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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

THE MAYOR'S SAD MISTAKE.

THERE is only one ground upon which permission to enter the Tanner creek sewer to do repairs is entitled even to a semblance of justification and that is that the original job was so badly done there is danger of the sewer caving in, thus inflicting damage on private property and leaving the city liable for heavy damage suits.

But the mayor thought otherwise and decided to hold in office the engineer and assistant engineer who are so thoroughly discredited that no taxpayer can longer have any confidence in their certification while some of the banks, it is said, have simply gone out of the business of advancing money on any city contracts.

But, as we have said, if there is a shadow of justification for permitting anyone under the circumstances to go into the sewer to make the repairs the very last man who should have been permitted to enter is the contractor under whose contract the crooked work has been done.

If there was nothing else to it but that, the mayor has made himself the target of criticisms under which an honest man must write.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE MILK.

MOST of the milk sold in Portland is pure and of good quality. Yet watchfulness and care on the part of the public, acting through the proper official channels or agencies, must be constantly exercised for pure, unadulterated milk is one of our very important necessities.

Every large city has had troubles in obtaining pure milk, but most of them have finally succeeded in obtaining it. Yet in one day last week 15 dealers in adulterated milk were fined \$720 in a New York court. One of them had to pay \$150. The judge served them right.

A baby fed on milk that is mostly water starves. Water is good in its way, but it cannot take the place of milk, and selling whitened water ought to be a penitentiary offense.

A rich man of New York city, Mr. Nathan Straus, has made a business of supplying many people of that city with pure milk. He sees to it that a very large number of poor children get such milk, and at cost, or less. This is charitable fad of his, and one of the most admirable ones that of which we know.

Portland is not a very big city, yet it needs and demands an immense amount of milk, cream and butter, which dairy products, fortunately, are mostly supplied by the immediate surrounding country. The dairymen of this county have an organization that keeps up the prices of their product to reasonable figures, and assures them a living profit. People of the city do not object to paying the prices demanded for milk and cream, but they have a right to insist that these products should be clean, pure, and unadulterated. We believe they are, as a rule; but it is necessary to keep watch, and be on guard, against a possible and occasional dishonest dairyman.

Pure milk is one of a city's prime necessities. We can better afford the adulteration of any other food than milk. We believe we have a good man on guard in the person of Commissioner Bailey.

BEARDED PRESIDENTS.

When Roosevelt is inaugurated on March 4, 1905, he will be the second president with a mustache. Cleveland was the first.

Whatever the presidency of this country has done for the incumbents, it has not been productive of beards. Benjamin Harrison's beard was full, with a slight tendency to curl at the end, and was tinged with gray.

After Cleveland the clean shaven face returned with McKinley. The mustache came in for the second time when Roosevelt succeeded.

Most of the presidents were bottling supplied with hair on top of their heads. The two Adamses were the first to show a slight tendency to baldness. Van Buren was bald on the forehead. Garfield was similarly marked.

Polk was the first and only president who wore his hair in the ante-bellum southern style. It was long and reached back from the front over his ears. Buchanan was the first and only one, so far, to wear the top roach.

Cleveland in returning to his second administration showed a tendency to baldness. McKinley was not noticeably bald, but with a heavy growth of hair.

But no baldheaded man, as the term is understood, has yet been president of the United States.

ENGLED TO SNOBBERIES.

From the Chicago Tribune. Americans who are loud in their boasts that snobbery is practically unknown in this country will be rudely jarred at the smiling report of the manager of a great hotel recently opened in New York.

There is a sumptuous room in this hotel that rents at the rate of \$125 a day. It is the most expensive hotel room in the United States. There are suites that cost more money per diem in hotels, but no one room that costs as much.

This \$125 a day room was widely advertised and talked about when the great new hotel opened its doors. It was pictured in the newspapers, and described down to the last detail. Word as to that room went all over the United States.

becoming manifest. Keep cool and all things will come in due time.

CHEER UP, TOM!

TOM WATSON is a man of brilliant energy and a very good fighter. But he is taking on the tone of a disappointed man in speaking since the election. There was no time, we suppose, that he had any hope of electing the Populist ticket; that was even less in the cards than the election of the Democratic ticket and those of us who were a little biased during the campaign surely realize now how worse than hopeless the chance was.

