WHERE THE POOR LIVE IN HOUSEBOATS

Scowtown Looks Good to Some Persons Whom the Salvation Army Assists--One Bright Example *of* How a Floating Home Can Be Made Comfortable--Life in the Tenement Districts Along the Willamette--Collecting Money for Good Deeds

By Beselena.

"ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives," said pretty Adjutant Dean of the Salvation Army, who served as my guide in a recent trip I made with her to get an idea of the work the army is doing among the poor of Portland.

A few years ago the sight of a Salvation Army bonnet was the target for jests and ribald jokes, often for sticks and stones. If the members of the army did not actually smell powder and hear around them the hiss of shot and shell, they were subjected to other terrors, equally as alarming. But strong in the work they had to do, and uplifted by a self-sacrificing ardor which carried them beyond the petty annoyances of the mob, they went their way persistently until today they stand close to the head of the great religious movements of the world, a power for good and honored and respected in all lands.

Portland has no regular tenement house districts as they have in big eastern cities, nevertheless where poverty does exist the needs are just as pressing. The Salvation Army is doing much to alleviate this condition and lift these people out of the rut of misery and hopelessness into which they have fallen.

People Army Helps.

The people whom the army helps are not a church going people, neither are they affiliated with any religious organization, and despite their poverty inherit a certain pride which resents intrusion. It requires infinite tact and patience to deal with them and these qualifications the members of the army seem to possess.

The day Adjutant Dean and I went on our expedition was bleak and gray with a chill wind blowing from the south which momentarily threatened rain, a day in fitting harmony for the work at hand. We made our way through narrow streets which seemed cut into the sides of the hill, up steep and narrow stairs, bare for the most part, save for a goodly accumulation of dirt, or, if carpeted, a veritable trap for the unwary, into houses whose broken window panes were stuffed with rags and paper, into scowtown, that motly collection of houseboats which have mutely offered defiance to the railroads lo, these many years. It was a unique experience, one not soon forgotten.

We, the adjutant, the photographer and I rode to the end of the S carline, walked single file along a narrow road until we came to a meadow whose bars the adjutant let down with experienced hand and scaled the remainder of the fence with more or less grace and agility. Through the meadow we picked our muddy way until we came to some high and narrow steps and down these we clambored, walked fearfully some swaying planks and at the end of these we were in scowtown. Save for a motly collection of dogs, who smelled of us distrustfully, there was little life to be seen. The adjutant, preceded by the dogs and some half dozen children, who seemed to have sprung miraculously out of the ground, knocked at the door of one of the houses and a man's voice bade us enter.

Modest Apartments.

The room was small and dark and overpoweringly stuffy; part of it was partitioned off by a cheap calico curtain. There could not have been more than two rooms in the place, yet it was the home of nine people. The man was a fisherman until incapacitated for work by the ravages of tuberculosis; his wife goes out washing at a dollar a day. The oldest boy, now 18, is as helpless mentally and physically as the baby the mother carries in her arms every morning to her work. Another boy of 16 is getting his first schooling this year, learning slowly and painfully to read and write; the mentality of this family is none of the highest. The other five children gambol impartially with the dogs, or roll and tumble in the mud, while the father huddles over a smoldering fire waiting with stolid, impotent indifference for the final summons. As it is utterly impossible, owing to the size of the family, for them to live on the scanty wage earned by the mother, the army practically feeds and clothes them from their Industrial home.

REAR VIEW OF SCOWTOWN

In striking contrast was the houseboat of Christ Christianson, a soldier of the Salvation Army. Here everything was as immaculate as soap and water could make it. Christianson is a carpenter, who works during the summer and in the long winter months lays off and potters about his little home. Everything is so neat and clean that one instinctively looks around for the feminine hand who has achieved all this, and it is something of a surprise to be told that Mr. Christianson is a widower and attends to his housekeeping himself. There are three rooms, a parlor whose walls are bright with gaily colored lithographs, mostly of a religious character, the windows are full of growing plants, while the chill is taken off the atmosphere by a big stove polished to a beautiful state of glossiness. A bedroom neat and trim as my lady's boudoir, and lastly an immaculate kitchen and dining room. Here Mr. Christianson showed us a marvelous table he is working on, made from different bits of wood, and which when finished will consist of some 2,500 pieces. These are fashioned into different designs, as far as possible in the natural colors, and when it is completed it is to be subjected to a high polish. This table is the result of seven months' work, and will take fully two months more before it is finished. It is an uncommon bit of workmanship and when put on sale will be well worth the price asked.

