

Fifteen Million Young Salmon To Be Propagated on the Nestucca

A wonderful sight is the work of the experts helping to conserve the raw supplies of the state's second greatest industry—how the work is done

By J. A. Blackwood

The state salmon hatchery located at Beaver, on the Nestucca river and on the Roosevelt highway, 75 miles from Salem, started its egg-taking operations last week and will continue for a period of about 60 days, or until the run of silversides and steelheads has ended.

The first "take" was made on Tuesday, Sept. 8, when approximately 100,000 eggs were obtained. The day following resulted in about 150,000, all being of the Chinook species, and officials in charge expect a steady increase for some 30 or 40 days.

After a period of 18 days of careful and scientific nurturing life develops within the shell and after another period of about 45 days the fingerlings, or young fry, are placed into feeding ponds located on West creek and about a quarter mile distant from the hatchery where a plentiful supply

of pure mountain water and other conditions so favorable as to make this feeding grounds ideal in every respect and with a capacity greater than any other in the state, according to Charles W. Low, culturist, who estimates that fifteen million fry will be placed in the feeding ponds before the season ends, where they will be cared for until about five inches in length before being liberated.

The Beaver hatchery, situated at the mouth of Beaver creek amid ideal and picturesque surroundings, and splendid camp ground is proving very attractive to those who are in any way interested in Oregon's second greatest industry—fishing.

Charles Buckbee, superintendent, together with Mr. Low, culturist, are pleased to have visitors view the seining of the salmon into the sorting racks, taking the spawn, etc., which is truly a wonderful sight and well worth seeing.

WORLD SERIES TO START ON OCT. 7

Championship to Be Played Off in City Taking National League Race

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12.—(By Associated Press.)—After a meeting here today between Commissioner K. M. Landis and representatives of the major league pennant contenders, it was announced that baseball's classic series for the world's championship will open on Wednesday, October 7, in the city winning the National league race.

Commissioner Landis' judicial mind rebelled when he heard sports writers mention Pittsburgh and Washington as the contenders and pointed out that the announcement did not mention cities.

The date of the opening was the principal thing decided at the joint meeting of the National and American leagues last winter arranged that the series shall open this year in the National league circuit and next year in the American and therefore alternate. Thus, according to the present standing of the two leaders in each league which is not expected to be upset, the first two games will be played

in Pittsburgh, October 7 and 8, the next three in Washington, October 9, 10 and 11, giving Washington the Sunday game, and the sixth and seventh games, if they are necessary in Pittsburgh, October 12 and 13.

In the event rain interferes with a game, the contest will be played in the city where it was postponed before the teams moved on to the other city. If a tie game occurs and the series is not decided after the seventh game, the teams will play off the tie in the city where it occurred.

All games will start at 2 p. m. The season in both leagues ends Sunday, October 4, with the Philadelphia Athletics playing in Washington; the Philadelphia Nationals in New York and Pittsburgh in Cincinnati. This will give the pennant-winners two days to prepare for the big series.

Former world's series prices will prevail, it was announced, box seats will be sold at \$6.60; reserved seats \$3.50; general admission \$3.30 and bleachers \$1.10.

MITCHELL COMMENDED

PORTLAND, Sept. 12.—(By the Associated Press.)—The Portland Federation of Women's organization will send a letter to Colonel William Mitchell commending his effort "to get at the truth" in his charges against the army and navy air service management, it was voted at the opening meeting of the fall session held today.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F109

THE WAY QUIET WAS RESTORED TO MADGE'S HOUSE

Our descent into the accustomed comfort of our firelit living room seemed effectually to shut out from us the melodramatic happenings connected with the escape of the bootlegger and the discovery of the still across the road.

Junior was still peacefully sleeping on the couch by the fire, and after a look at him Mother Graham and I went on into the dining room, where the Ticers, father, mother and son were just finishing the dessert of the dinner, which Katie had planned, and Katherine and I had prepared.

