

ROCKWELL'S PAPER MILL

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DALLAS OREGON FEBRUARY 5, 1904

NO. 8.

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A fair share of patronage solicited
and all orders promptly filled.

MOTOR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Astoria—	8:30 a. m.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Dallas—	1:10 a. m.
Leaves Monmouth for Astoria—	5:00 p. m.
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas—	5:00 p. m.
Leaves Astoria for Monmouth and Independence—	8:00 a. m.
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—	1:00 p. m.

R. C. GRAVEN R. E. WILLIAMS,
President, Cashier,
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DALLAS CITY BANK
OF DALLAS, OREGON.

Transacts a general banking business in all its branches; buys and sells exchange on principal points in the United States; makes collections on all points in the Pacific Northwest; loans money and discounts paper at the best rates; allow interest on time deposits.

SALEM, FALLS CITY & WESTERN RAILWAY

TIME TABLE:	
7:30 p. m. to 7:45 a. m. by Dallas	Ar 7:30 p. m. to 7:45 a. m.
7:45 p. m. to 8:00 a. m. by Falls City	Ar 7:45 p. m. to 8:00 a. m.
8:00 p. m. to 8:15 a. m. by Falls City	Ar 8:00 p. m. to 8:15 a. m.
8:15 p. m. to 8:30 a. m. by Falls City	Ar 8:15 p. m. to 8:30 a. m.
8:30 p. m. to 8:45 a. m. by Falls City	Ar 8:30 p. m. to 8:45 a. m.

LOUIS CERLINER, JR.,
General Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC TIME TABLE

CORVALLIS MAIL-DAILY	
7:30 a. m. Lv. Corvallis	Ar 8:30 p. m.
8:30 a. m. Lv. Corvallis	Ar 9:30 p. m.
9:30 a. m. Lv. Corvallis	Ar 10:30 p. m.
10:30 a. m. Lv. Corvallis	Ar 11:30 p. m.
11:30 a. m. Lv. Corvallis	Ar 12:30 p. m.

YAMHILL DIVISION:
Passenger depot foot of Jefferson street
ATLEEF FALLS—TRIP WEEKLY
Leave 7:30 a. m. to Portland—Arrive 3:30 p. m.
Leave 2:30 p. m. to Dallas—Arrive 8:30 a. m.
Arrive 5:05 p. m. to Dallas—Leave 7:00 a. m.

Dallas Foundry!
—ALL KINDS OF—
IRON WORK TO ORDER.
Repairing Promptly Done.
BD. BIDDLE, PROP.

A. J. MARTIN,
PAINTER,
House, sign and ornamental, grain
ng, kalsoming and paper hanging.
DALLAS, OREGON.

R-I-PA-N-S Tablets
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind.

The 5 cent package is enough for usual occasions.
As family bottles, 50 cents, contain a supply for 1
All drugs, etc. sell them.

THE LABOR EDITOR.

A STRUGGLE TO ESTABLISH A WORK-
INGMEN'S PAPER.

A Record of Foul Weather, Short Ra-
tions and Bits of Sunshine—Excerpt
From Joseph H. Buchanan's Book,
"The Story of a Labor Agitator."

The principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunities presented by the organization for educational work in the field of labor reform were irresistibly attractive to progressive and liberal trades unionists. The sentiment among unionists of that kind, of which the organization of Union assembly was a manifestation, was widespread at that time, and union men were forming assemblies or joining those already organized in all parts of the country. The phenomenal growth of the Knights of Labor, which culminated in 1881, was in great measure due to the affiliation of trained, able and active trades unionists, which began in 1882.

As a frustrated plant driver the day after a heated day, so I, burning with the desire to do something for the working people, welcomed the principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunity the organization presented. Its exhortation, "Agitate, educate, or organize," I adopted as my motto, and I was foolish enough to think that I could blow a blast that would rouse the sleeping giant of labor. Others have made the same mistake.

