

### OREGON HOP GROWING

TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES NOW DEVOTED TO INDUSTRY.

Crop Average Twenty-Million Pounds and Has a Value of Four Million Dollars, Says Grower.

(By Fred Stump, Suyer.)

The hop industry in Oregon dates from 1870, but for some time after its inception was of small consequence. The acreage, devoted to hop growing, in Oregon has varied greatly, expanding after years of high prices, and contracting after years of low prices. At present there are in hops about 20,000 acres, which produce a crop averaging 25,000,000 pounds worth \$4,000,000. Of this sum nearly \$2,000,000 is expended for labor. Many families depend on work in hop yards for the money on which to live through the winter. Aside from lumbering there is probably no other industry in the state so great a portion of the proceeds of which go to labor.

Hops are usually planted eight feet apart each way. Pegs are set where the hop roots are to be planted and holes made with a sharp stick or some such means on a certain side of the pegs and the roots inserted in these holes. Soil is then packed around the roots. A hop root is a section six or eight inches long taken from a hill of hops which has arrived at maturity.

Hop roots are planted in the spring as early as practicable and a crop is sometimes secured the first year. There are three varieties of hops in Oregon: The Fuggle, the Red Vine and the Cluster. The Fuggle is an early hop, which while it does not yield heavily sometimes sells for a higher price than do other hops. The Red Vine is the first hop that was planted in Oregon and as a consequence all the old yards in the state are of this variety. This is the most hardy variety and on some soils it yields heavily. The Cluster hop is the most prevalent variety and until recently was the best liked but on account of its tendency to die out it is losing in favor and there is a strong tendency towards replacing it with Red Vines. In point of quality the Red Vine is a favorite with buyers and this, together with its superior vigor and hardiness is inclining growers strongly towards it.

Hops are, of course, perennial and need to be renewed only when the roots die from disease or injury. There is, however, a great deal of trouble from this cause, which is sometimes so serious as to cause whole yards to be plowed up. There has never been any satisfactory explanation of the cause of these dead hills, and the only remedy is replanting, which is not only expensive, but renders a part of the acreage temporarily unproductive.

At the present time hop vines are usually trained on wires supported on poles ten to twenty feet long. The vines are lead to these wires by cotton twine of a strength sufficient to bear the weight of the vines.

Hop yards are plowed and worked both ways, which leaves a small square around the hill, which has not been disturbed. This square is then loosened and stirred with a hoe and surplus roots removed. This process is variously known as hoeing, grubbing or pruning. Cultivation with various implements is continued until about the middle of July when the growth of the vine is so heavy as to make it difficult or impossible to drive a team through the rows.

Irrigation of hop yards has been tried in a limited way and undoubtedly of value, especially in dry seasons. Hop vines require a great deal of moisture especially at the time the crop is maturing and because of our very dry summer seasons, hops frequently suffer from lack of moisture.

Hops are attacked by aphid or hop lice, which makes it necessary to spray the vines with an insecticide. An emulsion of whale soap and extract of quassia chips is the agent most commonly used although nicotine sprays are sometimes used. Spraying is usually done just after the hops have bloomed. However, it is sometimes necessary to spray sooner if the hop lice are present in sufficient numbers to cause honeydew. If the season is favorable for hop lice with rains and warm, cloudy weather, a second spraying may be required. Red spiders are also a cause of considerable damage as they sometimes become so numerous as to sap the hop vine of practically all its vigor, thereby greatly reducing the crop. No satisfactory means of combatting this pest has yet been found.

Hops ripen about September 1st and are picked within the next three weeks. Two methods of picking are in vogue. Some growers pay by the box, which contains nine bushels, others by the hundred pounds. It would seem that picking by weight is to be come universal.

When picked the hops are sacked and hauled to dryhouses or kilns, where the moisture content is removed by artificial heat to such a degree that they will keep. Sulphur is burned under the hops while they are moist to give them the desired color. When dry the hops are removed to a bin or cooling room, where they are commonly allowed to absorb atmospheric moisture or come in case. They are then compressed in bales weighing about 185 pounds and wrapped in heavy burlap to protect them during shipment.

