

# NEWS ITEMS

Of General Interest

## About Oregon

### Gain Shown in Office of Commissioner of Corporations

Salem—With a decrease in expenses of the department amounting to \$3737.39, and an increase in receipts totaling \$7364.38 for the nine months of the current fiscal year ending March 31, as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, an exceptional showing from the standpoint of economy is made by Corporation Commissioner Schulderman. Mr. Schulderman filed a comparative report of the work of his office with Governor Withycombe.

The report shows that the gross receipts of the corporation department for July, 1915, to March, 1916, inclusive, were \$116,302.20, while for the corresponding period of the year before the receipts totaled \$108,938.82. "This increase," Commissioner Schulderman advises the governor, "is in spite of the fact that the collection of annual fees from banks was transferred in the interim from the corporation department to the banking department. These bank fees amounted to nearly \$5000 a year."

### Josephine County Gold Mine Property Sold for \$175,000

Grants Pass—The announcement has just been made public that the Black Eagle group of mining claims on Fiddlers creek, in the Kerby district in Josephine county, has been sold to a group of mining men from the state of Washington who will immediately develop and operate the property on an extensive scale.

The purchase price of \$175,000, upon which an initial cash payment of \$30,000 has been made, easily ranks the sale of the Black Eagle as one of the largest mining deals made in this county.

A concentrator of 50 tons capacity will be erected at once, an electric plant for supplying light and power will also be installed, water power being used to generate the current.

The new owners are confident the property will become one of the greatest producers in the Pacific Northwest. The mine is to be known as the Neil-Success.

### State Ships Flax Seed.

Salem—In response to a request from the Eugene Chamber of Commerce, 358 bushels, or 20,000 pounds, of flaxseed owned by the state was shipped to Eugene.

Under the arrangement made by the Eugene Chamber of Commerce and accepted by the State board of control, the chamber has agreed to pay the state for this seed October 1, 1916. The price is \$720.

Checking over the flaxseed on hand at the penitentiary, it is found that the total amount in the bins is 2235 bushels, or 125,160 pounds. This now has a market value of not less than \$250 a bushel, although it is being sold to Oregon farmers for \$2 a bushel. On the basis of \$2 a bushel, the seed owned by the state represents an asset of about \$4500.

### Water Scale Announced.

Klamath Falls—Notice has been issued by the reclamation service concerning the due dates, etc., of operation and maintenance charges on the Klamath project covering lands in Oregon and California.

It provides that until further notice all lands on the project will be subject to the operation and maintenance charge as becoming due March 1 of the following calendar year, and that each acre of irrigable land, whether irrigated or not, shall be charged with a minimum operation and maintenance charge of \$1, which will entitle the owner to not more than two acre feet of water for each acre. For the first acre foot additional, 20 cents will be charged, and additional acre feet will be furnished at 40 cents each.

### Tillamook Has Boom.

Tillamook—Tillamook is undergoing a commercial boom. No less than 20 changes have been made for the better, including new enterprises locating, remodeling store rooms and changes of location. The First National bank is erecting a two-story concrete building at the corner of Second avenue and Second street. C. I. Clough is making plans for a concrete business building on his property, now occupied by the Sanitary Market. Rumor has it that a four-story fireproof building will be erected on Second avenue, also.

### Biology Study Advocated.

Salem—Legislation making the study of biology compulsory in the high schools of the state was recommended by the Oregon Social Hygiene society, which met here in their annual session. The conference was held in the State Capitol. Prominent educators of the state were in attendance. Among those making addresses were J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction; P. L. Campbell, president of the University of Oregon; and W. J. Kerr, president of the Oregon Agricultural College.

### State Saves \$1575 on Paper.

Salem—By contracting last December for a carload of paper upon which to print election supplies, the state of Oregon has saved \$1575 over what it would have paid had the purchase been made at present, according to State Printer Lawrence. The carload of paper cost the state \$2350, but, had the purchase been delayed until now the price would have been \$3925, owing to the rapid rise in paper prices since the first of the year.

## NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS; GENERAL CROP CONDITIONS

Portland—Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.05; fortyfold, 94c; club, 92c; red five, 92c; red Russian, 92c.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$21 @22 per ton; alfalfa, \$20. Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$23 per ton; shorts, \$25.50; rolled barley, \$31.50@32.50.

Corn—Whole, \$36 per ton; cracked, \$37. Vegetables—Artichokes, 65@80c per dozen; tomatoes, \$3.75 per crate; cabbage, \$1.25@2.25 per hundred; garlic, 10c per pound; peppers, 17c @ 20c; eggplant, 23c per pound; horseradish, 8c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.25 @ 1.50; lettuce, \$2.25@2.35 per crate; cucumbers, \$1.25@1.50; spinach, 90c @ \$1 per box; asparagus, 7 @ 10c per pound; rhubarb, \$1.25@2 per box; peas, 9@10c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon, buying prices, \$1.50 f. o. b. shipping point. Green Fruit—Strawberries, \$4.75@5 per crate; apples, \$1@1.60 per box; cranberries, \$11 per barrel.

Eggs—Jobbing prices: Oregon ranch, candled, 21c per dozen; uncandled, 19c@20c per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 17c; stags, 13c; broilers, 25c@30c; turkeys, choice, 24 @25; ducks, 15c; geese, 10c.

Butter—Prices from wholesaler to retailer: Portland city creamery prints, 60-pound case lots, standard grades, 34c; lower grades, 31c; Oregon country creamery prints, 60-pound case lots, standard makes, 31 @ 33; lower grades, 30 @ 30c; packed in cubes, 2c less. Prices paid by jobbers to producers: Cases, extras, 29@30c; firsts, 27 @ 27c; dairy butter, 14 @ 18c; butterfat, No. 1, 33c; No. 2, 30c.

Veal—Fancy, 10@10c per pound. Pork—Fancy, 11@11c per pound. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 20@30c; valley, 27@28c; mohair, new clip, 30 @32c.

Cascara bark—Old and new, 4c per pound. Cattle—Steers, choice grain and pulp, \$8.50@9; choice hay, \$8.15 @ 8.50; good, \$7.75 @ 8.15; medium, \$7.50@7.75; cows, choice, \$6.70 @ 7.80; good, \$6.50 @ 6.75; medium, \$6.25@6.50; heifers, \$5@7.75; bulls, \$2.75@6; stags, \$3@5.25.

Hogs—Prime light, \$9; good to prime, \$8.25 @ 9; rough heavy, \$8 @ 8.25; pigs and skips, \$3@3.25. Sheep—Yearlings, \$8@10; wethers, \$7.25@9; ewes, \$6.25@8.25; lambs, \$9.50@10.50.

### New Potatoes Arrive.

Tacoma—New potatoes of the best quality the local market has seen for years, according to commission men, rolled in Thursday for the first time this season. The new tubers, which are red, went out wholesale at 6c cents a pound in lug boxes and found an instant market. Regular shipments will be received from now on and as receipts increase prices will decline, say merchants.

Celery is about through for the season, it is reported. The vegetable is quoted at \$5.75 a crate. Radishes, telephone peas, artichokes, asparagus and lettuce arrived by steamer and went out quickly. The demand for green stuff increases daily.

Apples continue to sell good. Wine-saps are the most popular variety here, wholesaling from \$1.25 to \$1.65 a box. Meats and poultry are firmer.

### No Change in Butter Expected.

Tacoma—Butter is firm and dealers do not look for a decline for two weeks yet. The market of the Pacific Coast is reported to be unchanged. Receipts of butter are none too large. Eggs are arriving plentifully and the market is steady. Cheese is unchanged and the demand is light.

