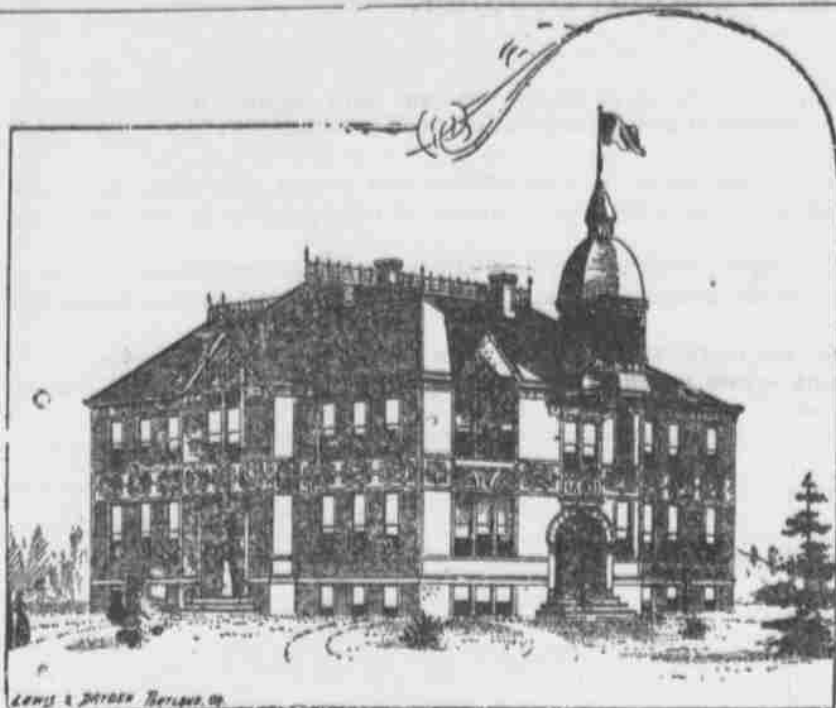


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STORY OF A
COAL MINERBy One Who Has Spent His Life
Under Ground

Graphic Tale of Hardships and Daily Struggle for Existence

Grew Old Years Before Their Time—Reasons for the Present Strike

The following narrative, which has considerable interest at the present time, owing to the strike now in progress, is taken from the Detroit News-Tribune:

I am 35 years old, married, the father of four children, and have lived in the coal regions all my life. Twenty-three of these years have been spent working in and around the mines. My father was a miner. He died 10 years ago from "miners' asthma."

Three of my brothers are miners; none of us had any opportunities to acquire an education. We were sent to school (such as there were in those days) until we were about 12 years of age, and then we were put into the screen room of a breaker to pick slate. From there we went inside the mines as driver boys. As we grew stronger we were taken on as laborers, where we served until able to call ourselves miners. We were given work in the breasts and gangways. There were five of us boys, one lies in the cemetery—50 tons of rock dropped on him. He was killed three weeks after he got his job as miner—a month before he was to be married.

In the 15 years I have worked as a miner I have earned the average rate of wage any of us coal heavers get. Today I am little better off than when I started to do for myself. I have \$100 on hand; I am not in debt; I hope to be able to weather the strike without going hungry.

I am only one of the hundreds you see on the street every day. The muscles on my arms are no harder, the callous on my palms no deeper than my neighbors' whose entire life has been spent in the coal region. By years I am 35. But look at the marks on my body; look at the lines of weariness on my forehead; see the gray hairs on my head and in my mustache; take my general appearance, and you'll think I'm 10 years older.

You need not wonder why. Day in and day out, from Monday morning to Saturday evening, between the rising and setting of the sun, I am in the underground workings of the coal mines. From the seams water trickles into the ditches along the gangways; if not water, it is the gas which hurls us to eternity, and the props and timbers to a chaos.

Our daily life is not a pleasant one. When we put on our oil-soaked suit in the morning we can't guess all the dangers which threaten our lives. We walk sometimes miles to the place—to the manway or traveling way, or to the mouth of the shaft on top of the slope. And then we enter the darkened chambers of the mines. On our right and on our left we see the logs that keep up the top and support the sides which may crush us into shapeless masses, as they have done to many of our comrades.

We get old quickly. Powder smoke, afterward, bad air—all combines to bring furrows to our faces and asthma to our lungs.

