

**THE BELGIAN HARE**

**PROFITS IN RAISING THE LITTLE ANIMALS FOR MARKET.**

**They Require Very Little Care, and the Industry Is of Great Commercial Value.**

The Belgian hare industry is rapidly growing in Oregon, and more residents of every portion of the Willamette valley are engaged in the propagation and care of these little animals. They take little attention, are most prolific, and exceedingly profitable, as the cost of raising and keeping them is very little, while their value in the markets of the world, for food purposes, is great, and all Belgians find a ready sale. The industry in Oregon has not reached the point where the Belgians are raised for the table, the specimens thus far installed in the Oregon rabbitries being too expensive for table use, having been purchased for propagating purposes, with a view of securing only animals having the best points, grading up well with the choicest to be found anywhere in the country. This is fortunate, as in this way only good stock is being introduced to fill the state's rabbitries, and the future of the Oregon Belgians is in this way assured a reputation that the state may well be proud of.

In some quarters it is believed that the Belgians will take the place of the hen, and that rabbitries will displace the chicken yard. While the Belgians will soon be found an everyday table delicacy, and will become an article of consumption, there is little danger of their taking the place of poultry altogether, and there is little doubt but that the hare and the hen will exist side by side, and together help in feeding the multitudes. N. L. Martin, of Amity, writing in the Pacific Homestead of this city, in last week's issue, discusses this phase of the question, and shows the profits in breeding Belgians for the market, as compared to the poultry industry, and while he probably underestimates and undervalues the hen a trifle, and overvalues the cost and care of poultry raising, as compared to that of breeding Belgians he tells the truth about the value of the hare industry as a producer of wealth. Mr. Martin writes:

"While there is not one out of one hundred persons who is raising poultry that ever heard of the Belgian hare, yet the day is not far in the future when the hare will be more extensively raised than poultry, and in many places the poultry yards will be transferred into rabbitries; not because poultry raising is unprofitable, but because there is more money in raising hares and not half the work or expense. Statistics show that there is more poultry or the product of poultry consumed in the United States than there is grain, and no doubt the hare will be raised far more extensively, for it not only takes the place of the fowl, but also beef and pork. There are today in the city of Los Angeles alone over five thousand breeders of Belgian hares, and in the city of Paris there are consumed over one hundred and ninety thousand pounds of hares daily, and in several of the old countries the hare furnishes the larger part of their meat supply. But now we will return to our subject—which is the most profitable, the hen or the hare?"

"The hen will not lay over 35 eggs and raise three dozen chickens in a year at the best, the value of which would be, eggs \$2.65, chickens \$15. I think this a very large calculation, for in many cases it would take a dozen hens to do this.

"But what of the hare? She has raised forty youngsters worth at the least calculation, \$20. Although we cannot count anything for eggs, there will be enough of the youngsters here young to swell the number to one hundred instead of forty."

"This is a very low estimate of the hare, but it looks like the old hen is badly left, for it takes just as much feed to keep the hen as it does the hare, for the hen must have grain, while the hare can thrive on hay in a bandbox, while it takes all outdoors and sometimes indoors for the hen. The hare is much easier cared for than the hen, and the youngsters are no trouble at all. All they do is grow. But what of the little chicks? They need your constant care for weeks, and almost before they are feathered out the little hares are no longer little hares, but little hares' mothers."

The San Francisco Post, in its Belgian hare phase, a few days ago, tells a few facts regarding the raising and care of Belgian hares, which will doubtless be of interest to the many fanciers of these little animals in Oregon, and to those not only who have made a start in the industry, but also to anyone contemplating engaging in Belgian hare breeding in the future. The Post says:

"The Belgian hare is domestic in its nature. It thrives in close confinement even in small boxes in back yards. It is cleanly, easily kept, prolific, and its meat is one of the choicest table delicacies. The meat can be produced for less than beef, mutton or pork, when the comparative absence of bone and other refuse portions is taken into consideration; it contains the very highest amount of nutriment of any meat, and the white, delicate, delicious and tender food is invariably pronounced infinitely more of a luxury than chicken, turkey, or even the toothsome quail. Hence the title which has been applied to it of 'the rich man's luxury and the poor man's friend.' Thus it will be seen to have a solid economic basis for business purposes.

