

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER Prepared by Radio Bible Service Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio. If parents will, have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

THE ONLY GOD:—Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord.—Deuteronomy 6:4. "O God, we praise Thee, and confess That Thou the only Lord And everlasting Father, art By all the earth adored."

WESTERN OREGON IRRIGATION

(From the Eugene Guard)

"For many years the idea prevailed that there was no need for irrigation in western Oregon and that farming could be as well carried on without as with it. We are at the dawn of a new day in this as in other things. Irrigation has demonstrated its value in western Oregon. The awakening to this fact is becoming general. Unquestionably there is to be more and more resort to irrigation on western Oregon farms favorably located for it, as there is to more and more resort to drainage, to intensive cultivation and to soil renewal.

"The turning of water into the irrigation ditches on the L. C. Ables farm near Springfield marks a milestone in irrigation progress for this district. It is the first realization here of the actual bringing of water to the land by artificial means. This project will afford a field for demonstration to Lane county farmers of what irrigation will do. Such a demonstration cannot but have the effect of making resort to the watering of the land more commonly practiced than it has been. Results attained in irrigation districts elsewhere make valuable results here certain.

"Potentially irrigation is an influence toward intensification and toward subdivision of farms. Under irrigation the farmer will be able to harvest crops as large from a restricted area as he has been doing on a larger area unirrigated. This leads again to a more compact farmer population and a larger one.

"In the Grants Pass district irrigation has become a demonstrated success—so much so that farmers on contiguous lands are endeavoring to come in under it. At Salem there is being pointed out the benefits of irrigation to the flax fields, where it prolongs the harvesting season and enables each flax pulling machine to cover a larger acreage than otherwise. Irrigation is a subject which it will be well worth the while of Lane county farmers to investigate well. It points a way to their increased prosperity."

The above from the Eugene Guard is timely. The writer regards as timely any thing at any time that tends to the development of the country and the well being of our people. The new owners of the Eugene Guard are demonstrating that they have the same belief.

There is being pointed out the benefits of irrigation in the Salem district in many ways. In a year like the present it will save the flax crop in some fields and double the yield, on the average, in others, besides prolonging the pulling season. Nearly every year, in most locations, it will greatly increase the strawberry crop. It may be profitably used with most bush fruits, in almost all locations, where its application is not too expensive. Our best hop growers are using irrigation with large profit, even where they pump the water. The Lush Meadows growers of celery defy the dry season, with the use of water; and they pump it.

There are very few crops in the Salem district, outside of fall wheat, that would not have received great benefit from irrigation this year, and there are many cases where the pumping of water would have been justified—and the expenses of the power and pumping machinery and piping and labor, too.

One of the very best things that could happen to the Willamette valley would be a mild irrigation boom; surveys of the whole situation, and a study of measures and methods. It will take a long time for our farmers to learn all the things they should know about irrigation; about proper application of water to different soils and crops, and the various principles that must apply to make it the most economical for the money expenditures.

But the time is here for all this. Irrigation will be finally used very generally all over the Willamette valley, and the sooner this comes about the earlier will result the crop abundance and certainty to which other conditions entitle our people on the land.

In the article clipped from the Pendleton East Oregonian and printed in The Statesman a few days ago, a fling was taken at the sugar beet boom of that section of the state of a few years ago. But it was not a boom founded on good business judgment. Sugar beet growing depends for its success very largely upon seasonal labor that may be had when needed; especially in thinning and harvesting. The labor cannot be had in a section of sparse population, excepting at prohibitive costs. There are three beet sugar factories in Washington, all in the eastern part, in sparsely settled districts. They do not get more than enough beets to keep one of the factories running to full capacity. The place for the first beet sugar factory in Oregon is at Salem; and it will likely be here, and probably it will be built before long. The next best place would be near Eugene. We can produce the beets, in all the Willamette valley counties, with a commercially high sugar content, and we can supply the labor in the Salem district for thinning and harvesting. We are used to supplying large numbers of seasonal laborers here. That is the most important consideration, outside of climatic and soil conditions favoring a suitable product. A beet sugar factory must have sugar beets, and it must have them in volume, and it must be able to depend on having such a supply every year.