The fish market is well supplied with various kinds of fish with the exception of salmon. Since the season opened on salmon fairly good catches have been made by sportsmen on the Narrows and on Puget Sound. The fish, however, are not running in large enough schools to warrant fishing boats to go after them, according to dealers.

### Top-Notch Cattle Strong.

Portland—The cattle and sheep markets opened strong at the stockyards this week, but there was an easier undertone in the hog market, and last week's extreme top prices in this were not repeated. Several loads of grain and pulp-fed steers were sold at \$9 and a number of other loads of steers brought \$8.50 and \$8.75. Butcher cattle were strong, with a \$7.80 market for choice cows and a single head bringing \$8. The hog market was off a nickel from last week. About 16 full loads were disposed of, one at \$9.20.

### Sweet Potatoes Nearing End.

Tacoma—Sweet potatoes are about gone for the season. Those that are on hand are wholesaling at 4 cents a pound. The quality of the tubers, however, remains good, say commission men. The sweets had an unusually good year, and both dealers and growers realized profits from their business. Commission men say that according to the increase in the demand for seed Irish potatoes there will be many tubers this coming season. At first the seeds did not go out very good, owing to the bad weather.

### Demand for Eggs Is Active.

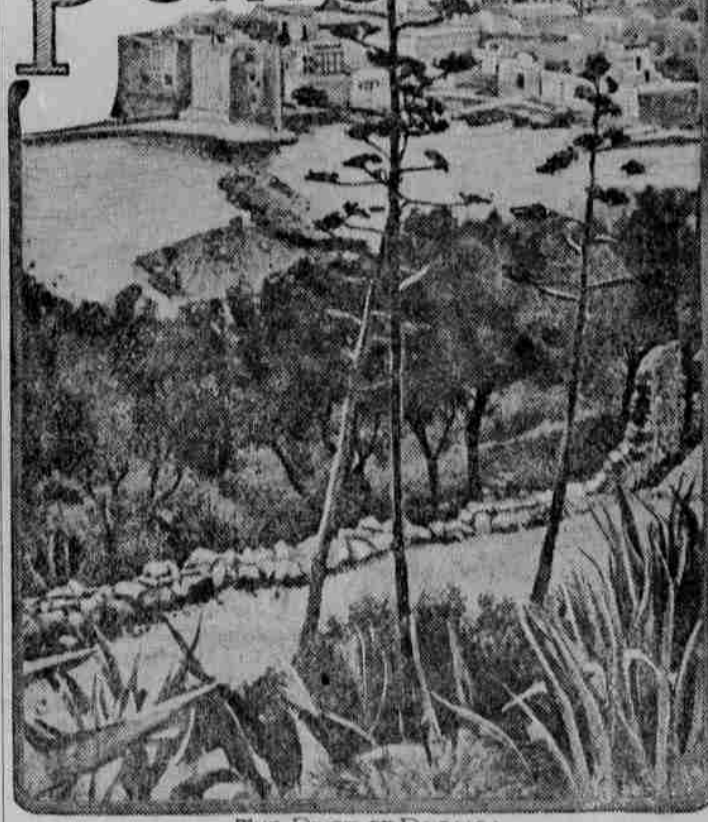
Portland—The egg market is steady and firm this week at prices unchanged. The demand is sufficient to take care of all arrivals.

Poultry arrivals were not heavy, but were large enough in view of the present high prices. More veal came in than could be worked off, but the market was steady. Pork was strong and unchanged.

### Hops Taken at 12 Cents.

The sale of the Piper lot of 100 bales of hops at Aurora, Ore., to McClellan at 12 cents was reported. There is no demand for contracts in this state.

# TWO OLD DALMATIAN PORTS



THE PORT OF RAGUSA

DALMATIA belongs to Austria, but Austrian—no, that it is not, after a hundred years of possession. Its native language is Serb, with much Italian also spoken on the coast, but German one scarcely hears at all, except in the shops frequented by Austrian visitors. Its people are simple and ignorant, very tenacious of old ways, customs and costumes, and not easily to be converted into a commercial and modern people.

