

Gresham Anchor Store

PHONE 36 MAIN ST. General Merchandise, Feed, Etc.



We Handle Paint of the Kind that Gives Satisfaction

We don't care to have you going around telling people our paint is no good. We want you to say it is the

Best Paint Ever Bought

So we are mighty particular paint buyers. As we buy nothing but the BEST we sell nothing but that kind.

What We Say

of our Paint pertains to all other goods and we're selling the goods and folks are coming back again.

Best Prices for Fresh Eggs and Butter

Want Some?

No use cutting the life out of prices on

First-Class Goods

Want Column

FOR SALE—Some extra fine barred Plymouth Rock cockerels. Webb Farm, Phone 158.

FOR SALE—Extra large cedar posts. H. E. Davis, Gresham; Phone 21.

LUMBER—At our new mill 1 1/4 miles southeast of Kelso. We deliver lumber. Jonsrud Bros.

FOR SALE—Several pure bred R. I. Red roosters. Box 45, Lents.

WANTED—Young horse or mare, weight about 1300, broken and ready for farm. J. Vanderschuer, R. 3, Gresham.

FOR SALE—Three bay horses; weight 8 to 12 cwt; well broken. Geo. Duly, Gresham.

TAKEN UP—By Wm. Shelley, Troutdale, R. 2, a two year old brown heifer. Owner call, pay expenses and take the heifer.

WANTED—Stock hogs. T. R. Howitt, Gresham.

WANTED—Fresh cows, calves and beef cattle. Highest prices paid. J. N. V., 1175 Gay St., Portland.

FOR SALE—Black Minorca eggs, 50c per hatch; Black rooster, Minorca, \$1.50; 6 Cockerels, \$1 each; 10 white Pekin ducks, \$1 each. All these fowls are pure bred. Mrs. K. A. Neibauer, R. 2, Box 69, Gresham.

FOR SALE—We have at our barns at Gresham, Oregon, a car of horses for sale. Some drivers, all-purpose and draft horses. All well broke. S. S. Thompson & F. A. Flemming.

NOTICE is hereby given that the adjourned meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Relief Association will be held in Logans Building, Grand avenue, Portland, on Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. H. W. Snashall, President.

Read the "Want Ads." You Want Supplied on page 8.

SEE CHAUNCEY

AT LENTS
For Dry Goods, Groceries, and Light Hardware.
Foster Road and Main St.

LUMBER

All Kinds of Building Material . . . Rustic, Flooring, Ceiling and Finishing . . .
ALL KILN DRIED
SEE E. W. MILLER, LENTS
Wiley-Allen, Office
MILL AND YARDS AT LENTS JUNCTION
MILLER-MOWERY LUMBER
Company

White Pine Tar and Rum

Price 50 cts.
CURES COLDS AND COUGHS

We carry all you need in STANDARD DRUGS

Your Prescriptions Filled

MT. SCOTT DRUG CO.

LENTS, OREGON

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

The Sunshine Class of the M. E. Sunday School will meet at the home of the president, Isabel Metzger, Saturday, February 19.

Paul Dunn of Cottrell spent a few hours in town Thursday afternoon.

A. F. Miller of Sellwood was circulating in this part of the county this week, calling on the Herald force Thursday.

W. A. Hessel, son of our worthy townsman, writes from Stockton, California that he finds business fine. Mr. Hessel is in the employ of the Empire Creamery company.

Chas Cleveland, Jr., is contemplating the erection of a home on his property south of Gresham.

Mrs. M. F. Cleveland is expecting a visit from her daughter and niece from Colorado.

A. E. Browning will move to Clifton, Oregon about March first.

E. S. Smith is the new assistant at the Herald office. Mr. Smith is a boyhood acquaintance of Mr. Pateneau.

J. N. Faris has gone to North Yakima to look up a land deal.

Mrs. Bradfield's son Ira, who was here a few months two years ago, is expected to arrive from Kansas this week.

Ben Rollins has been giving his confectionery front a coat of paint in the way of preparing for the spring trade.

Mr. Burch has taken a contract to slash 160 acres of land near Haley for Joe Bramhall. He begins operations by putting in a good supply of provisions for the camp grub-house.

Boring lodge of Modern Woodmen has decided to join forces with Gresham lodge, thus adding to the effectiveness of the latter lodge.

Miss Winifred Osborne has accepted the situation in the telephone office which was made vacant by the departure of Miss Ivy Alder.

Mrs. Regner is slowly improving after a very serious illness.

The public schools held a Lincoln program Friday afternoon. O. Thomas, Lewis Shattuck, Rev. Van Marter and Mr. Darnall made short talks.