"I'm afraid we're keeping your dinner back," Mrs. Ticer said apologetically as we entered the dining room, "but Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Bickett would have it that we sit down and eat first."

"They were perfectly right," my mother-in-law responded graciously, and I saw that the good humor into which my appeal for advice had put her was bombproof. "We are not nearly as hungry as you must be."

She swept on into the kitchen and I wasted no time in following her. Katherine was standing by the stove keeping a vigilant eye on the steaming pots and pans, while Katie was stacking the dishes which had just come from the Ticer table.

"I'll be here at eight," I said to Katherine.

"I take off my sunbonnet to dot Miss Bickett," Katie said in a whisper which was nearer a shout as I halted by her side.

"She take two cans of dot canned soup and put some gravy and odor stuff along mit, and fexh bully soup, so dose Ticers no so empty ven dey coom to schicken and biscuits. Eef she no do dat, all us oder peoples get nodings but necks—dot Jerry he hollow clear troo. I guess I shoast gif heem ander piece of dot pie."

"That's a very good idea, Katie," I returned struggling with a laugh which, indeed, escaped me as soon as she left the room, bearing the generous piece of pie for Jerry Ticer.

"You're a good strategist," I said to Katherine.

"Desperation," Katherine rejoined smiling. "I'm fond of chicken and biscuit myself. Hush! Here come the Ticers."

I heeded the whispered warning promptly and swung away from the stove as our neighbors filed out—the head of the family engaged with a toothpick, regardless of the surreptitious elbow jabs which I saw his wife give him.

"We'll just run along now," Mrs. Ticer said briskly. "I'll have your uniforms for you tomorrow, sure," she turned to Katherine, "and I'll be over here—what time?" Her eyes focused tactfully upon a point between my mother-in-law and me, giving the effect of speaking to both of us.

"As early as you can," my mother-in-law responded promptly. "We'll be ready to start in here any time."

"I'll be here at 8 o'clock, then," Mrs. Ticer replied with equal promptness, and Mother Graham's face beamed at the assurance, while I privately wondered how even our energetic neighbor was going to manage her own work and Katherine's uniforms and be on hand at the hour she had specified.

Katie Takes Charge. But that she would accomplish everything she had set out to do, I was sure, knowing Mrs. Ticer's efficiency of old. And then she and her husband and the widely grinning Jerry finally managed to get themselves on the other side of the door—leave-taking is an awkward ordeal for the Ticer men—and Katie, suddenly resuming the reins of culinary authority, unceremoniously shoved Katherine and me from her domain.

"Me, I feex now," she assured us cheerily. "Ladies only in my way."

She grinned impudently at us, and as Mother Graham was already in the dining room, we returned her grimace as impudently, feeling safe from a lecture upon the proper discipline of servants.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Katie," Katherine assured her, "for I'm mighty glad to sit down and be waited on, but you must be tired to death."

"Dees here work nodings but play," Katie retorted, "but oop stairs! Oh, my golly!" I bolted out of the kitchen, drawing Katherine with me, for Katie's confidences are never forgotten. Mother Graham was already seated at the head of the table, and bore all the earmarks of impatient waiting. I knew that she was hungry and, indeed, was surprised that she had not exhibited impatience before.

"I should think we'd waited long enough," Margaret, she remarked acidly, "without your dawdling around that kitchen any longer. As it is, I'll venture we don't get through our dinner before that mess across the road ends for you."

CHAPTER F110 THE SURPRISE THAT GREETED MADGE IN THE PARLOR

"I told you so!" Mother Graham's voice rang out triumphantly as the doorknob pealed. "I knew those cattle across the road would not let you eat your dinner in peace. Where are you going?" As I rose precipitately.

"Can't Kate answer the door when she finishes serving the dessert? They can wait a minute or two?"

"I'm afraid they'll ring again," I flung back over my shoulder as I dashed into the hall. "I don't want them to wake Junior. 'It's the Officers.'"