"The Belgian hare will dress a pound for every month of its age up to six months, and it will furnish food for the table from about the tenth week of its existence. When raised for market purposes the most profitable age to kill is the fifth month. And none of the Belgian hare market will ever be overdone. Americans are a meat-eating people, and they will appreciate so good an article of food as the hare furnishes, if they once taste it. As an article of diet the hare has advantages that are as yet slightly understood in the Eastern section of the

country. The flavor of the meat is delicious, far finer than that of the best poultry. All of the flesh is eatable, so that there is absolutely no waste, if the animal has been properly dressed. It lacks the heavy, oily substances found in chickens and ducks. The flesh, being very nourishing, may be taken with relish and profit by invalids. Being grain-fed, it has none of the strong, gamey flavor found in the wild rabbit, and is acceptable to the weakest stomach."

The Englewood rabbitry, No. 471 Commercial street, is enjoying at present considerable prosperity in the matter of sales and orders for future delivery. Mr. Minton has several young from the famous Britain buck, Lord Peerless, and from Yukon and Gold Bug does. This makes a combination that is hard to beat, as the Yukon and Gold Bug strains add to the size that is lacking in the Britain strain. There are, perhaps, no other strain of the Belgians that have as excellent shapes as the Yukon, and this coupled with the perfect coloring of Lord Peerless, of the Britain strain, makes a combination that should make some very high scoring animals. The young are healthy and vigorous and make a very pleasing sight as they scamper around in their hutches.

A lover of fancy stock cannot help but fall in love with the Belgian hare, and become individually attached to many of them. So docile and affectionate are they that they will often leave their feed to be caressed by the hand that attends them. Many inquiries are coming in from Eastern Oregon and Idaho, and several orders are being booked for fall delivery. Mr. Minton had a caller, yesterday, from The Dalles, Mr. R. B. Sinnott, proprietor of the hotel at that place, who has recently established a rabbitry in the rear of his hotel. This he has done for practical reasons. While he loves the interesting little animals, Mr. Sinnott is determined to overcome the expensive meat bills incident to the hotel business and at the same time afford his guests a more delicate menu. He is a shrewd business man, and was not slow to see the possibilities of the Belgian hare, and to apply them. Mr. Minton finds that the ungrounded prejudice against the Belgian is fast disappearing, and that it is taking a more practical turn. In all, he sees no reason for discouragement, as the many people who at first could see no more than 50 cents to \$1 in a hare, now readily see any reasonable price that may be asked for them. He expects to make a fine exhibit at the State Fair, and in this manner introduces them to many people that scarcely know what a Belgian hare is.

**THE HOT WATER BUTTON.**

**A Country Couple Which Accepted the Directions Literally.**

This is a tale of pressing the button. Blaine Viles, of Skowhegan, tells it to me. I don't know where he got the facts. Couldn't have been in Skowhegan, of course.

But wherever it was, a couple from the country came to the hotel of which the tale is told. Of course, this may have happened in Bob Haines' hotel, for Bob has told me many times that it is a liberal education for man, woman or child to stop in his hotel five minutes.

Rural parties in question asked to be shown to a room. Roy escorted them up. Left them standing in the center of the room looking around.

Over the electric push-button, of course, was the usual card directing a guest to ring once for ice water, twice for hot water, etc. It is evident that the first business of the new arrivals was to study the card. In about five minutes the bell on the annunciator in the office commenced to ring—ring—ring—ring—ring—ring—ring—giving the hot water call over and over. The number shown was the number of the room occupied by the rural parties.

The boy rushed into the wash room and drew a pitcher of hot water. Still the bell kept sounding steadily, two rings in quick succession.

"Get a move on," shouted the clerk to the boy. "Them parties in slumbers must be considerably fussed up on the hot water question. They must have cold feet."

The boy was already half way up stairs, running like a deer. The bell still kept ringing.

The clerk, crazed by the noise of the bell, stood up in a chair, saying things in rapid succession, and held his hand on the gong, dulling its sound.

The boy tore into the room with his pitcher of hot water slopping. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt into his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions.

"Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water."

The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy.

"What?" says he—the man from the rural districts—"I've have to bring it in a pitcher in the old-fashioned way? Well, I s'pose! What's the trouble with yer water works here? I've been pressin' this button accordin' to the rewies here on the card, and there hasn't a darned drop of water come out yit. When things ain't workin' ye ought to hang up a sign sayin' 'Out of Order.' That's the way they do on the weighin' machin' up to Sile Cobb's grocery store."

And when the bell boy came out of his swoon he told the clerk, and the clerk went gravely upstairs with a tiny visiting card, on which he had written, "Not Working."

