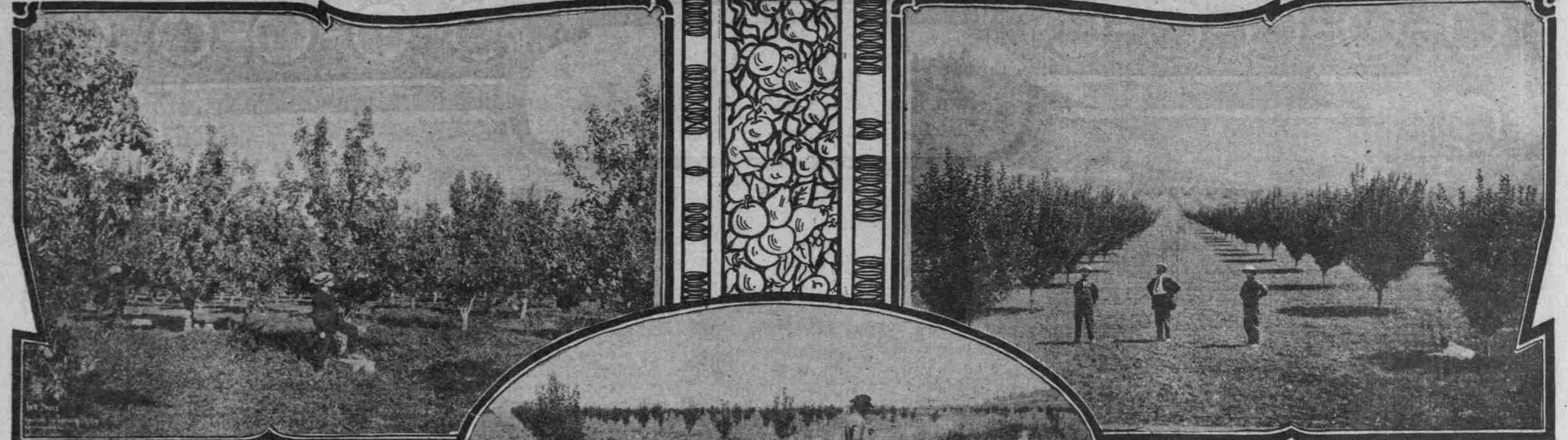


ENORMOUS WEALTH OF ROGUE RIVER ORCHARDS

Rough Land That Has Been Made to Produce \$1000 a Year; History of Pear and Apple Orchards, Costing Little Except Labor, Which Made Their Owners Rich; Record of Several Individual Enterprises in Horticulture

