

# The Oregon Statesman

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R. J. Hendricks, Manager; Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor; Ralph Gloyer, Cashier; Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 523; Circulation Department, 583; Job Department, 583; Society Editor, 106

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## IRRIGATION IN THE SALEM DISTRICT

"Perhaps the largest field for development here is in connection with the use of small individual pumping plants, and it is possible by proper irrigation, to double the yield of about one-sixth of the soils in the valley, being the naturally drained free working soil areas that are not too heavy on the one hand or too sieve-like on the other. The enterprise is delayed partly due to lack of knowledge of the value of irrigation or skill in its use. However, there are here opportunities for irrigation farming in a region where there is a long growing season with good transportation facilities at hand, and a healthful settled section free from hardships of pioneering in a raw, arid section."

The above is the concluding paragraph of an interview with W. L. Powers, chief of soils at the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station, made for and published by the Pacific Homestead, the farm paper issued from the Statesman building in the number of that journal for the current week.

And the "here" reference is to "lands of less sandy texture but suitable for intensive crops with supplemental irrigation"

And the lands of "sandy texture" referred to are those and such as those in the Santiam bottoms.

But the reader, if he is a farmer, or is interested in any way in the progress of this section, ought to read and reread and preserve the whole article, printed on the Pep and Progress pages this morning.

To "double the yield of about one-sixth of the soils of the valley," which Prof. Powers says may be done by irrigation, is worth thinking about; studying upon; providing the means of doing this very thing—

Largely with pumping plants, but in very many cases with water from streams.

Prof. Powers shows that, with proper rotation of crops and fertilization of the land, a comparatively small amount of water applied at the right times and in the right way will turn the trick; just enough is very much better than too much—

And vastly better than none at all.

There is other irrigation matter in the Pep and Progress pages this morning that is informing, and encouraging, and the "Selling Salem District" and "Salem Slogan" pages that will begin a new campaign of development in The Statesman on October 5th will contain from time to time a great deal about irrigation for this valley. It is a very live subject now, and the movement is bound to grow—must grow.

The time is coming fast when irrigation will be considered as a matter of course for most farms in this section; and the sooner it arrives the better for the growth and solid prosperity of the Salem district.

The canneries of the Willamette valley and of the Western Washington prune district are doing a big part in taking care of the bumper prune crop now being harvested. The canners are at the same time developing a line that will add to the popularity of what they have to offer to the consuming public; and to their profits. In fruits, the big five are going to be pineapples, prunes, pears, peaches and apricots—leave off the "a" of the last and complete the alliteration. Prunes are now making the greatest strides in the history of the canning industry in taking their place in the royal family named.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Irrigation's the thing.

It is a juicy subject and is going to have great attention from now on here in the valley.

Three weeks more will see the last of the prune crop safe; with every day making the saving of it more possible—even with a little or even a good deal of rain. Dry days, however, will be more than appreciated by the pickers and the growers.

There was not a sack of cement to be had in Salem yesterday. That shows something of the busy times in building of all kinds.

If you think the building of houses in Salem is being overdone, try to rent one; or even housekeeping rooms in one. You will consider yourself out of luck. Still more new houses are both in course of construction and being planned and started than ever before in the history of Salem.

There is one thing more important to Salem as a city than the development of irrigation on a large scale in this section, and that is the development of the great water powers of the Santiam and Little North Fork of the Santiam rivers. It is coming, and the sooner the better for Salem. That will hurry Oregon's capital city towards the 100,000 mark in population, in the progress of which it is making no mean strides even as it is. Salem is away above 20,000 in population now.

Gertrude J. M. Page, the life real estate dealer, when picking flowers at her home a couple of days ago, found an upper set of false teeth. She is now looking for the man who owns the lower set—or perhaps it is a woman.

