

IRRIGATION PROJECT WILL BE A FACT AND Huge Horseheaven Prairie to Become Productive Area.

BOND ISSUE CONFIRMED

Sale of \$18,000,000 Securities to
Enable Development of 225-
000 Rich Acres.

PROSSER, Wash., Dec. 31.—(Special.)—Portland will profit more than any city of the northwest by the irrigation of the great Horseheaven prairie, which, according to prominent business men and representatives of bonding houses, may become a reality in the early future. During the past few weeks there has been unusual activity by officers of the irrigation district, who have been negotiating with different investment brokers with view of securing the \$18,000,000 bond issue on which a New York bonding house now holds an option. This option will expire in a few weeks. It carries a bonus of 10 per cent, amounting to \$1,800,000, which constitutes the plum for which rival brokers are competing.

Adverse financial conditions have thus far precluded the successful sale of the bonds and the resumption of work on the great 100-mile canal which it is intended shall water more than 225,000 acres, embraced within the revised limits of the Horseheaven project. More recently, competition between rival factions among the land owners reached a climax at the annual election of directors held Tuesday, December 13, when J. B. Sommers, a prominent merchant, and Judge J. B. Boyle competed for the place on the board of directors that had theretofore been held by Mr. Sommers. Judge Boyle being elected.

Pool Not Successful.
Efforts of the Horseheaven Development company to induce owners to pool their interests in the project, although successful, though it was claimed that 100,000 acres of land had been subscribed to the pool. And it was contended that many owners could be expected ultimately to join in this movement to the end that capitalists would be enabled to furnish with provide funds with which to construct the canals and laterals, stimulated by the chance of achieving big profits, especially in the event through the unearned increment, as it is agreed that land which is now valued at \$25 an acre would double, triple and even quadruple in value rapidly when once irrigation is assured.

Those who predict that Portland will become the beneficiary of the irrigation of the Horseheaven prairie, which will inevitably be produced when irrigation becomes a reality point to the fact that Portland is not much nearer the majority of this immense body of land, but is also reached by water grades on the Spokane, Portland & Seattle and C. & W. R. & N. railroad systems and also by water transportation.

Village Has Big Future.
PATERSON, a village of perhaps 25 persons, on the S. & W. railway and on the bank of the Columbia 25 miles south of Prosser, may become the logical market place and a pretentious little city when the 225,000 acres now embraced within the Horseheaven irrigation district is actually producing crops. It is now for the most part producing grain crops that are marketed at Prosser or Klona on the Northern Pacific because of the lack of facilities for handling business and are slightly closer to the largest farmers. However, there is a "downhill pull" from these areas toward the Columbia river, the average distance is only 10 to 20 miles and the roads are first class.

With irrigation the crop yield may be expected to multiply 20-fold or even 50-fold, in which event the much shorter haul from Paterson to Portland and consequently lower freight rates, and the economical water grade will have a tendency to divert this crop to Portland markets rather than to continue moving to Seattle and Tacoma and Spokane, at which points practically all the Yakima valley crops are now hauled, involving a hard pull over a heavy grade and at least 20 miles greater distance than would be the haul from Paterson to Portland. Already electric lines and a proposed road to Paterson and from Kennewick to Mabton have been seriously discussed by the more ambitious advocates and more enthusiastic promoters of Horseheaven irrigation.