It was in search, first of all, of warmth and sunshine that we north-ers set out for Ragusa, the most southerly of Dalmatian ports, writes V. Clutterbuck in Country Life.

The coming of the steamer seemed to be the great event of the day, or possibly of several days, if one can judge by the eager, jabbering crowds flocking to the quayside to glean all possible news of the world outside their island home, and to comment on the strange travelers leaning over the steamer's rail. As evening fell the setting sun turned the bare, brown hills and distant high range of mountains into peaks of coral and garnet, and kept us late on deck wondering as to the unknown inland country, its fine, hardy people and how they lived—apparently on stones, nothing being visible but rock and stone, no green valleys, no wooden hills, only small, gray trees, shrubs, and again stones.

Ragusa Enchanting and Unspoiled. Early morning found us anchored at Gravosa, the excellent protected harbor at Ragusa, about a mile away, and here, unfortunately, in a dismal downpour of rain we first made acquaintance with the natives of the coast. East, the porters and cab drivers in their partly eastern dress of baggy blue knickerbockers, embroidered white stockings, embroidered coat and waistcoat and scarlet fez, Ragusa is enchanting, unspoiled by its overflowing garrison, or even by its fashionable Austrian visitors. It seems part of the great rocky hills themselves, so cunningly is it built up ledge upon ledge of the selfsame stone. The town covers as well a tiny peninsula at the foot of the hills, like a landside of stone, kept in its place and guarded from the sea by massive encircling walls. The walls creep on upward up the mountain side, and clasp the little town firmly, so firmly that she withstood many a siege and sheltered many a trembling refugee; she even defied proud Venice.

Ragusans have the pride of a nation, a tiny one certainly, but of ancient lineage. It is claimed that Ragusa was a republic from A. D. 663, and lasted so with intervals of varying length, during which the territory was under the protection of Hungary, Constantinople, Venice and France, to 1814, when Austria finally took possession.

Thanks to the courtesy of the commander of the garrison, we, with our visitors, walked round the top of the great walls, so high that they contain prisons, stores, barracks—a world of activity, hidden from the view of all except seagulls and friendly swallows, maybe, who can peer into the loopholes. From the walls one gets the best idea of the crowded town, its carefully protected gateways (now

where the bacteria of putrefaction break up the elaborate organic chemical compounds upon which the plants again can feed.

### Long on Caution.

A Wall street man was speaking of the cautiousness of a certain operator. "No wonder," he said, "that man is so successful. He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever encountered. He reminds me of an old farmer I used to know. It was said of this farmer that whenever he bought a new herd of sheep he examined each animal closely to make sure it had no cotton on it."—Exchange.

### Always 'Wishing.'

To be always wishing for something we cannot get is the worst possible way to spend time. All of us have blessings which are enough to make us happy if only we are so wise as to enjoy them instead of fretting for something more. Take the pleasures of today with a grateful heart, and never waste time in hoping you will have something better tomorrow.

### Nature's Workings.

How plants absorb nitrogen from the soil is utterly unknown. No animal man get the large quantities of nitrogen that are necessary to it by using plants for food. When the animal or the plant dies the constituents of its body are returned to the earth

# THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. E. A. WALKER

## LOCUST AND THE OAK.

Once upon a time there was a tiny acorn lying in the soft earth in a forest. Just a tiny, yellow acorn that no one would ever notice, that the wind blew off the branch when it shook the tree.

Plump! It fell down on the sod and there it lay buried under the leaves with the snows above it for a covering during the long winter. Then at last spring came, the sun came out brightly and the ground felt warm as the little acorn nestled down in the roots of the grass. The gentle rains dripped down on it till it grew soft and swelled and swelled and swelled till at last it burst and a wee shoot of green peeped up through the soil.

"How beautiful everything is!" whispered the little acorn. "So green and the sky so blue! How lovely, how lovely!"

