

Value Of Farm Crops Is 140 Million Dollars

O. A. C. CORVALLIS, Ore., Oct. 15.—With an agricultural production of about \$140,000,000 for the year 1913—about \$13,000,000 in excess of last year's valuation—the Oregon farmer need not fear that he will be overtaken by hard times. The exact figures, based on estimates made by Dr. Withycombe, Director of the Experiment Station, are \$139,505,326 for the current year, and \$126,764,049 for the preceding year.

The total valuation is made up of \$74,099,165 representing crop values and of \$65,405,500 representing the value of other agricultural products. The leading crop money-maker is wheat, with an estimated production of 22,146,887 bushels, valued at \$16,510,165. Its nearest competitor is hay, 1,511,621 tons, valued at \$13,604,589. The value of the fruit crop is \$8,000,000. The figures for clover seed, while the lowest of the nine separately-listed products, are in many ways the most gratifying of all. They represent a new industry, vindicate the contention of the College authorities that clover and alfalfa can be and are grown successfully, and indicate that valuable additions to the fertility of Oregon farms have been made.

Of agricultural products other than crops the value of livestock sales is \$34,807,500; dairy products, \$18,425,000; poultry and eggs, \$8,700,000; wool, \$2,975,000; mohair, \$356,250; and honey, \$141,750.

Wonderful Island

New Zealand has one of the most marvelous and phenomenal islands in the world. It is situated in the Bay of Plenty and is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and rises over 800 feet above the sea, there continually floats an immense cloud of vapor, often attaining an altitude of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering fifty acres and surrounded with blow holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake.—Rural Spirit.

City Registration

On next Monday the City Recorder will be ready to register the voters of Monmouth. Voters will have until November 12, 1913 in which to register for the special city election which takes place November 27, and all who wish to vote must register as the law makes no provision for voting except to register.

Men as well as women must register for the city election as the city registration is independent and separate from that of the county.

After this week you can register at any time by appearing with the proper witnesses.

Bring your witnesses with you.

Dallas Ships Prunes To European Countries

DALLAS, Or., Oct. 14.—Polk County prunes are prized in many parts of the world. Last week there were shipped from the Armsby packing house in this city one carload of the dried fruit destined for London, England, and another for Stockholm, Sweden, and still another for distribution in France. This week

a car will be sent from the same plant to St. Petersburg, Russia. Each car contains 1500 boxes, weighing 25 pounds each. The Armsby Company is running its drying and packing plant day and night to keep up with its orders, giving employment to 60 women and 25 men.

Rebuilding Sawmill Burned Two Years Ago

SPRINGFIELD, Or., Oct. 15.—The Booth-Kelly mill pond here has been drained and a crew of men is at work putting in a new chute to be used in running logs into the new sawmill, being erected on the site of the one burned two years and a half ago. The foundation piers of the new mill are all in and some of the heavy timbers are being put into place. The grading work is progressing rapidly, and 15,000 yards of earth will be removed.

The Elimination of Arizona Joe

By EDWARD SWIFT

There is a very pretty town in what was then called the far west, there is no far west now, which half a century ago was a "how down" settlement. For a time there was gun law only; then Judge Lynch stepped in and improved things somewhat. Shooting was reduced to a few. These few killed one another or were killed by some one else except Arizona Joe, who came from the worst territory on the continent of America. Joe was left like a noxious weed in a garden and had become altogether undesirable.

Perhaps a deep rooted stump in a clearing would be a better simile, for a weed is easily dug up, while a stump clings tightly to the soil. At any rate, to get rid of Joe, though necessary to the further development of Arlington, was a hard proposition. Indeed, it was the consensus of opinion that he might be allowed to remain since all of his kind except himself having been killed there would be no further food for his powder. But Joe took it upon himself to shoot strangers who came to town, and this was not only immoral, but interfered with the mercantile prosperity of its citizens.

Prominent men of the town held a meeting and agreed each to pull a number from a hat—one, two, three etc. he drawing one to try to kill Joe and if he failed to be followed by the rest in order of number till a dozen had been killed or Joe got rid of. But their wives objected and convened for the purpose of taking the matter into their own hands. Mrs. Dowdy arose and said:

"Ladies, you all know that there's only one way for a woman to get the bulge on a man that's to marry him. I'll engage to hire a woman who will tame Arizona Joe. She came to these parts ten years ago from jail. I reckon and has had seven husbands in the meantime. The first got drowned while they were crossing a bridge to gather disputin' over a counterfeited bill. When she got tired of the second she set a vigilance committee on him, and he dangled at the end of a tree. The third she shot in the back while he was winding the clock. The fourth?"