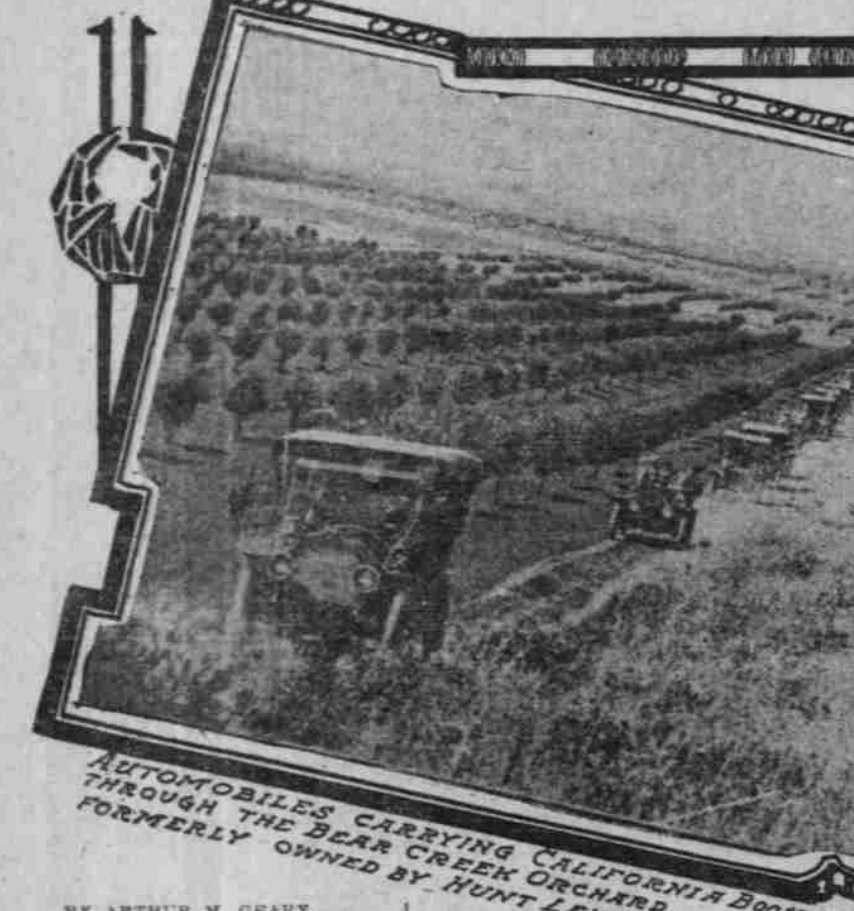


JOHN G. GORE'S BARTLETT PEAR ORCHARD WHICH PRODUCES \$1000 TO THE ACRE

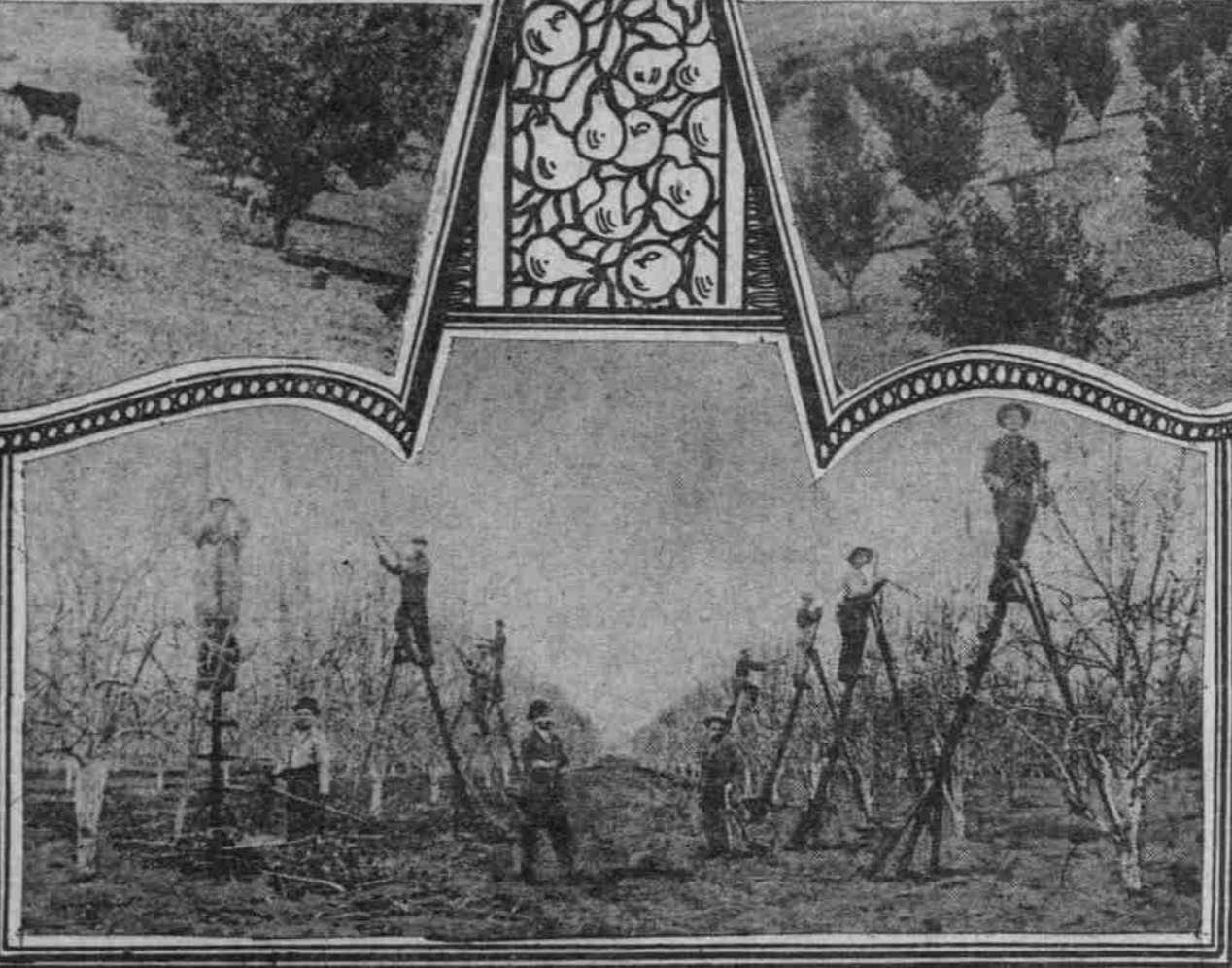
MOUNTAIN COVE ORCHARD WITH BATES BROTHERS AND FATHER, THE OWNERS



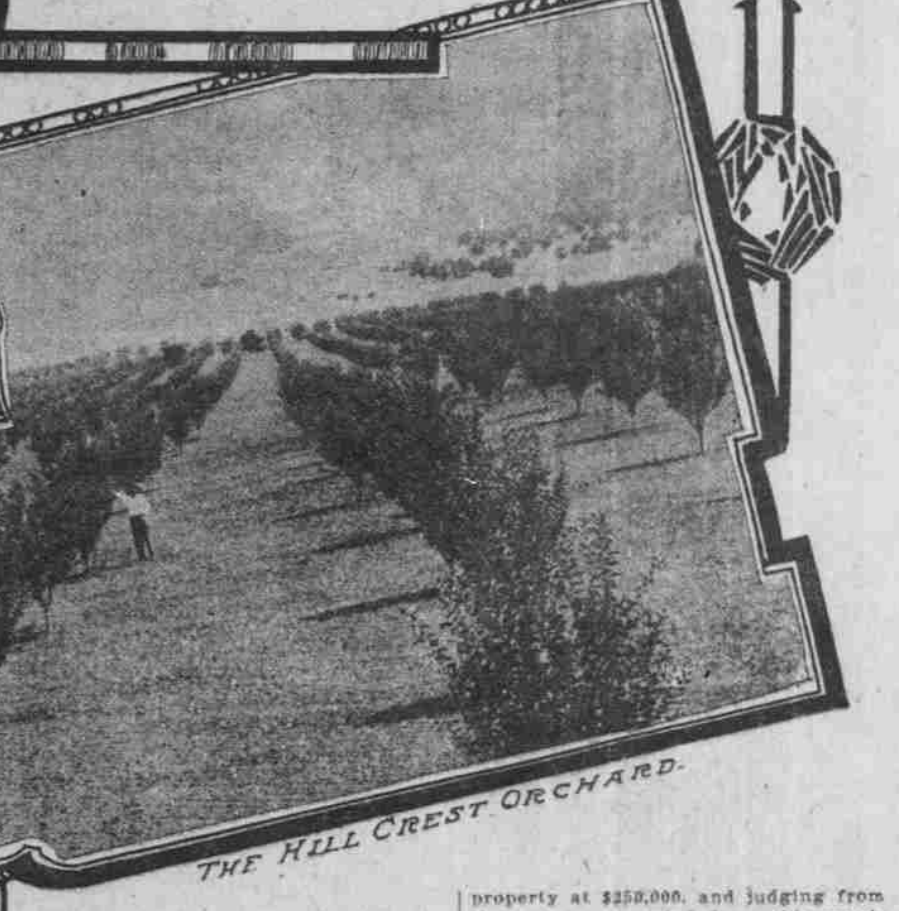
THE 401 ORCHARD ON 'BIG STICKY' WITH ITS FORMER OWNER DR. E. B. PICKEL



AUTOMOBILES CARRYING CALIFORNIA BOOSTERS THROUGH THE BEAR CREEK ORCHARD FORMERLY OWNED BY HUNT LEWIS



PRUNING THE BEAR CREEK ORCHARD



THE HILL CREST ORCHARD

IF Aladdin had rubbed the chalice of his magic lamp in modern times he could have caused no greater changes than those which have taken place in the Rogue River Valley during the past few years. From a partly desolate land of alternating meadows and mountains, marked here and there by a miner's cabin or Rogue River Indian village, the valley has become one of the garden spots of the world, sending its luscious fruit into all quarters of the globe. On every hand in place of the unkempt meadows and timbered uplands now stretch well tended, cladless orchards, surrounding neatly painted homes, barns and packing-houses, all signs of the habitation of happy, prosperous, industrious men.