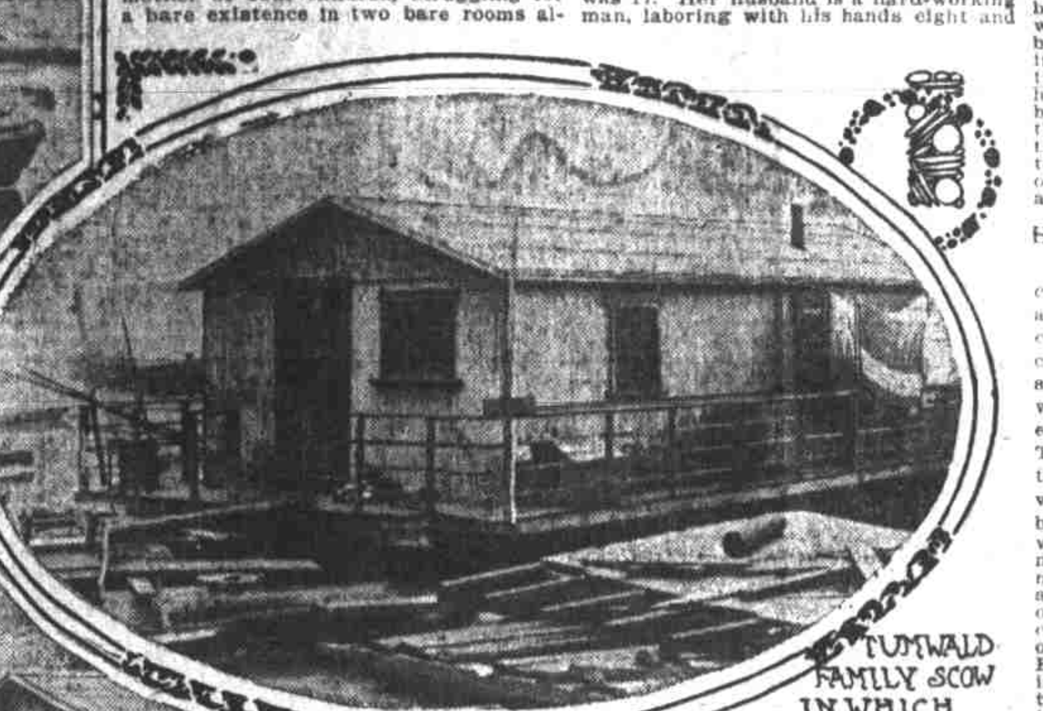
Life in Tenement.

Regretfully leaving Mr. Christianson's comfortable home, the adjutant and I went in search of further adventure. In a frowsy tenement we saw a young woman, not yet 21 years of age, the mother of four children, struggling for a bare existence in two bare rooms almost destitute of furniture and dirty to an inexpressible degree. She was not a bad looking woman, but on her face was stamped the look of utter hopelessness and despair which seems to be the hallmark of the very poor. Her pale face, the blue marks around the corners of her mouth and the deep circles under her eyes all told the mute story of insufficient nourishment. There was no carpet on the floor and the two chairs were so rickety that one was almost afraid to trust themselves to sit in them. In one corner was a deal table, on which was a pile of unwashed dishes and a pan of exceedingly dirty dish water. On the stove a boiler filled with clothes diffused a sudsy odor over the room, while a number of tubs stood around the room containing dirty clothes which looked and smelled as though they had been standing there for weeks. This woman told us she had been deserted by her mother at a very early age and had kept house for her father until she was 16, when she was married. She was a mother before she was 17. Her husband is a hard-working man, laboring with his hands eight and ten hours a day, yet it seems impossible for them to get ahead and make both ends meet. At night he returns to the miserable rooms they call home tired out in body and soul, and after eating his frugal supper, sometimes prepared by himself, he goes to bed, where he falls into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. Is it any wonder that despair overtakes these people and they lose their grip on life? Seeing them in their wretched homes, one is torn with conflicting emotions—pity for their so evident need of all that goes toward making life worth the living, and contempt for their utter ineffectiveness. But aside from all this, to my mind the cruelest part of it all is that these people so faithfully follow our strenuous president's anti-race suicide principles and bring into the world so many repetitions of themselves to perpetuate the army of life's incompetents and failures.