Recently there has been organized the Oregon Hop Growers' association which has as its objects the stabilizing of the hop market through the collection and dissemination of information regarding crop conditions at home and abroad, through a better

acquaintance and closer relationship with the consumer and through more economic production which can be brought about by co-operation. The association will be able to eliminate competition in selling among growers, which is frequently a cause of falling prices, as a rush to sell is always taken advantage of by dealers. Manipulation of the market by unscrupulous dealers will also be made difficult or impossible by an associated effort on the part of growers. It is expected that growers representing more than 70 per cent of the Oregon hop crop will avail themselves of the opportunity to improve their condition by joining this organization.

There is a similar movement towards organization among the hop growers of Washington and California and it is supposed that with a large part of the hop acreage of the Pacific coast under the control of an association, it will be possible in a measure to control prices, although there is no disposition shown to exact exorbitant or unreasonable terms. All that is desired is to secure to the grower a just return for his labor and investment and this it is thought can be brought about by eliminating the manipulation of the market, which has been so common and which has worked to the detriment of the producer without bringing to the consumer any benefit. If the association can get for the grower what the middleman has been taking, hop raising will be made a reasonably profitable occupation and will continue to give employment to many families which depend on hop work for their subsistence.

The Oregon hop is preferred to any other Pacific coast hop and this prestige can be increased by the better quality which will result from united effort in that direction. Our best market is England and complaints are coming from there that our hops contain too many leaves and stems. It will be one of the principal efforts of the Oregon Hop Growers' association to better this condition, to the end that this desirable market may be held and broadened.

### GERMANY IN NO DANGER

HAS AMPLE SUPPLY OF FOODSTUFFS AVAILABLE.

Belgian Was Offered Indemnity for Passage to France.—Hated for British Intense.

"It will be a long war—no one in Berlin believes it will end before another year rolls around" says C. O. Mandantz, who has just returned from Berlin, where he has been on a visit for the past year, in an interview with The Telegram. "Germany cannot be starved out, for there are ample supplies—enough rye for bread until November—and plenty of other food. In preparation for the future, all available ground is being placed under cultivation, for even the vacant lots in Berlin are planted to vegetable gardens."

"The hatred of the Germans for the British is intense. The Germans do not hate the French; they even feel sympathy for them, for they know that France wants to get back Alsace and Lorraine, the lost provinces. The Belgians have not acted fairly, say the Germans, for Germany offered to pay a cash indemnity for any loss caused by the army passing through to France, and repeated this offer after the capture of Liege. Germans hold England responsible for the war and say that there would have been no war but for the preparations which England has been making for years to bring it about."

"Life in Berlin is going on much as usual. The cafes are doing business, with good crowds, although they now close earlier than formerly. The theaters are open, but the attendance is poor. Everyone is busy, there is plenty of work and I did not find a beggar from the time the war started until I left for Portland. On the streets you see men on crutches, or with an arm in a sling, and there are women wearing mourning, but these are the only signs of war noticeable, other than the absence of young men."

"Patriotism is strong in Berlin. If there was a call for volunteers today nearly every old man would offer himself. The prisoners—there are thousands in a bullpen in Berlin—are guarded by old men and youngsters. I visited the detention camp and saw English, Russians, Turks, French, Belgians and Hindus all together. Sometimes these allies fight among themselves. English merchants who were in business in Berlin are interned out at a big race track. They have no trouble in obtaining supplies, but they are not permitted playing cards since they had a big row over cards."

"Public works are in progress as though nothing was happening. There is a shortage of young mechanics and engineers, but that is all."

"Germany cannot understand why most of the newspapers of the United States are pro-British. They know that when war started the British cut the German cables and thereafter told whatever they wanted the American to know. I, with many other Americans who were in Berlin, signed a petition to President Wilson, asking him to cease the sale of guns and ammunition to the allies. Germans realize, however, that as a neutral the United States has a right to sell war munitions, for Germany sold guns and ammunition in the Philippines and in Mexico."