It was only in 1884 that the Oregon and California Railroad (now Southern Pacific) built its line down through this region and the real growth of the country did not begin until long after transportation facilities materialized. Trees during the boom which immediately followed the coming of the railroad, such men as J. H. Stewart, of Medford, and later the Carter Brothers of Ashland laid the foundation of the fruit industry. But the time was not yet ripe, the boom was short lived and the valley passed into nearly two decades of peaceful slumber.

It was only five years ago that the Rogue River pears and apples began to be known in the world markets on account of their fine flavor and rare keeping qualities. Then the good prices for the fruit came, and the real throes of life was instituted into the valley. The old settlers found that they had a fortune in their bearing orchards and set out more trees. Capital and homeseekers were attracted to the locality and straightway land prices began to double. The people could not realize the true value of their orchards and many of the old timers sold out to Eastern tenderfeet at what they considered fancy prices only to see the buyers pay for their orchards out of the first two or three crops and then, sell at twice the former figure to other Easterners who would repeat the performance. On account of orchard land being so cheap in proportion to the returns a vast number of fortunes have been quickly made, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of Southern Oregon now possess property worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

The people who made fortunes out of the fruit industry may be divided into three classes: first, the early settler who by the sweat of his brow made his orchard in the meantime supporting himself by diversified farming; second, the tradesman who plying a business in the town developed an orchard from his net earnings; and third, the capitalist who more recently has been reaping rich re-

turns from his investments in fruit lands.

A type of the successful orchardist who has made his way by being first on the ground and sticking to it through thick and thin, is John G. Gore the owner of the heaviest bearing Bartlett pear orchard in the valley. His orchard, seven acres in extent, is situated on the heavy black loam of Bear Creek bottom and is irrigated by means of a gas engine pump from Bear Creek. The orchard is part of the donation claim taken up by Emerson E. Gore, the father of John Gore in 1862, the trees being set out by the old gentleman in 1888. The father at the time of the building of the railroad in 1884 had a three acre orchard which during the railroad boom brought him big dividends. This led him to plant his new orchard. It was remarkable the judgment with which the varieties for the new orchard were selected. The block of apples consisted of the Yellow Newtown, Spitzenberg and Baldwin, while seven acres was planted solid to Bartlett pears. Every one of these varieties has since then proven itself good and the son is now reaping the benefit of his father's wise selection. During the '80's the Gore's 3-acre tract of trees became infected with San Jose scale. As the old pioneer tells, "We did not know of sprays in those days and when the San Jose scale infected my apple trees I dug them up for I would not raise diseased fruit." Although with the knowledge of the spray such an action is no longer necessary, it was this spirit which made Rogue River Valley what it is, one of the cleanest fruit growing sections of the world.

The seven acre Bartlett pear orchard now brings a princely income to its owner, the seven carloads shipped in 1907 bringing returns amounting to over a thousand dollars an acre. Last year the prices paid for pears were emphatically off color but even then Mr. Gore's returns from his Bartlett amounted to \$448 an acre. This year the prices are good and his harvest is enormous, filling ten cars.

Mr. Gore has worked hard and used much originality in the care of his orchard and well deserves his present success. It was he who introduced smudging in the Rogue River Valley, saving his crop from the heavy frosts in the Spring of 1908. His system is to build woodfires between every four trees. This, of course, takes a great deal of labor, especially if the cold snap is at all prolonged.

Mr. Gore's methods in taking care of his orchard are original, many of them entirely at variance with scientific fruit growing. Instead of keeping the center of the tree open, he packs it full of pears. Thus by keeping his fruit-bearing limbs close to the tree instead of long and tapering,

he is able to put more fruit upon them, without fear of breaking the limbs. Mr. Gore does not thin to gain in size; his heavy black loam and plentiful water supply makes this unnecessary. He thins just enough to keep his trees from breaking down. As stated his methods are not such as can be applied to the ordinary orchard, but the load that Mr. Gore packs into his trees is astonishing and is one of the sights that makes the Eastern visitors gasp.

Mr. Gore describes his method of irrigating thus: "I try to supply at each irrigation an amount of water equal to a good rain. I do not believe in drenching my orchard nor in applying water too frequently. I have noticed certain seasons in which the fruit throughout the valley was of good size, and from these good years I have learned the proper time to water. A rain in the early part of June spoils the hay, but makes the fruit. If this rain does not come I supply the necessary moisture by irrigation. Rains in the fore part of July and August also have always benefited the fruit and at these times I again irrigate my orchard if the necessary moisture is not forthcoming from natural sources. I have been irrigating my trees for four years and find that double crops can be gained by the limited use of water."