Disc, spike, spring-tooth harrow, Super-disc drills and seeders, Planet, Jr., garden seeders and cultivators, one and two horse cultivators, which can be had at right prices at John C. Hessel's, Gresham.

Miss Judy visited Oregon City schools Monday.

The Gresham Literary society held its election of officers for the second semester last Friday. Those elected are: Herbert Ryan, president; Fred Hoss, vice president; Ethel Wilkinson, secretary; Chester Dailey, sergeant-at-arms; Miss Judy, censor.

The first literary program for the second semester will be held March 4.

Public school work has been somewhat interrupted by sickness.

Mrs. Carrie Hansen has been ill for several days with the grip.

J. W. Adler presented the Herald force last Saturday with a sample half-box of some of the fine fruit produced in his orchard.

"DEAD AT THE TOP."

Extracts from an address by Ex-Gov. Hoard, editor of "Hoard's Dairyman," Fort Atkinson, Wis., before the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, at Topeka, January 12, 1905.

If I were asked the old question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" I presume I would be thinking of the dairyman and would answer, "The top end."

Seonondoa, the old chief of the Oneida Indians, in a speech at Albany, N. Y., when he was a hundred years old, said, "I am like an aged hencock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top." The figure of speech was a striking one, and most powerfully drawn from nature.

I know plenty of dairymen who have not lived half that time, and they are too "dead at the top" to know it. Everything about their farms indicates that they have been dead to all thought and progress. They make no effort, take no time, spend no money, to give them life and understanding at the top. The "winter of discontent" has set in with them. There are signs that navigation is about to close. They are joined to the idols they worship, and those are Indifference, Ignorance, and Poverty of Result. They are in inverse ratio with every impulse of improvement that is going on about them. They wear the worn-out mental clothes of the past generation; worn-out methods, worn-out farms, worn-out stables, worn-out cows, things musty and not sweet, rusty and not bright. In this environment of purpose and condition they exist, but do not live. Surely they are "dead at the top."

There is no hope or encouragement in contemplating this class of farmers. Their wives, children and cows appeal to us with a pathos that we cannot resist; but what can we do, my brethren? Diraelli said that "Even Providence could not provide against the unforeseen machinations of stupidity." Every farmer, every farmer's son and

daughter, ought to take pride in doing some one thing extra well. Horace Greeley once said, "The farm wife is the most self-sacrificing of all wives, and she should be given a chance to be proud of some one thing she excels in, if it is nothing more than a beautiful flower garden."

But this taking pride in some leading product of the farm has great possibilities in it, in leading a man out of a grumbling narrowness up into the cheery quality of a "good man among men."

"Certain opportunities come to all farmers in common. By this I mean the chance to make yourself known for the superior quality of your products. It may be beef, butter, some particular breed of cattle, etc., but every farmer worthy of the name should strive to build up a reputation for his product that will insure a steady demand and increase profits."

We read of a young man who thought he would take pride in cultivating improved varieties of potatoes. Some of his neighbors laughed at him, but they should have been laughed at for their silly, narrow ideas. He went ahead, stimulated by a noble pride in doing something extra well, and now he is at the head of a large seed establishment. We know of scores of farmers who make a specialty of producing various kinds of fine seed grains and advertising the same in the agricultural papers. Others select some one breed of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, or fowls. There is plenty of room in any of them for the prideful man, but the man who is in it just for the money will soon get left. Good honest pride is a safe leader, but mere greed for gain will soon lead a man to cheat himself.

We need a great many more prideful farmers. I never yet saw a dairyman proud of his dairy but he made money—handsome money. Pride will lead a man to do the things he should do to make a success of it. We were once urging a number of farmers to read more on the chemistry of feeds. We said: "Every dairy farmer in particular ought to be well posted on the chemical analysis of the feeds he gives his cows." We saw a look of incredulity pass over their faces, and one of the number said: "What use can I make of chemistry?" We replied that it would help him to discriminate, if he bought feeds, and much the same if he fed grain or forage he raised himself. He rather boastfully declared that he knew all he wanted to know about what was good to feed. We then asked him which was worth the most in his local market, clover or timothy hay. He answered: "Timothy." "Well, if you were going to buy hay for your cows, which would you take?" His reply was: "Well, if I wanted the best hay for the money, I would take the timothy, for it sells for more in the market, and the market knows which is best." We then informed him that chemistry tells us that clover contains more than double the food value that timothy does.