Naturally I sought the printing press as a means of carrying my message to the oppressed of earth. In conjunction with R. H. Lavery, a fellow compositor, I started the Labor Enquirer of Denver, the first number of which was issued Dec. 15, 1882. With little other capital than our knowledge of newspaper work Lavery and I embarked upon a sea in whose fathomless depths lie the hidden riches of unnumbered barbs whose cargoes were unmarketable "human rights" and whose log books were records of foul weather and short rations.

There were in the Labor Enquirer eight pages of five columns each. It was issued weekly. While the paper was prominent in its advocacy of the principles of trades unionism and of the Knights of Labor it was conservative—at the start. The motto was: "We will renew the times of truth and justice. Condemning in a free, fair, commonwealth—Not rash equality, but equal rights."

It was soon evident that our news and correspondence didn't interest, nor did our editorials inspire, a very large proportion of the workmen of the community. Subscriptions came in slowly. Expenses were light, Lavery and myself, with the help of an apprentice boy, doing all the mechanical work upon the paper excepting the presswork. Our savings were soon exhausted. Lavery, who was unmarried, reduced his living expenses to the lowest possible notch. During the last three weeks he was with me in the office and ate most of his meals from the imposing store. There was a little fellow in my family now, and it was pretty hard picking for the three of us sometimes. Many times our rations would have been scantier had I not been able to get a fair share of what strayed into the Enquirer's till. He was a generous and self-sacrificing fellow, one of the kind of men that made the great labor movement that came in later years a possibility.

He was brave, too, for it took courage to give up his interest in the paper and to abandon the hopes that had so far led him in the office and ate most of his meals from the imposing store. There was a little fellow in my family now, and it was pretty hard picking for the three of us sometimes. Many times our rations would have been scantier had I not been able to get a fair share of what strayed into the Enquirer's till. He was a generous and self-sacrificing fellow, one of the kind of men that made the great labor movement that came in later years a possibility.

For four and a half years I published the Denver Labor Enquirer. It was up and down during those four and a half years, with the down side of the score crowding the pages to the margins. Soon after Lavery left me I was compelled to reduce the paper's size, which I did by just halving it. Then the time came when I wasn't able to pay the apprentice boy's wages, and he had to go. What a struggle it was to continue the poor little champion of the workers, which few of the workers themselves ever lifted a finger to assist! It is true the Enquirer wasn't a great paper; it was hardly as large as a patent medicine folder or a circus programme, but that was not my fault. The only limit to size and character I recognized was measured by the income. Although I labored from sixteen to twenty hours a day, Sundays included, I could set no more type than was required to fill the little paper and have time sufficient to attend to other matters which had claims upon me. If nature had varied her rule in my case and favored me with four instead of two hands the Enquirer would have been a larger paper, because all I was and all I had went into it.

Yes, I was an enthusiast—fanatic, if you please.

And my wife? Ah, loyal soul! She tattered and suffered with me. She never complained on her own account even when we were reduced to one little room in the rear of the office and to subsisting upon scant and uncertain fare. Sometimes she urged me to give up a fight which she saw would sooner or later undermine my health, but she never upbraided me because of my failure to provide a better living for my wife and child.

I remember one stormy night in December, 1883. I had been at work since early morning, peering away at the case. I was weary, so weary, and I was hungry, too, but the day after tomorrow was press day, and there were several columns yet to set. The only light in the room where I worked was supplied by a pair of candles set in tin holders fastened to the lower edge of the "cap" case. On the first of the month the gas company had removed my meter because two months' bills remained unpaid. Since then I had been working by candlelight at night. The insufficient light made my work harder, but I couldn't blame the candles for that, and probably gas companies know their business. The blame rested elsewhere. I never spoke of it and tried not to think of it. I was hanging to my hope by a very frail cord. The little blaze of one of those candles would have parted that cord in an instant, and so I kept them apart. It was near midnight when my wife entered the room.

