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**The Tillamook Headlight,**

Mr. Taft is to be boycotted because he will not boycott. Apparently, this is the strongest issue he has yet been able to raise with anybody.

The Agricultural Department has issued a pamphlet on the economical use of meat. No plan more economical than doing without is indicated in the work.

Although the Ballinger-Pincho investigation has been under way about two months, nobody, not even the investigators, knows who's who yet, or what's what.

The aeroplane may be, as has been said, a big kite with an engine, but has made good to such an extent that it is entitled to be called the first successful airship.

Appropriations for the Panama Canal are about \$35,000,000 a year. Probably \$150,000,000 more will complete the work, which is well within the engineers' recent estimates.

A Populist orator declares that all the theories of his party have been appropriated by the Republican and Democratic parties. What more could be asked, unless merely the offices?

M. Paulhan's aeroplane behaved so well between London and Manchester that the 180-mile flight will not hold the record long. This promises to be a great year for the aeroplane crop.

Col. Roosevelt was delighted with a French Army review at Vincennes, and he would not hesitate to describe his pleasure if he should make a speech at The Hague. The colonel's view of a present millennium is preparedness.

When invited to join the Democratic party Senator Dolliver says he has no confidence in it. Ever since 1894 the people of the United States have held the same opinion, and emphasized it by a million majority no longer than 1908.

The worst cavilers of Mr. Rockefeller's benevolence will not deny that if it can be used to bring all the scoundrels engaged in the white slave traffic to justice, it will partly atone for the organization of even such a monster as the Standard Oil trust.

Artic Explorer Amundsen, who took a ship through the Northwest Passage, has planned a seven-year drift in the region of the North Pole, which he expects to reach with his \$100,000 cruiser. The world hopes that he may finally return with a full cargo of profits.

Though Edward VII. was on the throne but nine years, he was a figure of international interest nearly as far back as the beginning of Victoria's reign. The shock felt over the sudden close of this long leaf of familiar history is not confined to England alone.

Rev. Mr. Jeffries, father of the prize fighter, says, in answer to the preachers who are trying to stop the Frisco fight, that his son is working for money, just as the preachers are, and that, if their money should be stopped, for any reason, their work would stop with it. The entire clergy can not be converted to approval of prize fighting, however, until every preacher has a son of champion form.

President Brown, of the New York Central Railroad, in conference with several other prominent captains of industry connected with the New York Produce Exchange have started a new movement for the reoccupation of abandoned farms in New York State and for the more intensive cultivation of all farms, in the belief that this is the only permanent solution of the problem of high prices and increasing poverty. "So many farmers' sons have deserted their homes up New York State to make their fortunes in the city, that 3000 acres of the best farm lands in the country has been allowed to go virtually to waste; and it has come to the point where the only way we see to reclaim it is to bring in immigrant farmers from Europe to buy and work the land." He admitted frankly that he was interested in the question of land reoccupation because it would mean more work for his freight cars. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson addressed the Produce Exchange Tuesday, and on his advice that body passed resolutions to take some definite action toward bringing the people back to the land and toward assisting the farmer to best methods of soil conservation. To this end a committee of fourteen was resolved on.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale at Lamar's drug store.

**AWFUL SLAUGHTER OF BABY BEEF.**

**Beatrice Man Tells Why Calves Are Sacrificed to the Butcher and the Tannery.**

Sometime ago "The American Weekly" editorially suggested that the raising of calves to maturity be made compulsory. Our old friend J. W. McKenzie of Beatrice, replied to the article in the following letter, a copy of which was furnished the Beacon, the afore-said weekly also publishing it. The letter follows:

Sir:—In the American Weekly of March 9th I noted with interest an editorial which suggested that the rearing of calves till maturity be made compulsory, thus, it is hoped, obliterating the one and demising the other of two very obvious evils—viz.: the eating of veal and the scarcity of good beef. The article states that ninety out of every one hundred calves born are slain in their infancy, and, while that figure is perhaps a little too high, it is near enough to the mark to cause people to sit up and ask: "Why such a shameful waste of good material, the saving of which would mean sustenance to thousands who today are craving for that which is beyond their means—to buy good meat and plenty of it?"

Now I agree with the writer in that veal is—er—mighty slim food, to say the least—especially the kind that are from five to ten days old when killed, and I have often lamented this butchery of young stock, but, notwithstanding my sentiments with regard to this seemingly wasteful slaughter, I kill several calves each year. Of eleven calves which my cows have dropped this season, six of them (males) were killed shortly after birth. The five heifers I am raising, but when the remainder of my herd freshen their offspring, cowlets or bullocks, must go to the happy grazing ground, because I cannot possibly feed any more stock.

How, then, would compulsory methods make for a larger beef supply? By abolishing the trade in veal, the article says more calves would be reared to maturity.

Why, it is only a small percentage of the calves born that go to make veal, and with the remainder legislation is hardly needed to compel their owners to give them to someone who will raise them. I have known of 1,000 calves being slaughtered within ten days' time at a "skinning station" to which they were brought, for 50 cents each. At that price anyone, even tho his means be limited, can embark in the cattle business.