"To think I never thought of that!" My mother-in-law's astonished ejaculation came to me just as I swung the hall door open. The young trooper stood just outside the door in an apologetic attitude.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Ma'am," he said, "but the Federal officer's come, and I've got to leave right away. Could you come over long enough to tell him what they have done down to the village about the woman? He hasn't been down there yet. You see, this man we're chasing is our business the Feds ain't got nothing to do with him, but this still is theirs and we haven't anything to do with it as soon as they get here."

"I'll be back for you," he offered gallantly, and taking my coat from its hook, I went to the dining-room for a word of explanation before rejoining him.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," I said. "Be sure to keep my dessert for me."

"Why can't they wait?" my mother-in-law snapped. "If you have any influence over her or can make her understand, tell her she is not to go away from here or she will go back to jail."

"Won't you come in here while you talk to my mother?" The invitation came from Mamie, who was holding open the door of the other room, and at an assenting nod from the officer, I followed the girl and her mother into what was evidently the best room of the house.

She held a lamp in her hand, and its light fell upon gaudily framed photograph the sight of which startled me. For if I was not mistaken, the features of the woman looking out from the photograph the sight of which startled me. For if I was not mistaken, the features of the woman looking out from the photograph were those of my apartment neighbor in New York, Mrs. "Petey" Marks.

(To be continued)

Silverton

SILVERTON, Sept. 12.—(Special to The Statesman.)—Five men were arrested and tried in police court Wednesday when Chief of Police Gaines discovered a Buick sport model parked on Oak street with an occupant who was unable to care for himself.

Upon investigation of the burglar, Mr. Gaines found three plates of moonshine. The man driving the car gave his name as Gregor Le

As we entered the door, the young trooper lowered his voice. "Say, excuse me, but what's your name?" he asked, and when I had told him, he accosted a man standing in the kitchen with a hastily mumbled: "Meet Miss Graham, Federal Officer Farrell."

After that, with no further words save a "So long, folks," he gathered up his belongings and went out into the yard, from which a few seconds later came the sounds made by the hoofs of a galloping horse.

Officer Farrell was a dark, stocky, serious-looking man of perhaps forty years, as great a contrast to the rattle-brained young trooper as could well be imagined. He used but few words in questioning me concerning the release of the woman who sat sullenly staring at him, but those few were so well chosen, so directly to the point, that almost at once he was in possession of all the facts I had to give him. He stood thoughtfully looking into space for a long minute after I had finished, and then threw up his head with decision.

A Startling Recognition. "There's no use bothering you with the responsibility for her," he said at last, much to my relief. "I fancy she'll not run away as long as her husband is safely in jail."

"She is fairly well handicapped," I answered, nodding toward the little children clinging to their mother or huddled asleep on the comfortable chairs.

"Exactly," he said. "So I'm going to leave her here as soon as the car comes to take away this mess," he indicated the still and mash with a look of disgust. "If you have any influence over her or can make her understand, tell her she is not to go away from here or she will go back to jail."

"Won't you come in here while you talk to my mother?" The invitation came from Mamie, who was holding open the door of the other room, and at an assenting nod from the officer, I followed the girl and her mother into what was evidently the best room of the house.

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(To be continued)

HEILIG THEATER IS CROWDED AT SHOW

Opening Night Draws Enthusiastic Crowd; Improvements Are Noted

A capacity house greeted the opening last night of the new Heilig theater, formerly the Grand, with the feature picture, "The Iron Horse" scoring a deserved success.

Improvements undertaken by the new management has added much to the attractiveness of the theater and to the comfort of patrons. The seating arrangement has been changed, loges have been installed in the rear of the balcony, the railing which formerly separated the orchestra has been removed, and the two center post supports for the balcony ring from the lower floor have been removed and their support absorbed by steel supports for the balcony from the ceiling. The entire interior has been redecorated and retinted with a harmonized decoration that is Saracenic.

A new Kimball organ recently installed was used for the first time last night. A short organ concert, numbers by the Mills jazz orchestra and a vocal solo are musical features of the weeks' program.

The first vaudeville program is to be presented Friday night.

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