"My dear, it is very late, and you must be almost worn out," she said. "Stop now and go to bed. You will kill yourself if you continue as you have been going on for the past three months. How I wish you could realize what has been clear to me for a long time. Those for whom you are battling care nothing for your sacrifices. They would allow you to starve at your post. Give it up, dear!"

"If you are going to talk, Lou, I must blow out the candles," I said. "I have only two besides these that are burning, and I need them for my work. It will take every cent of coin I have to buy the white paper and pay for the presswork on this issue."

"Well, come into the other room. We can open the stove door and get light enough for talking," she said.

We sat in our little parlor-bedroom kitchen and in the faint glow of a dying fire talked for more than an hour. I returned to my work as usual that night, and ere I laid my head upon my pillow it had been decided that the Labor Enquirer would give up the ghost. Although the struggle which ended in that decision was comparatively short, it was fierce while it lasted, for it was my life and the life of my wife, and I should think that I should have died for my health, physical and mental. But I was thinking all the time about my wife and child and how I had neglected them.

Though my decision to quit was reversed within twenty-four hours, I have always felt better because I decided on the side of my little family when the test was clearly before me.

About midway of the following morning there was a rap upon the door of our living room. The caller was the wife of a superannuated compositor who was then living upon a little farm a few miles out from Denver. The good woman (God love her; I believe she is an angel now; she belongs in that goodly company) handed my wife a covered basket and, with a few words of comfort and cheer, took her departure. The basket contained a dressed duck, nine eggs and about a half peck of potatoes.

Charlie Semper and his wife were poor, very poor. They never built a library nor endowed a university, but they loved their fellow creatures, and they believed the Enquirer was capable of doing some good for humanity if its editor and his family could only be kept from starving. Whether or not they wasted their provisions it is not for me to say, but if the duck, the eggs and the potatoes were donated to an unworthy object that morning so were the other good things that came to the office once a week thereafter from that little farm until there was no longer necessity for such help.

At 11 o'clock that same night, as I was making up the forms so that they would be ready to send to the press-room early the following morning, the door opened, and a man entered my workroom. Though visitors were not often seen in my establishment, this man's entrance did not surprise me. He was one of the faithful few, and I should have felt almost entirely deserted and poor indeed had he not called to see me at least once in every forty-eight hours. His name was Charles Machetta. He was a clerk in a notion store at the princely salary of \$9 a week. He had seen better days, and I always felt a lump rise in my throat when he gave me of his scanty income to help the paper, which he had done on several occasions.

When I saw who my visitor was I remembered my decision to shut down the paper, and the thought that it would be rather a hard task to tell him about it flashed across my mind. He walked directly up to the stove where I was engaged and without uttering a word deposited a twenty-dollar goldpiece on the form in front of me. At first I thought it was a brass medal or an advertisement, but when I picked it up and turned it over I recognized an old familiar face. I had once (it seemed years ago) known the family of "yellow boys."

"Well, Charlie?" was all I could say. "It's for you," he responded.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Sold my old watch."

"I can't take it," and I tried to place

J. BROWNSTEIN & SON
54 State street, Salem,
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We are paying the Highest
Cash Prices for Hides,
Pelts, Wool, Tallow, Furs,
Old Iron, Rubber and Metals.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. It will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.

"I had a very bad cough three years ago. Then I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My cough was soon relieved and my health improved." Mrs. PEARL HYDE, Guthrie Center, Ia.

One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

The piece of money in his hand. Shoving his hands into his pockets, he stepped away from me. "Yes, you can take it, and you've got to take it. I can't set type nor do any of the other work on the paper, and so I've got to help pay for the things you have to buy, including the presswork."

"But," I said, "you've done that so often before."

"Yes, and I'll do it again whenever it's necessary if I have to take the shirt off my back. You wouldn't think you are going to monopolize the sacrificing business. You write and preach against monopolies; I am doing a little practicing along that line."