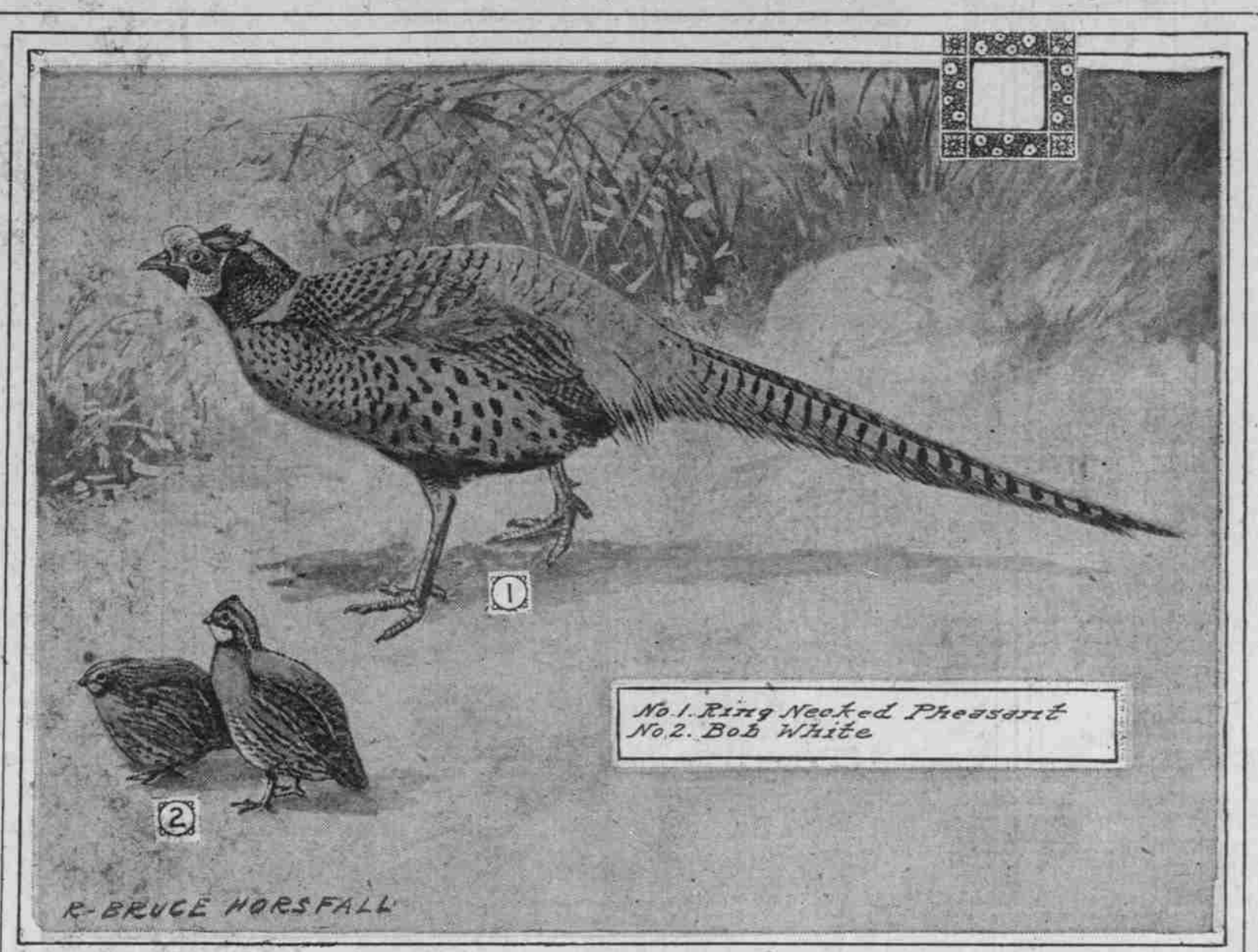
Bond Issue Confirmed.
Few people realize that the proposed irrigation is no longer an idle dream. Bonds have not only been voted, but have finally been confirmed by the supreme court of last resort, so that now it merely remains to disburse the bonds and begin construction. Of course it may be anticipated that there will be obstacles and delays, but at most it should be but a matter of not more than a few months or perhaps a few years at the outside until this wonderful empire will really be well supplied with producing abundant crops of corn, alfalfa, potatoes, melons, berries and, in fact, everything for which the Yakima valley is now famous.

Irrigation to Be Reality.
At the tenth annual Horseheaven picnic at the grange hall last June, several of the pioneers, in brief addresses, referred to the "good old days," when they had their first picnic, when 30-bushel wheat crops were often boasted, when the farmers grew their own fruit and when the land was sold as high as \$50 and \$70 an acre. Tragedy of the past was forgotten, however, when other speakers in a spirit of optimism reminded the gathering that the supreme court had recently definitely confirmed the \$18,000,000 bond issue, and that it was because of this judgment, only a question of time until irrigation will become a reality and their wonderful empire will be yielding crops surpassing the best crops of America's most prosperous irrigation project—the Yakima valley. Only five to ten miles distant, where, according to the government's own figures, all irrigated land actually in cultivation produced a crop revenue of \$102 per acre in 1918, \$157 in 1919 and \$145 in 1920.

Contract Is Impressive.
Pioneer business men of Prosser, who make the Horseheaven trip infrequently, could not conceal the feeling of depression that seized them as their automobile paused at the crest of the hills that rise from the south bank of the Yakima to permit the passengers to rest their gaze on the panorama below, where the beautiful Yakima valley, marked as a checkerboard with roads enclosing every quarter section, dotted with pretty homes, thrifty orchards, fields of potatoes, corn and wheat, stretched for many miles out toward the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades. Then,

BOB WHITE IS NOT ONLY GAME BIRD, BUT IT IS MOST SPRIGHTLY DWELLER OF COUNTRY AND CITY SUBURBS

Ill-placed Confidence in Man Led to Their Destruction Until Some Hastily-made Laws for His Protection Have Served Their Purpose and Quail Again Are on Increase, Says Writer on Audubon Subject.