"Never mind any more of these interesting facts," interrupted one of the ladies. "How much money would he require?"

"I reckon \$200 would be ample compensation," Mrs. Vendig that's her last name, could be got for that, and I propose to work it by makin' a match between her and Joe. If we can do it we'll have no more trouble with him. I assure you."

"What makes you think he'll marry her?"

"Because she's good lookin' and has a wavin' way with her. You know how it is yourself. A woman can soft soder a man mighty fine till she's married to him and give him the lash after the ceremony has been performed."

The money was raised and Mrs. Vendig's services engaged. She came to town, met Joe on the street, smiled at him, looked at him, and he fell into the trap. The secret was known to every body in town except the victim. Three days after the meeting Mrs. Vendig became Mrs. Joe no other name was required by the simple marriage ceremony used, which was a Scotch mutual pledge without witnesses and the two set up housekeeping in the cabin Joe had previously occupied alone.

During the evening of the nuptials sounds were heard to emanate from their cabin denoting a family jar. The neighbors came to their doors or put their heads out of the windows to

watch for what might happen. The sounds grew louder and fiercer and deeper and shriller, and presently the door was opened, a body was thrown out and the door slammed to and bolted. Mrs. Joe had been ejected.

She had been a trifle stunned by her fall, but got up and, going to the door, began to hammer on it, scolding, yelling, shrieking. Joe was obliged to listen to epithets after epithets spoken in a tone that would make the blood of the stoutest man curdle and accompanied by vigorous kicks on the door. The peace of the town was disturbed, but the citizens didn't mind it a bit so long as the object was accomplished.

Midnight came and there was no diminution to the howlings, the kicking, the epithets. The citizens living near got tired of it and went off to other parts of the town to sleep. Dawn appeared but there was no cessation of the noise. The sun rose and a sound as of a battering came against a door, awakening those living at the other end of the town. A man living opposite the house of the newly wedded couple put his head out of his window and saw Mrs. Joe trying to batter down the door. Then he heard a man's voice from within cry out:

"Go away and I'll come out. You can have the outfit."

What followed was spoken in a low tone and the man opposite did not hear. The bride went to the back of the house, the door opened and Arizona Joe appeared. He walked rapidly down the street and was never seen in Arlington again. After the operator had been paid off and dismissed Mrs. Dowdy said:

"There's a great many ways of doing a thing, but there's always one way that's more effective than others. If the men of this town had undertaken to get rid of Arizona Joe he'd have made a dozen widows. One widow did the business without the spilling of a drop of blood."

A Very "Unclubable" Man.

Boswell gives the number of original members of "The Club" as nine. One of them, however, Sir John Hawkins, presently withdrew, his own version being that "The Club's" late hours were inconsistent with his domestic arrangements. On the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Boswell was able to give the true reason. Hawkins was so rude to Burke one evening that the other members made it plain to him that his company was no longer welcome.

It was in connection with Hawkins and his behavior at "The Club" that Johnson coined a most useful word. Hawkins refused to pay his share of the reckoning for the supper, on the ground that he usually ate no supper at home.

"Sir John, sir," commented Johnson, "is a very unclubable man."

How He Hated Smokers!

Tennyson was the smoking poet of the Victorian era. His two great contemporaries—Browning and Swinburne—hated tobacco, especially Swinburne. He expressed himself with characteristic vehemence. He had wandered into the Arts club, where he sought, and sought in vain, a room that was free from the fumes of tobacco smoke. At length his fury overcame him. "James the First," he exclaimed, "was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward, but I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that filthy blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."

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9:05 A. M., From Airline train.
11:15 A. M., From Portland and Corvallis train.
11:15 A. M., From Independence.
1:25 P. M., From Dallas.
2:40 P. M., From Portland and Corvallis train.
2:40 P. M., From Independence.
5:45 P. M., From Airline.
7:30 P. M., From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
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6:35 A. M., To Salem.
6:35 A. M., To Portland and Corvallis.
7:15 A. M., To Airline.
8:55 A. M., Portland and Corvallis train.
8:55 A. M., To Independence.
11:15 A. M., To Dallas.
1:25 P. M., To Portland and Corvallis train.
1:25 P. M., To Independence.
4:30 P. M., To Airline.
5:35 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:15 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:15 P. M., To Independence.

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