He carried a spike and a hammer, and after gaining admission to room seven-teen he nailed up the card with the spike.

The guest surveyed his work with interest.

"There, that's business," said the man from the rural districts. "Ef she ain't workin', say so; and ef it's good to trouble ye any do fetch water up here, me an' the woman will come down ter the sink and wash up. Jest down ter the sink and wash up. Jest down ter the sink and wash up. Jest down ter the sink and wash up."—Lewiston Journal.

The small town of Wenda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its temple of serpents, a long building in which priests keep upwards of 1000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

**DAMAGE BY CUT WORMS**

**THE PESTS ARE STILL INJURING GARDENS AND MEADOWS.**

**They Eat the Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Corn, Etc.—Said to Be Short-lived.**

Reports come in from all sides of the damage the cut worm is doing to the gardens and meadows. D. T. Brown, gardener at the Asylum for the Insane, was down town last evening, and he reports that the vegetables in the extensive gardens of the institution, both around the main buildings and on the Cottage Farm, are suffering severely from the ravages of the pest. They eat the cabbage, the foliage on the potato vines, and the potatoes in the hills, the carrots and turnips, not only the leaves, but the vegetables also, and the corn. They bore right into the corn stalks near the ground, and eat out the heart, so that it withers. They do not eat the fruit, excepting the apples that fall to the ground. Mr. Brown intends to make war on the worms on the cabbage, by having them picked up and killed. This will be tedious work, but Mr. Brown has more help than the average gardener.

George W. Weeks, the dairyman, says the worms are still at work on the gardens and meadows out that way, and that they have in one case stripped the leaves off of several pear trees.

Herman Schellberg, of Sublimity, was in the city yesterday, and he reported that the worms are literally taking the gardens in that neighborhood, and the farmers are discouraged over this and their short crops of wheat and oats which they are harvesting and beginning to thresh.

F. S. Matteson, of Turner, writes in the July issue of the Poultry Journal, just published: "It appears that this Willamette valley—or at least this part of it—is being treated to another visitation of the climbing cut worm. I hear of him, sometimes, as the army worm from several localities. If your cabbage leaves are in scallops and holes, dig over the ground around them an inch or two deep, and you'll find him. He is a night worker, and hides in the soil in day time. He called here some fifteen years ago, and did a lot of mischief. He came early that time. Now he is late and won't do much harm. He dies in the fall and don't come again for a number of years, but he is anything but desirable when he is here. I know of but one remedy, circumvented him on his former visit by getting a lot of oyster cans, unsoldering them, and setting them around plants an inch or two in the ground. Mr. Cut Worm couldn't climb over and hadn't sense enough to dig under, and he was licked. I tried ashes, sulphur, coal oil, salt, and some other recommended remedies, but to no good. Canning the plants succeeded."

Henry Fletcher reports that the worms have eaten the leaves off of four rows of his hop vines, on the Silvertown road, about five miles from Salem. There are reports of their appearance in other yards.

Some bugologist over in Washington has published the statement that the worms are short-lived. But he did not specify just how short. Some one else has said that they will live only twenty days. But they have been here that long already, and there is no sign of their departure as yet.

Some farms and gardens are entirely free from the pest, and those gardens that are located near meadows seem to have the most general and extensive visitation of them.

**AN IMPROVED SERVICE.**

**The Southern Pacific Company Places Finely Equipped Day Coaches On Its Lines.**

There has been some improvement in the rolling stock equipment of the Southern Pacific Company's trains during the past few days, a lot of improved pattern coaches being transferred to the Shasta route. This has been made possible by the arrival of the California divisions of thirteen new passenger day coaches from Dayton, Ohio. According to railroad officials these are the finest day coaches ever run on this coast, and are equal to any coach in America or elsewhere. They were constructed by the Barnhart & Smith Manufacturing Company.

The coaches are to be run on through passenger trains. They are similar to those being constructed at the same shops and when completed they will be placed on the main line. The new day coaches add much to the pleasure of travel over the Southern Pacific lines. They are equipped with all modern appliances and are thoroughly up to date. The coaches are sixty-one feet in length, have vestibuled ends, are lighted with Pintsch gas and heated with steam. The cars rest on four-wheel trucks, with thirty-six inch steel tires are used. The interior is beautifully finished. Highly polished wood of natural finish, with brass trimmings, Scarritt seats, with plush bottoms and backrest seats. The windows are of plate glass and are covered with curtains instead of blinds. The other twelve coaches are expected in a few days.

