

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MONEY IN POTATOES.

Grand Ronde Farmers Market Big Crops at Good Prices.

La Grande—Farmers who planted potatoes last spring are reaping a bountiful harvest in the Grand Ronde valley. The gross income from this year's crop is placed at \$50,000 on the output of potatoes from this valley. It is estimated that 100 cars will be necessary to ship this season's crop. These figures are computed on the basis of 1,000 acres with an average yield of 60 sacks to the acre. This has been the yield on unirrigated lands on the "Sandridge" section, and the estimate is conservative. More than half of the entire potato acreage of the valley is in the vicinity of Imblen and Allec.

Fields that have produced 60 sacks to the acre—and very many tracts have done better than that—give a net return of \$27.50 per acre. The gross receipts from an acre at the present price of 65 cents per sack amounts to \$39. One of the prominent growers figures the cost of production per acre at \$11.50, as follows: Cultivating, \$3; digging and sacking, \$3; sacks, \$3; seed, \$1; hauling, \$1.50.

The heaviest yield so far reported is that of A. J. Surby, of Cove, who has secured 300 sacks from an acre. At the present market price, Mr. Surby's income from an acre is \$195, of which about \$183.50 is net. A six-acre field on the Oregon Red Apple company's ground, north of La Grande, gives a yield of 200 sacks per acre. These potatoes are grown entirely without irrigation, and on account of their superior quality are rated 10 cents higher than the open market.

The returns from the six acres will be \$900. The patch was planted as a matter of getting the ground in suitable condition for cultivation.

Col. Hofer Tells His Hopes.

University of Oregon, Eugene—Colonel Hofer, of Salem, addressed the assembly at the university. He was full of enthusiasm over the development of the state of Oregon, and predicted that the growth would be marvelous if there were two competing railroads in the state. He was of the opinion if these two railroads enter the state, that Coos bay would see the terminus on one and that country would shortly develop a city of 150,000, and Portland would be the other center for the end of the railroad system. Two such thriving cities would be of great benefit to the state.

Benson Announces Changes.

Salem—In addition to the appointment of Walter Drennan, to succeed F. T. Wrightman as head of the corporation department, Secretary of State-elect F. W. Benson has announced that S. A. Kozler will be promoted to chief clerk to succeed F. K. Lovell, and that Kozler will be succeeded by H. H. Corey, of Baker City. Kozler is now auditing clerk. The remainder of the office force of Secretary of State Dunbar will be regained until after the session of the legislature. There will be no change in the force of janitors until after the legislature.

Eager for a New County.

Hood River—At a big mass meeting held here for the purpose of ascertaining public feeling in regard to the movement to create a new county, to be known as Cascade county, the sentiment was unanimous and committees will be appointed to circulate petitions to be presented to the next legislature with that object in view. A number of prominent men here spoke on the question, and statistics were presented which show that the new county can be governed more economically than the same territory is under present conditions.

Big Option on Timber Lands.

Astoria—An option covering the sale of 9,040 acres of timber lands, 3,200 acres being located in the northern part of Tillamook county and 5,840 acres in the southern part of Clatsop county, at \$26 per acre, has been filed for record in the county clerk's office. The lands belong to A. W. Priest and the option for 30 days was given to R. V. Jones and R. F. Fox, of Portland, and sold by them to Godfrey von Platen.

Races for the Land Office.

North Bend—The announcement by the land department that contest filings would be received in a number of Indian allotment claims has caused many horse races from points in Curry county to the land office in Roseburg. It is alleged only such Indians and half-breeds as belong to tribes or live on reservations are entitled to allotment claims.

Much Wheat at Weston.

Weston—It is estimated that about a quarter of a million bushels of wheat are stored in the warehouses in this vicinity. The local market has been dull, awaiting a solution of the car situation. It is thought that nearly five-sixths of the crop is still in the hands of the growers.

COAL MINE OPENED.

Company Finds Eighteen-Foot Vein Near Ashland.

Ashland—There is no little interest and enthusiasm in this section of the state over the opening up of what appears to be permanent coal deposits. Coal croppings have been discovered for 30 or 40 miles along the Cascades from the state line northward, but no deposits of sufficient extent to justify development have been found in the prospecting heretofore. Some time ago the company that is opening the Blue Lead copper mines in this section, after securing leases on a considerable area of land, began prospecting on the Furrey place on the east side of Bear creek, about seven miles from Ashland.

They began by running two tunnels into the mountain. One of these is now 270 and the other 240 feet into the mountain, and an 18-foot vein of coal has been opened up. The coal has been tested and appears to be of excellent quality. The tunnels are seven feet square and run parallel 70 feet apart. They are well timbered and are being connected by cross cuts every 75 feet, for ventilation and to extract the coal. They extend into the mountain from the west to the east on a 7 per cent incline.

About 25 men are being employed and the work is being pushed night and day. Other crews are employed in building coal bins, scales, grizzlies and screens for sorting the coal.

To Improve Federal Property.

