Farm Pointer

A source of supply of clover for spring planting on the fall grain should be looked up now value of the seed may be deter by having purity and germi tests made on the seed selected. testing of seed is done free of c by the State seed laboratory.

A successful farmer is the on takes advantage of the experien others. Bearing this in mind, th mer who can make the best u his time at this season of the by catching up on the reading he has neglected during the sur

A new spray calendar for or fruits will be published by the tion on about February 1. Fo first time in Oregon a bullet this kind, a special program fo spraying in semi-arid fruit se included.

... can be successful ... hens where a ... to be set. Chicken ... efficient than turkey h

Losses in crop production fro ... of wheat, barley oats, ... pples, and peaches for 19 Oregon amounted to $2,184,5 farmers should bear this in mi careful plans so that the l ...ed to a minumum.

...-Freezing Radiators

... solution of honey ... been found to be non- ... y automobile owne ... ntral and north ce ... using it this winter ... in the radiators of ... ding to the Januar ... report of the de ... agriculture.

The American Bee Journal ha ... made of this non-f ... and it is asserted ... will only get musl ... cold weather and th ... deteriorating effect upo ... comes in contact with. ... opportunity is here pres ... keepers in Malheur co ... e had trouble selling ... tion.

Reclaiming Raw Oregon

Reclamation of Oregon land b ... tion is apparently the most c ... to a larger population and t ... state wealth. This inc ... state wealth leads to a lowe ... ate. By similar processes in ... various counties have cut ... rate in half. Such little sa ... the cost of the administratic ... government as our legisl ... Salem may be able to make ... these paring economies ... ed by our total tax. More ... wealth; more people to c wealth out of the raw resources o state—this is the solution of the problem.

Therefore water so applied s make a ton of alfalfa grow whe pound of bunch grass and a brush grew is the problem to be d before we shall see taxatio this state lower.

In a series of articles on irrig n Oregon gathered by a Tele staff writer after an exhaustive vey of the irrigation district of state and a study of their condit it was shown that legislation is n ed to correct the following evils: (1) Too little care taken in se ing irrigation districts; (2) dev nent left in the hands of inter contractors, thus making imp ments cost too much; (3) bond sued and sold by irrigation bo who have autocratic power and checks by higher power. All t evils overload the land with taxes land cannot bear. In some insta such unwise management has put of commission many farms that previously profitable under dry ng, while lands prepared for set have been prepared at so grea expense that they cannot be sol price that will attract settlers.

These are major evils that hav put halted further irrigation deve nent. The remedies suggested hese: Provide for the recall of rrigation boards of directors if prove to be unfit for their work. more teeth in the present irrig laws to eliminate graft and in free and open competition not n construction of irrigation w put in the bidding on bonds. App or elect an irrigation commis that shall be so constituted as give more careful attention to irr tion affairs. So direct the secur commission that they shall app f no irrigation project that does fairly promise to succeed.

Finally let there be a definite onization plan which will select lers, locate them on farms reaso y well prepared for them, super them and aid them to act co-op ively in their producing, their ng and selling, until such time hey are fairly established on t own feet.

The day has gone when we ca le rural Oregon with colored b ets only. Such farm immigrant we shall hereafter get into this s will come from other farming ions of the United States; an will come only to homes that demand for their building a lif ation and a broken back. A ble colonization scheme is indisp ble to the reclamation of Orego developed land.-Portland Telegra

Live Stock Assessments.

... is considerable comment in ... county today about the wide ... between the total number ... recorded in mort-

---

Matrimonial Adventures

His Wife's Visitor

BY

Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "Roger Drake," "Captain of Industry," "The Traitor and Loyalist," "The Whispering Man," "A King in Khaki," "The Sky Man," "June Madness," "The Real Adventure," "The Thoroughbred," "An American Family," "Mary Wollaston," "Real Life," etc.

