

The Oregon Statesman

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THE PEERLESS PARADISE OF THE PEAR

The canneries of Salem packed the last season 145,000 cases of Bartlett pears; an average of perhaps 50 pounds to the case, or approximately 7,250,000 pounds of pears; and perhaps 60 per cent of them 24 cans to the case, and 40 per cent of them 6 cans to the case—perhaps 2,436,000 cans of pears.

Our Salem district Bose pears topped the New York market in 1919 at \$6.85 a box; repeated the performance in 1920, at \$7.38 a box, and our Anjou pears topped the Chicago market in 1920 at \$4.71 a box and \$4.54 for car lots. And our Winter Nellis pears topped the London market in 1920 at \$7.10 a box.

The Statesman has for four years and more been preaching the gospel of pears; more pears, for this district, and especially more Bose, Bartlett and Clairgeau pears.

The reader will note that Kenneth C. Miller of Sheridan, a successful pear grower and a high authority on the industry, recommends these three in the order named for first consideration by our growers, in his interesting and instructive article printed elsewhere in The Statesman of this morning.

Prof. C. I. Lewis, now managing editor of the American Fruit Grower Magazine, one of the nation's best pear experts, who is the author of a book for school use on pears, said a couple of years ago that he had never seen good Oregon pears sell at low prices, and he never expected to, in his lifetime.

And he recommended our growers jumping into pears—And growing the Bose, the Bartlett and the Clairgeau; planting them 25 to 30 feet apart; putting two rows of Bartletts, two of Bose and two of Clairgeaus.

For while he thought the Bartletts were self fertile, and also the Bose and the Clairgeau, in this soil and climate; still there was safety in getting all to pollenize by setting as indicated.

And he said all three excel here; all three bear early; bear at five years.

His advice was to use Japanese roots, grafted to Surprise—then the variety you want. This is ideal. But by all means the use of Japanese roots; they are blight proof, cold resistant and disease proof.

Surprise worked on the Japanese roots, and then grafted to Bose, Bartlett or Clairgeau is the recommendation of Prof. Lewis for safety.

And Prof. Lewis often said, while himself a resident and pear grower here, that Oregon ought to be growing ten times the pears she was producing.

The communications of this morning generally bear out the soundness of this advice; though one writer says there is a great increase of acreage coming on, and he thinks the matter of marketing in the future requires serious consideration.

That is the part of wisdom; but the over production is a good way off yet—and there will be no over production if the consideration of widening the markets gets the attention it should, and no doubt will.

For Oregon is growing wide awake in this respect; more so than heretofore in all her history.

But that need not worry any one just yet. The thing is to put out more pears; to put them out right, and the right varieties, and to give them the proper attention.

And it ought to be considered a disgrace for any one to maintain a nondescript variety. Graft them over into the money making kinds.

OIL INDICATION IS ENCOURAGING

New Drilling Outfit Shipped to Gervais to Work East of St. Paul

Following the partial test at the St. Paul oil well last Friday when the circulating pump broke down and the test had to be discontinued for some slight repairs, the machinery was started again Saturday with what seems to indicate successful outcome.

After the drilling was stopped three weeks ago on the striking of oil, the last 160 feet of the hole, the part below the eight-inch casing, filled in for a depth of several feet, which covered the oil stratum into which the operators had barely cut.

On Saturday, with the pump in order, they put the rotary drill down to the oil sand proper to possibly a fraction of a foot below the other deepest level, and they got off in a gratifying showing.

The plan now is to go deeper with a six-inch pipe that will shut off all the water that now comes in at a higher level. With the water all shut off, the operators will be able to go down deeper. They are to use a "standard" drill rig hereafter, a "string-tool" drill that works by raising the heavy chisel-bit tool a few inches and dropping it to cut by impact.

So well satisfied are the directors with the present showing that it is understood they are to meet Saturday and stop the sale of stock at the present prices. What stock is sold thereafter will be at least double the issuance price.

Another drill outfit was shipped in to Gervais Wednesday to be unloaded and set up at once just east of St. Paul. The lessees of a large acreage of lands, after following the progress of the pioneer well, have become so well satisfied that they are preparing to develop entirely on their own resources and sell no stock at all.

Several other drill outfits are promised in the very near future in the vicinity of St. Paul.

FUTURE DATES

January 5, Friday—Elvin M. Oswald, national commander of American Legion, to be in Salem. January 6, Monday—Inauguration of Governor-elect Walter P. Pease. January 8, Monday—Legislature meets.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Proved positively—And beyond peradventure—This is the peerless pear paradise—And you can put money in your purse and make it plethoric by pursuing the production of the proper kinds of pears—

And the B, B, C of the industry here are the Bose, Bartletts and Clairgeaus. They are the alphabetical agricultural abstract for affluence.