Used by Three Generations "I use Foley's Honey and Tar personally, give it to all my children and now to my grandchildren with the same good results. I tried many kinds of cough medicines, but never want anything but Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. E. K. Olson, Superior, Wisc. Foley's Honey and Tar was established in 1875 and has stood the test of time serving three generations. It quickly relieves colds, coughs and croup, throat, chest and bronchial trouble. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 128

THE PLAN THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR SUGGESTED

Another realization came to me as I stood waiting for the little telephone operator to change the bill I had proffered her in payment for my telegram to Lillian. If Mother Graham was to be kept in ignorance of my undertaking I could not go back to the office and return to the telephone office in an hour. I had told her I was going for a walk to look

over the town. She would naturally expect me to take some time. But though I was nearly getting stronger, the prospect of an hour's steady walking rather appalled me. I turned to the little telegraph operator appealingly: "Is there a piece nearby where I could wait for that telegram—at least part of the time?" "You are perfectly welcome to wait here," she said hospitably, "but it isn't very interesting. Now, if you like cards and postal cards, you might go over to Betty Kane's—it's the house next to the postoffice—she's a most interesting woman, she practically lives in her wheel chair, hasn't taken a step since she was a small girl. She serves tea in the afternoons, but sometimes she can manage to make a cup in the morning if any one wishes it. Indeed, she's glad to do it if she can. You see, her little shop is all her livelihood."

"That program sounds most attractive," I commented with smiling relief.

"I think you'll find it so," she returned, "and—suppose I send my little girl over to the shop as soon as your message comes back. It will save your coming over here on a guess. The time of these messages is very uncertain, you know."

"That will be most satisfactory," I answered with an involuntary smile of approval at "my little girl," a curly-haired elf of perhaps 7, who was eyeing me eagerly. I surmised that the delivering of messages supplied to her an importance which made her the envy of all her childhood comrades in the quiet little village.

She came up to me, looking up with an anxious air.

"I Shan't Forget."

"What is the name, please?" she asked with such an air of gravity that I had all I could do to keep from laughing. Over her head her mother's eyes met mine with a look of amusement in which there was a touch of mother pride.

"Mrs. Graham, dear," I said with an air of gravity of which the little evidently approved.

"I shan't forget," she said importantly, and I went out of the room with the pleasurable little glow which contact with a child always gives me.

The home in which Betty Kane's shop was located was a very ordinary appearing structure, but there was nothing ordinary about the room to which the side door led, a door which held above it the lettered sign, "The Little Shop."

At one side a brisk fire snapped in a big, old fireplace, white opposite a wide, low casement window with a broad, comfortable seat beneath it, looked out over the beds of brightly colored crocus. The window seat and the comfortable looking chairs in the room were covered with cheery, tasteful chintz, and on a low table a bowl of trailing arbutus sent out its fragrance to all who entered. A tea wagon with most attractive

FUTURE DATES

September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State fair. September 21, 22 and 23—Pendleton round-up. September 24, Sunday—Annual Y.M.C.A. "Setting up" conference, Wallace farm. September 25, Monday—State Federation of Labor meets in Salem. September 27, Wednesday—Oregon Purebred Livestock association to meet. September 30, Saturday—Football, Willamette University vs. Alumni. October 5, 6 and 7—Polk County fair, Dallas. October 7, Saturday—Football, Salem high school vs. Woodburn high school. November 7, Tuesday—General election.

china stood near the fire, china which made my eyes gleam appreciatively. It was the sort of thing one sees in homes of taste, far different from the ordinary tearoom china, pretty as that sometimes is. While Madge waited.

In one corner, the inevitable postal card revolving stand was redeemed from commonplaceness by its decorations of sprays of the long-leaved pine, white a table and a set of shelves near were covered with queer and attractive articles, which made me long for a closer view.

All this I saw through the wide, double-screened doors at the entrance, for there was no one in the little room, and no one had apparently heard my knock. So after standing in delighted survey of the little shop for a minute I knocked again—this time louder—and was rewarded by the sound of a cheery voice coming evidently from another room.

"Come right in and sit down," it said. "I won't be but a minute."

I obeyed, and sank into one of the comfortable, chintz-covered chairs with a feeling of delight, realizing that several days must pass before I regained the strength sapped by my sudden nervous collapse. I heard the snapping of a fire in another room, and the sound of dishes being moved. Then came a peculiar rolling and tapping sound, a wide door opposite me was pushed open, and through it rolled a low wheeled chair, propelled by the hands of the woman who sat in it.