And I kept the money.

If any of the publishers of the great papers of today read this they will smile at so much ado over so small a sum. They think nothing of giving as much and more for a short special. To me that \$20 meant white paper and presswork for two issues. "The Story of a Labor Agitator," by Joseph H. Buchanan.

Rather Mean.
"He's mean, is he?"
"Well, I should say so. He borrowed \$5 from me and then had the nerve to say he never saw it. A fool and his money are soon parted."—New York World.

Poet and Peasant.
Poet (who has company in his house)—"Well, I guess I'll go to work."
Rural Friend—I should think so, "steal or writhe" that darn fool country all the time.—Baltimore American.

Always at It.
Ethel—You ought to see Mary's new hair gown. It's a stunner.
Jean—Yes, I know. I saw it last year.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Family Troubles.
Todd—Why so depressed?
Toad—I've just had a quarrel with my wife, and she doesn't speak to me.
"Oh, well; she'll get over that."
"That's just it. I'm afraid she'll get over it before tomorrow morning."—Brooklyn Lion.

Didn't Mean It Just That Way.
Mrs. Pringle—You don't go into so delicately now.
Mrs. Polyan—No; society isn't what it used to be.
Mrs. Pringle—Oh, but it has improved immensely since you left it!—Boston Transcript.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC
Has stood the test of 25 years. Annual sale over 1,500,000 bottles.
Does this record of merit appeal to you?

No Cure? No Pay
...50 Cents...

Enclosed with every bottle is a 10 cent package of Grove's BLACK ROOT LIVER PILLS.

**CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY
CURES GRIP IN TWO DAYS**

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
THIS SIGNATURE
E. W. Brown
NEXT APPEAR
ON EVERY BOX OF THE GENUINE.

Historical Society
City Hall

We would announce that our spring goods will begin to arrive from February 1st. We are going to carry Missouri goods exclusively this year. Most merchants prefer New and Chicago, but we find goods very much cheaper in Missouri and better. In shoes, especially, Missouri beats them all.

ELLIS & KEYS
DALLAS, OREG.

GOVERNMENT LAND.
A Plea For Its Reservation For the Actual Settler and Home Maker.
During the last fiscal year, according to the report of the commissioner of the general land office, 22,452,928 acres of the public lands were taken up by private individuals. These enormous figures ought to be sufficient to open the eyes of every one to the fact that our public domain is passing into the hands of private individuals at an alarming rate and convince the people of the urgent need of reform in our land laws. The public lands, it has always been contended, should be for home builders, but it is a fact beyond dispute that but a small portion of the land now passing out of the hands of the government goes to actual settlers or to create homes. This fact, taken in connection with recent experience of wholesale land dealing by speculators and syndicates, should arouse the people to demand of their representatives in congress to call a halt in this rapid disposal of the remaining public lands. Repeat the desert land act, timber and mineral act and the commutation clause of the homestead act and the stealing of the public domain will stop.

Make it the law that no other acre of government land shall pass to private ownership until the applicant for the same has shown his good faith and real intention to make his home upon the land by actual residence and cultivation for a term of five years, and the occupation of the land speculator and land grabber will be gone. Every bona fide settler who goes upon the land with the intention of making it his home is more than willing to abide by such a law. It is the speculator and public land grabber who have profited by the commutation clause in the homestead act and not the actual settler and home maker. This clause in the homestead law should be repealed without further delay for the protection of the genuine settler who wants to make his home on the land.—Marshall's Talisman.

First Treasurer of the United States.
On what is called the triangle in the village of Mount Pleasant, in Wayne county, a monument is now being erected over the remains of General Samuel Meredith, the first treasurer of the United States, he having been appointed by President Washington. The legislature at its last session appropriated \$3,000 to pay for the monument. As the act required that the memorial be erected over the remains, it was necessary to transfer them to the village green in order to have the monument there, as was desired.