The Bates brothers, William and James, for 15 years barbers in Medford, are fine representatives of the second class of fortune gainers. These men with their father, J. T. Bates, arrived in Medford entirely without means. But the sons had their trade and soon were earning good weekly wages. Different from most barbers, the Bates brothers were ambitious, saved their money, and instead of letting what they heard from the men they shaved pass in one ear and out the other, they retained and digested it. J. H. Stewart, the father of the

fruit industry in Southern Oregon, was one of the men they came daily in contact with in the pursuit of their calling. He convinced them of the fortune to be made in the fruit industry. As luck would have it their father, J. T. Bates, was an experienced fruit man, having owned an orchard near Eldon, Ia., until the poor crops from the cold blizzards of that country broke him up in business. In 1900 the Bates boys were able to borrow enough money to buy a 12000 ranch, 15 acres in extent, three miles east of Medford. On the ranch they placed their father as superintendent and then with a vim entered into their eight-year campaign of development. The land was covered with chaparral and manzanita brush and scrub oak. This must be cleared, trees must be planted and the young orchard need be cultivated, pruned and sprayed. This farm formed a savings bank for the weekly earnings of the Bates brothers and kept them frugal and industrious in their habits. But the eight years' grind is over now, and although the sons keep on barbering it is from force of habit and not from need, as their orchard has come into bearing and with another year will bring an income worthy of the care that the father has expended upon it. Eight years ago the ranch, as stated, was bought for \$2000; now, with a great deal of coaxing, the Bates orchard might be bought for \$100,000.

It is to the venturesome spirit of Dr. E. B. Pickel, a well known physician of Southern Oregon, that the people of the Rogue River Valley owe the opening up to the planting of orchards of the large tract of land known as Big Sticky, however, better known among those familiar with the locality by several unmentionable aliases. In winter the roads through this district are impassable to a wagon. Even in a light buggy a driver must get out every few rods and knock the mud off the wheels with a club. To work this

land as an orchard needs to be worked was considered impossible and there was little belief that the land would ever grow trees. In fact grave doubts were expressed as to Dr. Pickel's mental arrangement when he, in the season of 1906, set out 8500 trees, covering 140 acres. But when he followed this up by planting 4000 more trees the next year it was freely predicted that Dr. Pickel was heading for the wall. Little did anyone, even the doctor, think that three years after the first planting the orchard would be sold at a profit of nearly \$100,000.

The story of Dr. Pickel's buy on Big Sticky, reads like a fairy tale. It appears that the doctor and his wife had nearly completed plans for a trip abroad, but through the influence of Dr. Van Dyke, of Grants Pass, they became interested in orchard land and decided that if a suitable buy offered itself they would take it and postpone the trip abroad. One day Dr. Pickel was called on a case over into the Big Sticky district and his driver who was familiar with the country, pointed out the Bush ranch of 141 acres, which was about to be foreclosed by the state for the interest on money borrowed from the school land fund. Next to it was the Smith ranch of 240 acres which the driver said could be bought for \$4000. Right then and there, Dr. Pickel forgot all his desires to see the cathedrals and art galleries of the old world. Instead he bought both farms, paying \$4500 for the 401 acres.

The trees set out on the 401 Ranch, as the orchard was called, grew fine, despite the dismal predictions. The soil was even found workable if hauled at the right time and in the right way. The second year Dr. Pickel bought 160 more acres, but the farm was still known as the 401 Ranch. Last Spring, feeling that the undertaking was too great for a single man to handle, the doctor sold out to a stock company for \$110,000. The land, the trees, the improvements and the

labor expended cost Dr. Pickel \$35,000, leaving the difference as a handsome profit on a three-years' investment. The doctor has since then bought another place which he is developing. Now, nearly the whole of Big Sticky is being set out or has been set out to orchard.