ABOLISHING PROPERTY

We might just as well call things by their right name as to sugarcoat them. The fight on so-called capitalism is a fight against property. It isn't fair to call it any other name because fighting capitalism is fighting property. When Russia fought capitalism Russia wanted to put all property in common. That was the logical thing to do. Under their system they couldn't honestly have advocated anything else. Do you want that system for America? If so vote to abolish capitalism by voting to abolish property. Capital is property, particularly property of any kind used in the production or creation of additional wealth. The farmer's machinery, his work horses, his automobile, his fences, his dairy herd, his hogs and chickens, are capital. The farmer is a capitalist. The carpenter's plane, saw and other tools are capital, and the carpenter is a capitalist. The prospector's packhorse and saddle, his blankets and food, his pick and shovel, are capital. The prospector and miner are capitalists. When communists and other radicals talk about making war on capital and abolishing capital they mean that they intend to make war on private property and to abolish private property. They are for the communistic method or principle of government as opposed to the individualistic or private property principle of our government. The communists of the United States are running William Z. Foster for president. They wanted to run Robert M. La Follette. Keep that fact in mind, for it is significant. La Follette would have been satisfactory to them, but La Follette wanted a party all his own. He is incapable of team work, so he declined the nomination of the communists, who thereupon were put to the necessity of nominating Foster. Foster is a little more radical than La Follette, but La Follette would have been satisfactory to the red radicals who are now lined up under the leadership of Foster. La Follette has been growing more radical for 12 or 15 years. He is dangerously close right now to the camp of the red communists. He came very near this year to getting into bed with them, or they into bed with him.

ONLY TEMPORARY Many people believe because the prices of farm products have risen that all the problems relating to the farm have been solved. They have not. They have just been held in abeyance. The same need that did arise will arise again and the government will have the same opportunity for service. It failed to take last year. As a matter of fact this temporary incline of prices is entirely economic and economic conditions change every hour of the day. What we need to do is to put the farmers on a permanent basis where the prices can not slip back. Another thing that is highly important. Simply because the farmers have a dollar ahead does not mean that they can go crazy and spend money recklessly. It must be reluctantly admitted that a good many troubles of the last few years have been caused because the farmers got over-ambitious and tried not only to stock up their farms with the latest things but tried to buy all the land that adjoined them. This was more true in the middle west than it was in the northwest, but in a measure it was true everywhere. There are men who never feel the pinch of hard times no matter what conditions are. They always have money or can get it readily. These men are known as thrifts. They keep everything on a business basis. When times are hard they economize so as to keep from getting in debt too much. When times are good they economize so they will have a dollar for the next rainy day. Thrifts men know that we will always have a rainy day. They know we are going to have a recurrence of depressed times and they guard against them. As a class the farmers are just as thrifty as any other class and their distress is all the more important. Hundreds of families can be in distress in town and it doesn't make any difference to anybody if a hundred farmers should get in distress; it means that crop conditions are bad and industrial conditions are unfavorable. We are not inclined to give the farmers advice because they do not need it, but we do hope they will remember that it always rains in Oregon, and that there are always rainy days in business.

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After an absence of some years with a continual honing to go back, our first night on the farm was one of unalloyed joy. It was a reunion with so many things, a recurrence of so many thoughts. It was so nice to feed the chickens, milk the cow, bed the horse, gather in the eggs and to feel that we could drink all the milk we wanted, and that we could stir up the cream with the milk and drink that. Of course, there were drawbacks, as there always are. The cow and horse were both strange and did not take to their new owners very much. The horse was hattered on being led back to the pasture, but the cow was supposed to follow. She was just as much afraid of Madam as Madam was of her. Each ran from the other on the slightest provocation. It was really a duel of wits, with intelligence on the one side and brute instinct on the other. At the psychological moment Ralph Kletzing came along. Now, Ralph had been telling of his experiences on a Corvallis farm and we expected our troubles to end all at once. His first suggestion led us back to childhood. It was that in order to catch the cow we must put salt on her tail. We knew then that he never was a farmer, but he was good enough to chase the cow for a few rounds and finally she got tired of it and docilely followed the horse to pasture.

There is something exhilarating about farm life. We breathe better. We breathe easier. The silence at night sometimes speaks loud and many people call it oppressive, but it is not. It is just a reaction of the din and noise of the day of the city's streets. It is easier to get up in the morning because one feels the urge to do the chores, whereas in town all you have to do is to stand around and fuss with the wife until breakfast is ready. Some real good husbands, of course, kindle the fires, bring in the wood, pump the water, and even strain the milk. Of course most of these real good husbands are dead, but we presume some of them are living on the outskirts of civilization somewhere. They haven't learned that a man must keep within his "sphere." And so it goes. It is glorious to get up in the morning and feel that you are on a farm. It is glorious to hear a rooster crow, and it is real inspiring to hear a hen cackle because you know it means an increase in your wealth while you slept.