By what strange process of mental legerdemain he seeks to connect Bryan with the plutocratic crowd which stood back of Parker even he might find it difficult to explain. At the outset it was intended to elect Parker without the help of Bryan or any of his friends and this was the original theory of the campaign. It speedily underwent a radical change, however, and in the course of a little while help from every quarter was not only accepted thankfully, but eagerly sought. But that could not save the ticket. As a matter of fact the national Democratic party is now in better shape than it has been for half a dozen years past. It has been proven to the satisfaction of every one that it cannot be saved by those who were its enemies in two campaigns; it is equally apparent there is no hope for it except in so far as it represents the thoughts, aspirations and hopes of the masses of the people. When everybody is forced to realize that there is no room in this country for two Republican parties a new day for the Democratic party has dawned. From the very beginning the two parties have been diametrically opposed; the attempt to merge them dismally failed even though they maintained separate names. If the people wanted Republican policies they wanted the name to go with them; they refused to stand for a Democratic subterfuge.

The last election has drawn the line sharply enough for any one to see it. All that is needed is for the Democrats to take the hint thus conveyed, to get back to first principles and to stay with them. In that way they will eventually win—four years hence if President Roosevelt is shortsighted enough to follow the tariff plan laid down with such confidence by that able Oregon statesman, Senator Charles W. Fulton of Astoria.

OFFICE HOLDERS AND POLITICS.

SEVERAL of the big newspapers of Chicago are very admirable concerns in more than one respect, and, especially in the matter of politics. They are notably independent, and refuse to support the candidates of any party unless they are personally worthy.

The Chicago Tribune is an outspoken Republican paper, and very energetically and ably supported President Roosevelt in the late campaign; yet it refused to support some disreputable characters for congress on the Republican ticket, notably Lorimer and Madden, and it openly and enthusiastically supported Democratic Candidate Folk over in the neighboring state of Missouri. So did the News and the Journal. The Inter-Ocean is a strict, straight party organ, but it has the least city circulation of any Chicago newspaper worth mentioning. The Chronicle, that tried to build itself up by pretending to be Democratic when it was really Republican, finally became ashamed of itself, and acknowledged itself a "yellow dog" supporter of anything labeled Republican. But it has only a small circulation in the city and suburbs, as compared with the News, strictly independent and impartial, or the Tribune, Republican, but that dares to oppose an unfit Republican candidate.

All this is here stated in the nature of a suggestion to some of our esteemed Republican contemporaries—the Salem Statesman, for instance. We are all desiring, or professing to desire, better municipal government, ability coupled with cleanliness in municipal service. And as practical, grown-up and possibly gray-headed men we know that politics should cut no figure whatever in municipal service—that it should be wholly a business matter—that in electing a councilman, an assessor, an auditor, a mayor even, politics should cut no more figure than religion or complexity.

Yet we find our friends, the Salem Statesman, the Roseburg Plaindealer, the Albany Herald, and the Pendleton Tribune, while agreeing with these propositions eleven months in the year, turn around and make themselves ridiculous by shouting—"vote the ticket; vote it straight; don't scratch; don't discriminate;" whenever a city or county election takes place.

The Journal suggests this to its esteemed contemporaries: Stand by your party in national affairs if you think it important to do so; even stand by Binger if you believe it important to have a Republican majority in congress—though the Chicago Tribune wouldn't do so—but when it comes to local officers, support the best men.

Down an unfit man if he comes up on your ticket. The people's business is becoming too important to be turned over to political grafters of any party.

In a word, the newspapers ought to be the leaders and teachers in political independence, and in the growing demand for pure, capable and unpurchaseable public service, not aiders and abettors of such crimes.

The man is important; his party name is unimportant. Gradually we are learning this lesson.

Small Change

Only one month of leap year left, girls.

Have you bought that Christmas present yet?

Port Arthur—We think you'll have to fall after all.

November was quite a decent, comfortable month, after all.

The word winter has no terrors for the citizen of Western Oregon.

