

TELLS HIS STORY

Why Rainmaker has Complete Confidence in Method

Repeated Success Encourages Young Scientist to Continue Efforts To Accumulate and Precipitate Moisture from the Skies

Mr. Hatfield is a most interesting and obliging person. He is working for the farmer and is willing that he shall know all that is to be made public concerning this mysterious matter of rain-making. In an interview with the writer he gave out the following:



CHARLES M. HATFIELD

What the Los Angeles Times describes as a "clean, keen, honest appearing young man; with a strong nose and chin, clear blue eyes, modest in demeanor and speech and indubitably patient."

The New York Times of July 30th, 1905, says, "Charles Mallory Hatfield is a farmer by trade, a meteorologist by choice and a cloud-buster by profession. He has succeeded in producing, under contract, a rainfall of eighteen inches in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and to substantiate those claims there is a record of the rain gauge and there is the wonder worker himself."

Preparatory to the work he is engaged in Mr. Hatfield studied meteorology for nine years and, for the past five years, has carried on practical demonstrations in the field of his chosen work. He is a native of Minnesota and has, for the past twenty years, been a resident of California. He has naturally passed through a great many drouths and began the study of meteorology with the idea of becoming a benefactor in a much neglected field of labor. In his own words Mr. Hatfield says:

"I continued my studies for four years before I got any sort of hypothesis or theory that I thought was right and then conducted my first demonstration or experiment as I called it then. This demonstration was conducted near San Diego and was followed by rain in five days. This was encouraging and after a month I performed my second demonstration at Bonsall, San Diego county, which was followed by rain. I produced more rain a few weeks after that and found that my theory was correct and went down to San Diego county again the following month which was June. As everybody knows June is a very dry month,

one of the driest of the year in that country, but I succeeded in producing rain in three days. The following month I again tried my demonstration. This was in July, which is the driest month in Southern California. During this time I performed my fourth demonstration which brought rain in two and one-half days. I considered my system then in operation. This rain was the heaviest July rain that he fallen in San Diego county in 54 years, with the single exception of one in 1865.

I studied the subject carefully for four years. During that time I had acquired sufficient knowledge to put my theory in operation. My first effort was to erect a tower in San Diego county about 25 feet in height. My second tower experiments were at Inglewood in a tower about 35 feet high, my third tower at La Crescenta, eight miles west of Pasadena, which was of the same height as the tower at Inglewood; and my fourth tower was at Esperanza near Altadena where my experiments have been for a large part conducted since.

There is nothing that would be of greater interest or of more benefit than the fact of getting rain when needed. What would be of more value to the wheat belt of this inland empire than to be assured of the necessary moisture when needed.

I have noticed in my study of this subject in California that rain comes and then there is a protracted spell of dryness, lasting a month or so, in which time crops are badly retarded and fail to mature, during which time if they can have even slight showers it makes all the difference in crops."

As to his efforts in Sherman county, they have not as yet resulted flatteringly, the rain fall since May, while it has been good, has been no more than usual. But on the other hand they have not been entirely discouraging. More or less cloudy weather has prevailed almost daily since Mr. Hatfield commenced work here, and just at the time when he expected rain in Sherman county, heavy showers, amounting in some places almost to cloud bursts, occurred in localities east of us. We lay exactly in the track of winds which may have carried rain into Sherman county and the Walla Walla country. In view of these facts, and in view of the repeated success with which he has met in California, it is not surprising that Mr. Hatfield and his friends have complete confidence in the ultimate success of rain-precipitating efforts.

Whether or not rain-maker Hatfield had anything to do with the refreshing and much needed rain that fell over this portion of Central Oregon last Tuesday is a matter of small concern to the farmers in this section. It is enough for them to know that unless something very improbable occurs during the current month in the shape of hot winds, Morrow county will harvest one of the largest crops in her history as a wheat-raising county.

Although we were unable to ascertain the precise precipitation, we have heard estimates ranging from one-fourth to one-half inch. The one great burden now on the minds of the ranchers is the matter of getting hands enough for harvesting the

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crop. Some of the larger holders have sent east for help.—Proclaimer.