Just above the tiny acorn shoot was a tree full of big, white blossoms. They hung in great clusters of fleecy foam, the petals like snowflakes; and the sweetness from their perfume made the air as a rose garden. It was a locust tree in full bloom.

"You say everything is beautiful!" said the locust tree. "That is true, but I am the most beautiful of all. See my great bunches of feathery blossoms with their delicious odor."

The timid little shoot looked meek-

ly up at the big locust—yes, it was a magnificent tree.

"I am the sweetest and prettiest tree in the woods," continued the proud locust. "And pray, what use are you in the world?"

The little shoot hung its head. "What could it do? Would it ever grow into a big, strong, pretty tree? It did not know. Still it thought it would do its best and that was all one could do."

"I am very small," it said, "and I do not yet know about what I will be able to do. But whatever is my duty that I will do to the best of my power."

So the tiny shoot grew and grew. The sun warmed it, the rain made the earth soft and the wind tossed it about to give it exercise. In winter it kept still, but every spring it would begin to climb, and at last it was quite a big tree.

"I see you are going to be something after all," said the locust, jealously. "But you will never get to look as pretty or be of use in the world like me."

"Maybe not," sang out the young oak—but it was now an oak—"but I am going to do my best as long as I grow."

So it kept on growing. The trunk went up straight, the bark got thick, the branches reached out wide and were covered with handsome leaves. The birds and squirrels seemed to love the friendly tree and made their homes in its shade.

But the locust did not grow. It was getting old and its scraggy limbs broke off and littered the ground. One day the farmer came into the woods with an ax.

"This old locust never was any good," he exclaimed. "All it did was to have a few blossoms and then there was a lot of dead limbs dropping all about. It was just a silly thing encumbering the ground. But it will make a fine fire for the kitchen stove."

After a while two more men came with a big saw. "This is a fine oak," said the farmer, "and we will make it into timber for masts of ships. It grows tall, straight and strong without a flaw."

Then the great oak, which had once been a tiny acorn, was glad—glad it had kept on growing, glad it was to be of use in the world. It would be made into tall masts that would hold sails and help the boats speed over the water; it would race on through the sun and storms, through the moonlight and snows, over the dancing waves bearing great freighters from one land to another.

So the great, strong oak—the oak which had once been a wee, tiny acorn, was glad and proud that at last, when it had done its best, it was of use in the world.

## SHORT GRAMMAR

Three little words you often see are articles—"a," "an," and "the." A noun's the name of any thing, as "school" or "garden," "hoop" or "swing."

Adjectives tell the kind of noun. As "great," "small," "pretty," "white" or "brown."

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand— "His" head, "her" face, "your" arm, "my" hand.

Verbs tell something to be done— "To read," "count," "laugh," "sing," "jump" or "run."

How things are done the adverbs tell— As "slowly," "quickly," "ill" or "well."

Conjunctions join the words together. As men "and" women, wind "or" weather.

The preposition stands before the noun, as "in" or "through" the door.

The interjection shows surprise— As "Oh," "how pretty!" "Ah," "how wise."

The whole are called nine parts of speech. Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

## "HUNTING THE SUPPER" GAME

Table is Set and Guests Are Invited to Sit Down, Though Nothing to Eat is Visible.

An amusing entertainment for the children in the afternoon or evening is called "Hunting the Supper." In this game the table is set and the guests are asked to sit down to it, though not a sign of anything to eat is visible. Then the hostess places the end of a cord in the hand of each guest, who is told to go and hunt for his supper. The cord is wound up until the other end is reached, when a dish of something edible is revealed, or it may be a card telling what they can have. It may be fruit, sandwiches, cake, candy or what not.

All the dishes are brought to the table, when the supper begins. The winding and unwinding of the twisted cord makes lots of fun.

## ENCOURAGING THE FARM BOY

Parents Are Advised to Interest Youth in Farming and Live Stock—Keep Him on Farm.