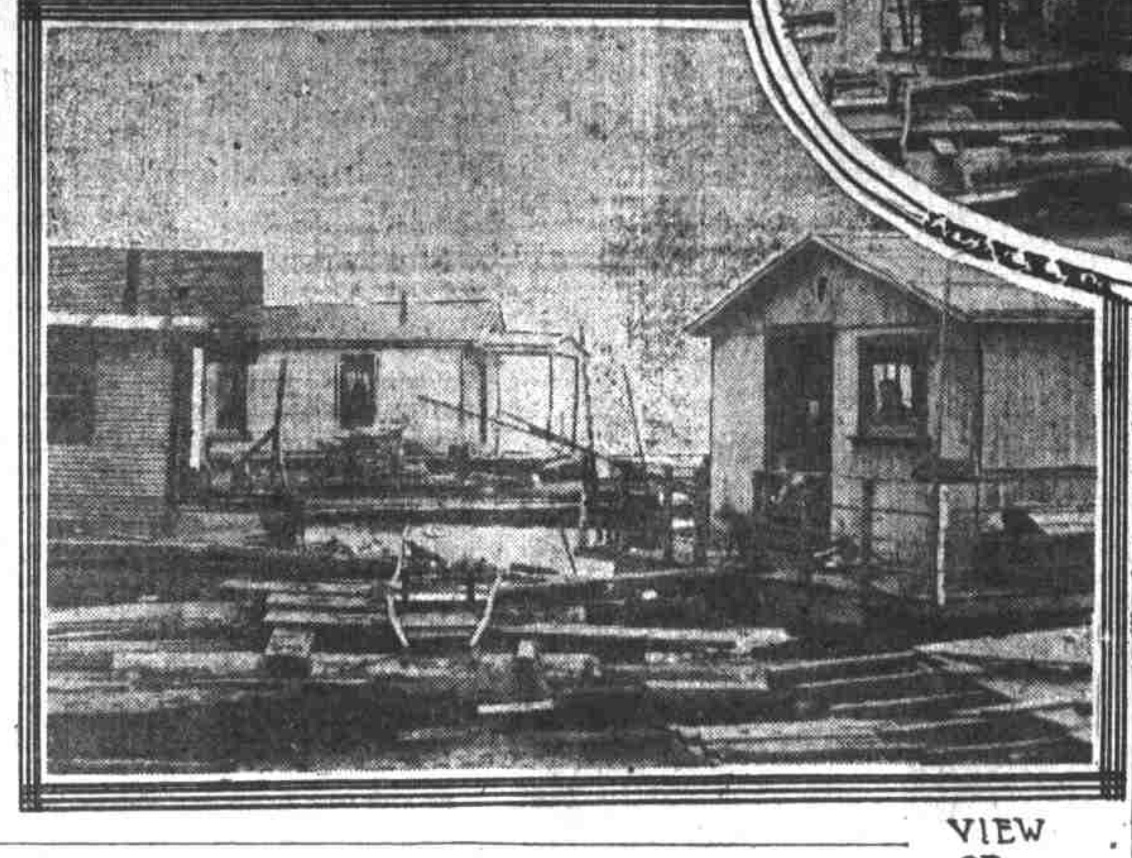
There is an ethical point to all this, but its exact meaning is beyond my ken. Some of the churches have attempted to grapple with the problem, but their efforts have not been crowned with success; independent religious bodies have coped with it and succeeded in a limited way. It has remained for the Salvation Army to get down to the heart of the problem. The blare of the big brass drum, thumped energetically; the musical tinkling of the tambourine, the singing and the marching all seem to find a responsive chord in the souls of these people and they follow the army unquestioningly as little children.

Helps the Poor.

The army helps the poor from money collected on the streets at Christmas and Thanksgiving time. But, as is the case this year, when owing to fortuitous circumstances the sums thus collected are not enough to cover their charitable work, then the soldiers and officers each contribute from their salaries. There seems to be an erroneous idea that the salaries of those connected with the army are of necessity large, but I know differently. I don't know what the soldiers receive by way of immunity, but the rank of adjutant commands $7 a week, that of captain $12 and so on up to the highest office. Out of this the members must board and clothe themselves, so that at the end of the month there is not much left. But to quote Adjutant Dean again: "It is not for the monetary compensation that one enters the ranks of the Salvation Army, but for the love of humanity and the good accomplished."