There is no more excuse here for scrub pears than for scrub cows, hens, horses, hogs or humans.

Buying and eating Bartlett pears from Oregon in Chicago was one of the things that turned R. S. Wallace to Salem in 1895. He came and became one of Oregon's most useful citizens in the short time that was given him to live among us. If the same vision could now turn enough of such men of vision to the Salem district, Salem would soon be known as the Pear City of the World, as well as the Cherry City of the World, and several other true handles along the same line.

There is no excuse for a slacker pear tree here, any more than a slacker walnut or apple or other tree, or a slacker, slovenly sourball or sour-faced citizen.

Governor-elect Pease proposes to try to give the flax industry at the penitentiary a chance for its life. If there is cooperation all along the line, and proper management, that industry will support the institution and yield a profit besides; and it will spread to the other state institutions and help support them; and it will spread to the outside and build up the greatest industry in Oregon, that will never pinch out or run out, but will last forever, clothing millions in changes of fine raiment and helping in very many ways to make Oregon true to the motto given her by her pioneer founders—"Alis volat propriis" ("She flies with her own wings.")

Change in School Law Asked by Superintendents

Oregon county school superintendents yesterday went on record favoring a change in the present compulsory school law, whereby any limitation on compulsory attendance would be removed. Under the present law exceptions are made in the cases of children who live a long way from school buildings.

MARTIAL LAW IS EXPECTED

Morehouse Officials Silent—Preparations Point to Military Control

BASTROP, La., Jan. 3.—(By the Associated Press)—The possibility of martial law hovered over Morehouse Parish tonight, as state troops, civil authorities and the state's legal forces rounded out their final preparations for the open hearing the Morehouse kidnaping and murder cases to begin Friday.

That Governor Parker had signed a martial law edict and placed it in the hands of Adjutant General Tombs to be promulgated at his discretion, was generally admitted. The governor and attorney general, however, in keeping with their policy of silence, declined to make an official announcement in this regard.

"I am here as the military representative of the governor to take such action under his direction as the situation at any time may warrant," Colonel Tombs said tonight. "As they present themselves, they will be met adequately. No action has been taken which would place the Parish under control of the military and any reports to the contrary are incorrect."

The adjutant general visited Mer Rouge and Bastrop during the day, conferring with the officers commanding the four units of state troops stationed there.

The Jennings cavalry troops established camp at Mer Rouge today alongside the Monroe infantry company that has been on duty here since the state's opening investigation into the kidnaping of five citizens of Morehouse and the murder of two began two weeks ago. The New Orleans machine gun company and the Alexandria infantry continued to occupy the square, guarding the courthouse and jail.

McKoin Expected Soon Dr. B. M. McKoin, former mayor of Mer Rouge, arrested in Baltimore on a charge of murder in connection with the cases was expected to reach here Friday with the officers sent to extradite him.

The prisoner will return to the state a free man in accordance with an agreement reached today between Governor Parker and Governor H. H. C. L. of Maryland in regard to the contested extradition papers. What charges the state will place against him when he reaches Louisiana, it could not be learned tonight.

The two assistant attorney generals of the state reached Bastrop today and established offices at the courthouse. They will be joined tomorrow by the attorney general and other assistants. Attorney Burnet, former deputy sheriff, the first arrested, were here in conference with their client. These attorneys will also represent Dr. McKoin. There were no developments during the day that would clear up the mystery of the disappearance of Harold Teegerstrom, regarded as a state witness who was kidnaped by unidentified men from his sleeping quarters at Spiker, La., Friday night.

OLCOTT GUEST OF ROTARIANS

Retiring Governor Has Interesting Story of Trip East and South

Governor Olcott was the particular guest at the Rotary club, Wednesday noon. He returned this week from his annual trip to attend the national convention of governors that met this year at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

The governor gave a very interesting talk on his eastern visit. Mostly it was about people and things, with nothing of politics or debatable questions. As an observer, he shows keen insight into the life of the communities he has visited, and he brought back a fine fund of information about how they do things back where he has visited.

Canada Loses Population For one thing, he quoted a business man of Vancouver, whom he had congratulated on being a part of such a beautiful, prosperous city. The Canadian admitted that they kept up a fine front, but said that the boats to San Francisco were being crowded with their good people who were heading back to the states. The failure of Canada to find markets for what it raises and manufactures has brought hard times there, and they haven't caught up with the procession.

All the governors, 20 in all, most of them accompanied by their wives, were guests of a West Virginia coal company that took them down a 500-foot shaft and then for a five-mile tunnel ride back to their farthest workings. This was near the scene of the great West Virginia coal war last year. The governors were guests for one day at the Virginia Hot Springs hotel, a \$7,000,000 palace stuck back in the hills, patronized for many years by the elite of southern aristocracy, and where the clerk figured for the governors that one might live in their poorest quarters, when there was no rush on, for \$25 a day per person.

