

# EUROPEAN WAR SHATTERS KING COTTON'S THRONE

### FLEECY STARLE MUST PAY RANSOM INTO THE COFFERS OF WAR.

#### Nation Rings With Cries of Stricken Industry.

By Peter Radford

Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

King Cotton has suffered more from the European war than any other agricultural product on the American continent. The shells of the belligerents have burst over his throne, frightening his subjects and shattering his markets, and, panic-stricken, the nation cries out "God save the king!"

People from every walk of life have contributed their mite toward rescue work. Society has danced before the king; mildy has decreed that the family wardrobe shall contain only cotton goods; the press has pleaded with the public to "buy a bale"; bankers have been formulating holding plans; congress and legislative bodies have deliberated over relief measures; statesmen and writers have grown eloquent expounding the inalienable rights of "His Majesty" and presenting schemes for preserving the financial integrity of the stricken staple, but the sword of Europe has proved mightier than the pen of America in fixing value upon this product of the sunny south. Prices have been boycotted, values riddled and markets desolated by the battling hosts of the eastern hemisphere until the American farmer has suffered a war loss of \$400,000,000, and a bale of cotton brave enough to enter a European port must pay a ransom of half its value or go to prison until the war is over.

#### Hope of the Future Lies In Co-operation.

The Farmers' Union, through the columns of the press, wants to thank the American people for the friendship, sympathy and assistance given the cotton farmers in the hour of distress and to direct attention to co-operative methods necessary to permanently assist the marketing of all farm products.

The present emergency presents as grave a situation as ever confronted the American farmer and from the viewpoint of the producer, would seem to justify extraordinary relief measures, even to the point of bending the constitution and straining business rules in order to lift a portion of the burden off the backs of the farmer, for unless something is done to check the invasion of the war forces upon the cotton fields, the pathway of the European pestilence on this continent will be strewn with mortgaged homes and famine and poverty will stalk over the southland, filling the highways of industry with refugees and the bankruptcy court with prisoners.

All calamities teach us lessons and the present crisis serves to illuminate the frailties of our marketing methods and the weakness of our credit system, and out of the financial anguish and travail of the cotton farmer will come a volume of discussion and a mass of suggestions and finally a solution of this, the biggest problem in the economic life of America. If, indeed, we have not already laid the foundation for at least temporary relief.

#### More Pharaohs Needed in Agriculture.

Farm products have no credit and perhaps can never have on a permanent and satisfactory basis unless we build warehouses, cold storage plants, elevators, etc., for without storage and credit facilities, the south is compelled to dump its crop on the market at harvest time. The Farmers' Union in the cotton producing states have for the past ten years persistently advocated the construction of storage facilities. We have built during this period 2,000 warehouses with a capacity of approximately 4,000,000 bales and looking backward the results would seem encouraging, but looking forward, we are able to house less than one-third of the crop and warehouses without a credit system lose 90 per cent of their usefulness. The problem is a gigantic one—too great for the farmer to solve unaided. He must have the assistance of the banker, the merchant and the government.

In production we have reached the high water mark of perfection in the world's history, but our marketing methods are most primitive. In the dawn of history we find agriculture plowing with a forked stick but with a system of warehouses under governmental supervision that made the Egyptians the marvel of civilization, for who has not admired the vision of Joseph and applauded the wisdom of Pharaoh for storing the surplus until demanded by the consumer, but in this age we have too many Josephs who dream and not enough Pharaohs who build.

## The World's Richest Legacy

The following will was written by Charles Lounsberry, once a prominent member of the Chicago bar, who in his later years lost his mind and was committed to an insane asylum. It has been reprinted many times in the past few years and is given in The Bulletin at the request of subscribers.

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the edors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

ITEM: I devise to boys jointly, all

the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance of care.

ITEM: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the last-ness and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the diadems of weakened or daunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power of making lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully without title or diminution.

ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

### COYOTES MADE ATTACKS

#### Animals Suffering With Rabies Lose Former Timidity.

A striking aspect of the rabies situation in Central Oregon at the present time is the apparent fearlessness reached by coyotes suffering from the disease. Ordinarily one of the most timid and cowardly of animals, the coyote with rabies seems to forget all danger, coming into farmyards and attacking men with no provocation. Accounts of several such attacks have been printed in the

newspapers of the interior, including that at the ranch of Allen Landfare at Powell Butte reported in The Bulletin last month. Since then reports have come including the following.

H. G. Farris of Bend, who drives an auto truck between Bend and Burns when near Glass Butte on a recent trip noticed a coyote coming up the road toward the machine snarling and snapping at imaginary objects in the air. He threw a monkey wrench at the animal and hit him but he did not run away and a moment later Mr. Farris leaned out from the auto and killed the coyote with a blow on the head from a hammer. The following vivid account of a

coyote attack comes from Stauffer. "We heard a dog whine at the door and then he passed by the window and we saw it was a coyote. Fred Overall got his 30-30 and shot at him standing by the chicken house. Just then he made for Fred and he got out of his way but he jumped at Page Stauffer. Fred came to help him and the coyote turned on him. Fred was too close to shoot that long distance gun for fear of killing a horse or cow. So he fought him with the clubbed gun. The coyote jumped at Fred's face and his nose touched Fred's. Fred won the battle but he broke his gun."

#### NO REASON FOR IT.

You are shown a way. There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the word of a resident of this locality who has found relief. The following is convincing proof. Mrs. J. W. Gotchel, 1119 Seventh street, Hood River, Oregon, says: "I had dull, nagging pains across the small of my back and the action of my kidneys was irregular. I tried several well-known kidney medicines, but got no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They relieved me at once and the backache soon left me. My kidneys were strengthened and my system was toned up. Another of my family had good results from Doan's Kidney Pills." Price 50 cents, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the name that Mrs. Gotchel had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

#### Five Cents Proves It.

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#### MARKET REPORT.

NORTH PORTLAND, Jan. 21.—Receipts for the week have been cattle 628, calves 51, hogs 8580, sheep 299. With the exception of a few cars the cattle receipts this week have been of mediocre quality. Tops have failed to bring more than \$7.75 at any time since Monday. Monday witnessed the largest single days run of hogs ever received at North Portland, over 7200 head being received. Many half fat and rough hogs are being received. The market is closing at \$6.80 for tops. As usual sheep continue more in demand than the

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supply. All offerings are being taken at steady prices. Lambs at \$7.50; yearling wethers \$6.50; ewes \$5.50.

### SILVER TONGUED ORATORS FOUND AMONG LEGISLATORS

#### Davey Makes the Eagle Soar While Forbes Gets Reputation as Debater

—Smith is Parliamentarian.

SALEM, Jan. 25.—In speaking of the silver tongued orators of the legislature the correspondent of the Portland Journal the other day wrote this:

"Perhaps the readiest of these swayers of the multitude is Frank Davey, who is by way of being one of the oldest members of the law-making body. He hails from Central Oregon, there the wild coyotes rage and the pack rabbits nibble at the growing alfalfa. He started in on

the first day of the session and made the great bald eagle scream over the banner of the Republican party."

While the Demosthenes of Burns certainly grips the attention of the gallery, and even succeeds in causing most of the members to lay aside their newspapers while he has the floor, he is not the only Central Oregonian who has a reputation as a speaker.

Vernon A. Forbes of Bend is reckoned one of the ablest debaters in the house, and with a strong personal following, a habit of going after things hard, he has achieved the reputation of usually winning what he is after. Then there is Wesley O. Smith of Klamath, joint representative from this district with Forbes. Smith is reckoned one of the liveliest parliamentarians in the House, and it is seldom that anyone "slips something over" without Smith calling the point—unless the same of 'em are working for the same thing.

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