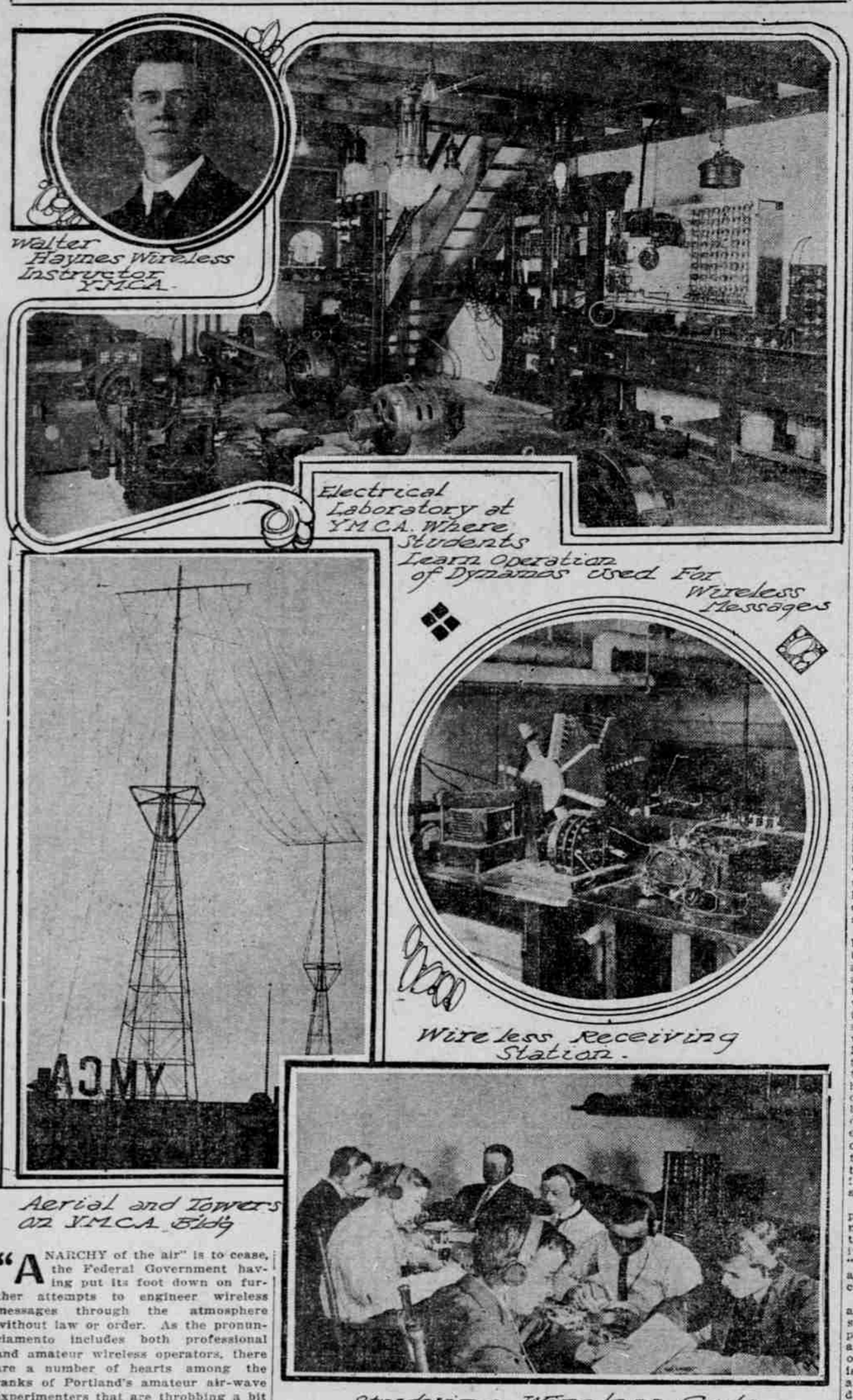
GOVERNMENT ASSUMES CONTROL OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATIONS

Vast Army of Professional and Amateur Operators Has Been Organized at Last, and From Now On Air-Wave Communications Will Be Carried On Under Definite Laws.