I had been prepared for a pale, interesting cripple, waited on by some other person—I saw a plump, cheery, rosy-cheeked woman, in her late forties, with silver hair crowning a strong and beautiful face. She was dressed in an immaculate white blouse and a gray skirt instead of the loose gown one would have expected her to wear, while the pretty feet, which I knew were useless, were shod in dainty slippers and rested against the end of her wheel chair.

Here was a woman, I saw instinctively, who was not trading on her misfortune, but bravely putting the very best front possible on a calamity which would have crushed a lesser spirit into the dust.

On the spot I fell in love with Betty Kane.

(To be continued)

Helped His Back

Backache, rheumatic pains, dizziness and blurred vision are symptoms of kidney trouble. "My husband had a bad back," writes Mrs. M. McCullough, Easton, Pa. "When he sat down he could hardly get up and then he would be drawn over to one side. He tried Foley Kidney Pills and they cured him." Foley Kidney Pills quickly relieve kidney and bladder trouble. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## CARRIERS COME UNDER STATUTE

General Satisfaction Shown With Transportation Act, Say Officials

The public service commission, in a letter to W. A. Curtin, secretary of the Portland Traffic & Transportation association, expresses the opinion that practically every motor vehicle carrier of both freight and passengers in the state has now complied with the transportation act of the 1921 legislature whereby these carriers are placed under the jurisdiction of the commission and subjected to license payments. Possible exceptions are those in remote rural districts, and these are being informed of the legal requirements by inspectors.

July Banner Month The letter says that the commission granted nearly as many permits during the month of July this year as it had granted between December 27, 1921, and June 30, 1922.

Inspectors are reporting fewer violations each month. "There is some complaint from the carriers as to the operation of the law," says the letter, "but,

COMING SUNDAY Sept. 24 Another 4-Page ROTOGRAVURE SECTION Screen Scrap Book Watch for it in The Statesman

strange to relate, it comes mostly from those who have the lightest requirements to meet, while those operators who have comparatively heavy requirements report that the added public confidence, due to the regulation, has really benefited their business.

Claims Taken Care Of "All claims against automotive carriers for personal injuries, property damage or loss of freight or baggage, appears to have been given prompt consideration, and have been equitably adjusted. Accidents have been few considering the volume of the business and safety rules are being enforced and mechanical inspection with regard to the public safety will be more rigidly administered that even a better showing may be made.

"We are hearing very little of late in regard to proposed changes in the law except from that minority which objects to any regulation whatever, and believe that further operation of the present law will prove that it is well calculated to stabilize the transportation business as a whole and promote the safety and convenience of the public. However, like many other laws, it might be improved in some respects."



Guaranteed to be Cured Without Operation

"CAN I be cured and will I remain cured," is the constant thought of sufferers from Piles.

You can be cured and will remain cured under my non-surgical treatment. No knife, no operation, no anesthetic, no pain, no confinement—and a positive money-back guarantee of cure, no matter how chronic or severe your Piles may be. If you are a sufferer from Piles, Fissure, Fistula or Itching, write to me today.

DR. CHAS. J. DEAN RECTAL SPECIALIST 2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

## Recommendation is Sent Interstate Commission

The Oregon public service commission has forwarded a recommendation to the interstate commerce commission that it grant the application of the Oregon Trunk railway to abandon operation of that portion of its line between South Junction, Or., and Metolius, Or. A proviso attached is that the applicant in no way prohibit the use of its abandoned grade and concrete bridge for a public highway to serve the communities that would be somewhat isolated by the abandonment. The recommendation is signed by all three members of the commission.

We have often wondered what sort of a figure Addison, the greatest of English stylists, would cut as the producer of a daily column of paragraphs.

The Atlantic City pageant's new "Miss America" is red-headed. This should tend to stabilize the fashion in best seller heroines for awhile longer. (No reference to the white horse intended.)

