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WILLAMETTE VALLEY FARMER.

Where, in all the world, would it be possible to find a man more to be envied than the farmer in the Willamette Valley who owns a nice farm, either large or small, with sufficient means at hand to stock it nicely and blessed with health to look after it properly? With present existing conditions there is nothing he produces that does not command a ready sale at a profit and when he has spent the day in the glorious sunshine and breathed the pure air of this salubrious climate he comes to the table with an appetite thoroughly developed to do justice to the three "square meals" prepared by the good housewife.

While the balance of us poor creatures, living in town, are laying awake of nights studying where the next meal is to come from, he stretches his tired body on the feather bed and wastes no time in his sleep, knowing full well that the pigs and calves are growing, the cows will give the usual amount of butter, fat and that dollar wheat in the in the sack is fully as satisfactory as a clearing house check. He puts in his crop knowing full well that never, in the history of the state, has a failure been recorded and when comes the harvest the doors of heaven seems to be closed so that sacks of golden grain can be piled in the field without the fear of rain. He can eat apple, mince, cherry and gooseberry pie to his liking and have fried cakes and ham and eggs for breakfast.

The eastern farmer pokes a little fun at him occasionally on account of the "rainy season" but note the contrast. In early spring the eastern farmer takes to the field at the earliest moment when the ground is dry enough and commences plowing for corn, then harrows, then plants, then plows the corn over three times, and then usually hoes for weeds and cuckleburrs, hurrying late and early to lay the corn by and be ready for the harvest of hay, oats and other grain. He runs the machine in the forenoon and shocks in the afternoon for he knows not the hour when the rain will descend in torrents or a cyclone clean up all his earthly possessions. He is roasted with heat in the summer and in the winter the keen northwestern wind will play hide and seek up and down his spinal column. He is called upon to wade through the snow in the field in husking corn for the cattle and hogs and cut through ice anywhere from 4 to 24 inches

thick to water the stock. In an off season like this one if he likes fruit he is compelled to eat apples dried in the presence of the flies "in the good old summer time" and search the shelf in the pantry for some stray can that may have been overlooked by the good housewife for a year or two.

This is no fancy picture painted for effect, for from personal observation of the writer this fall I did not see five bushels of apples on the trees, or fruit of any kind, from the time I left the state of Washington, traveling by way of St. Paul to Chicago and back over the middle route until I reached the State of Utah. If you had taken from the market, on Water street in Chicago in the month of October, the fruit grown by Oregon, Washington and Idaho, there would not have been enough left to supply a good meal for the city. Medium sized apples were selling at 5 ct each or 6 for 25 cts, while here in the Valley the ground in many orchards was covered with luscious fruit which would have made their mouths water could they have looked over the fence and viewed the promised land?

I never could see or explain why an eastern farmer who has passed through such an experience should ever complain of the "rainy season" in Oregon, yet it is a fact that when he gets homesick and goes back the first time he tells stories that would make an Oregon liar ashamed of himself. Occasionally he gets so bad that the weather regulator sends a little cyclone to bring him to his senses and in a case recently reported the good old brother walked into the house after the storm and picking up the old trunk that had come to see us the third time turned it over and over and said "well I guess you can stand one more trip," and then he picked up his pen and wrote a friend asking "if he thought the boys would make fun of him if he came back."

To the good brother on the farm who occasionally finds fault with his surroundings we would most respectfully suggest that you take up that good old book from the table, wipe off the dust and perhaps for the first time in your life read that good old story told of the children of Israel that notwithstanding the land "flowed with milk and honey" yet Gittites and Amorites were fearful to behold and hence they kept poor old Moses and his followers in the wilderness for forty years on account of their murmurings, so you can see what is likely to happen to you.

LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Corvallis postoffice, for the week ending Nov. 16, 1907:
Harry Alcott, Miss Bertha Bade, J W Buford, Mrs A B Clark, Ephraim Finger, Correy Gilson, CB Goena, W C Hammersley, B U Monett, J H Onal, Miss Jessie Smith, Mrs Gertrude Taylor, L C Williams.
B. W. JOHNSON, P M

FINANCIAL HISTORY.