How would it do to banish Peter, Watson, et al., to township seven-seven for life?

Russia is for peace as soon as she likes Japan—but that may be a long time hence.

Carnegie says universal peace will prevail after the year 3000. Certainly, we will all be very peaceful then.

Douglas, Folk and Johnson are wondering what they will do with their Republican legislatures. They might consult George Chamberlain. He seems to have got along rather smoothly.

We don't doubt that Mr. D. R. Francis is very glad the St. Louis fair is over at last. He has borne a heavy strain for many months and must need a rest. St. Louis, why they owe him more than it will ever pay him.

Some papers talk very nicely and wisely about tariff reform, and non-partisan service in politics, and so forth, when no election is pending or near, but always urge readers when the time and the test come to vote the Republican ticket straight, yellow dogs and all.

Salem Statesman: An Indiana surgeon found the heart of a patient in his stomach. For generations housewives have known that the heart of the average man is reached only after first passing through the stomach. This is no new discovery.

Isn't this, from the Minneapolis Tribune, nearly a case of less majesty? "Far be it from me to sneer, unduly on any bright, impulsive young American woman, but we begin to suspect that Miss Roosevelt is becoming a trifle headstrong and in danger of being utterly spoiled."

Oregon Sidelights

All Oregon towns are growing.

Now, December, don't be too rude.

One thing that Oregon badly needs is more laying hens.

New settlers are nearly all well pleased with Oregon.

Every Oregon county should be well represented at the 1905 fair.

An unusual number of young people are getting married in La Grande—six couples last week.

When they have a dance in Lakeview, they dance all night, till broad daylight, and don't go home till morning.

Irrigation will work great wonders—what would have seemed wonders a few years ago—in Eastern Oregon.

The Roseburg Plaindealer justifies turkey-stealing when the birds are not to be bought for less than 25 cents a pound.

Only two criminal cases have come up in the local court in Lakeview during the past six months. Pretty good people over there, after all.

Important news item from Dolph in the Tillamook Independent: The election passed off very quietly in Dolph. Snow went wet, and will remain so for a while.

Amity Advance: The editor and family acknowledge an invitation to take Thanksgiving dinner with Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Douglas, which was accepted and appreciated far more than these simple words express. The hostess has certainly established her reputation as a culinary artist of the first class with the editor and family.

Condon Times: The Morrow county courthouse cost the taxpayers \$58,990.16. They have a fine courthouse, and comparisons are odious, we know; but Gilliam county has a fine, well-furnished courthouse that cost the taxpayers \$17,900. Evidently Gilliam's county court has a more wisely applied principle of financial economy.

Lakeview Herald: Sometimes it is rather nice to be a newspaper man, and at other times it is not nearly so nice. Last Tuesday was one of those nice times. F. L. Ross called on us, and, besides treating the office to apples and a fine brand of cider, he left some of the good, hard stuff. Such things, however, do not happen very often in a printer's lifetime.

J. N. Barr, of the Innaha, while confining to the city jail at Joseph, either accidentally or intentionally set fire to the building and came near burning himself and the greater part of the town. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and had the fire got a greater start it would have been a disaster. The town had a Bare escape.

Prose words of the Bend Bulletin: Did any country ever have finer weather than the Deschutes valley? The contrast of this season with that of a year ago is quite marked, but we are assured by old residents that this fall rather than last is the type of the season on the Deschutes. Last November nearly a foot of snow fell on the 6th. This year there have been but two really frosty nights up to this date.

Prineville Review: At last we have the assurance that Crooked river will do no more damage while on its annual rampage to the south approach to the true bridge that came so near being cleaned out in last spring's freshet. The county court has awarded to Ed Harbin the contract to preserve the approach against all floods for the next five years and will allow him the sum of \$450 for his services.

Tillamook Independent: The fellow who wrote up Tillamook county for the Evening Telegram evidently believes that when he does tell a lie he should tell the kind that needs no label. He says that the county is blessed with 8,900 school children, and that 800 bushels of potatoes are raised to the acre. We know that our people are good stock, and that our soil is the richest in the world; but why should a man lie about it?

The Rarest American Books

From the New York Sun.