I did not strike because I wanted to; I struck because I had to. A miner—the same as any other workman—must earn fair living wages, or he can't live. And it is not how much you get that counts. I have gone through it all, and I think my case is a good sample.

I was married in 1890, when I was 23 years old—quite a bit above the age when we miner boys get into double harness. The woman I married is like myself. She was born beneath the shadow of a dirt bank; her chances of school were no better than mine; but she did learn how to keep house on a certain amount of money. After we paid the preacher for tying the knot we had just \$185 in cash, good health and the good wishes of many friends to start off.

Our cash was exhausted in buying furniture for housekeeping. In 1890 work was not so plentiful, and by the time our first baby came there was room for much doubt as to how we would pull through. Low wages, and not much over half time in those years made us huddle. In 1890-91 from June to May I earned \$368.82. That represented 11 months' work, or an average of \$33.53 per month. Our rent was \$10 per month; store not less than \$20. And then I had my oil suit and gum boots to pay for. The result was that after the first year and a half of our married life we were in debt. Not much, of course, and not as much as many of my neighbors, men of larger families, and some who made less money, or in whose case there had been sickness or accident or death. These are all things which a miner must provide for.

In 1896 my wife was sick 11 weeks. The doctor came to my house almost every day. He charged me \$20 for his services. There was medicine

to buy. I paid the drug store \$18 in that time. Her mother nursed her, and we kept a girl in the kitchen for \$1.50 a week, which cost me \$15 for 10 weeks, besides the additional living expenses.

In 1897, just a year afterward, I had a severe trial. And mind, in those years we were only working about half time. But in the fall of that year one of my brothers struck a gas feeder. There was a terrible explosion. He was hurled downward in the breast and covered with the rush of coal and rock. I was working only three breasts away from him and for a moment was unable to realize what had occurred. Myself and a hundred others were soon at work, however, and in a short while we found him, horribly burned over his whole body, his laborer dead alongside of him.

He was my brother. He was single and had been boarding. He had no home of his own. I didn't want him taken to the hospital, so I directed the driver of the ambulance to take him to my house. Besides being burned, his right arm and left leg were broken and he was hurt internally. The doctors—there were two at the house when we got there—said he would die. But he didn't. He is living and a miner today. But he lay in bed just 14 weeks, and was unable to work for seven weeks after he got out of bed. He had no money when he was hurt except the amount represented by his pay.

It is nonsense to say I was not compelled to keep him, that I could have sent him to the hospital or the almshouse. We are American citizens and we don't go to hospitals and poorhouses.

Let us look at these things as they are today, or as they were before this strike commenced.

My last pay envelope shows wages, after my labor, power, oil and other expenses were taken off, were \$29.47, that was my earnings for two weeks, and that extra good. The laborer for the same time got \$21. His wages are a trifle over \$10 a week for six full days. Before the strike of 1900 he was paid in this region \$1.70 per day, or \$10.20 per week. If the 10 per cent raise had been given, as we expected, his wage would be \$1.87 per day, or \$11.20 per week, or an increase of \$1.02 per week. But we all know that under the present system he doesn't get any \$11.

Well, as I said, my wage was \$29.47 for the two weeks, or at the rate of \$58.94 per month. My rent is \$10.50 per month. My coal costs me almost \$4 per month. We burn a little over a ton a month on an average and it costs us over \$3 a ton. Light does not cost so much; we use coal oil altogether.

When it comes down to groceries is where you get hit the hardest. Every body knows the cost of living has been extremely high all winter. Butter has been 32, 36 and 38 cents a pound; eggs as high as 32 cents a dozen; ham 12 and 16 cents a pound; potatoes away up to \$1, and cabbage not less than a cent a pound. Fresh meat need not be counted. Flour and sugar did not advance, but they were about the only staples that didn't. Anyhow, my store bill for those two weeks was \$11. That makes \$22 a month. The butcher gets \$6 per month. Add them all and it costs me just to live, \$42.50. That leaves \$17 per month to keep my family in clothes to pay my church dues and to keep the industrial insurance going. My insurance alone costs me 55 cents a week, or \$2.20 a month.

The coal president never allows his stable boss to cut the amount of fodder allotted to his mules. He insists on so many quarts of oats and corn to the mule and so much hay in the evening. The mule must be fed; the miner may be, if he works hard enough to buy the grub.