They saw the old hotel register here, with Henry Clay's signature. He visited there with his family and his horses—and the charge was higher for the horses than for the family. One of the old bills charged Clay with "Three mint juleps, 12 cents."

At Washington they visited the White House, to talk over prohibition with President Harding. Governor Olcott says that all but two of the state executives were in favor of enforcing the prohibitory laws as they stand, so long as they are laws. The president impressed them as a man of rare charm and of rare good sense as they talked over the dinner table on this great national problem.

Governor Olcott was introduced by Chairman John McNary in the dignified, warm-hearted manner that is so much a part of the capable president of the Rotarians. Following the Olcott talk, Thomas Kay paid the retiring governor a splendid tribute, as a man of courage, of convictions, of executive ability.

The musical program of the day was especially good. Joe Lee of Willamette university, sang two Scotch songs that fairly brought down the house. Miss Jasper was his accompanist. J. Frank Harrison, singing evangelist, who is helping till an engagement at the First Christian church, sang a stirring patriotic song, "I'm for Uncle Sam," that was heartily encored. W. L. Kuser, superintendent of the Boys' Training school, spoke briefly in interpretation of the Rotarian creed of business.

rather heavily charged. But Marquis Della Torretta relieved the tension by suggesting that tea be served.

No mention was made during the meeting of the German proposals and Dr. Bergmann said to the Associated Press tonight that unless the conference informed him that it was ready to receive the new German proposals it was quite likely they would never be offered. The Germans are convinced that the French mind is made up and that their new ideas would stand much chance of being accepted.

American officials at Paris are following the conference closely and are keeping in constant touch with the foreign office and other official sources. In both Belgian and Italian conference circles tonight the feeling while not optimistic, was much less gloomy than last night and hope although slight, was expressed that some agreement might yet be reached.

"I guess that ain't me," said little Ralph, as he gazed earnestly at a photograph of himself. "What makes you think it isn't asked his mother. "Cause it's standing still too long to be me," was the reply.



HOG CHOLERA FOUND HERE

Several Cases Reported by State Official from Marion and Polk Counties

Some hog cholera is reported prevalent in Polk and Marion counties, according to Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian. There is one farm that has a slight epidemic a few miles west of Salem in Polk county, and two others east of Salem. In no case has the loss been heavy, at least, no heavy losses have been reported.

Dr. Lytle reports that the use of cholera vaccine can be made a specific remedy for the disease if administered in time. The cost for a fall pig, say up to 30 lbs., would hardly be more than 20 cents per head. The vaccine is used in quantities varying almost exactly with the weight of the animal, a 200-lb. hog costing a little less than a dollar and larger than that in about a proportionate sum according to weight. Not all vaccinations will be effective after the disease has actually gotten into the animal, but if used before the herds are affected it is practically certain as a preventive.

The disease is believed to have been introduced into Oregon by the shipment of live hogs from the eastern or middle states where the dread disease has been prevalent for generations. It has never been a really serious menace in Oregon, where the hogs are usually given a wider range and a more varied diet than in the corn states of the Mississippi valley. The increasing growing of corn for fattening might help to increase the susceptibility of the Oregon hogs, but Dr. Lytle believes that a varied diet that keeps the stock vigorous and strong will make it impossible for the disease to become the plague in Oregon that it has been in the east. It is not yet proven that even several generations of immunization will build up a race of hogs that will not be affected by cholera. Each new crop may

Would Place All Private Schools Under Public

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 3.—Amendment of the supreme school law to place all private schools under the jurisdiction of public school officials will be asked by the next legislature by the Washington Educational Bureau, it was announced here today by D. S. Prescott, secretary. Mr. Prescott said the proposed amendment has been endorsed by an advisory board of 200 men and women from all parts of the state. It was stated that the educational bureau is a state-wide organization.

Under the proposed amendment, private schools would be forced to conform to the standards of public schools and be subject to inspection by the superintendent of schools who would be empowered to close any school not maintaining the standard minimum.

Little Horace also been allowed the privilege of sitting up a little later than usual. Finally his mother called to him to come upstairs. "Oh, say, sis," begged the boy, "can't I stay up just a little longer? I want to see you and Mr. Todd play cards." "But we are not going to play cards tonight, Horace," said Mr. Todd. "Oh yes you are; you can fool me," replied the boy. "I heard mother tell sis that every thing depended on the way she played her cards tonight." Country Gentleman.