"ANARCHY of the air" is to cease, the Federal Government having put its foot down on further attempts to engineer wireless messages through the atmosphere without law or order. As the pronunciamento includes both professional and amateur wireless operators, there are a number of hearts among the ranks of Portland's amateur air-wave experimenters that are throbbing a bit more quickly than usual, just now.

In brief, the Government has assumed control for the first time of all the wireless telegraph stations in its jurisdiction. The vast army of professional and amateur wireless operators has been organized at last. From now on air-wave communication will be carried on under definite laws. Besides the scores of amateur operators in Portland who are working independently, there is a fourishing wireless telegraphy class at the Y. M. C. A. in charge of Walter Haynes. Its members include:

George Astlund, Harold Hibbs, Jesse Madden, Douglas J. Dickie, Arthur Hile, Forrest Norton, Archie Alsop, Earl Garrick, E. A. Leslie, Lloyd Nasby, C. J. Ockley, Vernon Parks, Orville Darling, R. R. Simmons, D. R. Schlobert, Randall C. Morgan, Louis C. Berry and J. Wesley Gooderham.

All Operators Affected.

These classmen and the rest of the Portlanders who are engaged in experimenting with one of the latest important discoveries are all affected by the order of the Federal authorities. The new movement to control the unseen forces of the air is part of a worldwide reform which followed the international convention in Berlin. In America every wireless station, however small, which works across state lines—for instance, from Portland to Vancouver, Wash.—or National boundaries, comes under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

In order to bring system out of chaos the Government has appointed radio inspectors, who are stationed at the chief seaports along the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts.

The next step to take in assuming control of the wireless field has been to make sure that the wireless operators are dependable. The law requires every man, woman and child—and there are several women in Portland who are assisting their men friends in air-wave experiments—to pass an examination before receiving a license. The new officials have no facilities for carrying on such examinations, so the Navy has been called on to assist.

Thorough Knowledge Required.

The examinations are held at the naval wireless training quarters throughout the country. The applicants must show a thorough working knowledge of the wireless art. They have wireless outfits to assemble and to take apart. They must be able to find any faults in the mechanism and rectify them. The most interesting test comes when the instructors dictate by wireless to the class. The long rows of operators sit over their keys paying the closest attention to the business in hand. To pass the examination an operator must be able to take or transmit 20 words a minute, clearly and legibly. This must be sent in the Continental code.

For the sake of convenience in regulating the innumerable wireless stations the Government has divided the Coast stations into nine groups or districts. The principal office for each district is situated at the Customhouse of the most important harbor of the district. The Government attempts to control only the so-called coastal stations, or those wireless stations near enough to the coast to make trouble for ships. Many of these stations, amateur as well as commercial, work over a considerable radius, so that the boundary line must be drawn parallel to the coast at a considerable distance inland.

The first of these groups comprises all of the New England states, with headquarters at Boston. The farthest corners of Maine, Vermont, or New Hampshire are within easy range of the coast. The inspector who makes his headquarters at the Custom-house in New York has supervision over New York State as far north as Albany, as well as of the northern counties of New Jersey. The rest of the Atlantic seaboard, as well as Porto Rico, is controlled from Baltimore and Savannah. The Gulf Coast and the Mississippi Valley as far north as Tennessee and to the western boundaries of Arkansas and Oklahoma come under the supervision of New Orleans.

The Pacific Coast is divided into two districts. The wireless activity of California, with Nevada and Utah and Arizona to the east and Hawaii to the west, is controlled from San Francisco. The coast to the north as far as Alaska, which includes Oregon, and inland to the eastern boundary of Montana, comes under the control of the officer at Seattle. The Great Lakes in turn are controlled from Cleveland and Chicago. The area under control reaches from the northern port of New York State as far west as the western boundaries of the Dakotas.

The amateur wireless stations are of three kinds—the general, special and restricted amateur stations. To receive a license for a special amateur station the operator must have at least two years' experience and must satisfy the examiner as to the work he will do and the wireless conditions in his particular district. The restricted amateur wireless stations are those within five nautical miles of naval or military wireless stations and these are rigidly restricted as to the length of their wave and the power of their sending apparatus. The general amateur licensee is restricted as to the power of his apparatus and length of wave.

Lower Key Will Be Required.