"I am often asked," said a New York bookseller, "which is the rarest American book."

"It is a puzzling question to answer, for a dozen different works might be given as examples, the folio edition of the Columbian letter, the only known copy of which is in the Lenox library on Fifth avenue, or Bayard's 'Journal' (New York: William Bradford, 1892), the first book printed in this city, long supposed to be lost, but recently discovered by an American girl in 1902 among Gov. Fletcher's papers in the archives of the Public Record office in London, where a unique copy had rested in obscurity since it was forwarded by the New York governor 211 years ago.

"To my mind, the rarest American book is the New England Primer, 'the little blue book New England,' as it has been called, which is so rare that the earliest printed editions have vanished, no one knowing, indeed, when and where the first edition was actually issued. The first copy known to exist is the first edition was printed in Cambridge, Mass., in 1689, basing their belief on a statement made by Marmaduke Johnson, a printer in that town, who was summoned to the general court in Boston in September, 1688, to give an account of the books he had lately printed. In Johnson's answer to the council he stated that he had printed the primer, and that he had a copy of the first edition of the book. No copy, however, has ever been found.

"The late Paul Leicester Ford, who published in 1897 an authoritative account of the primer, has been believed that the first edition was printed in Boston about 20 years later by Benjamin Harris, a Protestant publisher who came from London to Boston about 1680, and there began to make and sell books.

"Some time between 1687 and 1690 Mr. Ford fixed upon as the date of the first issue of the immortal primer. Of a certain number of copies, however, the satisfactory proof of an advertisement, an almanac issued in 1690 announcing that such an edition is now in the press, and will suddenly be extant.

"Harris had already published in England 'The Protestant Tutor,' which seems to have been the legitimate predecessor of the New England Primer, and it is a fair assumption that he changed the name and cut down the size of the 'Tutor' to meet in a businesslike way the pride and purges of New England.

"The first edition unearthed by Mr. Ford is the only proof of Harris' connection with the New England Primer, for all the editions issued by him have disappeared. The earliest extant edition is the one discovered by Ford, the date of 1727, having been printed in Boston in that year by Kneeland and Green. The next edition known to him was dated 1737, the next 1748 and the next 1762.

"Since Mr. Ford's tragic death constant research on the part of collectors has brought to light other editions, although none bearing a date prior to 1727. The list of known editions printed before the American revolution includes the following issues:

- 1. Boston, 1727, printed by Kneeland and Green. One copy known to be in the Lenox library, lacking four leaves.
2. Boston, 1735, printed by T. Fleet. Not known to Ford. One copy known in a private library in Brooklyn.
3. Boston, 1748, printed by T. Fleet. One copy known in the library of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.
4. Boston, 1748, printed by T. Fleet. One copy known in a private library in Boston.
5. Boston, 1748, printed by Rogers & Fowle. Not known to Ford. One copy known in a private library in Brooklyn.
6. Germantown, Pa., 1764, printed by Charles J. Not known to Ford. One copy known, until recently in the possession of a New York firm of rare book dealers.
7. Boston, 1761, printed by D. and J. Kneeland. Not known to Ford. One copy known in a private library in Boston.
8. Boston, 1763, printed by S. Adams. One copy known in a private library in Boston.
9. Boston, 1763, printed by T. and J. Fleet. Not known to Ford. One copy known in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
10. Boston, 1763, printed by W. McAlpine. Not known to Ford. One copy known, until recently in the possession of a New York firm of rare book dealers.
11. Boston, 1768, printed by John Perkinson. Not known to Ford. One copy known in the library of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.
12. Boston, 1770, printed by William McAlpine. Two copies known—one in the Vanderbilt library and one in a private library in Hartford, Conn.
13. Boston, 1770, printed by John Boyle. One copy known in a public library in New England.
14. Boston, 1770, printed by John Perkins. Not known to Ford. One copy known, which was sold in Boston last spring for \$140.
15. Boston, 1771, printed by John Perkins. Not known to Ford. One copy known in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
16. Boston, 1771, printed by Thomas Leverett. One copy known in the private library of the late Bishop Hurst.
17. Boston, 1771, printed by Kneeland & Adams. Not known to Ford. One copy known in the library of the late Bishop Hurst.
18. Boston, 1771, 'sold by the Printer and Bookseller.' One copy known in a public library in New England.
19. Boston, 1771, printed by John Boyle. Not known to Ford. One copy known, which was sold in Boston last spring.
20. Providence, R. I., 1775, printed by John Waterman. Two copies known—one in the Lenox library and one in a private library at Hartford, Conn.
21. 'Certainly the New England Primer is the rarest American book. Here we have 20 editions printed before the Revolutionary days, and, with few exceptions, each edition is represented today by a unique copy.