Now, you must take into consideration that I am a contract miner and that my earnings are more than the wages of three-fourths of the other fellows at the same colliery. It is not that I am a favorite with the boss. I just struck a good breast. Maybe next month my wages would be from \$2 to \$6 or \$7 less.

We miners do not participate in the high prices of coal. The operators try to prove otherwise by juggling with figures, but their proving has struck a fault, and the drill shows no coal in that section. One-half of the price paid for a ton of coal in New York or Philadelphia goes into the profit pocket of the mine owner either as a carrier or a miner.

We all know that the price of coal has advanced in the past 20 years. We also know that wages are less, that the cost of living is higher. I remember the time when I was a lad,

my father used to get his coal for \$1 per ton. Now I pay \$3. In those days we lads used to go to the dirt banks and pick a load of coal, and it cost our parents only 50 cents to get it hauled home. We dare not do that now. Then we did not need gum boots, safety lamps or any such things as that, and for all of them we must now pay out of our wages that have been reduced.

Our condition can be no worse; it might and must be better. The luxuries of the rich we do not ask; we do want butter for our bread and meat for our soup. We do not want silk and laces for our wives and daughters. But we want to earn enough to buy them a clean calico once in a while. Our boys are not expecting automobiles and membership cards in clubs of every city, but we want their fathers to earn enough to keep them at school until they have a reasonably fair education.

THE TEXAS FEVER.

Conditions That Produce It and How to Make Cattle Immune.

Dr. Cary of the Alabama station, in the summary of bulletin No. 116 upon Texas fever, says:

An animal sick with Texas fever cannot infest or transmit the disease to healthy cattle. The only known means by which the micro parasite that causes Texas fever can be transmitted from diseased cattle to healthy ones is through two generations of the southern cattle tick.

Tick free cattle never have Texas fever as long as they are tick free. Cattle with Texas fever have or have had ticks upon them. All cattle must acquire immunity after birth by having one or more attacks of Texas fever. Immunity to Texas fever is not inherited. Southern bred cattle have Texas fever when very young (sucking calves) and are usually but slightly affected by it. The older the animal the more severe the fever; the older the animal the greater the mortality.

All cattle north of the government quarantine line are susceptible to Texas fever, as are all southern bred cattle raised on tick free farms and tick free town lots. Immune cattle will lose their immunity if kept free of ticks for two or more years. In hot weather Texas fever is usually more acute and fatal than in cool seasons. The best time to bring northern bred or foreign bred cattle into Alabama is between Nov. 1 and March 1. It is safer to bring young sucking calves into Alabama for acclimation than cattle over a year old.

Sucking calves (two to four months old) can be shipped into the south by express, fed milk from a southern bred and immune cow and be made immune by natural tick inoculations, with little danger of loss.

One or two inoculations with de-fibrinated blood from an immune animal will produce a relatively safe immunity to Texas fever. The best age for inoculating with de-fibrinated blood is a year or less. The best time is between Oct. 30 and March 1.

From 50 to 90 per cent of northern bred or susceptible cattle die with Texas fever when turned into tick infested pastures. Less than 10 per cent are lost when made immune by the de-fibrinated blood inoculation method.

When to Water Hogs.

Always water hogs before feeding and never afterward. If this is practiced and the animals are given ear corn on a feeding floor, fourteen pounds of corn will produce two pounds of gain. In other words, every bushel of corn ought to produce ten pounds of pork. If this is not being accomplished, something is wrong, says John Cowan.

Spoke Too Late.

The good minister of a Scottish parish had once upon a time a great wish for an old couple to become teetotalers, which they were in no wise eager to carry out. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight afterward John began to feel his resolution weakening, but he was determined not to be the first to give way.

In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awful pain in my head. Ye might gie me a wee drapple an' see gin it'll dee me any guid."

"Well, gudeman," she replied, "ye're ower late o' askin' for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the house. I've been bothered aw' w' pains i' my head 't's a' dune, an' there's na drapple left."

The Bug Bible.

The bug Bible was printed in 1549 by the authority of Edward VI., and its curiosity lies in the rendering of the fifth verse of the Ninety-first Psalm, which, as we know, runs, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow which flieth by day," but in the above version ran, "So thou shalt not dede to be afraid of any hugges by night."

Ludicrous in this sounds, it is not etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use to-day—"bugbear"—and likewise once or twice since the word in this primary sense, notably when he makes Hamlet say, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."