Timothy has only three pounds in a hundred of digestible protein while clover contains eight pounds and six-tenths of a pound. Here is where the market does not agree with chemistry, and, furthermore, the cow seems to agree with the chemist, for she will make more butter out of clover than from timothy, pound for pound.

The rest of the group seemed to take considerable interest, and the following questions and answers were had: Question: What rule do you follow in buying feed for your cows? Answer: I am very largely guided by the proportion of Protein that chemistry tells me a food contains. As a rule I find the highest priced feeds, such as cottonseed meal, linseed meal, gluten meal, and dried brewers' grains to be the cheapest. The price per ton cuts something of a figure but not as much as many imagine. I like to feed a little bran to cows, horses, and young cattle, but it is fed mainly as a conditioner.

Q. Will you explain your rule? A. Certainly. Consider the following facts: You buy these feeds for the protein that is in them. The needed carbohydrates, or starchy foods, you can easily raise on the farm in the form of corn, corn-stover, or fodder, timothy hay, straw, etc. But the protein which the cow must have is expensive. You ought to consider, then, that the vital question is the most protein for your money. Chemistry will reveal that to you. In a ton of bran there is 240 pounds of protein. If you pay \$15 a ton for it, you are paying 6 1/4 cents per pound of protein. If you pay \$19 a ton you pay 8 cents and a fraction over, per pound, for the protein. Gluten meal contains 500 pounds of protein to the ton. If you pay \$26 a ton for it you are paying 5.2 cents a pound for the protein. Which is the cheapest protein, that in the bran or in the gluten meal? Ajax Flakes, or dried brewers' grains, of a good quality contain 30 per cent protein, or 600 pounds of protein to the ton. At \$24 a ton you are paying 4 cents a pound for your protein. In which is the protein the cheapest, in bran or Ajax Flakes? Cottonseed meal contains 38 per cent protein, 760 pounds to the ton. At \$28 per ton you are paying a fraction less than 3.6 cents a pound for your protein. Which do you think is the cheapest, the cottonseed meal at \$28 per ton or the bran at \$19 or even \$15 per ton?



THE EMPIRE LINE

Another year has gone, and the beginning of 1910 shows the Empire to be in the lead as usual. The sale of Empire Cream Separators for 1909 was greater than ever, which fact is convincing proof of its merit and universal use.

We wish to thank all users of Empire machines for their very liberal patronage and beg to assure you as well as any others that we will continue to do the very best we can to please you and look after our machines and your needs.

It has been the policy of the Empire Cream Separator Company to make the best machine possible, one that would do close work, be easy to turn and clean, as well as simple and durable, and thousands of users can testify how well they have succeeded in this.

Our new catalogue will soon be ready for mailing and we have a few calendars left that we will be glad to mail to anyone filling in the coupon below. We wish all milkers of cows a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Name..... Empire Cream Separator Co. Ltd.
No. of Cows.....
Name of Separator.....
Address.....
88 North Sixth St.
PORTLAND, ORE.

I then took occasion to ask them why they could not know these things just as well as I. They can read and make a study of such principles. Here and there you find a farmer who stores his own mind with sound knowledge.

The men behind the cows are poor judges of cows or they would not continue to keep the cows they do, or else they would keep them well enough to make a profit on them. There is some awakening among them as to the value of better blood and more intelligent methods of developing the dairy cow, but the great majority breed without study or wise judgment. It is a somewhat rare thing to find in any neighborhood of dairy farmers one who has been pursuing for years a steadfast grading up of his cows; one who has taken hold of settled principles and worked them up to a highly profitable result. There are thousands who keep cows, but how many do you know who skillfully develop cows?

And yet the light is breaking into the minds of farmers on this question. They are beginning to see and apprehend that there are two prime factors that lie under the making of a dairy cow—breed and feed. Neither will take the place of the other. Each must do its work well or there is failure. Of the two, the breeding factor is much the most difficult to comprehend and control. The average farmer is mighty on cross breeding; as a consequence his herd is hodge-podge. The real student keeps within the line of established potencies, and develops by the addition and combination of agreeing, not disagreeing, traits and tendencies.

I have been thinking, preaching and practicing what I believe to be the best known truth in dairy farming for thirty-four years. I have watched the advance of knowledge and better judgment on the part of the farmer, in my own and other states, very closely all these years. In all this time I have seen the farmer forced out of his conservatism in one place and then in another. All the time he has been declaring and protesting that the change was not right; that we don't need to do things this way in our state (Kansas, for instance); that my father didn't handle his cows or feed his cows or stable his cows that way; that all these changes and so called improvements are useless and of no account. All this time I have seen so much of this unwilling compliance with better thoughts and ways, like dragging a cat by the tail to her dish of milk, that I have come to expect it as a matter of course. It reminds me of what I once heard an old negro preacher say to his congregation, down in Mississippi. He had become somewhat discouraged over their slow progress in better living. Throwing his spectacles to the top of his head, he exclaimed with a monitory shake of his long forefinger: "If de Lord eber gets you in haebben, He's done got to tie your legs and frow you dere by main force."