TUMWALD FAMILY SCOW IN WHICH LIVE NINE PEOPLE



VIEW OF THE TUMWALD SCOW.

CHRIS CHRISTIANSON'S HOME IN SCOWTOWN.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON; THE WORK IT HAS DONE--Continued From Preceding Page

chief clerk in the bureau of receipts and disbursements and accounts for all the monies received and expended in government service in the Philippines; Victor L. Holt, (1900), deputy collector and inspector of customs at Sitka, Alaska; Frank M. Friesell, (1906), civil engineer, department of public works, bureau of water, in Pittsburg; Jacob F. Hill, (1886), postmaster at Davenport, Washington; Louis Henderson, (1907), government engineer at Manila; Thomas C. Powell, (1880), United States marshal at Nome, Alaska.

But this is only a partial list of those who have been identified with public works. There are many who have reached as high points of distinction in other lines. In business circles there are several in Portland who are prominent. In the line of teaching some of the greatest successes have been won. Not only is the university represented in almost every high school in the northwest, including those of Portland, Eugene, Salem, Baker City, Medford, Astoria, Athena, Grants Pass, Cottage Grove, Tillamook, Harrisburg, Albany, La Grande, Fossil and Hood River, in Oregon, and Seattle, Spokane, Ellensburg, Centralia and Puyallup in Washington, and Sitka and Douglas in Alaska, but it also has graduates teaching in the public schools all over the state and in many colleges. Altogether there are almost 100 teachers in the various schools from the alumni. Nine principals of grade and high schools in the state are Oregon graduates. In the Portland high school there are five graduates in the teaching corps, Arthur P. McKinley, Cora Estelle Pattee, Estelle V. Armitage, Francis Galloway and Jean Slauson and there are several others who have taken work at the university.

Marked Distinction.

In college faculties several graduates hold places of marked distinction. In the university itself are several instructors who call Oregon their alma mater. Samuel Edgar McClure who died in 1897 was a graduate in the class of 1883 who studied later at Harvard. He was a tutor from 1886-92 professor of analytical chemistry 92-05 and professor of chemistry, 95-7. His work was gaining recognition throughout the world of science at the time of his death and a brilliant career was cut short. Edward H. McAllister, professor of applied mathematics and civil engineering and dean of the college of engineering was graduated in 1890. Irving Mackay Glen, professor of English language and early English literature and dean of the school of music, was graduated in 1894 and later studied at Johns Hopkins university. Frederic Stanley Dunn, professor of Latin was graduated in 1892, took an A. B. at Harvard in '94 and did distinguished work for his master's degree at Harvard in 1904. Percy Paget Adams, instructor in civil engineering was graduated in 1901; Bertha Ellsworth Slater instructor in rhetoric and American literature in 1899; Charles W. Converse, instructor in mechanical and electrical engineering in 1902; Carl Arthur McClain, instructor in civil engineering, in 1906; Charles Roy Reid, instructor in electrical engineering, '06; James H. Gilbert, Ph. D., instructor in economics, in 1903 and he was granted a fellowship at Columbia university the year after graduation and there gained his doctor's degree. There are besides several assistant instructors who put in a year or two of work at the university before continuing their studies, and these assistant positions are granted in acknowledgment of especially good work in the department. They are an incentive to further study and work.

Graduates From Oregon.

In the field of colleges outside the state Oregon holds an unusual number of distinctions. Several of the leading universities of the country hold Oregon graduates in their faculty. Clairborne Milton Hill, D. D., a graduate in 1881, is president of the Pacific Coast Baptist Theological seminary at Berkeley, California. Peter Irving Wold (1901), was assistant instructor in physics at Cornell university, Ithaca, New York, and became in turn instructor and associate professor which position he now holds. He has recently been elected to the Kappi Chi, an honor fraternity for distinguished scientific work with branches in some 20 of the leading colleges. Walter Lincoln Whittlesey of the same class had an equally bright career and is now instructor in economics at Princeton; Mark Bailey (1888) did creditable work at Harvard and is now professor of Latin at Kalamazoo college, Michigan. Alfred Alexander Cleveland, Ph. D. (1898), did distinguished work at Clark university and is now professor of philosophy at Washington State college, Pullman. Herbert S. Murch, Ph. D. (1898), followed up his doctor's degree won at Yale, with an instructorship at Princeton where he is now. George A. Warfield (1900) is professor of history at Dakota Wesleyan at Mitchell. Claude R. Fountain (1901) had a fellowship at Columbia university in New York, is instructor of mathematics at the University of Idaho at Moscow. Roemer Rex Renshaw (1902) also with a fellowship, did good work at Columbia university, and is instructor in chemistry at Ohio Wesleyan university, Delaware, Ohio. Harvey B. Densmore, who won the first Rhodes scholarship for Oregon, did exceptionally good work at Oxford and is now instructor of Latin in the University of Washington, Seattle. Emma Marie Wold (1894) was highly complimented by Dr. Crampton of Columbia university on her graduate work there and held the chair of botany and was assistant in biology at Mills college, California, till she resigned because of ill health. William Jackson Roberts (1886) is associate professor of civil engineering and mathematics in the State College at Pullman, Washington.