Copyright by United Feature Syndicate

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Like so many of America's big authors, Henry Kitchell Webster began writing at an early age. His first work brought forth stories of mystery—thrillers; he specialized in plot.

Then he turned from that form of fiction to material with more substance. For one of the leading magazines he traveled in the tropics and wrote articles, not purely for local color, but studies of the life with a sociological background.

Later came his novels with their portrayals of real people and real problems, showing the power of Mr. Webster's mental equipment, for he is a widely cultivated person with a knowledge of the drama, music and literature. He speaks with authority on all of these subjects.

Mr. Webster is one of the authors who takes a long time at his writing, and the story that follows, written expressly for the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures, was in process of development during a trip through Europe. "His Wife's Visitor" shows how very clever husbands sometimes are!

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

The telephone rang for the third time since they had sat down to dinner. The maid, in her flurried haste to placate the tyrant, set down the dish of fried eggplant from which George had been about to help himself on the sideboard out of his reach. George and his wife sat listening in silence. The maid returned and said, "I think it's for you, Mrs. Tait." George sighed and produced the evening paper, which had been tucked under his leg against this precise contingency.

He didn't particularly care about the news, of which he had already read the unexciting headlines, but he did want to register a not unamiable protest against these continual interruptions of their dinner. Emily insisted on making a more or less formal meal of it. She'd have been mildly annoyed with him if he'd gone to the sideboard and helped himself to the eggplant while the maid was at the phone. Then why couldn't she instruct Anna to say to these importunate telephoners that her mistress was at dinner and ask them to call her in an hour? It wasn't as if they ever had anything to say.

There was no use saying this to Emily. He knew her argument as well as his own. Anna's morale would be ruined if they short-circuited her services by helping themselves, and then where would they be when they had people in to dinner? But if he didn't want the meal interrupted by telephone calls, why did he insist on their dining at the bucolic hour of six instead of seven when most of their friends did?

Of course Emily knew his answer to that, too. By dining at six they could, whenever they felt like it, go to the first show at the Alcazar and see the picture right end to, instead of from the middle of the fourth reel. Also they could find a convenient place to park the car. And they were home again by nine, so that if George had any evening work to do there were a couple of solid hours left for it. And as for setting an example of propriety to Anna, George felt it was rather hard. Ever since their first child, George, Junior, had been two years old, George, Senior, had been submitting to innumerable small infringements upon his personal liberty under the plea of setting a proper example. But now that Junior was in college, and his younger sister in a boarding school, it seemed to George at forty-three that he might be allowed to tilt back in his chair if he liked and empty his pipe scrapings into the dessert plate. There was no good saying any of that, either, for Emily knew it as well as he did.

Well, he knew her answer, too, though this last word was one she had never said. After all, they didn't live in New York nor in Philadelphia nor even in Chicago. They lived in Avonia, Illinois. George had a good law practice in Harrison county, but the great cities and the great corporations had never summoned him, and it was becoming clear to George—at forty-three—that they never would. Avonia and the movies and the bridge club and a month's vacation at Mackinac Island was about his speed.

He doubted very much if Emily, as regarded her own potential speed—granted a conjugal partner of sufficient horsepower—acquiesced. Emily might well believe she was born for better things. She'd been a good deal of a belle in her day. She was too loyal to lament lost opportunities in his presence, let alone to fling them at him as missiles, but a consciousness that they might be lying ready to her hand made him walk warily. She should make the best of Avonia in her own way, and if there was a faint flavor of absurdity about some of the refinements she insisted upon, and about the seriousness with which she took her committees and her classes and her clubs, it did not behoove her husband to rail, no matter how often they called her from the dinner table to the telephone.

He had had time to think as far as this, his mind slipping rapidly past the familiar landmarks just as his eye slid down the columns of the newspapers, before he perceived that Emily was not, this time, talking to any member of her drama committee, nor to any citizen of Avonia, nor to anyone she'd had the slightest expectation of hearing from. It was a man—George could tell that from the quality of her voice—and he seemed to be throwing her into a good deal of a flutter.

"Why—why, yes," she was saying. "Oh, but we'd love to have you! . . . Yes. That'll be fine . . . We certainly will. Only I'm afraid you won't find us very exciting. . . . Four o'clock Saturday then."

George, as she returned to the table, fastened his gaze upon the paper. When she was rattled she liked to be allowed to take her time. She sat down a bit heavily in her chair, drew a couple of long breaths, resumed her knife and fork, and then asked, "Did you hear any of that?"

"Not much," he told her. "I thought you sounded sort of surprised."

"I should say I was," she admitted, "when I hadn't heard from him for nineteen years. Calling up on the long-distance to ask if he can come and spend Sunday with us! Surprised!"

"Who?" George wanted to know.

"I don't know why he should want to. He certainly won't find any material for a play in us. Still, it'll be nice to see him again. I don't suppose I'll know him."

"Look here," George demanded, "whom are you talking about?"

"Oh," she said, as if she had just heard his questions; but it was another moment before she answered it. "Why, it's Charley Hawkins—Hawthorn Hawkins—George, you know who he is!"

"I know who Hawthorn Hawkins is, but why do you call him Charley? And why does he call us on the long distance and propose to spend Sunday with us?"

"Why, he's giving the Sheldon lectures down at the University this year, and he looked up Avonia on the map and saw how near it was—so he phoned to ask if he could come."

"But why Avonia, and why us? If you know him as well as that, why haven't you ever told me anything about him?"

"George," she cried, scandalized, "I told you all about Charley Hawkins when we were first engaged—and you didn't even listen. He wasn't famous then, of course. And I haven't heard from him since the note he wrote with the wedding present he sent us. Now, for goodness' sake, don't ask any more questions, but let me eat."

It was from preoccupation rather than obedience that he let her alone until she rang for the maid. Then, "You haven't been writing to him, have you—telling him he was great and so on?"

Her eyes flashed at him, but the entrance of Anna procured him a polite answer. "I couldn't very well write to him when I'd never seen one of his plays."

"Ever read 'em?" he asked. "They are published, I suppose."

She shook her head and waited until Anna went out; then she swooped upon him. "I never thought you'd be so silly," she declared, "as to be jealous. And about a man I haven't thought of for twenty years."

"Jealous!" he retorted furiously. "I'm not."

"What are you then?" she asked with an alkaline sort of smile, and he found the question unanswerable. "Well, I hope you will be decent to him anyhow."

"I don't know whether I will or not," he told her. "That depends." She didn't speak to him again that night.

Two days later, coming home from a rather strenuous bout of shopping, Emily found her husband—home from the office a good hour earlier than usual—reading a small green paper-covered volume, which he put down hastily as she came in, and then took up again and held out to her.

"'Three Plays by Hawthorn Hawkins,'" she read. "Why, where did that come from? I tried to get it at Street's, but they'd never even heard of it."

"Came in the mail," he said. "I found it when I got here."

"Addressed to me?" she asked.

"Why—yes. I believe it was. I opened the package without thinking."

"Charley sent them on, of course," she remarked; "so that I'd have something to talk to him about."

"I don't believe he did," George said decidedly. "Not unless he's an—unusual ass."

She flushed angrily at that, but he went on before she could speak. "I said I thought he wasn't an ass, not that I thought he was. There'd have been a card or an inscription if it had come from him. Anyhow, I wouldn't thank him for it unless he gives you a lead. Read 'em and say nothing. And don't leave 'em out on the sitting room table where they'll be the first thing he sees, either."

Her smile conceded that this advice was both friendly and intelligent. "But where did they come from?" she demanded.

"Search me!" he told her. "They don't postmark this fourth-class stuff. No, I didn't mean anything uncomplimentary. As far as I read in the first one, it seemed pretty good. I thought you might have sent to Chicago for them." She pointed out that there wouldn't have been time. "Oh, well," he concluded, "I don't believe it's much of a mystery. Some old friend, most likely, that he told he was coming, sent it along so that you could surprise him. You'll read 'em tonight, I suppose."

She said she would, unless he wanted to go out somewhere with her; but he said he must go back to the office and work. "I'm going to be pretty busy between now and Monday," he added.

She looked at him sharply. You're going to be here tomorrow when he comes, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be here—you bet." It was so evident, though, that the last brace of words had escaped him involuntarily that she forbore to remonstrate.

They kept rather carefully away from Charles Hawthorn Hawkins as a conversational topic that night. Next morning, however, just before he left for the office, George uneasily broke the ice by saying, "Don't count on him too much, Emily. He may not come, you know—send you a telegram this morning."

She asked hotly why he said that, and added, as the suspicion struck her, "I believe you've been telegraphing him, yourself, not to come." But this injurious charge she at once retracted.

"They're supposed to be sort of temperamental and changeable, that's all," he explained, "and I thought he might change his mind about this."

"You wish he would, I suspect," she observed.

"Yes," he answered, unhappily, "I suppose I do."

She gazed at him a moment in mute exasperation. Then her expression softened and she gave a reluctant laugh. "I think you're the most ridiculous person in the world," she said. "I suppose you think he's coming out here to break up our happy home and get me to run away with him."

He looked so glum over this that she gave him up as hopeless. "Oh, go along," she cried. "But I'm going to kiss you first. And you will be home sharp at four, won't you?"

It was an hour earlier than this that she found him in the dining room unwrapping a package containing two bottles, one of gin and the other of Scotch whisky.

"Got 'em from Walter Harbury," he explained sheepishly. "Walter has a regular bootlegger—comes around once a month. Been meaning to lay in something like this for quite a while."

Her astonishment over this bit of unabashed mendacity made it possible for him to get on to something else. He put the bottles away in the sideboard, turned his back upon it, and gazed at her so intently that she frowned inquiringly and presently asked, "Well, what is it?"

"Nothing," he said, "only I think you're looking great—just as you are."

Now this was the unadulterated truth. At forty, after two children and nineteen years of marriage and Avonia, she still looked infinitely desirable to George, and never more so than in the sort of clothes she was wearing now, a small felt hat crammed down upon her small round head (she'd been out doing some last-minute marketing), a sweater, a sport skirt, low-heeled shoes; her face moistly flushed, innocent of powder. It was true and Emily knew it was true.

All the same, she saw through him and smiled derisively. "So you want me to look like this when Mr. Hawkins comes?" she asked. "Well, I won't. I'm going up to dress this minute."

"I wish you wouldn't, Emily," he pleaded. "I don't want you to dress up for this chump. I don't want you to do anything—special for him. I don't see why you should. You don't care anything about him, do you? Nor about what he thinks?"

Her flush deepened as she met his look. She reached out suddenly and took hold of him by the ears. "Idiot!" she said, "Idiot!" But in the interval between the two words she kissed him, and she did not dress up for Mr. Charles Hawthorn Hawkins.

Perhaps because her husband's performance occupied the first place in her attention, she found it hard to remember what a celebrity Charley Hawkins had become.

He was curiously unchanged, through all his changes. The twenty pounds or so he had put on hadn't made him look older; had served only to accentuate the plump, cherubic look of boyish innocence there'd always been about him. He talked about himself a lot, just as he'd always done.

Emily shot an uneasy glance at George now and then; for instance, when Charley spoke offhand of the foremost American actress as Ethel. She wondered whether George was saying to himself, "Ass!" But apparently George was not. He seemed to be enjoying the gossip of the theater as much as the tales of Capri and Tahiti and other wondrous places the playwright had inhabited.

Emily herself didn't talk much. They drifted back occasionally into reminiscence, but since this, of course, excluded George, they didn't go far with it.