But unfortunately, calves cannot be raised in six or eight back yards, like Belgian hares, which, no doubt, is one reason why so little of our beef supply comes from the cities. Old Dame Nature insists upon their having milk, pasturage and fodder to assist them along to maturity, and he who has plenty of these foods need not lack for stock to eat them.

The meat question is getting to be a serious one with the American people. It strikes us harder than it would those of other lands for the reasons that we are heavy consumers of meat, and until a recent period, America has been "skimpy" in its use. And it is the poor people—God help them—who must gnaw the lean bones. The rich man still has his choice cut, and will have while grass grows and water runs.

It is within the memory of many of us when the buffalo roamed the prairies of the west in herds so vast that nothing could stay their march when on their semi-annual cross-country trip from the Texas Panhandle to the northern border, and back. There was meat, loads of it, to be had for the taking—tough chewing the most of it, but still meat, and infinitely more healthful than veal, but the poor buffalo were forced to go to make room for the "long horn" steer. Here again was meat aplenty, tho no longer free. And today the genuine, Simon-pure "long horn" is nearly as scarce as the buffalo, and on plain and upland by many a purring stream where twenty years ago the hilarious cow-puncher sang to his restless herds, small gazelle-eyed Jerseys munch their alfalfa and clover, each and every one of them bringing her owner as much returns in one year as the long horn did during the term of his natural life.

Irrigation has made it possible and profitable to farm lands hitherto adaptable to grazing only. Consequently the big ranges are doomed to go the way of the buffalo and the long horn, figuratively speaking, and in their stead come the farms of 100 acres or so.

With the farms thus formed, whenever the conditions are favorable for dairying, come the creameries. This, of course, cuts down the beef supply, for it is safe to say that no sane man will keep

a steer until it is three years old to sell for little more than the cost of its keep when the same amount or outlay with a good cow yields him from \$90 to \$100 a year.

And the creameries are cutting into the pork supply, too, to no small extent by using the skim milk to the manufacture of casein. As it is estimated that it takes 100 pounds of skim milk to produce a pound of pork and as the creameries pay from 10 to 12 cents per 100 pounds for all the skim milk offered it is obvious that the dairymen cannot profitably handle hogs, other than for their own use.

That the question of how to fill our "tummies" with good, wholesome food three times per diem and at a reasonable price has reached the point of seriousness is evidenced by the interest aroused in every section of the United States, not excepting California, the most favored of them all, and this interest is not centered to the meat trust alone, but applies to all the articles that go to make up a meal.

On every hand one hears the complaint, "Things are so high! Things are so high!" And hand in hand with this plaint stalks the inquiry, "Why?"

Ninety millions of people in this, the resourceful country par excellence of all the lands beneath the sun, are asking "Why?" Is Mother Earth becoming niggardly of her gifts to man?

Are the tillers of the soil slothful and so failing to produce enough for all?

If these questions were put to me I should answer most emphatically "No!"

For the first, an up-to-date farmer can produce more to the acre than the old timers could.

For the second, it seems possible to get anything you want—if you have the price. Therefore it is not a question of "how much I can produce," but rather, "how much can you buy?"

It pays me well to raise beef for my own consumption. It will not pay me to raise beef for your use. The same thing happens to pork, and to other things.

It would seem strange, then, if you in San Francisco should send me word: "Raise a good fat beef for me I've got the shekels," and still I would refuse to raise it. Would it not?

My dear sir, I couldn't sell that beef to you. You can and will pay a good round price for the meat, all right, but it will be paid to the several men who pass the beef along from me to you.

Because a lot of those millionaires who own suburban properties where they can "raise h-l and a few green onions" and who register as farmers to escape taxation, ride around their plantations in automobiles, the public is beginning to look upon the farmers as being wealthy autocrats who don't care a hang whether anybody in town is hungry or not.

But my city friend, don't believe all you read in the papers. There are a lot of farmers who don't own autos—in fact, I can give you the names of a dozen such in this neighborhood. And you may bet your old suspenders that when Old Reuben does get a buzz wagon, it is not for the purpose of giving "joy rides" but rather because he is wearied of picking up milk cans, spuds, etc. that have fallen by the wayside when the old mare shied. And if now the old man can yank a load of truck into town at a speed that will insure delivery of his eggs before all of the chickens are hatched, the net results are a few more hours in which to crawl around on his hands and knees in the turnip patch, time to fix the back pasture fence, and, maby, to finish milking ere "curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Then, after he has eaten supper and has done up the chores, he can find opportunity while winding the clock and unlacing his shoes to glance thru "Farm Notes" and absorb a few pointers on how to raise geese without water and why the pump loses its "suck."

And now in conclusion, I trust that "The American Weekly" may give this food question its further consideration. The subject is a vital one, especially to the poor.

But in my humble opinion, this problem can never be solved until some genius shall come forth and construct a wide and everlasting bridge across the yawning chasm which separates the producer and the consumer, to the detriment of both. And I pray that to each and all of the inhabitants of this dear old California shall come to no lean year. And in Humboldt alone, this spring, between 6,000 and 8,000 calves will go down to doom.

Very truly,  
J. W. MCKENZIE.

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