What we are after is to develop a future race of farmers that shall stand before the problems of the farm and society as strong men intellectually, as do the lawyers before the problems of law, or the manufacturers before their problems. The problems of the farm are deeper, wider and higher than all other problems, for everything must primarily come from the soil. The lawyers do not believe it, the manufacturers and railroad men, with their combinations against the rest of society, are contemptuous of it; the educational forces have never been organized for it, for the farm intellect is not an ideal intellect with them as yet.

But the man of all men who opposes most the march of progress for his own enlightenment is the farmer, and the development of his class to a front rank in the world of thought with all other men is the farmer himself. He is it who blocks the way with a spirit of conservatism that hinders and discourages and, in the end, makes him a slave to his own folly and the larger intellect of the better educated classes. He does not see that the greatest theatre for intellectual power and understanding is the farm. He must first master that

problem before he can take his rightful place among other classes of men. We must become better farmers before we are entitled to respect as better citizens.

You do not see the weak lawyer, or manufacturer, or teacher, or editor, become a leader among men. Advancement everywhere is based on comprehension. If we are weak in our comprehension as farmers, we are weak everywhere. There is no escape from the working of that law. And it is because of our weakness as farmers, our inadequate comprehension of what the farm is, of what we are and what we should become, that we stand so weakly before the dangers that threaten our citizenship, our liberty, and our country. May I not ask as did Patrick Henry, "When shall we be stronger?" That question every farmer must consider for himself. He must face the truth about himself, for only "the truth shall make him free."

Not long since an unwilling farmer said to me: "I like politics, but confound the cows." His cows and farm showed that. He was a poor dairy farmer, and as a consequence a flimsy, slack-twisted politician. Another sold his farm and moved into town, going into the grocery business. It took him two years to strike bankruptcy, with marked success. Had he been a thorough, systematic farmer, it would have given him the mental training concerning business which he lacked. There is no better school on earth than the dairy farm, with all its vegetable, animal, mechanical and commercial problems, to fit a man for safe comprehension of other affairs, if he would but know it. How many farmers do you know who look on farming in that light? It is a light that would illumine, if farmers would only let it shine into their minds and hearts.

In whatever state we go, we find a condition of darkness that is fearfully discouraging. And what makes it worse, you cannot convince one of these men who is losing twenty-five cents on every dollar he invests in feed, that he is not one of the best dairy farmers in the neighborhood.

I have gone to men by the score, who are keeping forty per cent of their cows at an actual loss, and I could no more convince them of that fact than I could move the earth. Take the situation as it actually exists. How many farmers who own cows and depend on them for their cash revenue are what might be called up-to-date, intelligent dairymen? How many of them give any evidence of that fact by making energetic effort on their farms toward dairy improvement? Take all the literature, all the investigations, all the personal experience of good men with cows that has ever been published, and what per cent of the cow farmers are readers and thinkers on dairy subjects? The cow census investigations show that not one-third of them feel any desire or hunger to read such literature. They will read story papers, political papers, but they will not put their minds into the light of sound dairy knowledge.

A creamery man in Wisconsin who has one hundred twenty-five farmers as his patrons recently found that a milkster were losing their cows with milk fever. He was a reader of the "Dairyman" and other papers, and had noticed for two years past a number of articles on the air cure for this disease. He commenced speaking to these men about it and to his amazement he found that only two of the one hundred twenty-five had ever heard of it. He then read to them how some twenty-nine of the Jersey cows at the great cow demonstration at the St. Louis World's Fair were taken with this deadly disease and every one of them saved by the simple device of pumping their udders full of air. Then he addressed them in about these words: "Why don't you keep posted on these things? Why don't you take some paper that will inform you on such important matters? Do you think you are making money by keeping your minds dark on this and other important items of dairy knowledge?" Seven cows, and they are all the best ones, worth at least fifty dollars each, had died, and yet these men were in blank ignorance of what every well-posted dairy farmer had known about for some time. All that was required to give them immunity from the disease was a bicycle pump, twelve inches of small rubber hose, and a milking tube. Some man once said, "A miss is as good as a mile." "Yes," said another, "and to the man who knows nothing about it, the miss is as far off as the mile."