The effect of all this restriction will be to clear the air of the incessant wireless chatter of the innumerable amateur stations. The amateur stations within five miles of the important stations will not have a sufficiently powerful apparatus to make much trouble, even if they should try. The entire army of amateurs will be carrying on their wireless conversation in a much lower key than in the past. There will be no powerful amateur stations within range of the important wireless stations capable of offering serious interference. The powerful commercial stations, which must be depended upon to respond to calls for assistance, will in turn be obliged to respond or forfeit their licenses and to attune their apparatus to receive the messages of the sea stations.

REAL SLEEPY HOLLOW FOUND IN OLD YAMHILL

Grass-Grown Streets of Drowsy Lafayette Bring Redolent Memories of Past—Old Courthouse and Ancient Jail Still Stand.

BY JESSIE E. BRITT.

LAFAYETTE, Or., Sept. 20.—(Special.)—How many of us have realized that amid the prosaic hustle and bustle of old Yamhill lies a charming "deserted village" of the Oliver Goldsmith type—a genuine Sleepy Hollow. Some drowsy Summer day, just board the south-bound train on the Portland and Dallas line, get off at Lafayette, walk a few blocks up the grass-grown streets, look about you with "the eye of faith," and you will see it. But do not delay too long, or, like the Foolish Virgin, you will find that you are "too late" and that the elusive charm of the old town has vanished.

Already Lafayette is stirring a little as if about to awaken from its lethargy of 25 years, and soon, no doubt, it will be as arrogant and garish in its prosperity as are the rest of our thriving Western towns.

But there it lies, now, picturesque in its decay, redolent of memories of the past. Stop one of the gray-haired octogenarians on the street and submit the graceful and original question, "Have you lived here long and don't you find it very lonesome?" Accompanied by the sympathetic air of condescension universally adopted toward the "native" of the small town.

He will tell you, among other things, that Lafayette is the third oldest town in Oregon, like Mount Zion, "beautiful of situation," with a grand view of the Coast Range Mountains and the nearer hills. It was at one time the county seat and one of the most promising towns of Oregon. But "the powers that be" decreed against it. More than 20 years ago McMinnville snatched the coveted honor, and from that time the glory of Lafayette began to wane.

The courthouse, a pretentious brick building with several wooden excrescences, still stands, a melancholy relic of the past. But even after it ceased to be the courthouse it entered into another era of dignity and usefulness and became that fount of learning known as Lafayette Seminary, whither the elite of the surrounding country resorted in their thirst for knowledge. More than 10 years ago the seminary was transplanted to Dallas, and since then the old building has stood deserted and unused.

Just across from the old courthouse is an ancient brick structure whose decaying doorways and tumble-down walls seem fairly teeming with ancient history. I derived a melancholy pleasure in surveying this dilapidated relic and paused long before it, giving my imagination free rein. Here, I thought, is the remains of a fine old mansion once occupied by one of the most prominent and wealthy families of the county.

Through the dust-grimed windows I was able to discern a winding stairway, and we all know that in the old-fashioned houses of 50 years ago this dizzy corkscrew mode of ascent was considered highly genteel, giving an air of elegance to the whole house. As I was leaning pensively, but not too heavily, on the fence—for it was very decrepit—indulging in many sad reflections on fallen fortunes and the "gnawing tooth of time," I fancied I saw a curtain in one of the upper windows move ever so slightly, and I had a feeling that some one was peering out on me. Whereupon I moved on hastily, reproaching myself for my indelicacy in thus intruding on the privacy of the inmate, no doubt the last scion of a noble family, whose wounded pride I had perhaps lacerated still more by my curiosity.

But alas! This is a world of disillusion. Thinking to enrich these fancies still farther, I unwisely questioned a young lady. I could see that she was not gifted with much poetic insight nor was she well "up" on historic landmarks, and when she informed me that my fine old family mansion was the county jail in days gone by, I rejected the idea as unworthy and refused to believe her until she was corroborated by other reliable authorities.

"But," I expostulated weakly, "I thought somebody had lived in it."

"Maybe they have," was the reply, whether in a spirit of facetiousness or as a plain statement of fact I could not tell. It was a dreadful disappointment, and my imagination balked decidedly at routing all the members of the fine old family and installing hardened criminals in their places.