There are a number of graduates now holding fellowships and scholarships in eastern institutions. Ruth Vanda Coffey (1905) now holds a scholarship at Wellesley college, Massachusetts. Florence DeBar (1906) holds a graduate scholarship at Wellesley awarded in recognition of her work there last year. Camille Carroll (1906) and Norma Hendricks (1906) both have scholarships there. Wistar Johnson (1907) who has been studying at the Boston Institute of Technology has just been awarded the Rohdes' scholarship, the second of three granted in Oregon to go to the state university. Horace B. Fenton (1906) went to Johns Hopkins and did such distinguished work that he has been granted an assistantship in one of the departments. His brother, Ralph Fenton (1903) went to the Northwestern, Evanston, Illinois, and there was elected to the honor fraternity for scholarship among medical students and ranked highly in the competitive examination for hospital appointment. A recent graduate, Chester Washburne (1905), did excellent work at Harvard and was appointed to a responsible position in the United tSates geological survey, Washington, D. C. Martin M. Scarborough (1902) was assistant in the biological department at the university after graduation and then went to Yale medical where he took the first honors in his class (1907). He is now practicing medicine in New Haven.

Appointment by Government.

Marie Merriman Bradley (1903) did such excellent work in history in the University of Wisconsin that she was given a special appointment by the government in Washington, D. C., to ascertain labor conditions among women and children. Her thesis aroused special comment. John Raymond Barber (1899) did excellent work at Rush Medical in Chicago and received one of the special appointments to the Cook county hospital work which is competed for by three Illinois medical colleges. He is now a United States army surgeon. Cole E. Stanton (1901) won honors in his graduate work in Latin and Greek at Harvard and is now professor of the ancient languages in an important boys' preparatory school in Boston. Sybil Thurston (1898), now Mrs. Snyder, secured a scholarship in romance languages at Bryn Mawr and was offered a fellowship the next year in recognition of her work.

To enumerate a few men prominent in business life in Portland there are Whitney L. Boise, lawyer; Joel N. Pearcy, lawyer; Dr. E. P. Geary; Clayborne A. Woody, D. D., editor of the Pacific Coast Baptist; B. B. Beekman, lawyer; Dr. J. J. D. Fenton; Joseph R. Whitney, capitalist; Fletcher Linn, president and manager of the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing company; George Haskell Marsh, deputy clerk United States district and circuit courts; Arthur L. Veazie, lawyer; Clarence Veazie, lawyer; Jerry E. Bronaugh, lawyer; K. K. Kubli, manager Kilham Stationery company; E. H. Lauer, wholesale druggist; Dr. Frank M. Taylor, Dr. Homer I. Keeney, also a graduate of Jefferson Medical, Philadelphia, and an honor man in class and fraternity; Leslie M. Scott, editorial writer, Oregonian; Homer D. Angell, lawyer; Bernard C. Jakway, head salesman J. C. Mack carpet store; C. N. McArthur, lawyer; Dr. Condon C. McCornack, assistant county physician; E. N. Blythe, northwest editor, Oregonian; Dr. Fred J. Ziegler, city physician; Dr. Ralph Fenton, Ross Mills Plummer, druggist; Seth M. Kerron, teacher Hill Military academy, and many others in responsible positions not so well known.

