

REQUISITES OF THE SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION OF RASPBERRY CROP

There Must Be Favorable Harvesting Conditions, in Order that the Berries May Not Dry Up on the Vines, and the Question of Help in Picking and Packing Time Is Also an Important Consideration.

Editor Statesman:
In compliance with your invitation of the 23rd inst., I hereby submit a few thoughts relative to the raspberry industry in Western Oregon, for the Slogan page of The Statesman:

In a general way I wish to say that the production of this toothsome fruit has a bright future in certain sections of our state. But there are many limiting factors to the profitable production of the red raspberry. Among them are suitable soil. This fruit must have good soil drainage to take care of the excess water of the winter season as well as a soil with good capillary qualities to furnish moisture during the growing season in response to frequent cultivations. The soil must be well fertilized, preferably a light sandy loam with an open, porous subsoil to afford drainage.

Favorable Harvesting Conditions
Another desirable condition is a location that is favored by the availability of a high sea fog that the July sun does not penetrate until ten or eleven o'clock a.m. during this harvest month. This condition shortens the heated period of the day and prevents excessive evaporation at this critical period of production (the harvest period). The Gresham district fortunately has all of these natural advantages, to which we attribute our success in getting larger yields of choice fruit. The harvest season here covers a season of from 30 to 40 days, and the fruit of this last picking is as large and luscious as the first picking.

Question of Harvest Help
Another limiting factor in raspberry production is harvest help. We cannot keep pace with other industries in reducing harvesting costs, as the only harvesting device we know of is the thumb and two fingers of the human hand (of course our business of berry harvesting is like the rag pickers—never depressed because it is always picking up), but I am sure the harvest problem will tend to curtail production and must add materially to costs and will have a tendency to

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confine the industry to territories near large centers of population where help is available not only for the harvesting of the fruit but also for the canning, which requires many human hands to sort into the five grades that the trade demands.

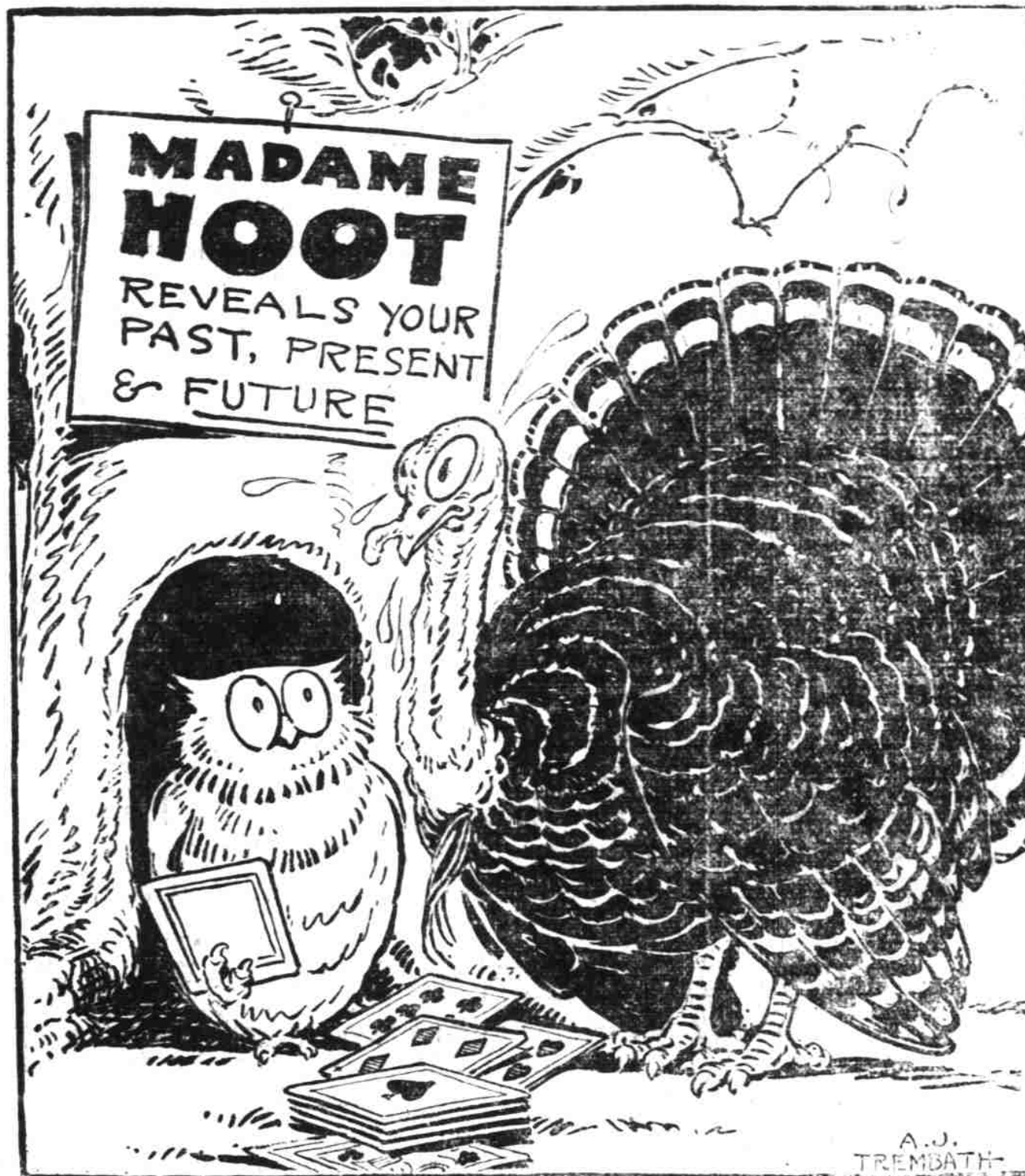
Barreling the Berries
We have another method of saving the berries that we look upon with much favor: This is the barreling and freezing of the raw fruit, which has passed the experimental stage and is adapted to the handling of all kinds of berries. This plan is simple and cheap and is received with favor by the jam, preserve, jelly, juice, extract and pie manufacturers and will make the handling of a larger acreage possible.

