

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
215 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

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BUSINESS OFFICE:

Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 141-143 West 36th St., Chicago, Marquette Building, W. S. Grothwald, Mgr.
Portland Office, 225 Worcester Bldg., Phone 6637 Broadway, Albert Byers, Mgr.

TELEPHONES

Business Office, 23 or 588; Circulation Office, 583; News Department, 23-108; Society Editor, 108; Job Department, 543

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter

A DREAM OF A GIGANTIC ASPARAGUS INDUSTRY

Here is a dream for the Salem district that can be made to come true—

A dream of a gigantic asparagus industry, shipping a quality product to wide markets, and canning the surplus for still wider markets.

The Japanese have been leaving the asparagus growing sections of California, especially the delta land districts of the Sacramento valley; going to the Mississippi valley in large numbers. The hegira of the Japanese from California is putting a crimp in the asparagus supply for the canneries of California; will probably put an end to a very cheap supply down there—

And this will help the asparagus industry of the Salem district, where we grow a very high quality. This will enable our growers to compete in price. It will bring canneries here, if the situation persists.

The Slogan editor of The Statesman has been saying for years that every farmer and gardener in the Salem district should grow some asparagus, and that there should be developed an increasing number of commercial growers here, supplying the widening markets for fresh asparagus in the growing cities of the Pacific Northwest, and even in a much wider field, and raising a large surplus for canning.

There is no vegetable that lends itself so well for canning purposes; no other vegetable that, when not in prime and tender condition, is improved by the modern processes of canning—made more tender and appetizing.

We can grow the best asparagus—
No one in any country ever raised better asparagus than was formerly produced on the Miramonte farm of Muecke Bros., near Aurora—

And no one in any country ever produced a finer quality of asparagus than the supply that is now coming from the Labish beaverdam lands near Salem to our local markets, and going out to wider markets.

The new "Washington" variety, originated by the United States Department of Agriculture, has been tried out in the Salem district, and it does wonderfully well here. It makes a product that the wide world cannot beat, if it can be equalled in another section.

There is no good reason why asparagus growing on an extensive scale should not be developed here in the Salem district. The growers here now who produce it commercially are doing well.

It is a safe crop. Using the rust-resisting Washington variety, there can be no danger of failure, under proper conditions of culture here, and on the right soil, so abundant in this district; and with the asparagus beetle kept out or its ravages controlled.

What Salem needs is a cannery manager who will help to push asparagus growing here. He can make a name for his concern, with a quality product, and he can bring to this section annually large sums of money from long distances, and he can put his cannery into operation at a time of the year when there is little or nothing else in the way—

This very thing is now being considered by the managers of at least one of the largest canneries represented here. With this concern, the question is a sure annual supply, and at a price that will leave a margin for the expenses of canning, and of marketing the canned product. The quality is known to the people concerned to be entirely satisfactory.

There are others, too, known to be doing some thinking along this line. So the grower need not fear to go into asparagus, if he has the right land, the industry, and the vision. He has first the fresh market; a widening market. When this is supplied, he has the assurance that canneries will take the surplus, at some price, if assured an annual supply; and, from present indications, considering the changed California situation, at a remunerative price for the growers here.

One of the next major developments for the Salem district should be a gigantic asparagus industry.

BUS AND TRUCK REFERENDUM

The referendum of the proposed law to force the auto bus and auto truck companies of the state to pay additional taxes for the use of the highways is lying in obedience just now awaiting the result of a suit brought in the Marion county circuit court before Judge McMahan to nullify the legislative act on the basis of defect in the ballot title.

It is contended by the auto companies represented by attorney John F. Logan that the ballot title should remain as it is and Attorney General Van Winkle presents the same argument upholding the title as prepared by him.

The county court represented by J. H. McNary and E. M. Page argue that the title is defective in that it speaks of taxes on the busses while it should say licenses or charges for the use of the highways.

And here's a few features which are interesting to the onlooker. The attorney general seeks to uphold the ballot title for the state. The auto organizations behind the referendum whose ballot title is now complete but petitions for which are withheld from circulation pending the decision of the court, are also seeking to uphold the validity of the ballot title. On the opposite side of the case is attorneys J. H. McNary and E. M. Page, representing the county court whose view in this matter is concurred in by the railroad administrations of the state.

Great legal contest! If the present ballot title is sustained the state and the auto company procedure will be vigor-

ous opposition. The referendum will go on and the state will defend its position on the increased tax levy. If the ballot title is held valid it is apparently the hope of the auto people that it will be easier to obtain the votes necessary to put over the referendum than it will be should the term taxes be changed to licenses in the bill. Voters abhor additional taxes and hereby hangs this part of the tale.

The railroads, for obvious reasons, take the position that the bus lines should pay more taxes than the amount now required from them in competition for passenger and traffic business, and the railroad attorneys apparently figure that with the term licenses or charges for use of highways substituted in the title that the voters will take more kindly to the proposition. The whole procedure is a very skillful attempt by legal experts to obtain the highly desirable position in the "King Row".

The public watches the game with interest born of uncertainty and when the case is ended will proceed to the ballot box to settle the whole matter for themselves.

Even the Governor responds to the umpire's command, "Play Ball," and urges everybody to attend the opening game.

The new prohi commissioner has bagged the first sighted game during his regime. Here's to him continued success in every effort at law enforcement.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 434

THE REASON DICKY'S STRAINED PATIENCE BROKE AT LAST

That Dicky had a grievance against Claire Foster other than his annoyance at the almost grotesque daring of her gown, I guessed as I caught his furtive glance first at her costume, then at mine, and last at himself.