The cause which led up to the financial disorder approaching and during the first week of the disorder in New York is given in a financial review of the situation by an observer of the affair concisely stated as follows:

Waning of confidence culminating in fear and financial disorder has produced a week's record which will go down as one of the most notable in the history of the United States. The history is one of stirring events, succeeding each other in rapid succession. Briefly, an attempt and failure to corner a copper stock on the Curb, and a collapse in this stock, called forcible attention to the banking affiliation of those interested on stock. To prevent undue fear and its results, the Clearing House committee took the banks affected in hand, found them sound, reorganized them and guaranteed them. These events concentrated attention on similar situations where banks were controlled or connected with porpositions in the nature of promotions. These new situations were treated similarly and all within the Clearing House was well.

Then loomed up the weak side of the New York banking situation. The Clearing House banks were absolutely solvent, strong in reserve, and not to be disturbed. But there had grown up within the last twenty years a banking interest outside of the Clearing House, in the shape of numerous trust companies and individual banks, standing each one alone, and representing in the aggregate about one thousand millions of banking obligations.

Each one of the institutions was isolated in its responsibilities and backing, and the reserves held under the law were much below the percentage maintained in the Clearing House. It was known that the same situation, which had been effectually treated by the Clearing House, of affiliation between personal business interests and control of deposited funds, existed in one of the large trust companies. The imminent danger to all financial institutions became startlingly apparent, and the strongest financiers and banks, with the Clearing House committee, joined also by Secretary Cortelyou and all headed by J. P. Morgan, combined to avert further disaster.

This has been successfully done so far, and the story of splendid hourly achievement may be read in column after column of the daily papers all over the land. But one conclusion stands out clearly. This is a panic with sound conditions prevailing throughout the country, and is the result of the gradual, unnecessary, unwarranted and lamentable undermining of confidence,

CIVILIZATION AND PAPER.

Our supremacy in civilization is established, and it is France, the mother of enlightenment, that has established it for us.

The Revue Scientifique of Paris applies a very simple formula by way of civilization test. Every nation is sized up according to the amount of paper it uses.

In the matter of paper production this country leads with an annual output of 639,734 tons. Germany follows with 393,683 tons; England, 246,051 tons; France, 196,942 tons; Austria, 147,706 tons, and Italy, 123,026 tons. Naturally the mere production of paper cannot be taken as a correct standard, although it is suggestive, for every country exports more or less paper.

The amount of paper used in this country every year for each inhabitant is 38.6 pounds; in England, 34.3 pounds; Germany, 29.9 pounds; France, 20.5 pounds; Austria, 19 pounds; Italy, 15.4 pounds. The lowest European consumption is found in Serbia, with 1.1 pounds per capita. China uses the same amount. The lowest paper consumption in the world is in India, with only .22 pound per inhabitant.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Earth as a Bell.

Studies of the violent earthquake which occurred in the Balkan peninsula April 4, 1904, made by Dr. Emilio Oddone, professor in the University of Pavia, show that the shocks were transmitted through the entire body of the earth and were reflected from the antipodes back to their place of origin in about thirty-three minutes. Comparing the records of other great earthquakes, Dr. Oddone concludes that the average time required for a vibration to traverse the globe and return by reflection is from thirty-two to thirty-three minutes. The earth thus appears to be not altogether unlike a great bell suspended in space and vibrating throughout its whole mass under strokes, which, comparatively speaking, are no more than the tapping of a finger nail. Dr. Oddone calls attention to the interesting coincidence between the time taken for a vibration to traverse the globe and that required for light to cross the diameter of the earth's orbit.—Youth's Companion.

RIPENING FALL HOGS.

Success of the "Lazy Man Who Sits on the Fence."

There is no work on the farm that affords such genuine satisfaction as that of ripening up a good bunch of hogs in the fall. Too many pigs are kept on squealing rations all summer, but when the time comes to ripen them up they are suddenly changed to all the new corn they will eat. They try to satisfy their unnatural appetites by gorging themselves to the utmost. The result is that the digestion is so impaired that they are about worthless for profitable feeding. The change from grass and slops to full feeding on corn should be so gradual that neither the pigs nor the feeder could tell just where the one ended and the other began.

Whenever fattening hogs are fed, they should be watched for a few minutes to see how they act. If each one comes quickly to his feed and bites off the corn with a vigorous downward and forward motion of the head, all is well. But if they come to their feed slowly and smell around before taking hold, and especially if they take a few bites and then leave, there is something wrong that needs attention. The trouble is usually from overfeeding. But it may be for want of something to aid or regulate digestion, as salt, ashes and charcoal. This watching and supplying every want is the secret of success of "the lazy man who sits on the fence to see them eat."—J. Al Doble in National Stockman.

CONDENSED STORIES.

Kaiser Wilhelm Outwitted by a Fat Major of the Guards.