"And, say," said Mr. Mandantz, "there are no long faces seen on the streets of Berlin. The people are cheerful."

Observer want ads, do the biz.

### LURE OF THE RICKREALL

FALSE-TEETH SPECIALIST AND SKY-PILOT VISIT WATERS.

Fastness of Mountains, With Gloomy Forests, Beating Cliffs and Scampering Waters Attract Anglers.

By Rev. George H. Bennett.

"The Gods live here, along the mountain side—  
At least my Gods among such scenes abide;  
Down by the river, or in the wooded glen,  
In trees with songbirds, or in wild beasts' den,  
The deity that beckons me above  
Is nature's God—the God that's always love.

"I hear the voices calling in the streams;  
I hear the wisdom of a sage, it seems,  
In tales of love told by the forest trees,  
In rustling whisper of the Autumn leaves,  
God made the country; let me then abide  
Along with him, by brook or mountain side."  
—Baker.

The days of balm and sunshine, with the snowy peaks of the Cascades peering out of the eastern dreamland, and the forest-clad Coast mountains silhouetted in blue outlines on the sunset sky somehow awaken the spirit of romance and adventure—and we hear the "call of the wild."

Who does not feel the magic power of the shadowy canons, and hear the rhythmic voices of the crystal waters that issue from the dim land of mystery. The voices of nature find responsive chords in many hearts when the wily trout begins to rise to the fly—and we steal away to the deep pools and whirling eddies.

So we stole away, while the day was young, in Dr. Foster's trusty Ford. We had the usual outfit of baked beans, flyrods, coffee, bait, sandwiches, and unbounded enthusiasm. But the "trusty" quickly lost its enthusiasm. It was in the middle of a dizzy hill—but the call of the wild was upon us, and could not be mistaken, and we finally hit the trail with all that load of "outfit" and happy expectations. But say, it was too bad to abandon that pert and saucy "trusty" to its fate of watchful waiting.

The doctor felt his responsibility, too, for at daybreak he had been warned the fish up the Rickreall had very bad teeth and he had better take his forelegs along. So we struggled on. He first led us as a lamb to the slaughter off the trail around a lonely cabin and down a shady gulch a mile along an old log way. It was a cool, exhilarating morning. The dew hung in spangles on every blade of grass and sparkled like jewels on every leaf, while the sweetbriar and mountain balm filled the air with the breath of Eden. It was a joyous morning—until we discovered our lost trail stretching along the canyon side three hundred feet above us. But there is nothing like it for jaded nerves and weak digestion—so the doctor led us skywards. Every joint cracked and our knees fairly smoked when we fell into that lofty trail at last; and then we knew how to sympathize with the trusty Ford.

It was a three mile hike to a little valley where dwelled a few peaceful souls far from the jostling throng and corroding care. But it was mighty dry in said valley, for a sedate countryman was sowing oats amid a cloud of dust in a fertile field of clods. With deep motions and stirring thought of "back to the farm" we trudged with all our "outfit" across the broad acres of plowed ground. The doctor then tried to unload some of his responsibility onto the s. c. He even offered his money to guide us to the trail over yon mountain height through the tangled thickets to the far famed Rickreall. But that good man had in him none of the love of the "root of all evil," for he could not leave his oats.

Some pioneer had hewed a cowpath into a wagon road that wound and zigzagged across the crumpled landscape—and it was our highway to success. And after a few more miles we stood in view of the promised land.

But crossing Jordan and taking old Jericho were nothing to conquering that unspeakable jungle which stretched to infinitude below us. I opined to our popular tooth-carpenter, by way of exorcism or revenge, that if he had a grudge against the Old Nick, just send him to the Rickreall. We fell down briery steps, tumbled up small hills, stumbled into fallen fern-hidden treetops, were trapped in tangles of vine maple—but how refreshing was the ice-cold water we drank from the little rivulets that bubbled among the mossy rocks. We found the tell-tale tracks of a fleeing deer startled from his morning nap. And when old Sol was beating down from mid-heaven, we emerged from the evergreen woods and stood on the stony banks of the laughing Rickreall.

