

Trout Farming for Oregonians

As a result of the great war one of the natural resources of Oregon may be developed, and instead of waste land, as at present considered, the swales and swamps and springy bottoms of hundreds of Oregon farms may become valuable assets and return to their owners, neat annual incomes.

The great European war has threatened to bring about a famine in red meats, and already we are experiencing meatless days. Already we have heard the advice and warning of the food administration, "Eat more fish."

And it is through the proposed propagation of trout that these spring branches of Oregon farms, and there are hundreds on hundreds of them on both sides of the Cascades, may assist in solving the food problems.

"We are urged by the government to raise some chickens. Why not also, if we have places that are adapted to such purposes, raise more fish?" is the way State Biologist Finley puts it. "And I assure you that it is just as easy, and the cost after you have prepared your pond, is less than that of producing poultry. I think every Oregonian with a spring branch on his place should have a trout pond. And he will when he sees how profitable and successful are those that have been established. The time should come and I believe it will, when the ranch trout pond will be as ordinary, in those well watered districts, as the chicken yard and of the two the trout pond may become the more profitable."

The purchase of stock to start a poultry farm presents a problem to many, for the outlay is heavy. When one has prepared his trout pond he may secure the fry for stocking it for nothing. The Oregon Fish and Game Commission, which operates a fish hatchery at Bonneville, will furnish, free of charge, to any county in the state penetrated by a railway, a supply of young trout, not only for restocking streams, but for raising in private ponds. Throughout the summer season the car, "The Rainbow," especially equipped for the transportation of little fishes, is moving like a shuttle, backward and forward, up and down, through the state of Oregon. The fishes will be delivered to convenient railroad stations of the state, and all the farmer, wishing to develop a trout pond, has to do is to provide himself with buckets or milk cans, aboard his wagon or automobile and meet the car. Many of these fish have been distributed in the Hood River valley as many as a dozen carloads the Rainbow has brought there for the purpose of restocking streams, and a fair proportion of the little fishes have been delivered to orchardists and ranchers who have established successful ponds on their places.

J. C. Porter, owner of one of the largest orchards on the East side, is an exponent of the home trout pond. Mr. Porter utilized a bog on his ranch. Now he has fresh trout for breakfast whenever he desires them. Some of the residents of the city, across whose home lots flow spring branches, have provided themselves with fish ponds, and despite their limited confines they report their efforts successful.

And there is another side to trout raising, the commercial aspect. Fresh mountain trout are always in demand by city restaurateurs. H. C. Elliott, of Wyeth, derives a fair sized income from a private trout pond. If you happen to be in Portland, dining at a restaurant or cafe and notice on the

menu, "mountain trout" think of Mr. Elliott. He probably raised the fish. And, if you order trout you will pay a handsome price for them—Mr. Elliott gets from 75 cents to \$1 per pound, live weight.

Mr. Finley says that any farmer with the right situation can do just what the Weyth man is doing. The supply will have to be increased by great leaps and bounds before the price is reduced, and even though it should be cut in half the industry will continue a profitable one.

The propagation of trout is said to be without great difficulties.

If any one fears to undertake a pond because of his limited experience or because of his lack of knowledge of fishes the United States government will be glad to assist him. The Bureau of Fisheries has published numerous pamphlets on home fish propagation, and these books will be supplied to all who write to that department at Washington asking for them.

"It is to the interest of the State Game and Fish Commission to stimulate home trout production from a selfish motive, if for no other," says Mr. Finley, "for we find ourselves unable to secure enough eggs for our hatchery each year. It takes millions of eggs for restocking our streams, one of our great assets from the standpoint of drawing tourists. Our available supply of eggs becomes greater as the home fish ponds increase. We are willing to give the rancher his trout fry and then we are further willing to pay him for all the eggs he has to spare. If at any time he wishes to give up his pond we will buy back his adult fish, for breeding purposes at a good figure."

Mr. Finley further advances the argument that private trout raising should be developed to the extent that any tourist visiting Oregon would be able to order fresh trout at any restaurant in the state.

"I just read the other day," he said, where visitors to Hood River call for fresh and baked apples and are unable to get them. Perhaps they have come to that town for just that purpose and I wonder what they think when the restaurant man denies them and when they visit the grocery store and are offered cull apple stock.

"But do you know that many tourists come to the Northwest because they have heard of the wonderful fishing? Perhaps they come to catch their own fish. Others not having time for the sport, would like a taste of Oregon mountain trout. He is unable to get them. In Colorado the guest can go to the private trout pond of the hotel and catch his own trout for breakfast. We ought to have something of that sort here. We can."—Oregon Sportsman.