"Notwithstanding the most careful search by a multitude of investigators in all ranks of life, and the most expensive expeditions, perhaps, ever given to any book in the reading columns of hundreds of newspapers all over the United States, no more than this score of editions are extant at the present time.

It is easy to understand how the early editions have disappeared. All collectors know how difficult it is to find old school books, and the New England Primer, which was used both as a text book for primary training and as an elementary spiritual guide, was literally thumbed out of existence.

"The value of copies bearing early dates is wonderfully high. In 1875, when little attention was paid to the book, the edition of 1727, the earliest known, two years ago a firm of rare book dealers in this city gave \$2,500 for a copy of the edition of 1728, the second

earliest known, selling it at a considerable advance on that sum to a private collector in Brooklyn.
"Every year a new edition has occurred for sale in the open market for a long period, and the auction value of such a copy is difficult to estimate. It would assuredly bring a long price in the auction room. For this little book once disregarded as a worthless trifle, is now prized as the rarest American book."

Lewis and Clark

December 1.—The wind was from the northwest, and the whole party engaged in picketing the fort. About 10 o'clock the half-brother of the man who had been a stranger in the fort for six months, Sharbas or Chayenne Indians had arrived, bringing a pipe of peace, and that their nation was three days' march behind them. Three Pawnees had accompanied the Sharbas and the Mandans, being afraid of the Sharbas on account of their being at peace with the Sioux, wished to put them and the three Pawnees to death; but the chiefs had four suits of clothing, and tobacco, and our wishes. We gave him a present of tobacco, and although from his connection with the sufferer he was more emulated against the Pawnees than any other standard, he seemed perfectly satisfied with our pacific counsels and advice. The Mandans, we observed, call all the Ricaras by the name of Pawnees, the name of Ricaras being that by which the Mandans distinguish the Mandans. In the evening we were visited by Mr. Henderson, who came from the Hudson Bay company to trade with the Minnetarces. He had been about eight days on his route, and had brought with him tobacco, beads, and other merchandise to trade for furs, and a few guns which are to be exchanged for horses.

KNOW JAURET OF CARACAS?

Correspondence of the New York Sun. The news that A. F. Jauret, an American citizen, is to be expelled from Venezuela, has excited everybody in the state department. The report of his latest dismissal was merely the repetition of an old story. Every American who visits Caracas gets acquainted with Jauret. He is a good man to know, not only for his personal characteristics but because he is always invaluable in an emergency. Does the American need money? Jauret will find a way of getting it for him. Would he like to see the real society of Caracas? Jauret will introduce him if Jauret is satisfied that he is all right. Is the government suspicious that the American has revolutionary designs? Jauret will fix it with the ministry. Jauret is one of the editors of the Venezuelan Herald, a Caracas newspaper printed in English and Spanish. He is also the correspondent of a great many newspapers in Europe and America. When English, German and Italian squadrons were blockading Venezuelan ports three years ago and the United States world over, he was the mouthpiece of the republic. Jauret had a monopoly for a time of supplying news to nearly all the big papers of this country and the continent of Europe. A few hours more before he would have been a millionaire, he deposited each of his many drafts that came to him from newspaper business offices. He waxed fat on his work. The police and his newspaper was in a bad way, and the Venezuelan government and Jauret was a favorite in official circles. Everything was coming his way.

Prior to that time Jauret had been frequently in trouble with the Venezuelan authorities. Dispatches sent by him to foreign newspapers were often regarded by the government as objectionable, and Jauret was always called upon to explain. One day he was taken to Caracas has said that much of his work there was to persuade the authorities not to deport him. The breezy newspaper man seemed to like worry. He was a man of many parts, but he thought and said it in vigorous language. One narrow escape from deportation did not deter him from risking another.