After a little readjustment I was able to construct so many pleasantly bloodcurdling scenes within the old walls, that I felt quite recompensed for what I had lost. However, I question the wisdom of providing such an attractive residence for wrongdoers. I fear that after a sojourn in such commodious and pretentious quarters, instead of coming out chastened and repentant, they might be inclined to feel a bit snobbish.

But we must not linger too long beside the old jail, for there are three fine old churches to be seen, showing white through the trees, their spires pointing heavenward. One of them stood unlocked, so I wandered in. As the sun came pouring in through the pretty colored windows I could see the ghosts of bygone days sitting in the pews. How pretty the little church had looked on lovely Summer mornings, when filled with the prosperous "pillars of society," the matrons in their rustling silks, the dainty young ladies, and the fine young men. No doubt this little church has been the scene of many an incipient romance.

Up there in the corner is the choir loft. The old organ can still voice the sweet hymns, though it has grown a trifle wheezy and rheumatic with old age and a moist climate. I can picture the organist, a "sweet young thing" whose timid fingers trembled as they touched the keys. Or, more likely, she was a severe person in spectacles, with a penchant for "running things." Probably, then as now, the choir was the seat of war. The bass didn't like the tenor and intimated (privately) that he sang through his nose. Some of the others, no doubt, found fault with the bass because he sang too loud, and one of the speakers felt completely blighted because some one had said she sang off the key. Someone else didn't like the alto because she "dragged," and they were all "fussed up" at the organist because she played too fast or too slow, or too loud or was too "bossy."

In the pulpit the ponderous Bible repozes on a faded red cushion, and it needs only a little imagination to see the old white-haired minister behind it, reading the morning lesson. Surely "his looks adorned the venerable place" and let us also hope that "those who came to scoff remained to pray."

In another corner, covered with dust, are the ancient archives of the Sunday school. I turn the faded and time-worn pages and there under an entry of long ago, I find that "Sunday school was opened by prayer" by one whose name is well known in the history of Oregon and whose body is now crumbling to dust.

By this time the sun is well toward the West and the train will soon be due that will carry us back to the strenuous, every-day world. So with a last lingering look we bid farewell to the lovely old village and leave it to its memories and its dreams—and to its awakening.

OREGON URGED TO FOLLOW EXAMPLE OF NEIGHBOR OVER NORTH BORDER

Dr. Coe Thinks Nation Faces Crisis—Free Lands Exhausted, State Should Make Loans to Settlers and Clear Land for Them, He Says.

BY DR. HENRY WALDO COE.
(Member Portland Realty Board. Paper No. 7. Final Paper.)

CLOSELY allied to the wealth in the streams of Oregon—wealth lying largely unused and dormant—is the potentiality for wealth in the well-directed brawn of the people already here or willing to come, which likewise is now unused in state wealth creation, for lack of individual capital on the part of such people. The forests of Oregon, as pointed out in an earlier paper, will be gone in a hundred years, but the wealth in the streams will be young 10,000 years from now. There is need to put these streams to work now, watering the arid acres referred to.

It is fortunate for the Nation, and, incidentally, for his party, that in these changing times a man of broadness and possessing experience in many lines is just now Secretary of the Interior. For a new era is on the Nation in regard to its lands; especially its irrigated lands. Both Nation and state need their clearest-headed statesmen at the helm in this matter these days. With an increase in irrigated acres in the United States from 20,000 in 1870 to more than 25,000,000 in 1910, the national duty here is apparent; while with 6,000,000 acres which can be irrigated in Oregon and which will add $500,000,000 or more to the assessed valuation within her borders, this subject becomes the greatest problem of the state.

Poor Men Settle Countries.

Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas and other regions of the Middle West were almost altogether settled by poor men. The free lands of these regions allured these hardy scions of Northern Europe, Celt and Teuton, and the descendants of Pilgrim, peasant and cavalier—pioneers, who could not stop their western trek to a wilderness if there were free lands there. Later came the man of South Europe.

The rich lands of these regions afforded a resting place for another generation to pioneer and plan and on which to build permanent homes.

Today many of these earliest pioneers of the Middle West are still living, and if they remained with the soil, most of them are in comfortable circumstances. A ride through such regions discloses the richest farming districts of the United States. Capacious white houses, large, well-filled red barns, well-kept fields and cattle and other stock in a thousand valleys speak of the wealth these people made for themselves, their children and for the state.