Advertisement for Murine eye drops, featuring an illustration of an eye and text: "For Beautiful Eyes Make the Use of Murine Daily Habit. This Refreshing Eye Lotion soon makes Eyes Clear, Radiant, Beautiful, Harmless, Enjoyable."

Advertisement for United States National Bank, featuring an illustration of the bank building and text: "A CHECKING ACCOUNT SAVES Time, energy and shoes—for if you maintain a checking account you can pay your bills in any part of the country, in any kind of weather safely by mail."

The Junior Statesman

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Other Worlds

IS THERE A MAN IN THE MOON?

(This is the third of twelve stories about the mysteries of the skies by Dr. H. W. Hart, National Field Commissioner of the Boy Scouts, and writer of two of their three handbooks. Dr. Hart has studied the stars for many years, and at one time was in charge of the Yerkes Observatory in Williams Bay, Wisconsin, where the largest telescope in the world is located.)

If you and I were to decide to take a trip to our nearest neighbor, to Mars, we would find it pretty hard traveling. In the first place, no airplane could make the hundred-day trip at a hundred miles an hour, for the air about the earth doesn't reach out more than fifty miles.

If we could, somehow, land there, we'd be faced with another problem. We would have to take with us not only our food and water, but our air as well. Great oxygen masks would be necessary, because the moon is an absolute desert. There you will find no living plant, no air, and no moisture.

At times the heat of the sun raises it to the heat of boiling water, and again it drops to an absolute frozen zero, so that even if we got there we'd find it an uncomfortable place to be visiting.

Surface Makes "Features" The mountains and desert plains of the moon roughly outline the features of a face, or "the man in the moon." These "features" are always turned towards us. No human eye has ever seen the back side, because while the moon rolls around the earth every four weeks, at the rate of 37.4 miles per minute, yet it turns once on its own axis in that period, holding its same face to us all the time. That is why

we see the same face when the moon is full.

Great mountains and old craters, deeper and steeper than ours, make its surface ragged and rough, yet it has great level plains, or seas, as they are called. Gravity is Small

One of the queer things about the moon is that its force of gravity is so small. In fact, there is so little gravity that with no air resistance, Babe Ruth could hit a ball hard enough to make it sail right off into space and you'd never see it again.

Another interesting thing you've noticed about the moon is that it seems to change from a thin crescent to a full moon. What happens is that the half which the sun lights up shifts from being in full view to being out of sight. The moonlight is really reflected sunlight, so that when the moon, circling around the earth, passes between us and the sun its dark side is toward us, and when it gets on the opposite side of us we can see all of the lighted half.

So you don't see a "man in the moon," and the moon doesn't change in size, and the moonlight is really sunlight. A lot of what your eyes tell you when they look at the sky isn't true at all. Next Week: "The Star of the North."

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

The Geranium in the Window

Dave shivered as he stumbled in the long flight of stairs in the dim gauntlet. He was not so cold as he was just plain discouraged. All day long he had been hunting for work, but it seemed there was very little an artist could do unless he had money. He opened the door of his room and shivered



again at the gloomy interior. His eyes sought out the one bright spot, his geranium in the window. But tonight even it was drooping and dejected looking.

Lighting the gas he examined the geranium carefully. "That's tight, you go and die, too," he remarked bitterly, "then I won't have a friend left. What's the matter with you anyway? I've watered you every day." He carelessly put the geranium down in the corner and went to look out the window.

The only other interest Dave had was the poet who had the room opposite his, and into whose window he looked. Tonight, however, the window was dark. "It would be just my luck to have him move away," he thought sadly. But even as he thought this, he heard the door slam, and in a minute the gas flared up. There stood the poet in the center of the room, smiling happily, with two large magazines held under his arm.

Although Dave was so interested in this neighbor of his, he had never spoken to him, so he was surprised when the poet came straight to the window. "Where's the geranium?" he called excitedly.

"He's in the corner," Dave answered. "I guess he's going to die." "That's right, keep it warm."

Too cold in window. Say, can I come over? Got something to show you."

In a minute the poet was in Dave's room. Quickly he opened up his magazine and spread it on the table in front of Dave. At the top of the page in large letters Dave saw, "The Geranium in the Window." Under it was a poem.

"You didn't write it?" gasped Dave, but the poet only nodded. "Read it," he commanded. As Dave read, the poet looked about the room. Carelessly he picked up one of Dave's sketches. It was of the geranium in the window.

"You don't draw!" It was Dave's turn to nod. "Boy, you're a comer. The editor a friend of mine, who took this poem would be tickled to get illustrations like this. I'll take you to see him. Can I have this drawing? It's perfect."

Dave laughed happily. "Oh, I can do lots better than that now that I've read your poem," he said.

PICTURE PUZZLE



Answer to yesterday's: Emerson, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell.