

FRUIT INSPECTOR TELLS ABOUT PEST

Constable Explains Best Method of Handling Trouble Which Has Been Bothering Peach Trees.

C. O. Constable, county fruit inspector, has issued the following message to the fruit growers in the county regarding the control of the peach curl leaf pest:

"Owing to the cold wet weather in the early part of this season peach curl leaf has been unusually active, and inquiries have been numerous for its control. I desire to say to those wishing this information that Alex. LaFollette, Mrs. J. P. Jones, McNary & Stolz, Louis Lachmund, and some other peach growers have been very successful in controlling this disease by the use of lime sulphur and Bordeaux mixture sprays. In my opinion the best time for the application is to spray thoroughly with lime sulphur solution, mixing one gallon of the solution with ten gallons of water, any time that the weather is good during the month of December, then apply in February the Bordeaux mixture using five pounds of blue vitriol and five pounds of lime to fifty gallons of water.

"If you buy the lime sulphur solution of proper strength, you will only have to add the water, being careful to keep the spray well agitated while spraying.

"In making the Bordeaux mixture I have found the most convenient method is to use a fifty-gallon barrel, fill about two-thirds full of water, put fifty pounds blue vitriol in a sack and suspend in the barrel until the vitriol has dissolved, use another barrel and slack fifty pounds clean stone lime of the best quality. Slacking the lime should be done carefully and with sufficient water to avoid burning, never allowing the lime to become dry while slacking. When thoroughly slacked, make up the fifty gallons with water. Pour equal quantities of each solution together which will make your mixture.

"If only a small quantity of the stock solution is needed it can be made in the above proportion.

"The above is written from actual observation during the past two years of the above orchards, and the method used by each grower named are as follows:

"LaFollette sprayed in December with lime sulphur and in February with Bordeaux mixture.

"McNary & Stolz sprayed in the spring with lime sulphur, twenty to one strength.

"Mrs. Jones sprayed as LaFollette, except she gave one additional spray

with lime sulphur when the buds were swelling.

"Lachmund sprayed in the fall with Bordeaux for peach blight, and in the spring with lime sulphur for curl leaf.

"All were effective; but my recommendation as the safer method would be to spray about December with lime sulphur, and February with Bordeaux mixture. I think Mrs. Jones got good results from her late spraying, but I hesitate to recommend it to any but experienced orchardists on account of the danger of burning the foliage unless the greatest caution is used."

THE GOOD OLD SANTIAM

WHERE HUNTING WAS GOOD AND GRAY MARES WERE WONDERS.

Blain Hubbard Tells About One Haul He Made When He Got More Than He Expected--The Willing Old Horse That Cracked Her Skin.

"Talk about your hunting trips," said Blain Hubbard the other day, "why, there ain't no hunting nowadays, no not at all--leastwise none worth mentioning. Jack Milson and I were out last winter and we sure did have one hunting trip. A hunt that was a hunt. We went in the machine, taking along a 45 Winchester. I furnished the gun, Jack was to furnish the feed for the cannon, and let me tell you, I ain't no slouch at shooting. I can shoot about as well as the next fellow. We motored out of town over to the Santiam country, looking for deer. Just above Mehama, as we reached the river. I saw one standing on the other side, right in front of a big tree. Jack pulled up, and I let go. Just as I fired, one of these big Santiam trout jumped out of the water and my bullet went plum through him. I saw by the way he fell I had plugged a hole through him. The deer just dropped where he stood, never stirred, just fell stone dead.

"I rushed out into the river and grabbed by fish, before it could float away. I crossed the river and started for the deer. And what do you suppose? Would you believe it, just back of where that deer stood the bullet had knocked a hole in a tree as big as your fist, and out of that hole a stream of honey was flowing. That good honey was going to waste mighty fast, and I

didn't have a blamed thing to stop it. Just then a rabbit jumped out of a hole I hadn't noticed, and I grabbed him by the hind legs just as he was leaping. I was going to stuff him into the hole, when a flock of ducks flew close to the tree. There were more than 10,000 of them. I started to throw a shell in, but it jammed, while those ducks were getting away fast, so I let go of that old rabbit, right in their midst and the way he kicked and cawed, as he was going through the air was a caution. He landed in the thickest part of them, and when I got over there, seventeen of them were dead--yes sir, just seventeen of them. And the shock had killed the rabbit, too. He was all smashed up. I stuck his head in the hole until I could find some boards."

Jack said: "A man by name of Chambers lived a short distance away, and I asked Jack to go get him. He did. After a short time Chambers showed up with an old gray mare, sled and barrels. Jack came back in a boat. I chopped that tree down and filled all the barrels. Well, we put the deer and the fish and the rabbit and the ducks and the honey on the sled and Chambers started home. We went by boat. It must have been some bad traveling for that old mare. We reached the house first and finally chambers showed up leading the old mare, but when we looked for the sled, there was no sled--no, sir, not in sight. Of course, I knew what was the matter. That old buckskin harness had got wet and stretched. We were plenty hungry--so I told Chambers to throw the harness over a stump and we went into the house for dinner. After we had dined, we came out to go back after the sled, but would you believe it, the sun was drying that harness and there was that lead just pulling up to the stump. We brought back all we wanted, leaving the remainder with Chambers as pay for his trouble.

(This yarn could not be verified, as Mr. Milson is in Portland receiving a shipment of Paige cars).

NOTICE.

The special committee appointed by the mayor of the city of Salem, under authority of a resolution passed by the council to investigate certain matters relating to street improvements made on Mission and Waller streets respecting the cost thereof and the authority under which the same was done, has set Tuesday evening, July 22, 1913, at 7:30 o'clock, at the City Council Chamber, to hear any complaint relating to such matters from any interested parties. Any person having any complaint to make regarding such matters, or any statement to give concerning the same, are hereby notified and requested to appear before the committee at said time and place.

W. T. SLATER, Chairman.
G. G. BROWN, Secretary.

The Bachelor Jilt

By Dorothy Dix.

An old bachelor who in an unwary moment allowed himself to be captured by some skillful lady fisher of men is wriggling on the hook and has appealed to me for assistance in getting him free again.

He writes a doleful letter in which he says that, although he girl to whom he is engaged is all that is nice and charming, and would make some other man an adorable wife, he doesn't want to marry her or any other woman because it will interfere with all of his old bachelor ways.

He is settled in his habits and he doesn't feel that he could change them to please a wife. For instance, it upsets him for the entire day to have anybody alter the position of his brushes on his chiffonier. And what he should do if he found a long hair in his comb he trembles to contemplate. Also of an evening he likes to sit by himself and smoke his pipe in silence--an amusement which in his opinion is a million times more pleasurable than listening to the chatter of any wife.

My advice to him is to break off the engagement, not for his own sake, but in common humanity to the girl.

Certainly the man who does not like to talk or to be talked to, and who has the fixed habit of spending his evenings in solitude over pipe and paper, is in honor bound to warn the woman he marries that that is what she has got to expect if she becomes his wife. And, believe me, there would be a mighty falling off in the ringing of wedding bells if girls knew how often they were getting a dummy instead of a live husband.

You see, the poor things marry for companionship. They dream of the jolly times they are going to have going about with their husbands, or the dear heart-to-heart talks they are going to enjoy across their own droplight, and when they find out that hubby is always too tired to go to any place of amusement and that his entire stock of domestic conversation consists of a few grunts, they get the par of their lives and wonder why they left their happy homes for this.

Craving for Love

By Laura Jean Libbey.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet--never yet--ah, me!
Made answer to my word.

It has been said that love was not necessary to an earnest, busy life, but for the comradeship of idle hours. This is not true. There is no one, from those entering their teens to the ones who are watching the setting of life's sun, which does not feel the need of a loving hand to clasp theirs, a loving heart to lean upon, and a tender, loving voice to whisper words of sympathy and cheer.

There is a natural attraction which draws the sexes together. It is not based upon a rosy cheek, a laughing eye, but upon the beauty of soul, which is invisible to the eye, yet it touches the right chord in the heart, awakening instant response.

Many people say that it is difficult to know when one is really in love. Passing fancy is so like the real passion that many are confused by it.

It may be said in all truth that the real test of love is time and companionship. The youth who is smitten with a maid, calling upon her two or three evenings of a week for a few months, may fancy that he has met the one woman in all the world whom he would ever wish to wed. He proposes, is accepted, and she complies to his earnest pleadings for an immediate marriage, which takes place.

Companionship Often Knell.