Yet these old men, or the forebears of those now there, came to these states with $14 to pay the filing fees on a free home, and sustenance for a few weeks only. The pioneer days are not so far away in the past. There are the bankers, doctors, lawyers and business men in the villages and cities and the positions of Governor, as well as local official places, are filled by their descendants. Here can be found a true picture in which the poor carved out of a wilderness and made great and prosperous commonwealths. These people had hardships unknown today and the Oregon pioneer had all the hardships of the pioneer of the Middle West and more.

The day of free land, and of cheap land is all but an incident of a bygone era, and this is especially true of Oregon. Some excellent land may yet be filed on in Southeastern Oregon, but as a whole, the race is run. It is a song which has been sung. The worthless desert and the logged over lands remain for development.

To clear an acre or so of the land of any value in among these stumps, means a year's hard work for a man, alo g with his effort to make a living for his family; while to water a tract of the desert means a community arrangement and much time and effort.

In the great prairies of the Middle West, a quarter section might be made to produce a crop of wheat for market a few months after filing. Land there in timber was cleared in but a fraction of the time necessary in removing the never-rotting roots of mammoth firs, cedars and other trees of Western Oregon. Except for nearby town areas, or high priced orchard or vegetable purposes, the expenses to a man without means for turning the land to productiveness has been almost insurmountable.

Eastern Oregon Lands Cheap.

The rich Willamette Valley, settled almost as early as the Middle West, and in titles for the past 50 years, is only to a small degree under cultivation. The stump lands found everywhere are mute witnesses of the excessive cost of making agricultural lands here. Outside of the wheat lands in Eastern Oregon, this state really never had any cheap agricultural lands, as compared with the Middle West.

Oregon faces new conditions and what the individual can no longer do the state should attempt. Conditions have changed and the state as a whole should do for its newcomers what they cannot, and never have been able to do for themselves. Oregon must care for them as a man cares for his horse—for what his horse can do for him. The state or the nation need not enter into any charity enterprise, but may conduct operations as a prudent business man would do, losing, perhaps, a little here, but gaining there, and in the end bring Oregon into its own as a great and most fertile state.

Credit is due to Governor West for the way he has taken hold of the Columbia Southern irrigation project. A law was passed appropriating $500,000 as a trial enterprise and because the credit of the state had been pledged to the settlers there.

In Canada one railroad is selling its lands on 20 years' time at 5 per cent interest. This is attracting the poorer but capable settler from the Middle West. Where the poorer are taken care of, the well-to-do also flock. There is affection for the flag of any country that cares for those willing but unable to work best, without some substantial and financial aid in starting. Oregon could profit by Canada's example.

In Canada the settler may borrow $2000 from the railroad, with which to fence his land, build a neat home and a barn, put down a well and buy seed. The railroad also will lend him $1000 worth of young beef or dairy cattle. The $2000 loan is spent under strictest observation from the railroad company. These loans are made at low rate of interest.

The province will then come in and construct roads and schoolhouses for these people, keeping taxes down. It also will construct a creamery for the neighborhood. Although the Winters are long and tedious, the Summers full of mosquitoes, the regions remote, and only one crop is raised, settlers are flocking to these regions.

In Victoria and other regions in Confederated Australia, the province, in addition to assisting the settler after he arrives, will prepay his passage to the country.

The greatest lands of Oregon are those under irrigation projects. The poor man has some right to his share in these lands. It is certain that almost every private project in this state would be glad to turn over to the state for colonization a choice tract therein at actual cost with possibly a small rate of interest added over cost. Other newer and proposed projects could be taken over at a low cost.

It is not likely that more than one man out of every three who should go upon a state project would avail himself of state aid. But the settlement would make the waste places blossom immediately.

The well-to-do in the state, the so-called conservative, who can wait, so far as his pocketbook is concerned, is Oregon's worst asset in the matter of development of land. The majority want things done now. They see the Government spend untold millions in battleships, public buildings and waterways from which no money will return. They see the state spend millions annually on what is known as running expenses. This money is gone forever, and many a man is asking why the state might not put its land into good shape and then give this land to the settler as freely as the Government gave the lands of the Middle West to its settlers.