Hunt Lewis, Walter F. Burrell and Captain Gordon Voorhes, all of Portland; Dr. Page, R. H. Parsons and C. E. Whiskler, from the East, are representative of that class of moneyed men who, during the past several years, have gathered rich returns from investments in Rogue River fruit lands. Hunt Lewis, in 1902, bought the famous Bear Creek Orchard of 200 acres from Weeks & Orr, for \$45,000. Strange to say, the people at that time thought Hunt Lewis had made the worse of the bargain. From the 85 acres of bearing orchard Mr. Lewis took off gigantic crops, averaging in receipts \$1000 an acre, during the good years. In the Summer of 1908 Hunt Lewis sold to a company composed of John D. Otwell, C. E. Whiskler, Clarke & Meyers, for \$160,000. These men now hold the

property at \$250,000, and judging from the returns expected from this year's crop that figure is a reasonable one. Fifteen carloads have already been shipped from the 21 acres of Bartlett pears, and the picking is not yet completed.

The Burrell Investment Company, which has 600 acres in trees and nearly 200 acres of the tract in bearing, is composed of Portland capitalists. Captain George Voorhes bought 152 acres from J. H. Stewart in 1906 for \$22,000. This piece of land contained some of the oldest pear trees in the valley, which, in the banner fruit year of 1907, yielded \$2000 worth of pears to the acre. After a few years Captain Voorhes turned his interests over to the Burrell Investment Company, which is now the largest single fruit grower in Southern Oregon. One of the prettiest apple and pear orchards in the valley is the Hill Crest, four miles east of Medford, which was sold by Will Stewart in 1905 to J. W. Perkins for \$22,000, by whom in July, 1908, it was resold for \$75,000 to a stock company, in which the majority of shares was held by R. H. Parsons, of Seattle. This year the Hill Crest Company counts on a \$45,000 crop, as its trees are loaded to the limit. Medford, Or., September 1.

How to Dispose of Harry K. Thaw

Dr. Owens-Adair Declares Cure She Advocates Should Be Employed.

WARRENTON, Or., Aug. 28.—(To the Editor.)—The following clipping was sent to me from North Yakima: "Some alienists think Harry Thaw was enough to be released. Valuable testimony might be obtained from Dr. Owens-Adair."

Had I not failed to see it, I would have replied at once; but it may not yet be too late, as Harry Thaw, "like the poor," will be with us at least for some time to come, as the question of his insanity will be in dispute. But the most important question to my mind is, that he should not be allowed to reproduce himself. We have enough and to spare of his kind.

It has been established that he has been a worthless, lascivious libertine. I have stated before that every well-informed physician knows the intimate relation existing between the brain and the reproductive organs. So well is this fact known that many insane women have been restored to sanity by the removal of the ovaries. I have also referred to the fact that the most vicious animals have been rendered gentle and docile by castration. And I believe that through this simple remedy Harry Thaw could be converted into a harmless and decent man, and perhaps become a comfort to his mother and last, but not least, give the reading public a rest.

Why should the whole country be wrought up over a case like this, when a simple remedy, properly applied, would settle the question for all time? In conclusion I will add that I am delighted and made happy to know that the work that I did last winter in the Oregon and Washington Legislatures is already bearing good fruit, as shown by the following debate:

Seattle, Aug. 14.—The debate in the Amer-

ican Prison Association Congress today on the "Indiana Plan" for preventing the propagation of criminals and idiots was begun by the dissenters and developed in an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of the bill, according to President J. T. Gilmore, of Toronto, one of the most profitable discussions that association has held for years.

I thank God that Washington has an able woman in Mrs. Foster to advocate this necessary reform. Last January, after my bill was in the hands of the committee and printed, I went to Portland and before the Medical Society, asking them to endorse my bill. One doctor said he had seen a report of the work of a similar law in Indiana, in the American Medical Journal. We could not find the journal, so I applied to the State Librarian. He searched diligently, but could not find the law. I begged him to try again, and under different heads. He did so, and found it under Prison Reforms. I took the law to the committee and begged them to substitute the Indiana law for my bill, which was very similar, but more drastic. The Indiana bill became a law in 1907, the same time that I had my first bill introduced in the House. I felt that a law that had been tested for two years with good results would carry weight with it, and it did.

On the first day of February, 1909, two-thirds of the Senate voted yea and on February 17, there were only five dissenting voters in the House, and had Oregon had a Governor who valued his pledge, she would today have a law that would prevent thousands of insane and idiotic children being forced upon her protection, and many of the inmates of the asylum would be rendered self-supporting.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.