JUST RECEIVED Shipment of SLIP-ON-SWEATERS at SHIPLEY'S

John J. Rottle FOR GOOD SHOES Look Over the Makes and Decide for Yourself— WALK-OVERS — DOUGLAS — EDMONDS — STYLISH STOUT AND KO-REC-TOE These shoes have the largest representation of any shoe in the world. We have the narrow and the wide ones — Our desire is to fit you correct. Prices Reasonable. John J. Rottle 167 N. Comm'l Salem, Oregon

TODAY Bring New and Wanted Bargains in Salem's Original BARGAIN BASEMENT "Shop With the Crowds" THE PEOPLES CASH STORE Salem's Greatest Department Store State Fair Exhibitors Take Notice of These Specials

Ladies' Winter Hats A large lot, picked from our regular stock and brought down to the basement. Here you will find Hats of nearly every description, trimmed and untrimmed shapes. Values to \$4.50 all go at 95c

Decorators' Bunting In all colors, special 8c Yd. Knives and Forks Special each 5c Remnants Are being piled high on the familiar table in this underpriced store. You'll find most every conceivable type of material priced for Thursday special One-Third Off Heavy all wool Army Blankets Special at \$2.79 Ladies' all wool Slip-Over Sweaters Regular \$3.75 grade of all wool Slipover Sweaters, some with narrow inverted patent belts, etc. All shades; while they last, special \$1.69 Men's, Women's and Girls' Straw Hats All styles and sizes go at 7c Standard Oil Cloth Per yard special 29c Heavy water Glasses Special each 4c

THE PEOPLES CASH STORE SALEM ORE.

# The Junior Statesman

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## YARNS OF THE BIG WOODS



THE SQUASHOLINGER (Up in the great lonesome woods of the North the old guides have invented many yarns to explain to the tenderfeet from the cities, the strange tracks, the weird noises, and all the other new experiences of the great outdoors. Mr. Childs was formerly a game warden in the woods of Northern Wisconsin. The stories collected from the old guides themselves. Twelve will be published. The one below is the tenth.) which he tells here are stories he Across the lake was a neat little cabin where an "old-timer" lived all the year round. He raised quite a crop of vegetables which he sold to campers. The old guide took the tenderfoot over with him on a vegetable buying trip. "We'd like a couple of those fine squashes of yours,

the place and live on bugs and insects, so you see they're considerable help. They're a rare variety, though. Isn't often I raise any of 'em."

## THE SHORT STORY, JR.

THE OLD OAK'S STORY For years I had stood on the corner by the old Henderson house—for years before the house was ever built, in fact. Hendersons, young and old, had played under my branches. I hated to see the Henderson family dwindling away and the land going to rack and ruin.

Finally young Byron Henderson was the only one left in the direct Henderson line. I liked the boy. He used to lie on the ground for hours looking up at me and even talked to me. I talked to him as well as I could and tried to make him understand how fond I was of him.

He was a small, pale boy who had always been a weakling. His mother and father had been swept away when he was very young by a black measles epidemic. It was a wonder he hadn't gone too. Sometimes I thought it would have been better for him. You see there wasn't any one left to look after him except a busy uncle in the city who decided that a small town was the place to bring up a boy, so he hired a couple to work the farm and take care of the boy.

I hated them from the very first. The woman was a stupid, whining person, and the man was a black-browed fellow who hounded the boy and shouted at him

continually. The uncle never came near. He was a very busy man indeed. I used to shake with anger when I saw how the boy was treated. Why, he got so that he put up his arm to shield his face whenever the man came near.

Things kept getting worse and worse. The boy looked half-starved. One afternoon he came home from school and dropped down under me, just worn out. In a minute the man was out after him. "So you're playing off," he shouted. "Sneaking out here instead of getting at your chores. I'll fix you for that." He rushed at the trembling boy with closed fist.

That was too much for me. One of my branches was old and rotten. I'd been intending to get rid of it anyway. So I just dropped it and pinned that man down by his leg. He yelled for help. The poor boy was scared to death and he ran like a streak up the road.

He happened to run into the sheriff, who was coming along, and who turned in to see what was the matter. The man wasn't much hurt, and the sheriff turned to the white-faced boy and began asking him questions.

Well, that sheriff was a mighty fine man. He saw how things were and how the boy was scared of that fellow. He wrote a letter to the boy's uncle, who wasn't mean, only thoughtless. Now old Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, the nicest people in the world, are here, and the uncle comes often.

I think those Hendersons of years ago must be glad of the way I'm sticking by them.