Constant companionship shows to each different phases of character which they did not dream the other possessed. This rude awakening means the death of fascination which they thought love. If tenderness still exists in the heart, despite change of face, of habits--aye, and of the heart of the one beloved--this may be said to be real affection.

There never were truer words than those which tell us: "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." There are some who will settle down in apathy to live out the remaining years of their lives as best they can. The yearning for the love which they have missed in the heart mate centers like a blossom to shed its sweetness over both lives. This love satisfies all of the longings which the lonely heart craved.

It has been said that it is not best for man to live alone. It takes observations of the homes of other men to clearly realize this. The best boarding house that was ever invented is not home to a man. He cannot say what he shall have on his table for his dinner, bring home a party of friends unexpectedly, exclude from the table those who are not congenial. He cannot give voice to his moods as he dines, whether his mood be quiet or exuberant. He has to conform to the likes and dislikes of others.

In his own home a man can be man-

fer of all he surveys. In the home which he creates, presided over by the wife of his bosom, there is no one to enjoin silence upon him or crush a laugh on his lips. His happiness there is supreme, if it ever is to be on earth; for he is lord of the loving heart whose supreme joy is in making him happy.

Love should be the only aim and cause for marriage. No one should look for perfection in that which is human, but be prepared to forgive many a little fault which may crop out, and by kindness help to overcome them.

One should be satisfied with the love which they have gained. The heart which one understands can be better dealt with than some other one which we might crave but which would seem far more unsatisfactory in our grasp. Only the wise appreciate the love which is theirs.

Those who have lived lonely, unwedded lives should not crush the longing for love in their hearts. It is better to embrace the tender sentiment than to thrust it from them. Those who are in love live twice as long. There is so much to look forward to. Love is the birthright of every human heart.

HARKING BACK.

By James J. Montague.

Young Juxtuxi was an Aztec, and a lad of nerve and mettle, who resided 'neath the shadow of Mount Popocatepetl. And one day when the volcano, which was prone to be abrupt, rumbled sullen indications of its purpose to erupt, Young Juxtuxi cried "I'll stop it!" and half an hour later folks observed him, scowling grimly, as he sat upon the crater. Fragments of him now are floating down the shining Milky Way. For this early Aztec hero was the Murphy of his day.

King Canute, from whose top story rocks would harmlessly rebound, Noticed how his subjects hustled when he ordered them around; Till at last he grew to fancy that so powerful was he--

His commands would be respected by the sun and winds and sea. So he stood beside the ocean on a sultry summer day, And in stern and awful accents told the tide to run away.

When the tide came in they fished him out, and left him there to rage, For the ivory-headed monarch was the Murphy of his age.

... saw a whizzing railroad train Dashing like a desert dust storm over mesa, butte and plain, He decided he would stop it, and his warriors, scowling black,

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THE GLOBE

Helped him draw a four-ply cow-rope taut across the iron track. When the engine hit that cow-rope, sundry braves, by Neaps and bounds Took an unexpected journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

They were gifted, were those redskins, with an ignorance sublime, Which was quite to be expected of the Murphys of their time.

X-RAYS.

A Portland girl is to swim the Wilmette with her hands and feet tied. This should be easy after her practice with the hobble skirts.

The Hon. Amidon Arthur Abraham W. Lafferty, congressman from Portland, is doing Europe. He is also doing his Webfoot constituents--thoroughly.

"Wall street is made up of falsehoods," says Mr. Lamar. That gentleman is one of its brightest and most conspicuous alumni.

A retired army surgeon has been made poet laureate of England. His poems should be incisive.

Children must be given playthings, and in the absence of anything else a double barreled shotgun loaded with

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We have gone through our entire stock of clothing and selected 250 suits to sell at \$9.85. These suits are comprised of all the wanted colors such as brown, grey, tan, and fancy mixtures; in box back, English, and regular models. These suits were formerly priced up to \$25.00 for quick clearance

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BUSINESS SECTION OF SHERIDAN GONE

[UNITED PRESS LEADED WIRE.]
Sheridan, Or., July 19.--With a loss of \$400,000, the business portion of Sheridan was destroyed by fire last night. The fire started from the explosion of a gasoline stove in a small restaurant. --Capital Journal.

Who knows; **YOU**, Mr. Gasoline user, may be the next to cause such a frightful calamity to befall your neighbors?

Why continue using such a dealy agent for lighting or cooking when **ELECTRICITY** and **GAS** are so cheap?

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