THE FIRST DAY After an absence of some years with a continual honing to go back, our first night on the farm was one of unalloyed joy. It was a reunion with so many things, a recurrence of so many thoughts. It was so nice to feed the chickens, milk the cow, bed the horse, gather in the eggs and to feel that we could drink all the milk we wanted, and that we could stir up the cream with the milk and drink that. Of course, there were drawbacks, as there always are. The cow and horse were both strange and did not take to their new owners very much. The horse was hattered on being led back to the pasture, but the cow was supposed to follow. She was just as much afraid of Madam as Madam was of her. Each ran from the other on the slightest provocation. It was really a duel of wits, with intelligence on the one side and brute instinct on the other. At the psychological moment Ralph Kletzing came along. Now, Ralph had been telling of his experiences on a Corvallis farm and we expected our troubles to end all at once. His first suggestion led us back to childhood. It was that in order to catch the cow we must put salt on her tail. We knew then that he never was a farmer, but he was good enough to chase the cow for a few rounds and finally she got tired of it and docilely followed the horse to pasture.

PIERCE IS RIGHT

It took a good deal of courage for Governor Pierce to postpone the opening of the hunting season, but he will be sustained by those who realize the danger. Governor Pierce is not opposed to hunting, but he is opposed to burning our forests and he knows that hunters make fires. This is no time for men to insist upon their "rights." This is a time for men to acquiesce to rulings that may be drastic in order that the greater good may be conserved. This is an unusual time. We are facing real danger. It is a time for firmness, and Governor Pierce shows that his interests are for all the people in his decision. The proclamation will be welcomed as another precaution to stop the spread of these disastrous forest fires.

THOSE JAWS

The Oregon Statesman surrenders its contentions that Governor Pierce called attention to Cleaver's jaws. The Western American says it was Mr. Herwig who proudly pointed his finger towards Cleaver and exclaimed, "See those jaws!" We naturally thought the governor made that exclamation because there is so much more reason why he should be proud of them than Herwig. But, however, it may go, it is all right, and in order to get history on straight we will withdraw our original remarks and substitute the name of Herwig for Pierce.

PURE BUTTER

While it is necessary to sustain the farmers in their fight for pure butter, it is also necessary to insist that there be no adulteration in the butter that is sold. The charge is made that this is being done. If it is true it is against the farmers and they ought not to have to suffer. (To be continued)

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service CHAPTER 237 The Way Made Contrived to Win a Much-Needed Rest. Into my father's face flashed a look of alarm when he saw me standing outside his door. I reached up swiftly, covered his lips with my hand and stifled the exclamation upon them. Then I slipped past him into his room, while he closed the door behind me. "Nothing is the matter, Father, dear," I said reassuringly. "On the contrary, I think I have solved the problem Mr. Drake gave me." He stooped and kissed me warmly. "My darling girl!" he said tenderly, and there was in his voice the pride of parenthood. Then he looked at me keenly. "You must have worked all night," he said with quick concern. "I have," I returned smiling,

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We have particularly liked the spirit shown recently, by a number of readers, "and that is the reason for my early call. I want you to tell a mild falsehood for me. Otherwise I would not have roused you." "I fancy I can stretch my conscience that far," he returned. "What is it you wish me to say?" Father Spencer stands by. "That I was kept awake last night by one of my headaches, that I am better now and am going to sleep until noon. Lillian will look after things. She will probably offer to type for you the letters with which last night we camouflaged Mr. Drake's work. You remember you said you might have others for me to type." I paused uncertainly. "I will have some ready for her if she does," he replied, smiling. "and I shall see that you are not disturbed. But," anxiously, "have you had anything to eat?" "Some hot milk and sandwiches," I returned, "all I needed or wished. And I can go to sleep now with a clear conscience. Please call me at noon if I shouldn't waken before then." "No," he said decidedly. "I shall not do that. You must sleep until you awaken by yourself. I insist upon that. You have accomplished a wonderful feat, my child, and you are more exhausted than you think. You will obey me?" "Of course, Father," I said. "I am really very glad to obey you," and when I had returned to my own room and was drifting into the sleep I sorely needed, the memory of his tender insistence was like a warm cloak wrapping me, protecting me. A Moment of Regret. It was nearly dusk when I finally awoke, and when I had dressed and come downstairs, I found that my father had made every one believe firmly in the fiction of my headache. I left like an imposter when Lillian, Marion, my mother-in-law and Katie, one after the other, made solicitous inquiries about my feelings, but when Junior climbed into my lap, and with big, awed eyes looked up into my face and said anxiously: "Mama's head feel so bad. Dooner rub it." I snatched the little outstretched hands to my lips and buried my face in his curls for a poignant, reproachful instant. All my pleasurable triumph in the successful solving of the thing which had baffled Allen Drake fled away for the instant, as I saw, murky against the pellucid light of my baby's innocence, the ruse I had thought so necessary. But I knew I must let no hint of my qualms appear, so I hugged Junior tightly, assured him that my head was "all well," persuaded Katie with difficulty to change the hearty meal she wished to cook for me to some coffee and toast, and welcomed with glad relief my father's low-toned request to come to his room when I had finished eating. "Bring your completed work with you," he said, so when I entered his room I was not surprised to see Allen Drake again escaped in the easy chair by the fire, despite my father's dictum of the day before that he should rest longer before taking up the matter of the code again. That he was in far better shape, however, than on the day before, I could see readily. He sprang to his feet when I entered the room in quite his old fashion, but the haste with which he crossed the room to me and held out his hand betrayed the feverish excitement which was his over the task I had undertaken for him. "Your father tells me you have solved it!" he cried, and for answer, with pulses throbbing so that I thought surely they must be heard, I laid my completed work in his outstretched hands. (To be continued)