A few of those in other fields who have won distinction in business life are A. F. McClaine, a prominent banker of Tacoma; Laban H. Wheeler, a lawyer in Seattle; Edward Bailey, of Rush Medical, a surgeon in the army; Seymour Condon, editorial writer of the Pasadena News, formerly assistant city attorney, Oakland, California; John Nelson Goltra, physician at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; Caspar W. Sharples, one of the best known physicians of Seattle and secretary of the state medical board; William Carson Taylor, D. D., pastor First Baptist church of Petersburg, Virginia; Henry F. McClure, Walter A. McClure and Will E. McClure, lawyers in Seattle, the latter of whom did distinguished work at the George Washington university in Washington; Dr. Charles E. McClure, whose work at the University of Pennsylvania did the state credit; Herbert S. Johnson, D. D., whose work as pastor of the Warren Avenue Baptist church in Boston first won him a name and whose work in connection with the Congo work has since brought him to greater distinction; Robert C. Johnson, night manager of the Associated Press in Alameda, formerly in the same position in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ellen Condon McCornack gave her father, Dr. Thomas Condon, valuable assistance in the preparation of specimens and in the recording of scientific facts. She has published a bulletin containing geological maps of Oregon, and was at one time assistant in the department of biology.

Arthur James Collier.

Arthur James Collier has been in the United States geological survey at Washington since 1901. Herbert Thomas Condon is registrar at the University of Washington; Thomas M. Roberts, electrical engineer with the General Electric company of Boston; Frank B. Mathews, Baptist minister, Newton, Massachusetts; Virgil Victor Johnson, Baptist minister, Concord, New Hampshire. Henrietta Owen Mansfield was for several years a well known editor of two papers in Idaho, one at Nampa. Stuart B. Hanna is the religious work director at the Seattle Y. M. C. A. Mahlon Harlow Day is minister of the First Baptist church of Rochester, New York. S. A. Young is mining engineer with the Butte & Arizona Copper company, Bisbee, Arizona; W. Gilbert Beattie, superintendent of Indian training school, Sitka, Alaska; J. Frederick Staver, superintendent and manager, Western States Mining company; Herbert G. Moulton, mining engineer, Cobalt Central mine, Cobalt, Ontario; Alfred Coolidge, banker, Tacoma; Clarence W. Keene, now practicing in the state, was graduated with high honors from the Harvard Medical school, and was at one time assistant in pathology and neuropathology there; Harvey Wheeler, superintendent of Y. M. C. A. work, Chicago university.

Many others might be mentioned who have been successful in their various walks of life, but these are enough to show that the University of Oregon is a practical institution, an institution for the people as well as of the people. It offers a chance to all alike and that it is successful in all branches of work is shown by the success that has been reached by its graduates in law, in medicine, in the ministry, in teaching, in business, in electrical, civil and mining engineering, in politics, in survey work, in newspaper work and on the bench.

A short time ago some one said, "If you alumni of the University of Oregon want an increased appropriation for your school show us what you have done. Have you done anything for the state? If so, the support of the state belongs to you by right." The foregoing record of the doings of a few of the graduates (graduates only from the literary department in Eugene, for many distinguished names could be added if the graduate register of the medical and law departments were gone over) surely proves conclusively that what the state has done for these young men and women through its former help has in no way been wasted. The best use has been made of the material in hand and the university has done its best with hampered means, through the devotion of a few noble men and women, to stamp itself upon the life and character of the whole state. Has it succeeded? Let the the record answer for itself.

FROM OLIVE GROVES TO TENEMENTS--How the Call *of* America Draws Laborers From Hill Towns of Italy to the Congested Cities *of* America

By Antonio Mangano.

(Copyright, 1908, Charities and The Commons.)

(Mr. Mangano is a native of Italy who has spent most of his life in this country. He spent last summer in the southern hill towns of that country and made a particular study of the effect of emigration on Italy. This article tells of his visits to Toritto, a small town that has sent thousands to America.)

EMIGRANTS from the large cities of Italy are few, but in the capital towns are kept the record of population for the entire province. With this in mind, I stopped one day at Bari, a beautiful city on the eastern coast, and the capital of the province of the same name. The modern buildings, fine public squares and general appearance of prosperity promised little of value for my purpose, and the surmise was correct. The people have good homes, business, chiefly manufacturing, is good, and there is little need for anyone to become an exile. The secretary's statistics furnished the usual array of facts—hundreds departing from the hill towns, a high percentage of them young men. I closed the book. "There is," said he, "a small town west of us that has literally sent thousands to America within a very few years, and as a result there are great changes. The town is being entirely rebuilt. No, it is some distance from the railroad, but you can probably get a donkey or a diligence." It was as he said.