Fine China.

Fine china needs care in washing and drying and should never be placed in nervous or indifferent hands. Treated lovingly, china will last for years and even generations. Only a piece should be put in the tub at one time, the soap should be made into suds before putting anything in, and the water must be very warm, not hot. Finally rinse in water that's just the same—warm. A good supply of fine soft towels is a necessity, and, thus equipped, the washing of china is not a hard task. China will shine beautifully if wiped out of clear warm water.

Manning & Ferguson have a complete line of builders' hardware at their new store. 7-21-tdw



The Dairyman

The recent rise in the prices of feed-stuffs has played havoc with the makers of milk who are bound by a contract price, says The Breeder's Gazette. It is reported from one of the dairy districts near Chicago that a loss of nearly 35 cents a can is now suffered by the farmers who contracted their milk for the winter at \$1.15 per can, as fixed by the Milk Shippers' union. The avocation of meat and milk making does not ordinarily afford enough profit one year with another to enable its followers to recoup the loss of one season with the profits of a previous or subsequent season. The price of living had been forced down to so low a basis in cities that the farmer worked on a very small margin of profit, and hence a marked advance in the cost of his feedstuffs unaccompanied by a corresponding rise in the price of his marketed products cuts close to the bone. Relief is possible only through an advance in price to the consumer, and it should be promptly made. City people are for the most part sufficiently prosperous to share with the farmer the loss resultant from an abnormally unfavorable crop season. In a year of great prosperity the merchant and the manufacturer can generally lay by a surplus against a season of dull trade, but the American farmer has for years been working on so close a margin that he has not been able to do this except in cases which may properly be termed exceptional considering the vast number in which the opposite is true. No reason exists why city people, with increased incomes consequent upon the prosperity that is so general in business circles, should fatten on the farmer's loss. They have had cheap milk and cheap meat, and it will not hurt them at the present time to enlarge their appropriations for these necessities of life.

The Poor Cow.

Feeding the poor is only collateral to wasting fodder to the field, and as it is a business axiom that the first loss is always the best it is likely wiser to lose the fodder directly than lose it through an unprofitable animal after having added the cost of hauling and feeding, says W. P. McSparrrow in National Stockman. The cow adds no manurial value to the fodder. This is the cow also for which no man can afford to buy commercial feeds. She is the love's labor lost of the dairy. She is part of the undertow to the farm. She is more of a drain on the farm than the everlasting manure pile out "under the rain drip." She steals the farmer's labor and his home. The most outlandish mortgage is insignificant by her side. She drives the boy from the farm and makes the girls shy of farmer boys matrimonially inclined. Verily, she is a fifteen dollar animal using twenty-five dollar feed.

Keep Things Clean.

You don't know unless you have tried it how it increases a common cow's self respect and incidentally her milk yield to have a clean, sweet stable to walk into night and morning, to be turned into a pasture with succulent feed up to her eyes and with plenty of pure, cool water to drink, to see the shepherd dog chained up instead of snapping at her heels and to receive gentle words rather than kicks and have the atmosphere free from cuss words at milking time.

Kindness That Pays.

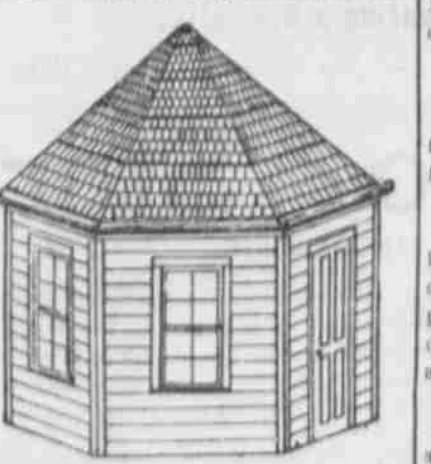
In order that a cow may give the greatest quantity of the richest milk it is necessary that she should be subjected to gentle treatment, never be bounded by dogs, never struck with sticks, never even be roughly spoken to, but petted and made much of as far as possible.

FOR THE CITY LOT.