We stopped for a breathing spell in the shadow of a red huckleberry bush, radiant with tufts of pink blossoms, and with dogwood shrubs in full bloom standing guard all about us. Our dinner bells were ringing, and we speedily forgot our troubles in a lusty attack on a can of Van Kamp's famous pork and beans, and moved our faces over great squares of bread and deviled ham.

But the trout! Well, they are humble folk but they have minds of their own like all other good American citizens—and it wasn't time for them to dine. We whipped the rifles and boiling torrents and shimmering pools for a mile down the picturesque

gorge; we tempted them with bait, but only a few were beguiled by our blandishments.

The stream here runs through a big sag in the country which has been logged off. A bridge of huge logs spanned the walls of the gorge a hundred feet above the stream and near by a cluster of cabins nestled in abject and lonely desolation among the alders—the deserted village. It was once a scene of throbbing life, but its glory was now departed. Several miles up a winding, grassy wagon trail along the high bushy banks of the stream stood a huge dam built of great logs like a big log house. It was near sunset when, weary and hungry, we threw down our packs beside a dilapidated cabin. The false-teeth specialist whipped the waters till dark, while the sky-pilot set the camp in order, gathered wood and spread the evening banquet. The doughty dentist returned highly elated with his catch. It had been a regular campaign of tooth-pulling. Every time he cast his line he pulled out a fish's teeth—but the fish came with them. And he pulled them with a little hook. He didn't need the forceps after all, and so his thriving business went right on there in the wilderness.

But it was a famous feast we had that night in the fitful flicker of the firelight—steaming coffee, graham bread and—trout! Then we stretched our weary frames on a bed of hemlock boughs to peaceful slumbers.

God send to every hot and tossing heart  
The rest of one dear canon night, To leave  
The teeming haunts of men and climb some cool  
And shadowed trail, the while the world recedes;  
To walk thro' all the wonders of the hills  
And stop to pluck a flower, and gather here  
A cone and there a filagree of fern;  
To feast the eye on some green stretch of pines,  
The silver ribbon of some prowling stream,  
Some vista of the vines, the plain behind,  
Some castled crag or pinnacle of peak before.  
How sweet to rise and go my way until  
I reach the spot where Nature hath prepared  
Her guest-room for me, hung with vine and fern,  
The windows open softly thro' the trees;  
The ceiling is the canopy of blue;  
The couch—ah, who shall say how finely sweet  
The speed aroma of the needles is,  
How soft the perfumed fangle I arrange  
As twilight falls?—and now the taper stars  
Are lighting me to slumber and I draw  
The darkness round me like a coverlet;  
I feel my mother, Nature, tuck me in,  
And now the white regattas of the clouds  
Sail past me as the moonbeams gently kiss  
My closing eyes to rest and happy dreams.  
—Maurice Smiley.

The still night in the remote mountain wilds has charms of its own. One of them was the marauding maneuver of a wood rat—a mischievous, thievish little beast; and another was the chirping voice of the elusive bobcat. The mighty solitudes are enlivened here and there by the querulous cry of the Oregon Jay, by the sweet song of the bright gold finch, and the minor notes of the chewink. While resting next day in a sunny spot, stretched out on the grass, looking at the many forms of tree tops, a dapper silver-grey squirrel came frisking down the path. He bobbed about and then hopped onto my knee and thence to my foot—and then how he scampered for the bushes.

The fastnesses of the mountains with their gloomy forests of giant fir, their beeling cliffs, and abyssal canyons, have their own peculiar fascinations where the heart attune to nature's anthem finds keen delight. And the purring stream with its many moods is the sacred shrine where the longing heart finds solace. But the reverie is broken when the fly falls lightly on the swirling water, for—a flash, a tug, a whirl—and the battle is on. And a little royal it is, into the depths, across the mad waters, then down with the current, while the light rod bends and bows in humble obeisance to the prince of waters at the other end of the silken line.

But though our catch was small every trout was a beauty to gladden the eye and quicken the heart-beat of old Isaac Walton himself.



CHARLES FROHMAN  
New York theatrical man who went down on the Lusitania.

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