No. 1 Ring Necked Pheasant
No. 2. Bob White

This is the 15th of a series of articles on Oregon birds that are being printed in The Sunday Oregonian. Illustrations are provided by R. Bruce Horsfall of Portland. The descriptive articles are supplied by the Marine Laboratory in ornithology at Pacific University.

THE mention of the name bobwhite will not respond with the characteristic whistling, "Bob-Bob-White," which is so familiar as to be well known, even to city dwellers throughout the United States. Probably this quail is on the list of birds known to nine-tenths of the people, for it is not only a game bird but a most cheery dweller of the country and city suburbs. Formerly the bobwhite was most abundant, but its ill-placed confidence in man has led to its destruction, until a few years ago his extinction was feared. Some hastily made laws for his protection have served their purpose and the bobwhite is again to be on the increase.

Besides destruction by his enemies, the very habits of these quails have caused their numbers to decrease. A bevy will invariably roost together in a circle on the ground, heads out, where they rely upon their mottled appearance for protection. If disturbed by a dog, they will not fly until the intruders are close at hand and then more than the jerky flight is necessary to save them. The habit of roosting on the ground is also dangerous in winter, for whole bevy have been snowed under and frozen in a single night. The bobwhites suffer more than most of our birds with the storms and a severe cold snap invariably takes its toll of the quail.

Call Note Familiar.
The characteristic call note by which he introduces himself is one of the brightest and most familiar sounds of the fields. Some think that his call foretells rain as he calls to his mate in spring and this is always a welcome sign. The bobwhite frequents the farming regions where he is probably the most valuable feathered asset. He adapts himself to each community and seems to be a community welfare worker. What has the greatest need of destruction this quail attacks with energy. A specimen taken in Pennsylvania had 101 potato bugs in its craw, while one from the Texas coast fields was found to have eaten 127 boll weevils. Farmers everywhere are aware of its great insect-eating value and many a wise worker of the soil has deliberately set about to attract these faithful allies. Many farmers provide covers for their protection of briars, blackberry or wild rose, which not only make good covers but add variety to the diet. Knowing how many quail perish in the storms of the north they are almost universally fed. Where the snow is deep they should be given some gravel with the grain. The bobwhite are quick to spread the news where food is put out for them, so that with a little trouble hundreds can be saved through a cold winter. Their value greatly offsets the small cost of feeding. But when their food is not covered by snow the bobwhite can usually manage to gain a living. In the fall they go about the old stubble fields searching for grain and when a few inches of snow covers the seeds and insects they will search old wild berries if any are to be found.

Feeds Taxes Paid.
Aside from his value as an insect eater, Edward Howe Forbush has found another commendable feature of bobwhites. He says: "From the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, the bobwhite is a bird of the country to hunt because of his wide range and easy accessibility. He is a bird of the field trials, where the staunch dogs show their training. Annually each autumn something like 400,000 sportsmen go out from the cities into the country to hunt bobwhite. In many cases the rental of the privilege of shooting more than pays the taxes on the farm. Thus the bobwhite pays indirectly most of the taxes in many of the school districts and no

settles for the education of the children on the farms."

Aside from his economic value the bobwhite is among our most interesting birds. From the rainy spring morning when his note rings out across the fields as he calls to his mate, he attracts attention. Sometimes at mating season, when rivalry becomes strong, the males will fight, but usually the quail are marked by their serenity and good nature. After the mating season the birds begin their nesting—again seeking the ground for shelter in some thicket, where from 12 to 18 eggs are laid—pure white in color. Sometimes the eggs are covered with a white turning the eggs as carefully as his mate. When the young are hatched they are covered with down and are able to run about almost as soon as they leave the egg. Since the eggs all hatch about the same time mother bobwhite will lead her downy brood about with a keen eye for their safety. When some intruder steps in mother gives the signal and all "freeze" at once into the landscape, where, like the old birds, they are almost indistinguishable. Then mother tries to lead the intruder away from her precious brood. Nature has given her ground dwellers, this protection of coloring at least, whatever other dangers they may have to face.

Polygamy Is Practiced.
There is some indication that in a few instances polygamy is practiced among the bobwhite. A few nests have been found with two sets of eggs and in this case it appears that the birds are as peaceful as ever. Popular opinion, however, the ring-necked pheasant is divided and the balance swings from favor to disfavor in various localities. Judge Denio, through the proper channels, has been petitioned for a law to Oregon from China in 1892 and since then the bird has spread to

Washington and British Columbia and has been planted in many other states. It is variously known as the China, Chinese, Mongolian, Benny or Oregon pheasant. The striking appearance of the male has made the bird well known and for a while the plumage was extensively used for millinery.