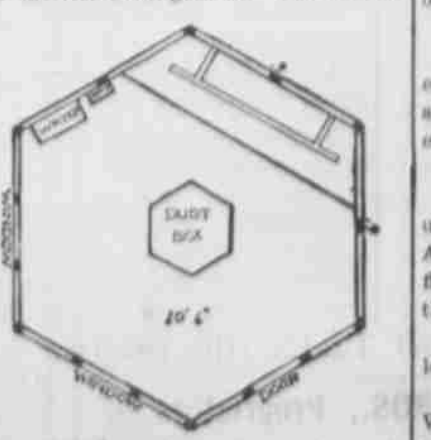
A Slightly Poultry House That Can Be Built at a Low Cost.

Hundreds of our readers are constantly looking for plans for poultry houses that are best adapted for keeping their fowls comfortable and healthy and that can be built at a low cost. A house that will be found satisfactory in most cases is illustrated herewith.

This house is in the shape of a hexagon and makes a very handsome and



convenient one and is just the thing for the city lot where space is limited. The ground or floor plan will show you the interior arrangement. The size of



FLOOR PLAN.

this house is 10 feet 6 inches, the corner posts are 6 feet long and the center of the house 9 feet from floor to peak of roof. National Poultry Journal.

You Can Get

All the latest and newest things in photography at the Cronise Studio, over the N. Y. Racket Store. 14-3t

"Dry as Statistics."

It is fairly obvious that the study of statistics is not exactly what would be termed a popular pastime, says Winthrop M. Daniels in The Atlantic. Librarians do not discover any extensive demand for statistical literature. Sir John Lubbock, if I remember rightly, found no place for a single volume of figures in his hundred best books, and in that flood of articles on "Books That Have Helped Me," by Authors Great and Authors Small, the same significant silence seemed to be maintained. There were some very curious books that had apparently proved helpful to certain persons, but there was unbroken testimony of a negative kind that nobody had ever been helped by a blue book.

To say of anything "as dry as statistics" is at once to consign it to the nethermost limbo of aridity. Such is the verdict upon the finished statistical product. As for the methods employed in constructing such tables—weighted averages, index numbers or curves of error—these to the wayfarer men are hidden and ingenious refinements of cruelty, to be avoided at all hazards or at least forgotten with a slumber and a prayer.

How He Fooled the Dog.

A gentleman who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for himself an example of the cunning for which the fox has become proverbial.

As he was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole. At the edge of the opening he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, ran down the stream and paused to await developments.

In a little while a dog came leaping out of the woods, with his nose close to the ice and snow. He ran along the ice with his head down, following the scent until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed. He plunged into the water and was lost under the ice.

The fox meantime had waited in plain sight to watch the dog enter the little trick. After the dog came into view the fox remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good natured grin with a wild contempt, he went nonchalantly off about his business.

The sales of land on the unallotted portion of the Umatilla reservation have amounted to 20,000 out of 90,000 acres thus far. While the time set for the sale at the La Grande land office was September 15th, it was provided that "squatters" had the first right to the land, and could send in their applications in advance of the date set for the sale and secure title. Over 200 have taken advantage of this provision already.

More Binder...

TWININE

After somewhat of a delay we are again able to furnish the trade with Plymouth Binder Twine. We received a shipment Thursday, and would advise every one who needs more to make their purchase as soon as possible, for we may not be able to procure more when this is gone. The big fire on the East Side in Portland some time since destroyed the supply that usually supplies the "Bling in" orders after the car lots are disposed of, and as the factory was away behind in orders it was difficult to get more out on time.

Plymouth Twine stands today as the most satisfactory twine in use all around the country. If you doubt it ask the man who has used it, and other makes. One well-known farmer told us on Wednesday that he had used 100 pounds, and had not lost a bundle of grain.

That's good enough.

Studebaker Wagons are moving out these days, had you noticed them? Keep your eye open.

We will land a car of Clover Hulled, the celebrated Birdsell in a day or two. The Valley trade will be supplied from Salem. If you're interested drop us a line for catalogue, or drop in and see us.

Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines are coming into more general use every day. This fall will see a good movement in them. Every one we have sold hereabout has given the best of satisfaction, and not one returned or refused.

Reason enough.

They are efficient, durable, inexpensive, heavy and the best constructed engine in the field. Call and examine them for yourself.

Safe?

The safest engine it is possible to use. Others use gravity feed, tank ABOVE engine. If pipe ever leaks, floods engine, ignites possibly, then there's trouble.

These use SUCTION feed, tank below, pump up. Can't flood or leak.

A few dollars difference in price. What's a dollar or two compared with insurance and safety.

F. A. WIGGINS,

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