigration Law increases production or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. The tariff will cause an increase in the price of goods the same as the Immigration Law will cause an increase in wages. Increasing prices and increasing wages, however, do not make the country any richer. The country becomes richer only as it has more houses, more bushels, more tons, and more yards of goods. Marking up the price of goods accomplishes nothing. With about a thousand dollars you can today buy a million German marks and become a millionaire, but you are no richer than before.

"The third event that will bring on the inflation, happened last week when England gave in to Turkey. England has been the one great country outside of America which has stood for law and order; for the payment of debts and sound currency. The lack of France and Italy to back up England on the Turkish matter has shaken the confidence of the world in Europe and Eurodean securities. Even some Englishmen themselves are saying, 'What's the use. If no one will back us we had better let nature take its course.' This means that Europe instead of checking its bad leaders, has given in to them. The Turkish victory is a victory for the inflationists of Europe. The backing down of England is defeat for the sound money interests of the world. This is bound to have an unfortunate effect in this country and cause higher interest rates. The cheaper interest rate period in which we have been entering may temporarily be checked and even money may be scarce for a short



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time. As the immigration restrictions cause an inflation in wages, and the tariff an inflation in prices so this Turkish episode may cause an inflation in interest rates.

"These three factors may cause temporary inflation. None of them however, affect the long swings of business which are determined by fundamental economic law. So far as the long swing goes, we are in a period of deflation which will continue for some years to come. Over the long period of years the tendency of wages prices and interest rates will continue downward. However, it is very likely that this tendency has temporarily been checked and we will have all the ear marks of a period of prosperity during the next few months."

General business as reflected by the index of the Babsonchart is at the highest point in over two years. Activity this week is but 6 per cent below normal as compared with 7 per cent below last week and 19 per cent below a year ago.

**OWYHEE**

Eugene F. Pratt and son Louis, of Ironside were overnight guests at the DeBord home Monday, having brought Mrs. Pratt down to the teachers' institute in Ontario.

S. D. Bigelow is digging and planting his potatoes this year.

Mr. Larsen preached Sunday afternoon at the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wallace and family have moved onto the old Krogh place.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson of Big Bend is visiting her sister Mrs. Oee Schweizer and family.

Mr. Rpey and son Roscoe are helping Joe Miller of the Kolony this week.

John Cantrell of Montana, is visiting his son Ray and family.

Mrs. Ruth Klinefelter is attending teachers' institute at Ontario this week.

Grandma Bradley is visiting at the home of her daughter Mrs. Harry Pratt and family near Emmett.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cantrell and daughter Dottie Belle, were business visitors in Vale Monday.

T. M. Lowe is hauling the school coal ten tons, from Nyssa this week.

Fred Sniively visited at Peutz last Monday.

John Wall returned to his home at Creston last week after a few days visit at the Lowe home.

Grandpa Wallace is looking after the place and chores during the absence of Klingback's in Walla Walla. Fred surely made a record making the trip from here to Walla Walla, 260 miles in one day with his Ford.

O. Browning and family arrived home last week, having been absent some time picking fruit.

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