Damage Is Done.
In Oregon and Washington this pheasant has not come into great disfavor, in most localities, but where it is a pest it does great damage. W. L. McAtee of the United States biological survey made a collection of the stomachs which proves that the birds' activities are locally good or bad. Where much grain was found it was in the harvest months, where it was much was waste grain. The stomachs were found to contain many larvae of March flies and of weevils. Mr. McAtee says of them: "The birds have not proved a nuisance in Oregon and Washington, where they have been numerous for years. Some farmers even value them so highly that they will not permit hunting on their property as they are good feeders, their capabilities for good or harm are great. If a number of them attack a crop they are likely to make light work of it, or if they devote themselves to insect pests they do a great deal of good. It seems therefore that the question of the economic value of pheasants is peculiarly a local one."

Whatever their economic status, the pheasants are so bold that they become amusing. I have seen a male bird with a harem of females following him about. One day I saw a pair in the city directly in front of an approaching automobile. They seemed to realize that they were safe in the open grown city lots, but on country roads they may be found nearly as tame. They are becoming very abundant in Oregon and Washington even with an open season upon them and their peculiar harsh cry may be heard everywhere. Whether it arouses contempt or pleasure depends upon the farmer's individual experience.

for economical space. Even the pheasant has been rendered offensive by the sparrows and choice of ornaments placed upon it. The day-bird has been given the same balance as a day-bird, but the pheasant, on account of its composition with the wall space below the shelves. The fireplace is cheery, the books comfortable.

On the other side of the room is a gate table with a lamp, a writing set, and a few more books upon it. An hourglass chair is on one side and a small straight writing chair on the other. The impression of neatness and intelligence bespeaks an orderly mind and a taste for the decorative.

A touch of modernity is given in the colors. The walls are of gray; the wide wooden shelves, the gate table and gate table are painted with a berry. The book shelves, bed, and bed coverings are of pistache green, while the carpet is of a warm color. A single embroidered pillow of deep peach pink repeats in its embroidery all of the other colors in the room, while the bookshelves and the bed contribute the necessary note of red.

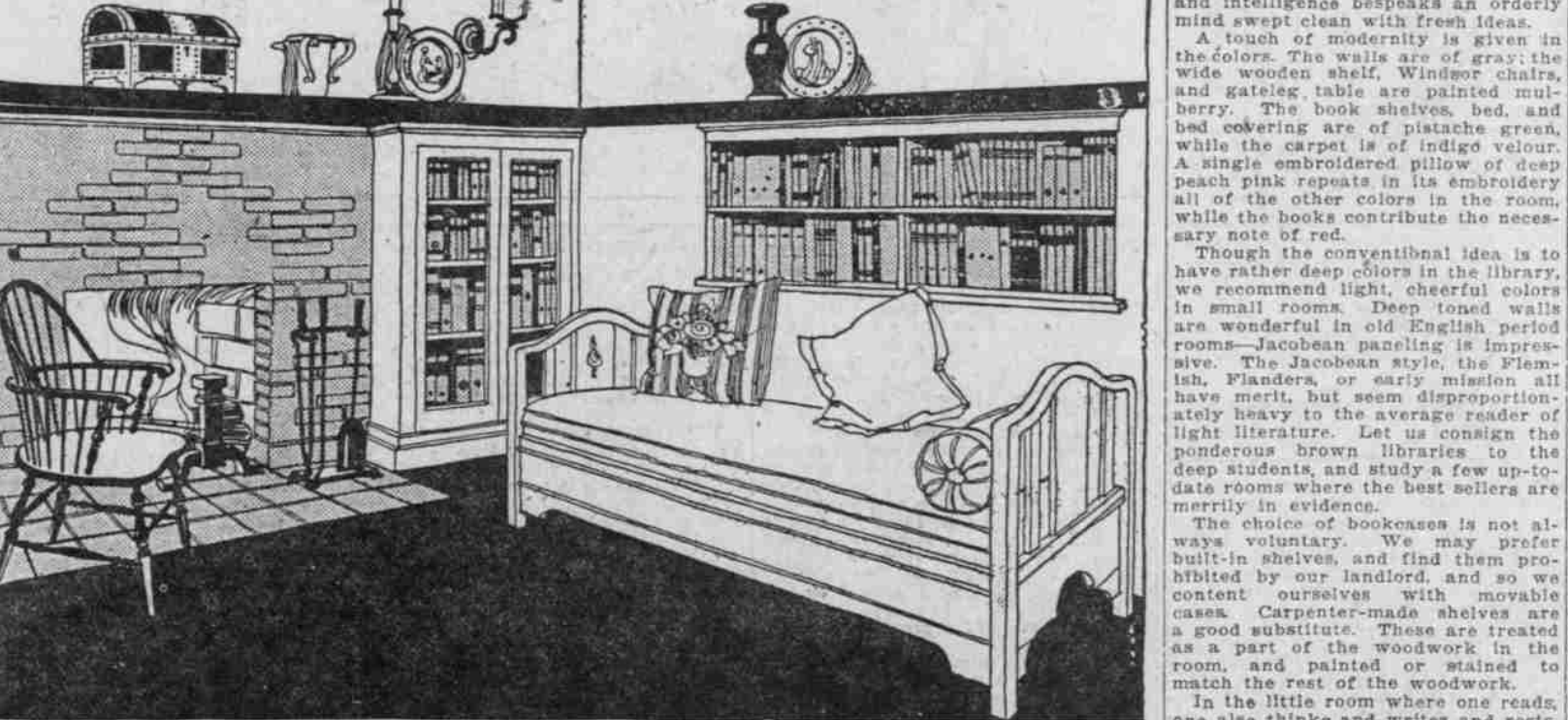
Though the conventional idea is to have rather deep colors in the library, the cheerful light and cheerful colors in small rooms. Deep toned walls are wonderful in old English period rooms—Jacobean paneling is impressive. The decorative scheme is in Plaster, or early mission all have merit, but seem disproportionate. Let us have the average room of light literature. Let us assign the ponderous brown libraries to the deep students, and study a few up-to-date rooms where the best sellers are merrily in evidence.