Salem—Francis W. Grant, superintendent of construction of public buildings of the United States Treasury department, has been in the city to inspect the plans, look over the grounds and draft prospective plans, specifications and make estimates upon the proposed improvement of the grounds surrounding the Federal building in this city, which have remained in an unfinished condition ever since the erection of the building, three years ago, and for which improvement congress has appropriated a fund of \$10,000.

Pin Faith to Cherries.

La Grande—Cherries, of the shipping varieties, have proven one of the most profitable products of the Grand Ronde valley, and for that reason there will be many new cherry orchards put out in the spring. George Thomas, of Cove, will plant 1,000 trees. Mr. Thomas is one of the most extensive cherry growers in the valley, and now has about 20 acres of cherry orchard in full bearing. During the past season these trees yielded at the rate of \$325 per acre.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Club, 64c; bluestem, 67c; valley, 66c; red, 61c.
Oats — No. 1 white, \$24.50@25.50; gray, \$23.50@24.
Barley—Feed, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$22.50; rolled, \$23.
Rye—\$1.40@1.45 per cwt.
Corn — Whole, \$25.50; cracked, \$26.50 per ton.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, \$11@12 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, \$14@16; clover, \$7@8; cheat, \$7.50@8.50; grain hay, \$7.50@8.50; alfalfa, \$11.50; vetch hay, \$7@7.50.

Fruits—Apples, common to choice, 50@75c per box; choice to fancy, \$1@2.50; grapes, 60c@1.25 per crate; pears, 75c@1.25; cranberries, \$10@12.50 per barrel; quinces, \$1@1.25 per box; persimmons, \$1.50 per box.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 1 1/4@1 1/2c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.25 per dozen; celery, 75@85c per dozen; lettuce, head, 20c per dozen; onions, 10@12 1/2c per dozen; pumpkins, 1 1/2c per pound; spinach, 4@5c per pound; tomatoes, 30@50c per box; parsley, 10@15c; squash, 1@1 1/2c per pound; turnips, 90c@\$1 per sack; carrots, 90c@\$1 per sack; beets, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; horseradish, 9@10c per pound; sweet potatoes, 2@2 1/2c per pound.

Onions — Oregon, 75c@\$1 per hundred.

Potatoes — Oregon Burbanks, fancy, 70@85c; common, 60@70c.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27 1/2c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 35@37 1/2c doz.

Poultry — Average old hens, 10@11c per pound; mixed chickens, 10@11c; spring, 10@11c; old roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 17 1/2c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 20@21c; geese, live, 10c; ducks, 14@16c.

Veal—Dressed, 5 1/2@8 1/2c per pound.

Beef — Dressed bulls, 1@2c per pound; cows, 4@5c; country steers, 5@5 1/2c.

Mutton — Dressed, fancy, 8@9c per pound; ordinary, 6@7c.

Pork—Dressed, 6@8 1/2c per pound.

Hops—1906, choice, 14@15c; prime, 12@13c; medium, 10@12c per pound.

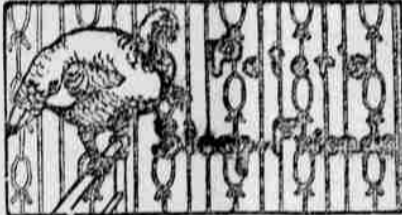
Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 13@18c per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20@21c, according to fineness; mohair, choice, 26@28c.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

In 1631 the United States was a tiny babe in English long clothes; and it happened that there was a great scarcity of food in that little colony that had settled on Massachusetts bay—they were threatened with famine. The prospect grew dark and ominous; the people were brave; but their anxiety grew very keen for all that, and they knew not where to turn for earthly aid. It was the wont of those early pilgrims to turn to God in times of need and the elders decided that a special day be set aside for fasting and prayer. Before the day arrived, however, their long expected boat hove in sight and the day set aside for fasting and praying was transformed into one of cheer; good dinners and hearty thanksgivings prevailed. This was the first general Thanksgiving of which we have any record; it was by no means the last; from that day to this successive Governors and Presidents have set apart many different days for special Thanksgiving for some propitious event in State or county.

After the Revolutionary War was successfully ended Washington appointed a Thanksgiving day that was universally observed with the greatest rejoicing, as we may well believe, and after our own sad Civil War was almost ended President Lincoln proclaimed another of similar sort. Many hearts were full of grief then, yet there was much to be thankful for.

For over a century now the States of New England have set apart a day in the autumn for giving thanks to God for the many blessings of the year. It gradually came to seem a very pleasant, appropriate custom, and one State after another adopted it, until now, for many years past, the President has issued a proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving throughout the Union. This day is one of our legal holidays, a day that rich and poor alike can spend as they will. We all welcome it with delight, and it is a day peculiar to America only.