In speculating on the future of the berry business we are forced to admit that the near future is none too bright, owing to many causes, chief among which is our narrow foreign national policy of trying to live unto ourselves and let the rest of the world go hang, which has depressed values in farm products, especially in the middle west (which was one of our best berry markets), so that they cannot afford to buy our berries.

This condition is also made more acute by war time freight and express rates, which is a very keen two-edged sword that cuts both ways. I could also mention the fact that the fruit dealer has not broken away from the habit he formed during the war of doubling the price between the factory and the consumer. These are great economic problems and the farmer must have immediate relief or go out of business. The truth is, the agricultural horse has been stolen in the past two years and it is a little late to lock the barn, but better late than never. If foreign exchange could be stabilized and starving Europe could take our surplus food products at a profitable price to our farmers, it would surely help our berry market as well as the market for all other products, both domestic and foreign. I may be over concerned, but have always figured that agricultural prosperity should come first, and if our farmer population of 32,000,000 people were prosperous all other interests would be well taken care of and prosperity would be general. You will pardon this digression from the topic, RASPBERRIES, but I am sure there is a very sympathetic connection between the prosperity of our middle west farmer and our fruit market.

I wish to say in closing that we have built up a purely co-operative association of berry growers in this district that is now four years old and has been of material benefit to its 275 members who have in bearing nearly 1000 acres of berries. We have managed to prevent the slump that has broken the price of other truck farm products to a price little above the cost of marketing, and unless conditions grow very much worse we will be able to pay a fair price for the harvesting of the berries and have enough left to pay the taxes and buy the baby shoes. Hoping the worst is past, I am, truly yours, D. E. Towle, Gresham, Or., Nov. 24, 1922

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.



"You Are Going on a Long Journey."

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 173.

WHY MOTHER GRAHAM WORRIED MADGE.

The weather must be changing, Margaret. It's very cold in here. I wish you'd start a fire in the grate." I looked at my mother-in-law keenly. She had slept late—as, indeed had we all—upon the morning following Leila's wedding, but she had appeared unusually languid and tired at the breakfast table, and the request

(The association to which Mr. Towle refers is the Berry Growers Packing company, of Gresham, Oregon.)

for a fire started me as the day was an unusually warm one.

"She was sitting in a sort of huddled position in her chair, and I observed that the hands with which she was mending one of Junior's little suits were shaking. 'I am afraid you are not feeling well, mother,' I said solicitously. 'Don't you think you would better put that up and lie down?' I am afraid you have a chill!"

"Chill!" she exploded. "If it's a sign of a chill for an old woman to want a bit of fire on a cold day, why then I must have one. You get along and fix that fire unless, of course, you do not wish to use the wood or take the trouble to build it."

She had drawn herself erect in her wrath, and I saw with dismay that her cheeks were flushed, while her eyes had a curious, inflamed, watery appearance, as if she had been weeping.

Influenza! The dreaded word seemed to resound in my ears from the depths of an alarmed

consciousness from which it had sprung. I know the invariable symptoms, for Dicky, Junior, Katie, Jim and myself had had mild attacks of the disease at intervals during the winter. Both my mother-in-law and my father had escaped, something for which I was profoundly grateful.

Illness Threatens.

But I was very sure that



STORE CLOSED TODAY



THANKSGIVING

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Mother Graham was "coming down" with it, and I was wildly anxious to get her to bed and begin to minister to her as soon as possible. I knew better, however, than to say anything more about it for a few minutes. She was in one of the cantankerous moods when any insistence on my part would have sent her into an unreasoning rage. That she was perfectly capable of going out and getting the fuel to build the fire if I did not hasten, I knew perfectly well.