The new coaches have elicited many favorable remarks from residents of the Capital City. They are a pronounced improvement over the old, dingy and uninviting coaches that have been in the Company's service heretofore.

In the new regulations for the navigation of the Suez canal, which have just been promulgated, is a provision that no vessel shall pass through the canal unless it has an electric searchlight capable of lighting the channel 1,400 yards ahead and also electric lights capable of illuminating an area of 240 yards around the vessel.

Among the late additions to the faculty of Yale is John W. Foster, formerly secretary of state, who has been chosen Storrs lecturer for next year.

**WORK OF ROADBUILDING**

**SPLENDID HIGHWAY FROM PENITENTIARY TO REFORM SCHOOL.**

**Work Done by the Trustees from Penitentiary, Directed by Farmer John Porter.**

(From Daily Statesman, July 29.)

When the Legislature, at its last session, appropriated funds for the construction of good roads to connect the several state institutions near this city, very little attention was paid to the matter by the general public in this vicinity; but the work of construction under that act, which has steadily progressed this season, has attracted the attention of the citizens to no small extent, and since the work of the state, carried on with prisoners from the state penitentiary, has culminated in the construction of an ideal highway, built as only a practical road builder can make it, teaching a lesson in the art of road building, unequalled in this state in the past, the public is suddenly awakening to the fact that good roads are needed in this country, and that the work of the state, as shown in the highways now in course of construction, has solved the road problem, and the handwork of the state authorities will serve as a model for the balance of the state in improving the state's highways.

Years ago, when W. G. Westcott and W. J. Irwin purchased their dairy farm southeast of this city, they began the work of improving the Turner road, leading out from this city past the Reform School. At odd times they expended considerable money and labor in making the road passable; and E. C. Cross, also, contributed liberally toward improving the road, but their persistent efforts to have a good highway built out that way, met only with moderate success. When the state authorities began building roads between the several institutions, this road was one of those it was decided to improve and Supt. J. D. Lee, with the assent of Gov. T. T. Geer, put his road building force on this work about a month ago.

This road, leading from State street to the Turner road, thence on to the Reform School, is now in course of construction. The prison force, consisting of four teams and a dozen trusty prisoners, with Farmer John Porter overseeing the work, has completed a section of the Turner road, and the finest piece of road work in the state has resulted from their efforts.

It was found that the road ran over a gravel bed the entire distance, from the point where the extension of 25th street intersects the road east, and this gravel was utilized in building the roadway. The county road scraper and wheel scrapers were used in making deep trenches on each side of the roadway, the gravel removed being used in filling in the embankment and building it up, on an average of about three feet above the former grade. The roadway is graded up in an excellent manner, is twenty feet wide at the crown, and about twenty-six to twenty-eight at the bottom, packed solid, with fine gravel covering the roadway. The large, five-ton roller, belonging to the city, was used in packing it down, and a smooth, broad highway, almost as solid as Commercial street, well drained, is the result. The drainage of this road was the principal difficulty, and this was accomplished by giving the proper fall to the ditches alongside the road, connecting with Mill creek near the city

limits, and carrying the water off the road, thus insuring a fine driveway in winter, where in the past a veritable lake presented difficulties to travel, a portion of each year, almost insurmountable.

This work was accomplished yesterday, the force from the prison, under the direction of Mr. Porter, giving the finishing touches to the road by rolling it, dressing the edges, and making it a neat and symmetrical driveway, broad as a street, and almost as solid as an asphalt pavement. All the large pieces of gravel were excluded from the covering to the road, nothing but the finer material being used in this construction, and a buggy or wagon, passing over it left scarce an impression on the smooth, handsome surface.

The connection between State street and this highway will be built this week, the state's force having completed all the work to be done on this road this season, with the exception of one day's work, tomorrow, when the foundation for the connecting road will be made by Mr. Porter's force of trusties, at the same time completing one of the drain ditches connecting with Mill creek, near the E. C. Cross slaughter house, which so far is in an incomplete state.

The remainder of the work will be done by volunteer subscription; the connecting road, graded up, will be covered with fine gravel.

The completion of this road will give Salem one of the finest driveways in the country half way to the Reform School, twenty feet wide, absolutely solid, with no danger from overflow, and will admit of heavy loads being brought into or taken out of the city at all seasons of the year, without any danger of miring down. All that will be required to make the roadway perfect, when the 25th street extension is completed, is to rake the large gravel off State street, from Eppley's store to 25th street, when one of the smoothest and best drives in the country will result.