Peter had scarcely closed his eyes before his hair began to rise. For who should be perched on his bed but Barnyard Turkey, fierce and red! "Peter," he roared, "I saw to-day you looked at me as if to say: 'Aha! You are so fat and fine—Don't say you didn't, for I know! Your greedy nature makes you so.' 'Oh, sir,' cried Peter, 'that must be some other lad that looks like me; I am not greedy, sir, at all; in fact my appetite is small.' 'Fibber!' cried Barnyard Turkey. 'What! Shall I destroy you on the spot? Did I not see you do your best To eat my brother, legs and breast, Till you were stuffed so full with him And Peter woke up with a start. With trembling voice he sighed: 'Oh, dear! Turkey is bad for me, I fear.'



A Country Girl's Thanksgiving.

By Antonia J. Stemple.

"Great Thanksgiving weather we'll be having, I'm thinking," remarked Mr. Wheeler as he came in to supper. "It's snowing hard, and the wind is coming up."

"Oh, goody," exclaimed Martha in high glee. "What's Thanksgiving without snow?"

The next morning it was still snowing, and the wind was busily piling up great white drifts. "Twon't be a pleasure trip to go to the village with the milk," said Mr. Wheeler, as he prepared to start, "but I s'pose I've got to." He found the traveling even worse than he expected; it was very late when he reached the village, and he did not return home till nearly dark. Not being a robust man, he was completely exhausted from his exertions, and during the night became ill.

"Whatever shall we do?" Mrs. Wheeler asked Martha despairingly. "We must have the doctor, and how to get the milk to town is a problem. And Thanksgiving Day, too!"

"Oh, I'll go," volunteered Martha, cheerfully. "I'll tell Dr. Brown to come right up, and then I'll peddle the milk. I've been with father so many times that I know all the customers."

Martha bundled herself up, put on her mother's rubber boots, and two pairs of mittens, and set out. "Old Billy must think I'm pretty heavy," she laughed, as she drove out of the yard with the milk cart.

Getting to the village, two miles away, was not an easy matter for a girl not yet sixteen. The roads were not broken out, and badly drifted. The milk cans bumped into each other with great force, and Martha had several narrow escapes from an upsetting. But finally, Grafton was reached, and Martha drove through the almost deserted streets to Dr. Brown's house.

When she had stated her errand, the doctor promised to go to her father immediately, and urged her to come in and rest.

"Oh, no, I can't," exclaimed Martha. "I've got all the milk to peddle, and I'm very late already. People need their milk for dinner, and the babies will be crying for it, too."

Martha set out on her rounds. When she opened the door of Mrs. Judson, her first customer, that lady started as though she saw a ghost.

"Mercy sakes, child," she cried, catching her by the arm and seating her in a chair by the stove. "How on earth did you get here? I'm mighty glad to see you. There ain't a milkman been around yet. Where's your pa?"

"He's sick and couldn't come, and I thought folks couldn't get along without

and take care of our patient, and then we'll go home and thankfully eat our dinner."

No Thanksgiving dinner had ever tasted so good to Martha before, though she missed her parents. The doctor insisted upon heaping her plate at every opportunity.

Late in the afternoon Martha drove home, tired but happy. Her father was comfortable, and was quite as much interested as her mother in listening to the narrative of her experience.

But Martha's Thanksgiving surprises were not all ended. A few days later her father, who had nearly recovered, came home one morning and gave her a huge bundle.

"Miss Webster told me to give that to you," he said. "It's good and heavy, whatever it is." The bundle proved to contain a mammoth turkey. Around its neck was tied a blue ribbon to which a card was attached bearing the words: "For Miss Martha Wheeler, with the compliments of those whom she made happy on Thanksgiving. Look at my heart."

Martha was nearly overcome by this gift, but she proceeded to investigate the meaning of the card's last sentence. The inside of the turkey proved to be neatly lined with white paper and contained a dainty box, inside which reposed a beautiful watch, suitably inscribed.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Martha, "we'll have a second Thanksgiving day now, won't we? That wind and snow brought me good fortune, though I didn't think it was very nice then."—Farm Life.

Not Sent in Vain.



Widow Gobbler—Yes, Dr. Quack, my dear husband devoted his life to charitable purposes; he was served at a Thanksgiving dinner for the poor!

Filling for a Turkey.

Plain bread filling is always nice. It would require at least one loaf of stale bread and one-fourth pound of butter. It should be three days old at the very least. Reduce it to fine crumbs, salt and pepper to the taste. Use no water, milk or baking powder. There is moisture enough from the turkey. If you wish to add oysters drain all the liquor off them, see there are no shells, roll in bread crumbs and drop them in through the dressing. There should be about one and one-half pints of large oysters.

Before putting the turkey in the oven, brush it all over with soft butter and put it in breast down. Place the turkey on a rack over a pan containing two cups of hot water. It is well to have for basting also a pint of hot water on the stove in which are three level table-spoons of butter. At first turn on full heat, then reduce the heat roasting the last hour and a half with slow heat.

Lacking in Respect.

"I have a great respect for gray hair," said the humorous boarder as he raised his eyes from his plate.

"That's very creditable of you, Mr. Jellaby," said the landlady.

"But I have no respect," said the humorous boarder, "for gray feathers!" And he tapped viciously on the tough fragment of turkey that lay before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

UNCLE SAM'S BOUNTIFUL THANKSGIVING.