General Meredith was one of the wealthy men of the colonies at the breaking out of the Revolution, and during the progress of the struggle he gave practically the whole of his fortune to the support of the army and the government, and neither he nor his family ever got any of it back.—Philadelphia Press.

Names For Pennants.
Like the American flag, the American pennant is circling the globe, and it is acquiring some queer names in foreign countries. In England and Scotland pennants are called "monkey outs." In Peru, where they are becoming very popular among the natives, they are termed "cacachitas." In Jamaica, West Indies, the local name is "pindars," and the pindar seller as he goes his rounds sings: "Pindar dyah, young gentlemen; Pindar dyah, young ladies; Pindar dyah, young gentlemen. Now call yuh pindar boy."

Lawlessness in Chicago.
An outspoken member of the board of aldermen in Chicago has been expressing his convictions with a freedom and earnestness which are highly refreshing. He talks in this wise: "Chicago is the most lawless city of the country, and a wave of abhorrence and outlawry seems to be going over it at present. No one respects the law; no one respects the courts. A few hangings are what Chicago needs. There are policemen enough to patrol the city if they were active. Without more respect for law it would be impossible to preserve order if there were a policeman for every thing."

Locomotive Economy.
James J. Hill has introduced a new economy on the railroads which he controls. Each engine has a tab kept on its daily employment, and against it is charged every cent used for oil, fuel, repairs and operation. Thus if engine No. 290 is found to be costing more than engine No. 250 the engineer of the former is asked to explain. The same plan is to be extended to every car on the system. Then the conductor and engine men who make the best showing are to have bonus.

How to Clean With Gasoline.
A wooden cloth dampened with gasoline will make the dirt disappear as if by magic when used for cleaning porcelain sinks, bath tubs or marble wash-bowls. Gasoline is also a sovereign remedy for bugs. It can be literally poured on the mattress, springs and bed without injuring the most delicate carpet, and every bug will disappear. The daintiest neckwear which it is impossible to wash, if left over night in an airtight vessel of gasoline, will look fresh and new when carefully dried.

Muzzle Velocities of Rifles.
The muzzle velocity per second of the rifles of the large countries are as follows: United States, Springfield, 2,300; French, Lebel, 2,073; English, Lee-Metford, 2,000; Spanish, Mauser, 2,388; Italian, Mannlicher-Carcano, 2,100; German, Mauser, 2,034 feet. Rifles on these are now graduated thus: United States, 2,000; France, 2,187; England, 2,800; Spain, 2,187; Italy, 2,100; Germany 2,187 yards.

Our Food and Drink.
We drink about our own weight of liquid every three months, and we eat more than our own weight of solid food each. We consume about 1,200 pounds of food per year as a fair national average, and physiologists tell us that a man needs 1,000 pounds, a woman 1,200 and a child from 500 to 1,000.

FEMALE WEAKNESS

542 1/2 Congress St.
Portland, Maine.
I consider Wine of Cardui superior to any doctor's medicine I ever used and I know whereof I speak. I suffered for many months with suppressed menstruation which completely prostrated me. Pains would shoot through my back and sides and I would have my hands and feet numb. My limbs would swell up and I would feel so weak I could not stand up. I naturally felt discouraged for I seemed to be beyond the help of physicians, but Wine of Cardui came as a God-sent to me. I felt a change for the better within a week. After six weeks' daily treatment I menstruated without suffering the agonies I usually did and soon became regular and without pain. Wine of Cardui is simply wonderful and I wish that all suffering women knew of its good qualities.

Willehelmina Smeets
Treasurer, Portland Economic League

Periodical headaches tell of female weakness. Wine of Cardui cures permanently nineteen out of every twenty cases of irregular menses, leaving down pains or any female weakness. If you are discouraged and doctors have failed, that is the best reason in the world you should try Wine of Cardui now. Remember that headaches mean female weakness. Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today.

WINE of CARDUI