It is expected that, when the Legislature meets next winter, sufficient funds will be appropriated to finish this road to the Reform School, thus making the connection between that place and the Penitentiary complete, which can be done, by prison labor, at a very low cost.

Similar roads are being constructed between the Penitentiary and the other state institutions, making highways that are entirely passable all the year, with heavy loads. The road leading from the Penitentiary and Insane Asylum to the Asylum Farm, which is constructed in a similar manner, was completed by the same force of trusty prisoners working under the direction of T. A. Farley, and here is found a demonstration of what well directed efforts can accomplish toward road building in Oregon, the highway constructed by Mr. Farley being an ideal one, which is thoroughly appreciated by all who have occasion to pass over it.

Great credit is due Supt. J. D. Lee and Warden J. T. Jones for detailing the trusties to this work, and especially to Farmer John Porter for excellent judgment and his practical efforts in building these roads, thus giving a living example of what road work can be done by intelligent effort, and the application of sound business methods in carrying on an enterprise of this character. Road supervisors from every part of Marion county should visit this road, study its construction, and learn in this way how a good highway may be built at the least possible cost, and giving the best possible results.

Supt. J. D. Lee and Warden J. T. Jones inspected the new road last evening, and pronounced themselves as highly pleased with the results attained. After his efforts of many years to secure a good roadway out from this city, Mr. Westcott last evening expressed himself as highly pleased with the results attained, and to show that

he is not selfish in the matter, but advocates the building of good roads in any portion of the country, he stated that he would contribute \$5 per mile for any ten miles of as good road as the one spoken of above, built out of Salem, in any direction, and he hopes to see, in a few years, the construction of a dozen such roads radiating from this city to the surrounding country.

**MULES FOR CHINA.**

**Fifteen Carloads of These Animals En Route to the Orient Passed Through Salem Thursday.**

Fifteen carloads of mules were on the northbound freight train over the Southern Pacific line which passed through Salem last Thursday. They were destined for Seattle, from which port they will be sent on a United States Transport to China.

The mules had served Uncle Sam in Cuba for the past year. They were recently shipped to New York, where they were kept several days, when Agent Darrell of the Quartermaster's Department received orders to report with them at Manila in the Philippines. This special train containing the mules, being drawn by two engines, left Washington, D. C., at 5:30 on the afternoon of July 11th. At Ogden telegraphic orders were received by Mr. Darrell residing the Philippines order and ordering the animals taken to Seattle in preparation of a trip to China.

The 355 mules were all in excellent shape when reaching Salem Thursday. The cars in which they are shipped, are especially provided for their shipment, containing feed boxes, water troughs on the side, and other conveniences for animal care.

**SAVED BY HIS BICYCLE.**

**Strange Experience of a Eugene Physician—Highly Values His Wheel.**

"Dr. E. A. McAlister and wife left here several weeks ago for Florence and coast points on their bicycles," says the Eugene Register.

"On arriving at Florence Mrs. McAlister stopped to visit while the doctor proceeded down the coast to the mouth of the Umpqua; thence on to Coos river, Empire City, Coquille, Marshfield and Bandon, taking about eight days for the trip.

"On his return, he left Empire City at 6 a. m., expecting to arrive at Florence that evening. He went by Umpqua to call on Dr. Kuykendall's party, that was camped there, and did not reach Ten Mile creek until 7 o'clock, when he found the tide in and the creek full. He was about ten miles from Florence, and as he had had nothing to eat that day it seemed quite necessary that he should reach that place, so he went up the creek a short distance and attempted to cross. When about the center of the stream he went under and a large wave coming from the ocean submerged him six feet or more. To add to his predicament he found himself in quicksand, and here was where his bicycle performed his mission, as by resting on it he could hold himself from going farther under, with one foot while he pulled the other out.

"In striving to extricate himself from his perilous position he lost all of his belonging—pocket book, medicine, etc.

"Finally he succeeded in getting from the stream when he fell exhausted on the bank. Being very dangerously near the incoming tide he struggled manfully to reach safe ground, which he finally did, where he lay for hours unconscious, and on coming to a realization of his condition found himself buried in the sand. He finally succeeded in reaching Florence where he was confined to his bed two days with a raging fever.

"The doctor says that bicycle is very valuable to him."



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