George had spoken of being busy, of the amount of time he'd have to spend upon a case that was coming up Monday, but he showed no signs of going off and leaving them to their own devices. She didn't know whether she wished he would or not. Intrinsically she wasn't especially anxious to be left alone with Charley, but if George was staying away from his work in order to watch them, she was furious with him.

Only, it didn't seem like that. The two men got around to the war, at last, and the humble but absorbing parts they had respectively played in it, and after an hour of this, she bade them good-night. This was insincere, so far as it was addressed to George, for she fully intended staying awake until he came to bed, and asking him a few questions, but her modest share of the unwonted alcohol made her sleepy, and she never knew how late the two men—and the bottle of Scotch—sat up.

She got no chance next morning, either, for a private talk with George before they met their guest, and in consequence George's calm announcement of the day's program and his total elimination of himself from it fell upon her like a thunderclap. She caught him alone a few minutes after breakfast and asked him what he meant by it.

"I don't mean anything by it," he protested. "I have got to work all day, just as I told you. Hawkins understands all right. I told him about it last night. He's got to leave this afternoon and there's no good Sunday train from here, so it seemed decent to say that you'd drive him over to Rockport."

"You're simply—throwing me at his head!" she protested.

She detected a touch of bravado in the way he said, "Nonsense! He came to see you, didn't he?" But Charley was already coming downstairs with his bag, so there wasn't time for anything more.

Well, the events of that day were in George's head, then, whatever they turned out to be.

George bade their guest a cordial, almost paternal farewell and, clapping his hat a little too much on one side of his head for a Sabbath morning and an hour when he was certain to meet their neighbors going to church, strolled down the street in the direction of his office.

It was seven o'clock that evening when she stopped their car at the curb after her return, alone, from the fifteen-mile drive to Rockport. George was reclining, very much at his ease, upon the Gloucester swing on the veranda.

"Hello!" he called to her. "You back already? Had a good day?"

She chose to regard his second question as of a piece with the first, and she came up the front steps before she spoke at all.

"I suppose you're famished for supper," she remarked, ". . . if you've been working all day."

"Oh, I got home about an hour ago and scrambled myself some eggs. How about you?"

"I'm not specially hungry," she said. "I'll get myself a glass of milk by and by."

She sat down facing him. "George," she demanded, "why did you send for those three plays of Charley's?"

He sat up. "Why did I send . . . ?"

"It was either you or Anna who sent for them," she interrupted. "Charley swears he didn't send them and that he didn't say anything to a soul about coming out here."

He lay back again. "Oh, all right," he conceded. "I telephoned to Chicago for 'em the morning after I found out he was coming."

"But why?"

"Oh, I don't know. How could I know what he was going to be like? I didn't know what he was coming for. So—well, I wanted you to be—ready for him."

She took a minute or so to digest this reply. "I suppose you mean," she mused, "that you thought he might be coming out here to see how much of a—hick the girl was that he wanted to marry once, after she'd lived twenty years in Avonia. And you wanted to—fix me up so he wou'dn't laugh. I suppose that afternoon dress Miss Maitland made for me doesn't look like much."

"Oh, d—n!" he said, and got to his feet. "Look here, Emily! You're all right in any dress. It wasn't you I didn't feel sure about. But he might have been any sort of ass. Of course, I saw he was all right before I'd talked with him ten minutes."

"No," she said, "you needn't have worried about that."

She let the voltage accumulate during a longish silence. Then she added, "He kissed me this afternoon. He'd been rather—sentimental all day, and when I said good-by to him he kissed me."

"Well," said George, after a silence of his own, "he certainly is a darned nice fellow."

She stared at him, speechless.

"Oh, I'm not much surprised," he went on. "You see, he told me about it last night."

"Told you, last night!" she echoed.