STERILIZED KNIFE CURE FOR FRUIT FIRE BLIGHT

Present Spread of Orchard Menace, Likely to Be Under-Estimated, Can Be Checked or Eradicated by Diligent Work.

IT IS evident to one who visits the orchard districts of the Northwest that fire-blight, better known as pear blight, has become a great menace to the orchardists, especially those who have the varieties of apples and pears that are susceptible. A wet year resulting in luxuriant growth, coupled with the presence of a few hold-over sources of infection in each community and the usual activity of bees and insects has resulted in a general infection of the orchards throughout most if not all the fruitgrowing sections of the Northwest.

The orchards in Fruitdale and Sandwich, two orchard sections of the Grand Ronde Valley, were infected generally, while the Rogue River and Hood River orchardists have been coping with blight for several years. The news dispatches report that the North Yakima orchardists have petitioned the County Court for $15,000 with which to fight the disease. Even in Klamath County some of the few apple orchards there have become infected. It is safe to say that the fire-blight is a universal problem for the orchardists to cope with and no desire for local prestige should be an obstacle in a public campaign against it.

Sterilized Knife Is Cure.

The one cure for fire-blight is the sterilized knife. Under the direction of Professor P. J. O'Gara, the high-salaried expert pathologist that Jackson County employs, crews of men were at work during the Spring cutting out the infected limbs and washing the stubbed ends in an antiseptic solution. The worse infection was in Spitzenberg trees, which seem especially subject to the disease. The few cases of infection which escaped the inspectors during previous years, after remaining dormant all Winter, broke out in running sores in the Spring, the red, sweet ooze of which attracted the bees that later carried the germs on their legs and bodies into the blossoms. From the blossoms the disease worked through the cambium or growing layer down through the twigs and where not cut into the trunks and roots, with the final result of total destruction of the tree. Fortunately, only a few varieties of apples are subject to destruction by fire-blight. In the Newtown, Northern Spy, Ben Davis and frequently the Jonathan apple tree and in many other kinds the blight goes no farther than the old wood.

The orchardists of the Rogue River Valley have the blight situation well in hand. Professor O'Gara has taught them the danger of the disease and his inspectors have insisted upon the eradication of it as nearly as possible each year. In the Fall, when the blight is dormant, all infected limbs should be cut out in order to save the healthy portions of the particular tree and to prevent its spread to other trees by the bees in the Spring.

All localities are not as fortunate as the Rogue River Valley in having an expert at their service and wide publicity should be given to the simple methods of eradication and to the necessity of eliminating as many as possible of the hold-over cases during the dormant period. Where the Spitzenberg trees have had to be cut badly Professor O'Gara has advised the grafting of them into Yellow Newtowns or some other variety that is practically immune.

Apples Hardest Hit.

The pear blight peculiarly has attacked the apples more severely than the pear in the Northwest, but in New York, where the disease is supposed to have originated, and in Colorado and California thousands of acres of pear orchards were completely destroyed. For a time this devastation resulted in the abandonment of the pear-raising industry in most localities, but the discovery of scientific methods of handling the disease has resulted in extensive planting.

Of the pear trees the Bosc is especially susceptible, although the Bartlett, Howell, d'Anjou, Winter Nelis and Comice are all subject to it. Following the advice of Professor O'Gara, many orchardists in Southern Oregon have planted Kiefer pear trees, which are risistant to the blight, and later have grafted them into the more salable varieties. In this way a tree can seldom be entirely destroyed by the blight, as the trunk and roots are immune.

In the fruit districts which are unorganized the blight is a terrible menace and in all localities the danger of its spread is apt to be under-estimated unless publicity is given it. A fortunate fact is that where the orchards are badly neglected there is no danger of blight, as a tree must be thriving in order to have a circulation that permits of the spread of the disease throughout the tree's system.

Sweet Potato Waffle.

Exchange.

Mix to a smooth batter half a breakfast cupful of sweet potatoes well boiled and mashed, together with four teapoonfuls of flour and a tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, saltspoonful of salt and a pint of milk. Bake the batter immediately in a hot waffle iron, or, if desired, it may be baked on a hot griddle in the form of cakes.