Not All Glory And Romance

On the way across the ocean the goodlooking girl in the natty, new uniform sat in a steamer chair, her eyes hazy while she dreamed a dream of what her work in France was to be. One had a hint of what that vision was, for now and then, her voice low with suppressed emotion, she would talk a bit about it. In her mind's eye she saw herself somewhere out by No Man's Land, crouching beside a wounded boy in khaki whose last words she was taking down while she ministered to his last, parting wants. It was a fine, heroic dream, that dream of hers.

In a nearby chair sat another war worker, this one a man. He, too,

had a dream, and the dream was even more heroic than the girl's. Out in the front-line trenches he saw himself standing by with the boys in khaki, the air overhead filled with the puffs of deadly bursting shrapnel while he too, heroically brave, ministered to the wants of his charges. But sad to say, the man who invented this particular war had no thought of dreams, of visions.

The writer has just returned from a trip among a line of camps. The camps in question are about 300 miles from the front, and they are otherwise not especially romantic camps. The greater part of them is filled with negro troops and they are edged with the slums of a big seaport town.

Underfoot the ground is bare, naked-bare where it is not ankle deep in acrid, blinding dust. When the rain rains, the dust becomes mud—stiff, slick, clinging mud. The eye wearies when it lights on that particular landscape; the soul sinks as one dwells upon it.

There was a Red Triangle hut near the entrance of the camp. One side of the hut was flanked by a steaming mess kitchen; across a rutted road, a channel of traffic filled with men, mules, motors and trucks, was a stockade filled with German prisoners of war. One was conscious of odors, smells rather than wafts in from every direction. The atmosphere,—that aroma, rather, was what might be termed poignant.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary met the writer at the door. The secretary looked tired, fagged, worn out. In spite of that however, he was cheerful, brisk, even cordial. "Hello, come on in," was his greeting. Time and many trials had seasoned him. All illusions had left him. He was human.

Inside all was spick and span. Why it was so spick and span one grasped from the broom the secretary had just set down to greet the visitor. He explained that he had just been doing "a bit of wiping up." But it was not the neatness, the cheerfulness of the place inside that caught the writer's eye. Neither was it the scattering handful of boys in khaki, the majority colored soldiers, who lounged about

the place. At the hut's other end was a counter and behind the counter were two familiar faces. One was the girl who had sat in the steamer chair, her eyes hazy as she dreamed her dream. The other was the man who had come across with her—the fellow who had seen himself framed heroically amidst the bursting shrapnel.

A trio of soldiers were draped about the girl's counter. The three, it happened, were whites. About the other counter were four other soldiers, and all four were black. The man, a damp, muggy towel in his hand, was mopping off the counter. The look on his face was the same look one beheld on the face of the girl. It was a look of bored, excruciating weariness.

"What'll you have, eggs?" he was murmuring to a big Galveston roustabout.

The girl, her voice even more listless, was saying: "Cigarettes are seventy-five centimes the pack. No, there is no chewing tobacco today."

Then the two looked up.

As they saw the writer it would be difficult to describe the look that spread upon their faces. It was as much as anything the air of a brace of school children caught redhanded at some prank. Abashed does not express it. Each seemed consciously to remember their days abroad the steamer—time when they had told, their voices low with feeling, what their missions were to be in France—cigarettes and fried eggs!

The girl was the first to regain her poise. "I'm very well, thank you. The work? Oh, yes. It's not exactly what I thought it would be, but then, C'est la guerre." It took a struggle though, for her to say it. Chewing tobacco, chocolate and cigarettes, that instead of glory.

The man was more brief.

"The war?—what do I think of it? It's eggs, mostly fried eggs."

Their bubble had been pricked. They were seeing the war, a large part of it anyway, face to face with its realities.

Outside the hut the secretary with a grin stopped to give the writer good-bye.

"That's the way with a lot of them from over home," he remarked. "They come over here,

thinking they're going right up to the front where they can have a hand in the big show. But they're all right. That girl's got the right stuff in her and after she's been tried out here a while she'll have a chance at bigger things. "The man, too, is coming on. He's had a jolt, just as all of us get it over here but when he gets the guff wiped out of him he will be a mighty valuable person for our sort of work. There is mighty little romance in this man's scrap. You can not do much joy riding just now in France."

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