"He didn't say he was going to kiss you," George exclaimed. "Said he'd always been romantic about you, and all the more after he'd got old enough to realize how kind you'd been to a ridiculous, priggish kid. He said you'd contributed more to his education than anybody else he'd ever met, and he'd always felt grateful to you. Been wanting to come to see you for years, but was afraid to. Scared to death, he said he was, until he saw you were just as you had been; hadn't changed a hair. Actually wrote a telegram to say he wasn't coming and then tore it up.

"Well, then, why shouldn't he have a . . . day in the country? I hope you showed him a good time. I guess you did, or he wouldn't have kissed you."

He perceived now that she was crying. "I don't blame him for that, a bit," he went on. "I think he showed darned good judgment. Because you are a peach, Emily, and that's the truth."

He patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "Come on in, old lady," he concluded. "What do you say to some scrambled eggs? You're hungry, that's all the matter with you."

DISPLAY OF BABIES SHOWS FRANCE'S BIRTH SHORTAGE

Window Exhibit in Paris Tells Story of Decreasing Race.

Paris.—A row of three babies, of diminishing sizes, clothed in white and resting on a black background, has been attracting attention in the windows of the National Alliance for the Increase of French Population.

It is a show window way of telling the story of a decreasing race. The largest baby has written underneath, "Year 1868—1,034,000"; the second baby, "Year 1913—746,000," and the last baby, "Year 1926?—500,000."

The trouble between France and Germany is one of babies, according to the spokesman of this organization, and Germany is bound to win the next war because of more babies.

According to the latest figures, Germany now has 500,000 extra new babies, and France but 35,000 above her death rate.

France's present population is placed at 39,200,000, whereof 1,500,000 are foreigners. Her native population for the first six months of 1922 increased by 9,045, compared to 15,849 in 1913, a normal prewar year.

With the number of marriages increasing (193,452 for the first six months of 1922, as compared to 160,722 in the corresponding period of 1913), the birth rate is slightly lower, as is the death rate.

The national alliance, however, points out that there is a 3 per cent decrease in the German birth rate due to postwar poverty and other causes.

France is endeavoring by legislation to increase the birth rate. Fathers of four or more children are given higher salaries, and other measures are being adopted, one of which is to give a father an extra vote for every child.

Has Saved 700 Lives; Gets Medal of Honor

Albert Rese, well-known Long Beach, Calif., life saver, who has rescued no less than seven hundred persons from drowning in his life-saving career and who has just been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in recognition of his heroic work. There are only about five of these medals that have been awarded for saving human lives in this country and it is the highest possible distinction one can receive.

British Flyer Borrows an Idea From the Crows

London.—An improvement of at least 10 per cent in the lifting efficiency of airplane wings is expected to be made by an invention which has been patented by a young ex-officer of the flying corps. He claims to have discovered the method by which crows and other birds glide at fine angles, and experiments which have been made with gliding models suggest that the wing tip feathers are not merely for balancing purposes but contribute largely to the lifting capacity.

"Honest men marry soon, wise men never."—Scotch.

"A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."—French.

If a man loses a woman and a farthing he will be sorry he lost the farthing.—English.

"There are only two good women in the world—one is dead and the other can't be found."—German.

DYING WORDS OF THE FAMOUS

It is well.—Washington.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.—Columbus.

I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.—Philip Sidney.

Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict.—Lord Tenterden.

Oh liberty, liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!—Mme. Roland.

For Quick Se...

Call the

Nyssa Tran...

PHONE 70...

Nyssa Barber ...

and

CIGAR STOR...

SHAVING, HAIR C... HOT AND COLD ...

L. B. HAMAKER, ...

Nyssa,

PROFESSIONAL ...

OSTEOPATH...

DR. HARRIET ...

Osteopathic Phy...

Ontario, Oreg...

Office: Wilson Bldg ...

W. B. MOX...

Bonded Real Esta...

INSURANC...

Office at Residence, ... Avenue

Nyssa.

CITY DRAY L...

C. Klinkenberg

PROMPT DELIV...