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"I suppose you enjoyed some wonderfully quiet nights while on your camping trip, eh?" "Quiet nothing!" snorted the tired business man. "Between the chirping of the crickets and the radio loud speaker of a party of college boys in the next camp, I never closed an eye." —Edward H. Dreschnack. A Total Stranger. "How's business?" "How do I know? I haven't seen any in nearly a year." —Sheba Juster. The Professor in a Quandary. A certain professor, who would never have recognized Addison Sims of Seattle, once took a railroad journey. As is usually the case, he departed from his berth during the night, for the purpose of procuring a drink of water. True to the traditions of professors, he forgot the number and location of his berth, and was lost in blank unconsciousness when the porter found him, underneath the baggage-car. "What's de mattah, suh," asked the dorky, "kain't yo' all remember wha at yo' berthah was?" After several minutes of deep concentration, the professor spoke, seeming to have been suddenly fired with a great inspiration. "Ah, yes, yes," he cried, "now it all comes back to me! I was born in a little town in South Kansas—or was it Chicago." —Edward Jacobson. Loud Speakers. He: "They say that money talks." She: "Well, I know that most women have to do a lot of talking to get it." —Mrs. Edith O'Brien. Fugitives From Justice. I was on the beach that I met her. It was on the street that I left her. It was through my wife who swings a wicked right. That I promised to forget her. —John Zieffeld. My life is dark—with gloom it's tinted. I wrote a verse—but it wasn't printed. —Donald Perden. Try it again with another verse. It might be better—it couldn't be worse. Poor lover, on the anxious seat, A prey to fevers and alarms, Why throw yourself at Mary's feet When she would have you in her arms! —Nathan M. Levy. Some women bob their hair, and some Think long hair's much more fitting; But whether long or short they all Indulge in much hair splitting. —Carl B. Adams. Truthful Willie. Sunday School Teacher: "William, can you tell me what it means to 'say grace'?" Willie didn't know. Teacher: "What does your father say when he sits down to the dinner table?" Willie: "Go slow on that butter, it costs 50 cents a pound." —George W. Foster. His Best Pal and Critic. "Bess," asked Zeb Hale, sticking out his chest, "an' how did you enjoy the speech I made last night at the meeting?" "Why Zeb," replied his good wife, "an' sure it reminded me of our courtin' days." "Courtin' days, an' why?" asked Zeb. "I thought you'd never come to the point," said Bess sweetly. —Roselle L. Kassel. Officer: "Madam, you are interfering with the traffic." Fair motorist: "Sir! I beg to inform you that the traffic is interfering with me." —Harry J. Williams. El Dorado. Some day, I'm going to New York to seek my fortune. I know the competition is greater there than anywhere on nothing gained. I know you've got to be pretty good to make a hit in New York. Not only is there so much to pick from, but New York expects the last word in anything and is willing to pay for it. I know that thousands of young people meet their Waterloo in New York, that the wisest ones return whr thy .J.—UNshrdiuoapuoaru where they belong. * * * Some day, though, I'm going to New York to seek my fortune. I lost it there in one week. The problem that seems to face the young snit nowadays is whether he can supply his sweet-heart with cigarette in the style to which she has been accustomed. Blameless. Piano Mover: "Hey, what are you stickin' your blamed head outta the window for? Don't you see the piano right over your head?" Kelly: "Shure Oi do, now, but why in blazes did ye tell me to look out for?" —Cecile Z. Eder. THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM We have particularly liked the spirit shown recently, by a number of readers,

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