The first part of my journey was by train, through well-tilled country, which at this season was all aglow with the delcate pink and white blossoms of countless almond trees. Then a little jolting stage carried me from the railroad to Toritto, my destination.

Toritto is not built upon a hill; it is in the heart of a fertile valley. Its streets, though characteristically dirty, frequently emerge in spacious open squares. The houses, placed together in a tenement-like row, are of stone, covered with white stucco, and the streets are paved with a light, glaring stone. Not a blade of grass is to be seen, only an occasional dwarfed tree with dull green leaves which are a great relief to the eye. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, yet the streets were empty, so I stepped into the only cafe on the principal square.

Four sleepy-looking indivduals seated about a round table sipping black coffee roused up a little at the sight of a stranger, for anything American interests the dwellers of Toritto. I singled out the postman as the most wideawake of the group and asked, "Where are all the people?" The entire town looked as lifeless as old Pompeii. He took another slow sip of coffee before he replied: "At this hour the children are at school, the contadini, such as have not gone to America, are out in the fields; the men in offices and stores are taking their daily nap." No strenuous life, nothing to be learned in haste here. So great has been the fever for emigration that there is not a single family of the 2,000 in the town that has not some relative in America.

But emigration is diminshing, and will of necessity be light for the next few years. Four thousand able-bodied workers have gone, and few of the remaining men can pass the physical examination or come up to the standard required for admission to the United States. The work in the fields and house building is done by laborers who come from more crowded towns nearby. Many of these also catch the emigration fever and depart for America.

The effect of this remarkable exodus upon the town has been two-sided, like the effect upon the nation. The emigrants and their families have been benefited. There is no suffering in the town, and there are no beggars. Large amounts of money are coming in every year. Some men have returned with from 2,000 to 10,000 francs ($400 to $2,000), and between 700,000 and 800,000 francs ($140,000 and $160,000) are sent back through postoffice orders each year. Some of this is left on deposit in the postoffice, but most of it is being invested in real estate and in building an entirely new town outside the old one. There are no less than 200 new cottages already built, and many more are in process of erection, all called le case Americane, the American houses. Everything aspires to be American in Toritto. These houses are built either for the father or mother of the emigrant, or are awaiting his return, when he and his family expect to pass their days in comfort.

Unfortunately, the builders have no new ideas; the new houses are no improvement architecturally upon the old. They are all alike, one story high, with a provision for a second story when needed. But they are larger, all provided with good-sized windows, and are finished more smoothly. They present a much neater appearance. There is no industrial awakening in the town, no apparent change in the mode of living. Except for the sums spent in the erection of new houses, paid to workmen from other towns, there is no money in crculation. Probably this is due partly to the fact that so few have as yet returned to remain in Toritto—barely 30 men with their families, all told.

One good influence which America is exerting upon Italy can be seen plainly in Toritto, the awakening desire for an education. The percentage of illiteracy was formerly very high, 90 per cent. Very few of the emigrants could either read or write. Now some have learned by dint of hard work in night schools, but all appreciate the value of schooling, and Toritto's schools are filled with children. The remarkable part of it is that Toritto has now a larger percentage of her population at school than any other town, or even city, in Italy, even the famous old university town of Turin, with its thousands of students, taking second place. But it must be remembered that Toritto's population now consists mainly of women and children. Young men are scarce, but boys and girls are in abundance. I happened to be standing in the central piazza when the children were dismissed from school. The moment they spied me they all started on a run toward the stranger, crying "Un Americano, un Americano!" I tried to get a snapshot of them with my camera, but they kept close to me and were so curious about the working of the machine that it was impossible until I discovered a flight of steps near by. From the vantage point I was able to get a fairly good picture of this group of future American citizens. As I turned to leave they ran after me, many shouting out English words, especially "Good-bye, good-bye." I learned that here, as elsewhere in the small towns, the lower classes of the schools are crowded, but the children leave as soon as they have learned to read and write. Out of all this throng there were only six children in the sixth grade. America has done much for Toritto. Much more might be done, but for the ignorance of the people. Perhaps it will be accomplished by the oncoming generation of bright, active children.

Tourist and the High-Priced Candles.

From Tit-Bits.

A tourist was shown to a room in a hotel in Brussels, where he found 20 candles stuck in a chandelier. As it was dark the attendant lighted them all; but the guest had been in continental hotels before and made him put them out immediately.