The choice of bookcases is not always voluntary. We may prefer built-in shelves and the room is prohibited by our landlord, and we are content ourselves with movable cases. Carpenter-made shelves are good substitutes. These are treated as a part of the woodwork in the room, and painted or stained to match the rest of the woodwork.

In the little room where one reads, one also thinks and writes and rests. It has a rather intimate character, and personal accessories are permissible: photographs and souvenirs of travel are allowable, if not too numerous; personal comforts are indispensable.

In my own room I have a narrow table with a book prop at its corner. The table stands astride a chaise longue on which I take my ease, propped up with pillows. Over the foot is an old-fashioned crocheted "couverture." One end of the table holds a writing pad, and the other is weighted down with several books. The whole thing is backed up towards the window. Near by is a junior floor lamp.

On my mantel shelf are books, tall



known author has actually produced during his lifetime, but, there, the poor author is credited with enough more works to fill the measurement of the parvenu's bookshelf—the author is past complaining, and the owner and his friends accept the ruse as an easy solution of the library problem."

Just why is the little room in my sketch so appealing? Don't you think it is because of its furniture, or the books? What a simple matter it is to have shelves let into the wall, as shown above the daybed here. The room is a combination living room, bedroom, library. Its owner has, think, made the best of the necessity

MRS. HARDING'S GOWN OF HER OWN DESIGN

Dress as Good Looking as
Evelyn Hunt Ever Saw.

CAPITAL CREATIONS MANY
Makeups of Modistes From Four
Corners of Earth to Make
Mildly Beautiful.

BY EVELYN C. HUNT.
(Copyright 1921 by The Oregonian.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 29.—(Special.)—What are Washington's official and visiting women wearing at the White House? The capital has ever known? The question has come from everywhere. And so have the gowns. From the four corners of the earth they have arrived to make mildly beautiful.

As good looking a gown as I have seen was the one worn by Mrs. Harding at a dinner last week. She designed it herself, too. It was fashioned of heavy, soft, black satin which had almost the sheen of chiffon velvet, made on the gracefully draped lines which Mrs. Harding affects, and the dress was a masterpiece, falling from one shoulder and caught at the waistline by a jeweled ornament, were the only garniture.

The gown was of black satin, with lines of brilliant giving the effect of rain, and there was a narrow band of white satin at the waistline. Mrs. Harding had diamond pins in her hair and she wore a handsome diamond pendant in addition to the bracelet on her hand with the diamond slide which she always wears about her throat.

Mrs. Coolidge, wife of the vice president, wore a black evening dress of sleeveless gown of sapphire blue velvet which was cut rather high in the back and low in front. She wore an ostrich-feather fan of the same shade of blue.

Mrs. Hughes, wife of the secretary of state, wore a black gown with a wide band of white satin at the waistline. Mrs. Hughes had diamond pins in her hair and she wore a handsome diamond pendant in addition to the bracelet on her hand with the diamond slide which she always wears about her throat.

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