So I rose hurriedly and went to the door, tossing back the protest I knew she wanted over my shoulder.

"How perfectly absurd, mother," I said. "You know I'm only too glad to build you a fire at any time."

On my way out to the woodpile at the back of the house I tapped lightly on my father's door, where, by a chance for which I blessed my lucky stars, he had taken Junior for one of the romps the little chap loves.

Mother Graham's Orders

"Father, dear," I whispered hurriedly when he had opened the door. "I am afraid Mother Graham is coming down with an attack of influenza, although she herself will not admit it. Will you put on Junior's things and take him outdoors immediately? I don't want him to get into the room with her."

"Of course you don't," my father whispered back. "I'll take him out at once. But—my darling—be careful yourself!"

I was absurdly pleased as I sped down the hall that he had uttered no protest against my acting as nurse, as so many fathers would have done. That he understood I could and would do nothing else, and that he approved, I was as sure as I was that his heart was torn with anxiety for me.

With a basket of chips in one

hand and an armful of light wood held in the other arm, I hurried back to the sitting room, and in a short time had a wonderful fire blazing in the grate. It made the room so warm that I felt most uncomfortable, but Mother Graham moved her chair close to the blaze, and bent over it with outstretched hands as if she could not get warmed even with its aid.

"Would you like a cup of hot tea, mother?" I asked, knowing it would be useless to propose anything more strenuous until she herself should admit that she was ill.

"I'd like something," she retorted tartly. "I'm freezing to death. What are you doing running around in that thin house dress without your sweater? Go and put it on at once, and then make me some tea. You'll be catching your death of cold, and then I'll have you on my hands for a siege."

If I had not known from long experience how loyally and devotedly my mother-in-law would nurse me through any illness, no matter how severe, I should have felt aggrieved at her ungraciousness. As it was, the only emotion I experienced besides my ever mounting anxiety for her, was annoyance at the prospect of having to wear a sweater in that overheated room.

If I could only discipline her, I reflected, as one would a refractory child, the problem of caring for her would be much simplified. As it was, I foresaw an arduous task before me.

(To be Continued.)

Four Years More Anyway, Declares Justice McBride

"In intend to stick around here at least four more years, and I have no intention of resigning," was the reply of Justice T. A. McBride of the state supreme court, when asked about a rumor to the effect that he intended to resign.

RITNER COMES NEXT MONDAY

Pendleton Man, as Acting Governor, Will Help Pass on State Budget

As soon as Senator Roy W. Ritner arrives from Pendleton to take over temporarily the reins of the state government during the absence of Governor Olcott, the state budget commission will be called into session to pass on estimates of needed appropriations that have been submitted to the commission by the heads of state departments and institutions.

All department and institution heads have sent in their estimates and these are now being tabulated. What the total will amount to has not yet been ascertained.

This is the first year the budget commission has operated. It is composed of the governor, the secretary of state and the state treasurer, and was created at the 1921 session of the legislature. It is intended to remove from the ways and means committees of the legislature much of the labor of slashing appropriation estimates and thereby expedite the business of the legislative session.

Senator Ritner who, under the law, serves in the capacity of governor through his having been president of the senate in 1921, whenever the governor is absent from the state for a considerable length of time, has sent word to Salem that he cannot be here before Monday of next week.

Something else to worry about—the Arctic Ocean is getting warmer.

PRIZE WINNERS! at MILLER'S DOLL SHOW

After being viewed by hundreds of interested people, both young and old, Miller's Doll Show came to a close last night.

Eighteen classifications showing 143 dolls in all, character dolls, best dressed dolls, brides, kewpies, foreign dolls, old dolls, etc. A collection of dolls, some of which were gathered from the four corners, as Madeira Islands, Sandwich Islands, Spain, Scotland, Italy, Holland, England, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Norway. In the oldest class were 51 dolls that represented an aggregate age of 2500 years—all prize winners will be displayed in window until Monday.

Three prominent Salem ladies awarded the prizes as follows:

Jeanette Sykes	1st Grand Prize	93
Dorothy White	2nd Grand Prize	107
Lottie Green	3rd Grand Prize	81
Clauda Settlemeier	A—1st	94
Otilla Sevic	A—2nd	63
Lottie Holcomb	B—1st	118
Mildred Smith	B—2nd	113
Eva Klink	C—1st	12
Marie Breckheimer	C—2nd	39
Mary White	D—1st	28
Deena Hart	D—2nd	35
Neva Stolzeize	E—1st	23
Ruth Halvorsen	E—2nd	36
Esther Price	F—1st	66
Margaret Turner	F—2nd	106
Betty Byrd	G	37
Katherine Hileman	H	105
Jeannette Scott	Kewpie	41
Mrs. F. Cashman	Oldest Doll	10

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