In a recent issue of Farm and Fireside a contributor advises parents in part as follows:

"Does the boy want to leave the farm? Well, whose fault is that? 'Has he been useful? Has he ever been told that he is useful? 'Has he an interest in the farming? Does he own any live stock? Does his father help the boy as cheerfully as he expects the boy to help him? 'To be sure, when I was a boy I had to work hard and didn't expect any pay for it. I was expected to obey my parents. I was up in the morning to build the fires, and it was my frons-

Onions Brought \$89.56 to Otto Hoffman.

bitten fingers that unlocked the barn door at daybreak.

"But that was a long time ago. In those days there wasn't a town every few miles with moving picture shows, street cars and tempting jobs which pay real money. Things have changed."

Rising and Setting Sun. There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was: "Got up this morning at seven o'clock." He showed the entry to his mother, and she, horror-stricken said: "Have you been to school? Got up, indeed! Such an expression! Does the sun get up? No, it rises."

And she scratched out "got up at seven" and wrote "Rose at seven" in its place. That night the boy, before retiring, ended the entry for the day with the sentence: "Set at nine o'clock."

# CAP and BELLS



## GIRL MATCHED THE RIBBON

Little Tot Induces Gentleman With Remarkably Red Nose to Aid Her in Selecting Color.

A certain gentleman in Birmingham is the possessor of a remarkably red nose. He was in the town one day, and, having completed his business, was amusing himself by an inspection of the shop windows.

Whilst admiring some ties in a certain window and considering whether he should speculate or not, a little girl came out of the establishment, looked up at him, hesitated a moment, and finally caught him by the sleeve.

"Please, will you come into the shop with me, only for a minute?" she asked.

"Certainly," answered the gentleman, following her at once.

Arrived at the counter, the little one astonished everyone by remarking: "There, miss, maver wants the ribbon the same color as this gentleman's nose."—London Tit-Bits.

Domestic Tragedy. "Telephone, sir?" "What is it?" "Your wife wants you home at once."

"What's the trouble?" "She has a tight gown, can't stoop, and the drip-drip under the refrigerator is dripping over."

Wherein They Fail. She—There are three things no man can keep—a good joke, a \$5 bill and an appointment with a dentist. He—Yes, and there are three things no woman can do—sharpen a lead pencil, cross the street in front of a horse and understand the difference between five minutes and half an hour.

Detachment. "That woman with the far-away look in her eyes has played a church organ for twenty years and has never missed a service."

"Remarkable! How do you account for the far-away look in her eyes?" "I guess that comes from habitually thinking of something else while the preacher is delivering his sermon."

With Conditions. He—So your father approves of me, eh? She—Well, he said he'd rather see me marry even you than that foreign count mamma wants me to marry.

A Hard Worker. Augustus—You're getting very stout, old chap. Perhaps you don't exercise enough. Shady—Plenty of exercise, old man. I shave myself every morning.

EGGS TOO EXPENSIVE. "So De Actor took part in the entertainment. Did he get any encores?" "No; only apple cores."

Effaced Maturity. "Do you take as much interest in dancing as you did?" "Yes," replied Uncle Wagglefoot. "But I'm gettin' so dancin' isn't youthful enough for me. I'm practicin' roller skatin' on one skate."

In Agreement. "Do you think your constituents agree with your views?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I made it a point to have my views in agreement with theirs before I said a word."

Paradoxical Content. "I feel safe from accident on this train." "Why so?" "Because it is in charge of an engineer who has the reputation of being a wreckless one."

His Behavior. Him (at reception) — Neurich doesn't believe as if he belonged to the best society, does he? Her—I should say not. He behaves as if he imagined the best society belongs exclusively to him.

Up-to-Date Machine. The Customer—It must be a tight-fitting experience to run over anyone. The Salesman—But not with our car. We fit it with the best shock absorber on the market.