This was of no avail, however. In his bill next day he found them charged, "20 candles, 10 francs."

The tourist thereupon went back to the room and took out all the candles, wrapped each one in paper and put them into his pocket.

When he was about to leave the house he found the servants drawn up in two lines in the hall, 10 men servants on one side, 10 maid servants on the other, all smiling and ready for the expected tip. Then he drew out his package and distributed the candles, one to each.

"Allow me, monsieur," he said with a bow, "permit me, mademoiselle." "They are very superior candles, I assure you. I paid half a franc apiece for them." and he left them all staring at the candles in their hands like so many altar boys.

The Senseless.

From the Washington Star.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has ter kind o' be fohgiven fob bein' crooked, 'cause dey ain't got sense enought ter see whah actual dishonesty begins."

LINN COUNTY'S DAIRYING INDUSTRY--*The* Changing *of* Agricultural Conditions Helps Great Industry

UNTIL within the last few years the residents of Linn county did not realize the superior advantages that the soil and climate of this section offer for dairying purposes. The raising of grains and frits absorbed the energies of the rural population. But with the changing agricultural conditions, with the realization of the necessity of abandoning the raising of wheat alone, with the discovery that clover, vetch, alfalfa and root crops not only enriched the exhausted soil but also yielded large returns to the acre in the form of forage crops, with the recognition that no better and cheaper beef can be produced than here, and that dairying does pay and that it is the most reliable and constant of all the resources of the farm, the dairying industry has increased over 500 per cent within the last five years. In 1895 the first creamery in Linn county was started in Albany. Today there are creameries and skimming stations at nearly every crossroad in the county, and yet today the farmer receives the highest price for his product ever known in the history of this country.

There is no limit to the possibilities in dairying in Linn county. It has been demonstrated by actual experience that with the right kind of management an acre of ground will keep a cow in first-class condition the year around for dairying purposes. The mild winters, with practically no snow or cold, makes it possible for the creameries, the milk-condensing plants and the cheese factories to operate 12 months in the year, and cows can graze during the entire winter season. On an average butter here is 30 cents per pound wholesale, and cheese 15 cents per pound, and yet the demand for dairy products is greater than ever before. The demand from the growing towns and cities and from the Alaskan and Asiatic trade is greater than the Pacific coast country can possibly supply, even with all the natural and climatic advantages with which it has been endowed.

Linn county possesses special advantages in the dairying industry over other localities. First, in its favorable location, being sheltered on the east by the Cascade mountains and on the west by the coast ranges, thus being protected against the cold winds and storms; second, in having a most fertile soil that will produce the largest amount of food product at the least possible cost; third, in possessing a mild climate, thus avoiding the necessity of erecting expensive buildings for sheltering and stall-feeding cattle; fourth, in the low prices at which lands can be had in the foothills, which are especially adapted for dairying purposes; fifth, in having good roads and excellent transportation facilities, Albany being the largest railroad center outside of Portland in Oregon. There is room and opportunity in Linn county for thousands of men with little means, but with brains and brawn to occupy and develop these cheap lands in the interest of the dairying industry. "Here a man with a dozen good cows can make a good living and lay by something each year."

The following statements are from men actually engaged in the dairying industry, and are a fair estimate of what is being done along that line in Linn county now:

Mr. Kemph of the Lebanon creamery says: "All the good cows around here earned $100 per cow in 1907. Feed was high, so the net return per cow were $60 for those buying feed, and $70 per cow for those raising their own feed. The following statement showing our creamery's growth since 1905 gives a fair estimate of how the farmer regards the milking of cows for the creamery:

Paid out in 1905 to patrons.....$ 9,000
Paid out in 1906 to patrons.....$18,920
Paid out in 1907 to patrons.....$29,000

Three other creameries in our locality increased their business in the same proportions.

The average price paid for butter fat at Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, in 1907 was 30 2-3 cents; the average price paid at Elgin, Illinois, during the same period was 25 cents. Many of the farmers produce four tons of vetch hay per acre, which will keep a cow for nearly one entire year."

Peter Neuschwander of Albany, Oregon, O. F. D. No. 5, says:

"From seven cows I cleared above all expenses $635 for the year 1907, besides furnishing my family of nine persons with all the milk and butter we could use."

The umpire loudly shouts: "Play ball!"
The players step in view;
The crowd, in answer to the call,
Exclaims: "We hope they do!"
—Washington Star.