According to the information received by the state department, Jauret's latest difficulty has arisen from the publication in his paper of several articles in defense of the New York government, in which the asphalt properties in Venezuela were confiscated by the government.

President Castro is waging a bitter war against the company and Jauret, which he is actually deported, he will go probably to Curacao or some nearby place and wait there for a change in the rather shabby Venezuelan administration. He will return to Caracas to resume his lively career.

Jauret's father was a French engineer. The son obtained American citizenship and drifted to Caracas. He was a peace-loving man, but he was not long before he became a public enemy.

California's Wheat Shipments. From the Sacramento Union. A decade ago annual wheat shipments from San Francisco aggregating \$20,000,000 a year and more were not uncommon. But of late years shipments have steadily decreased until for the first nine months of the present year they aggregated only about \$800,000, as against \$1,250,000 for the same period last year. To the wheat shipments must be added flour, but for the first nine months of the present year flour shipments from San Francisco aggregated less than \$2,000,000. The figures show the extraordinary decline in California wheat shipments. In the meantime, Puget sound shipments have been increasing. During the first nine months of 1903 the flour shipped from Puget sound ports was valued at \$4,123,549; for the same nine months this year the Puget sound shipments aggregated \$4,118,192, showing that Puget sound is being valued at two to one on flour shipments, most of which is going to the orient.

But the showing is not to the disadvantage of California; it indicates, in fact, decided progress in the state's development. When San Francisco was shipping \$20,000,000 and more worth of grain a year California was a land of enormous grain fields, and little else in the agricultural or horticultural line. The years during which California wheat shipments have declined have witnessed the gradual cutting up of the large wheat fields into orchard and garden tracts. To be sure, wheat shipments have fallen away almost \$20,000,000 in value, but it takes their place have come shipments of vegetables, citrus fruits, of deciduous fruits, both fresh and dried, dairy products and the like. Last year, for example, from orchards lying within a radius of a hundred miles of Sacramento were shipped 1,000,000 bushels of apples, 1,000,000 bushels of deciduous fruits to the value of \$10,000,000, which equals half the falling away in value of California's grain shipments. Added to this, the value of dried deciduous fruits shipped, of vegetables, of citrus fruits, and it will be seen that California has not lost a cent of her grain fields for orchards and some farms.

Books women teachers like: "How to Be a Gentleman," by Margaret Haley. "How to Propose," by Catherine Goggin. "Little Algy's Tea Party." "Fido and the Torch Light." "Santa and the Gas Man." "Eva and her Mother." "Queen Bees and Her Doll." "Memories of Lincoln Park." Books men teachers like: "Her Golly Crims." "Drug from Her Bed and Struck with a Stab Knife." "Deadwood Dick, the Tightrope Strangler." "Aloha in St. Louis."

"One Night in Ten Bar Rooms." "Charlie Harrison's Secret." "Ed Lahiff, or the Boy Campaigner." I wish we had more men teaching literature in the schools. Women, as a rule, do not like vigorous stories which contain a good deal of action and thunder. I used to think that "Jack the Giant Killer" might corrupt a child, but I do not think so now. Women are afraid of physical horror, and in this respect we and many a taste in literature were heroic.—Prof. W. D. McClintock of the University of Chicago.

WFO FOR GOVERNOR?

From the Waco News. The wise are already casting about for a man to beat Governor Chamberlain. If the Republicans put up the right kind of a man he will be elected, but the party managers will do well to remember the lesson of the last state election. The people of Oregon are past allowing yellow dogs at the dictation of the bosses. Chamberlain has made a good officer, and unless a Republican ticket, he will be re-elected.

Cranberries in the Northwest

(Emma Seckis Marshall in Sunset Magazine.)

Roast turkey without cranberry sauce in the holiday season is about as tame as roast goose minus a dressing flavored with sage and onions. The two articles of food are as closely allied on a bill of fare as pork and apple sauce, ice cream and cakes or coffee and doughnuts, and the poor work of the turkey expects his cranberry sauce with his Christmas turkey at the charity dinner just as confidently as does the trust man at his dinner at home.