All his clothing except the business suit he had on, and the articles which could be put in a small bag, were in trunks somewhere along the road between Caldwell and New York. I had but a tattered suit in which I had traveled to the mountain resort when Dicky sent for me, and a little afternoon gown which it was impossible for me to wear to a restaurant dinner without a wrap.

For both Dicky and me the tailored suits were our only sartorial resource. Claire Foster knew this, and she must also have known that under the circumstances her own elaborate evening costume was the acme of bad taste and ill-breeding.

There is nothing fastidious Dicky hates so much as to be conspicuous in any way, and I could see him visualizing the amused and curious glances which in any restaurant would follow the entrance of our party—he and I in sober street attire, and Claire Foster in her flamboyant costume. But he allowed no hint of irritation to escape him, and wrapped Claire in her handsome evening coat with so much impudent assurance that again the torturing question returned to me:

Was he so deeply infatuated with her that nothing she did mattered?

The inevitable companion question followed close on its heels. Was Claire's knowledge of his feeling the reason for her outrageous actions since she had come to the Bliss apartment? One thing I knew. A woman must either be very sure of a man's abiding affection for her, or totally indifferent to his opinion, to stage the performances Claire Foster had put on in the last 36 hours.

Dicky's Spirits Drop.

I had no time for further speculation, however, as a ring at the bell heralded the arrival of the taxi for which impatient Dicky had telephoned before Claire appeared. And from that moment until we had finished dinner at a restaurant which I knew Dicky must have selected for its easy-mannered, easily-pleased, careless clientele, I was kept busy parrying the nonsensical gibes of both Claire and Dicky.

They were both in the wildest of spirits, and insisted upon sweeping me along with them. But when we were safely in the Bliss apartment again, the thermometer of Dicky's spirits dropped to far below the freezing point as he walked to the mantel of the living-room and let his eyes run searchingly over it from one end to the other. Wondering at the frown on his face, my eyes followed him, and saw the important telegram addressed to Robert Bliss, whose sender Dicky wished to trace without delay, was no longer in view.

"Where's that telegram?" Dicky demanded truculently, turning to me.

"The telegram," I stammered, trying to think when I last had seen it.

"The amazement on my face seemed to infuriate him.

"Yes, the telegram," he snarled. "Don't pull any injured-innocence stunts on me. That telegram was there before we went to dinner—nobody has been here. Claire

wasn't near the mantel, so you must have done something with it. I remember you were fussing around there while we were waiting for Claire, dusting, or some fool stunt like that."

It was true. When Dicky had read the telegram, he had searched in his pocket for his address book. Man-like, he first had brought out a bunch of letters and cards which he had left on the mantel while he consulted the address book, and had not returned to his pocket—at least as far as I had seen. With my dislike, amounting almost to an obsession, for dust or disorder, I had noted dust on the mantelpiece, and while wiping it off had arranged the scattered envelopes in a neat pile. But I distinctly remembered that I had left the telegram upright against the wall in its original position.

"Are You Sure?"

"Are you sure you didn't take the telegram down when you put your letters back in your pocket?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm very sure I didn't take the telegram down when I

put the letters back in my pocket," Dicky mocked. "The thing's gone, that's what it is—probably you threw it into the fire—I wouldn't put it past you. When you're on a cleaning rampage you're likely to do anything. And I'm in a pretty pickle, all on account of your blamed carelessness."

"Won't you please look in your pocket to make sure?" I persisted. "Of all the persistent pests!" he stormed.

"But he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of letters which he shuffled rapidly over.

"There!" he said. "You can see for yourself there's no telegram there. I hope you're satisfied."

I made no answer because of the futility of doing so. I was not satisfied, but there was no slightest use of saying so. (To Be Continued)

Bits For Breakfast

It's the linen mill—

That is the thing before the house now—

And nothing else should be thought of, till that job is done—

But after that the development of a gigantic asparagus industry ought to be among the projects for Salem—

And that is among the possibilities, just as a beet sugar factory is, and a potato starch factory, and a long list of other industrial enterprises, based on raw materials we have or can produce.

Those are the kinds of industries that make a country great and prosperous. They bring new money all the time. It is like getting wealth from the air. It is getting wealth from the sunshining and soil and showers, plus the industry and ingenuity of men.

We can grow the finest asparagus in the wide world. We can perhaps grow it in quantities at prices to compete with any other asparagus growing section. When the quantity production is assured, and the competitive price certain, the canneries will come. The high quality will bring them.

Do the linen mill hustlers realize that the estimates they have

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

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are on an eight hour day? Add two more shifts to the spinning part of the mill, and you add 12,200 acres of flax for the raw product, and nearly treble the profits on that part of the operations, with practically the same overhead. And you might add 3000 to 4000 more laborers, in the specialty mills being supplied with the yarns spun here. The Salem paper mill runs most of its departments 24 hours a day; three shifts. Why not the proposed spinning mill?

The Leisure Hour club met for a delightful afternoon yesterday at the home of Mrs. John H. Scott when Mrs. Scott and Mrs. John H. Albert entertained jointly for the

members and for a special guest, Mrs. F. G. Hopkins. Deroncum, Iris, and honeysuckle gave an artistic floral note in the rooms.

Easter guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clifford over the past week-end were Professor and Mrs. D. C. Livingston and son and Professor and Mrs. Batcheller and four sons of Corvallis.

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