

FINE PRODUCTS ARE ON DISPLAY

L. D. Waring Has Unusual Success in Production of Garden Crops

L. D. Waring, of the Salem postoffice clerical force, brought to The Statesman office three tomatoes that weighed three pounds and three ounces—a little more than a pound each. These, however, though as perfect tomatoes as ever grew, were really small.

compared with some of his other fruits. He had one tomato that weighed one pound, seven ounces, and another not yet quite ripe that was still larger. Mr. Waring has been experimenting steadily for the past several years with some of the more tender vegetables at his little farm just across the river in Polk county. He secured the seed of the famous Ponderosa tomato, that at first he could not succeed in getting to ripen here. By careful selection of the earlier and more perfect fruits, he has developed this strain until it now grows both big and early. It ripens in any of the summer weather that Oregon has been having for the past five years. He has had ripe "Warings" for several weeks.

Among the tender plants that have not usually withstood the cool nights of the Willamette valley are okra and the West-India gherkin. This last is the famous high priced little sweet pickle that has come from the south. By careful breeding Mr. Waring now has these fruits to develop as readily as potatoes or acorns, and he says that they grow four times as heavy a yield per acre as the ordinary cucumber. The okra, a sub-tropical pod vegetable that is used in the wonderful southern soups and pickles he has produced so that it really ripens in spite of the cool nights. He is growing sweet potatoes and has them weighing up to two pounds for a single tuber; a full half peck to a single hill, or eight hills producing a full bushel, is

about the rule on the Waring farm. And the Lima bean, that usually produces satisfactorily only in a much warmer country, like California, he has developed in four years to the stage that they will produce a fine crop in spite of the cool nights. During the past summer there was only one night that is generally agreed to have been "hot" here in and near Salem. It has been a delightfully cool-nights summer, cool enough that tropical verdure has been out of luck. Corn and other hot weather plants have as a rule failed to make more than an ordinary growth, though the harder plants indigenous to this sort of climate have grown well. Mr. Waring has proven that, taking the ordinary stock seed to these various kinds of vegetables, it is possible to breed into a hardier plant habit that will withstand the Oregon weather and produce crops. He has had an exhibition at The Statesman office samples of all these home-pedigreed fruits.

pleasurable as that task was. I wait until I had seen, and had vanquished Rita Brown. And then, into my mental camera, flashed the image of Betty Kane. I felt instinctively that in some way she could help me. I would have staked all my small possessions that whether she could aid me or not, she would never mention to any one anything concerning my request. There are women who are meant to be feminine confessor—custodians of the secrets of all their friends and acquaintances—women, who despite the gift of feminine weakness in this respect, would no more repeat a confidence than they would commit murder. Betty Kane, I was sure, was one of these women. I slipped my code book and my translated message into my bag again, unlocked the door, and with a preliminary peep into the

hall, sped down it to my own room. From it I issued sedately a few moments later, and went in search of my mother-in-law as if I had just returned from my walk. (To be continued)

Silverton Theater is Made More Attractive SILVERTON, Or., Sept. 22.—(Special to The Statesman)—The Palace theatre, now under the management of Alfred Adams, son of L. J. Adams, is having some extensive improvements made. Perhaps the most noticeable of these is the decoration of the interior of the lobby. The work is being done by the Scenic Art service of Portland. The installation of new seats in the gallery will bring the seating capacity of the gallery up to 350. The orchestra pit is

being enlarged and there are no more aloft to the effect that an orchestra may be installed. A man never realizes how old-fashioned his clothes are until he beholds his son's glad rags on his return from college.

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CHAPTER 130

WHAT LILLIAN'S MESSAGE DISCLOSED TO MADGE

The message I found at the telephone office puzzled me greatly. I had expected Lillian simply to wire a brief acknowledgment of the receipt of my code telegram, for I had no idea that she could send me the information I desired in less than 24 hours. If, indeed, she had any success at all in discovering anything derogatory to Rita Brown. But the yellow sheet which Mrs. Hollis handed me contained a lengthy message which I saw at a glance was written in the code. But Lillian had worded it so cleverly that it seemed to be not only an assurance that she would attend to the things concerning which I had asked, but also minute requests concerning Cedar Crest, saying that a relative who was ill desired to come down there. If I had not recognized the words of the code I should have been deceived by the message, and I saw that little Mrs. Hollis had no suspicion that it was other than it appeared to be.

Madge's Precautions.

I wasted no more time but with the message tucked into my bag I started for home. I wanted to decipher the telegram without delay, for from its length I hoped that in some miraculous manner Lillian had been able to put her hands directly upon the information I wished.

With the memory of the openness of my own "sun parlor", I resolved to borrow my father's room again, and with an unexpected streak of good luck managed to get to it without my mother-in-law's suspecting that I was in the house. I had slipped the code book, paper and pencils into my bag before starting out, so had no reason for going to my own room first. My knock brought no response, so I gently pushed the door open and found the room empty. Evidently my father had gone for one of the solitary rambles he so loves, and I imagined that my mother-in-law was taking the nap in which she generally indulges just before luncheon, with Junior ensconced in his crib at her side. I locked the door, and hurriedly spreading on the table the message, the code book and some sheets of blank paper, I grasped a pencil and went directly to work.

What the Code Revealed.

But finally I had it read before me, and at the words I spread, a flash of exultation shot through me. "Rita Brown's father a respectable, hard-working, second hand clothes dealer," Lillian's message began. "Rita poses as well-born damsel, intensely ashamed of origin. Parents believe her dead. Father's name Licknowsky. Threaten her exposure facts. Insist she return New York immediately. Dangerous bride's peace of mind. Letter follows. Love, Lillian."

The last four words were not in code, and I felt my heart warm to the familiar phraseology, which I had received so many times at the end of a telegram from a friend who never fails me. I paid a silent tribute also, there in that little room, to the forethought which long ago must have seen the potential danger in Rita Brown, and had cleverly provided for her thwarting whenever it should become necessary.

And yet, so thoroughly does Lillian play the game that she had never lapsed a syllable of the knowledge she held. Indeed, she would never have told it even to me if the circumstances had not made it necessary for her to do so.

But I had no time to spend in dwelling on Lillian's perfection,

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