Reasonable Ra...

PHONE 1...

ATTORNEYES A...

E. M. BLODG...

Attorney ...

Land and Probate wor...

Nyssa, Oreg...

R. W. SWAGLER

Attorney at L...

Rooms 13 14, ...

Wilson Bld...

Ontario

REPO...

all the news ... ings that come ... attention to this ... It will be appr... for every piece ... will make the ... more interesti... you as well as ... We want and wi... help will print ...

THE NE...

Hey The...

How about your ... billheads, stateme... lopes, cards, etc. ... until they are all ... then ask us to ru... in a hurry for you. ... requ... and ...

Print Sh...

Let us have that ... while we have the tim... Printing as it shou...

T...

VOL. XXI. N...

NEW ... SAVE ...

SLUICING OF ... IS EXP...

MANY DRAI...

VALE MAN'S INV... WORK MUCH ... AT LOWER ...

By W. W. ... Soil Department ... tural C...

Soil investigation ... the spring of 1921 ... quests from local ... solving the alkal... problems of Malhe... work has been cond... that time as a pha... vestigation provided ... 350, General Laws ... and its continuati... 1922.

A preliminary inv... ed the alkali drain... present three distin... first was the need ... od of drainage, nece... clamation of lands ... time and also to pr... logging of exter... areas now under ... second was the rec... urally alkaline or ... and the third, the ... formerly good which ... dered unproductive ... cumulation of alkali ... a lack of proper dr...

Sluicing Ex...

The problem of ... has been met to a ... the development of ... sluicing or building ... water. The first de... sluiced was construc... gon experiment stat... tion with Glenn E. ... Or., in the spring of ... surface ditch was fi... fresno, a head of ab... water was then tur... eral systems were tr... to determine the ... keeping the dirt in ... plow cultivator, long ... and shovel were al... the dirt stirred up, t... of excavation bein... by loosening the di... dinary irrigation sh... ing the water to ca... one-horse cultivator ... efficient but was ... handle. The averag... ditch was 12 feet ... 675 feet.

The Purvis ...

This work show... some sort of a machi... not require an opera... and such a tool wa... Percy Purvis, one o... of the Warmsprings ... trict, and is known ... sluicer. It is pat... threshing machine ... consists of five iro... parallel to each ot... one foot apart; the... place by five pieces ... running perpendicular ... at regular intervals. ... tains ten sharp cylind... ranged that no two ... same groove. The m... in length, 19 inches ... weighs about 150 pou... made by any good ... costs about $25. It is ... the trench lengthwise ... by four horses, two ... each end of a long ... tends across the ditch ... connected to the po... chain, one end of wh... to the middle of ... double-tree, and the ... swivel on one end ... Two teams and their ... the crew required to ...

Success is also bei... plowing the ditch bo... removing the loose d... The plowing is acc... when the ditch is dr... tem is best adapted t... tion of rather large... where a large head ... available.

Large Ditche...

In less than a year ... pletion of the prelimi... the invention of th... Purvis, drains had b... in the Malheur valle... ing method, extensi... serve 1000 acres.

The cost of sluicing ... finally worked out c... ed by referring to ... structed by Messrs. ... and Carman of Vale. ... some 2225 feet long ... in depth and cost, w... charges were conside... amounts to 11 cents ... drain or 5 cents per

---

Absorb This:

OLD AGE PASSETH AWAY. BUT YOUTH IS PERENNIAL.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

... ding trip. "Dear," the bride inquired anxiously, "in the excitement of leaving did you say good-by to papa and mamma?"

"No," he replied, "I said 'Au revoir!'"—Boston Transcript.

BANK OF NYSSA

... trict.

8. The formation of a drainage district under the provisions of Chapter 340 of the General Laws of Oregon for 1915, under the provis-

R. W. SWAGLER

Attorney at Law

Rooms 12 14, 15

Wilson Bldg

Ontario Oregon.