For once the German war lord was disobeyed on the maneuver field, and the soldier who dared defy him has the laugh on his majesty into the bargain. The First guards harbor in their ranks a 400 pound major, who is as bad a horseman as President Roosevelt declares certain American staff officers to be. However, when he has once climbed on his "elephant" he cannot be dislodged.

The kaiser was informed some time ago that the major used a some-



"I HAVE MOUNTED MY RESERVE HORSE." ladder to mount and needed the same to dismount; hence during recent maneuvers he concocted a scheme to see him get off his horse without the auxiliary.

When the sham battle was at its worst the kaiser sent word to the major that he must dismount "since all horses had been shot by the enemy." The major received the message with a broad smile, but continued on "his elephant." That made the kaiser furious, and he rode up to the disobedient officer, shouting from afar:

"I sent word to you that your horse was presumed to be dead. What in thunder do you mean by continuing on the carcass?"

"Your majesty," expostulated the major, "I presume that I have mounted my reserve horse."

Cold Water Cure.

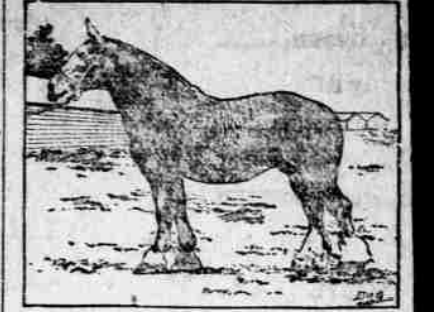
Tell the man with bloated cattle that to dash a bucket of cold water from head to tail will take out the bloot as fast as done. It will also take the cramp out of horses' limbs equally well, writes a correspondent to an exchange.

100 Cents on the Dollar

We take Portland Clearing House Certificates at One Hundred Cents on the Dollar. 75 Cents in Merchandise, 25cts Cash.

J. M. Nolan & Son

Great Show Team of Grays. The Armour gray team is returning to its native land after what was perhaps the most successful visit to a foreign country ever made by show horses. From the time they landed



PUNSMORE FUCHSIA. [Champion Shire female at the Royal, 1903]

in Liverpool in May their reception in Albion has been attended by continuous enthusiasm. From king to peasant the populace has seen them and applauded.

With the horses which left Chicago are two gray Shires for which long prices were paid. Armour & Co.'s London manager advertised for the best of the color in England, and we are informed that the two geldings obtained are of the highest class, says the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, from which the cut is also reproduced.

Iowa After Good Grays. The Iowa State college at Ames is co-operating with the United States government in a breeding experiment to establish a breed of gray draft horses. An importation of gray Shires and Clydesdales arrived at Ames recently, and they are to be used as the foundation stock in this work. Professor W. J. Kennedy is said to have picked them from the cream of European studs.

Polo Ponies Wanted. Consul General W. H. Michael, writing from Calcutta, says that if Oregon and Texas can supply stout limbed and well ribbed ponies in shipload



POLO PONY GELDING MARQUESE.

lots, as those localities once were able to do, they could dispose of several shiploads at good prices in Burma, where the native pony is becoming very scarce. He particularizes: "The ponies or small horses should be sufficiently active to be trained for the polo field and suited to work in single harness to a low hung two wheeled vehicle in general use throughout India."—Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

The Thin Rind Hog. According to Professor Plumb in his book on farm animals, the thin rind hog finds a place among the breeds of medium size. The boar attains a weight of 500 pounds, and the sows in ordinary condition weigh about 300 pounds. The sows of this breed farrow litters varying from ten to twelve pigs, and they are reputed to be excellent mothers. The cross of a pure bred thin rind male on other breeds results in the production of a more prolific strain and in the fixing of a leaner type. Thin rind boars cross excellently on sows of other breeds of the chunky type.

Price Extraordinary. After a test of the production of winter lambs the Wisconsin experiment station expresses the opinion that "the most disappointing feature of this trial was the failure to get more ewes to breed early enough to produce winter lambs." "The price received for the lambs was extraordinary, but it emphasizes the fact that it pays to produce something of special value and cater to a high class trade which demands only the best."

S. L. KLINE'S

GIGANTIC UNLOADING SALE

now on with a rush and there never was such a crowd. Never such a sale. People are convinced that this is a genuine slaughter in all lines. As all are to go to make room better come here at once and buy your supply for six months to come at the great bargain event. Sale will continue until December.

S. L. KLINE Large Blue Sign the Place