Yes, if either one gives thought to the home of the berry it is with a heavy idea of having heard it associated with the name Cape Cod. Thus it is that when a stranger passes in the markets of the northwest cities in the store of trays of beautiful berries marked "Oregon cranberries," or "Washington cranberries," the eager storekeeper speedily assures him that the local products are "just as fine as the berries of Cape Cod, not as large, of course, but really of a better flavor." Cranberries are found in the colder sections of the northern hemisphere, and in the Northwest they grow on the shores of the Great Lakes and along the Atlantic seaboard from Canada to Virginia, being most numerous in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, while on the shores of the Pacific their habitat is western Oregon and Washington.

It is true that the berries grown on the Pacific coast are smaller than those of the famous eastern cranberry marshes, but this may be because the industry is yet in its infancy, for it is only within the past few years that it has been considered in the light of an industry.

It has always been a well known fact that the bogs of Oregon and Washington abounded in wild cranberries, but it was long before an adventurous individual went for the berries, and made a business of it in his hand and make an experiment to ascertain whether the bright hued berries dotting the trailing vines in the marshes were really fit for food or were just a beautiful fruit, fit only to be used by the Death Angel to lure the foolhardy.

When the conditions are right cranberry culture is a paying business. The berries, being firm, are good shippers, and there is little likelihood of their being lost in transit. Nevertheless the industry will not increase very rapidly until there are better and more dependable facilities for freight transportation.

It is being paid to the business of growing cranberries in Tillamook and Clatsop counties than in any other section of Oregon, although C. D. McFarlin has a very productive acreage in cranberries in the vicinity of Marshfield, in Clatsop county. The bog is considered to be best adapted to this business. The bog must be drained to about 18 inches below the surface, and the water must be kept over it to a depth of about 18 inches. The drainage which should be obtained from plants under cultivation if the best results are desired are then set out, four in a hill, about a foot apart. Plants yield most abundantly in the second year, and in the third year and will then average 200 bushels to the acre.

When it is known that \$2.50 per bushel is a good average price, the profit after the cost of the berries, which can easily be estimated. The first cost is really the only expense except picking, and this varies according to the locality. Cranberry culture might be profitable in the Northwest, if only one man can easily handle a ten-acre marsh, except during harvest, when he secures help from the adjacent ranches or from the Indians.

Harvest begins early in October and lasts from two to three weeks. The same method of harvesting is in vogue on many of the marshes that is used in the east. A rake shaped implement, called a cranberry rake, is used to raise the vines and collect the berries in a bag or box attached to the rake-head, but some growers prefer to hire all the pickers they can get and let them pick the berries in the usual way. The berries are then packed in crates, and strawberries or any other small fruit is packed. As the bogs are kept drained all summer, it will readily be seen that there is little discomfort attending picking. When the season is over the water is turned on the vines and they are kept flooded all winter.

The harvest season is really a picnic season for the pickers, particularly if the weather is pleasant, which it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tortures, is as strong, if not stronger, here as in metropolitan centers, and it may be that the sauce that gives relish to the mind is not so much in the food as it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tortures, is as strong, if not stronger, here as in metropolitan centers, and it may be that the sauce that gives relish to the mind is not so much in the food as it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tortures, is as strong, if not stronger, here as in metropolitan centers, and it may be that the sauce that gives relish to the mind is not so much in the food as it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tortures, is as strong, if not stronger, here as in metropolitan centers, and it may be that the sauce that gives relish to the mind is not so much in the food as it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tortures, is as strong, if not stronger, here as in metropolitan centers, and it may be that the sauce that gives relish to the mind is not so much in the food as it usually is at that time of year. Camping out is the order of life and conviviality is the feature of the evenings. Who shall say what romances have their beginnings and their endings during these seasons of outdoor camping? What heart burnings and jealousies are engendered? What revelations of character made? There is little of frivolity and urban excitement in the lives of the ranchers of Oregon, and the season is a time of life and conviviality, with its attendant delight and tort