Somebody is entitled to a whole lot of credit for the copious showers which were general over this section last Tuesday; but whether it was the rainmaker below Grass Valley or the weather men we will not presume to say—the benefit to the country is just as great, and what was a matter of doubt last week is now an almost absolute certainty—that this will be a banner year for all kinds of crops. If the rainmaker is responsible Sherman county should pay him handsomely for his efforts.—Antelope Herald.

A Word For Himself.

The young widow of an old husband inscribed the following words upon her dear departed's tomb:
"To the memory of Mathurin Bezuquet, who left this vale of tears at the age of twenty days, deeply grieved at having to leave behind him the most charming and faithful of wives."—Pele Mele.

Gladstone Spoke in the Rain.

One day as Mr. Gladstone was speaking from the terrace rain began to fall. With the first few drops came a voice from the crowd. "Put on your hat, Mr. Gladstone." "No," blandly responded the veteran; "some prefer their hats on; I prefer mine off." As the rain fell more heavily Mrs. Gladstone stepped behind her husband and held an umbrella over his bare head. He was over eighty at the time. Mr. Gladstone went fluently on, expounding the merits of rabbit farming, but after a time even he noticed the rain and the umbrella. Turning to Mrs. Gladstone, he said, "I will put my own up, my dear," and he did so. Again the eloquent voice galloped on, while the rain became heavier and heavier. Presently Mrs. Gladstone threw a light mackintosh over her husband's shoulders. The moment he felt it he turned quickly round and with some asperity said, "I won't have it." He shrugged his shoulders, the mackintosh fell, and Mrs. Gladstone stepped back. For five minutes more in a deluge Mr. Gladstone went on; then he stopped, and we all fled.—Manchester Guardian.

The Onion Eater.

"Most of us," said a man who eats plenty of onions, "eat too much meat and grease and butter and bread and not enough vegetables, and the consequence is our systems get clogged up with grease and starch, our livers get out of order and we grumble at our wives, and scold our children, and fuss when the baby cries, and quarrel with the street car conductors, and get into rows at the office and lose our jobs, not because we are naturally sulky or quarrelsome, but because we are bilious. Why are we bilious? Because we don't eat onions. You never saw a dyspeptic man eating onions. He thinks they are poison, but, in fact, they are the medicine that he most needs. Whenever you see an onion eater you see a whole souled, open hearted, jolly good fellow, who knows what he ought to eat to keep him good humored. Talk about the staff of life, why, bread is only a crutch. There is more nourishment in an onion than there is in a roll. The onion lovers keep the world moving, to say nothing of providing it with much of its fuel."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOR

HE WANTED MORE.

One Million Not Enough For the Workman Seeking a Good Time.

A man of extreme wealth, tired of taking care of his money, went to a secluded spot on a river bridge and jumped off. He was not aware that life savers always frequent secluded spots and that the best place to commit suicide is on Broadway at noon. And, sure enough, a poor workman leaped in after him and pulled him out, cold and shivering.

As he stood there, dripping, it occurred to the wealthy man that what he had needed was not eternity, but just a cold bath. And he waxed grateful.

"I am rich beyond telling," he said, "I will grant any wish. I will make real your wildest hopes."

The poor workman replied instantly, "Then give me a million dollars."

"A million dollars?" sneered he whose life had been saved. "That is the easiest thing in the world. But stop a moment—consider. It was money that made me try to kill myself. You had better go slow."

"A million dollars," repeated the poor workman stolidly.

"Very well; you shall have it. But since you have saved my life I will make this further offer: If at the end of three years you are not satisfied with your bargain come to me and I will do whatever else you wish."

Three years passed, and the former poor workman came to his benefactor's door.

"Aha, I thought so," exclaimed the man of great wealth. "I knew you would come back. You know now how little mere money means. Now, how can I do for you?"

"Alas, I have found how little happiness can be got with a million," was the sad reply.

"Aha, I knew it!" exclaimed the man of extreme wealth. "And since you have found how little happiness can be got with a million, what will you have me do for you next?"

"Give me another million," replied the former poor workman.—Freeman Tilden in Judge.

How He Gets Relief.

The Rev. E. W. Webber, a Maine minister, who was located for awhile in a Georgia town as pastor of a Universalist church, occasionally relates this story:

He was talking with William Dodson, ex-president of the Georgia senate.

"I suppose you feel the heat greatly down here in the summer, don't you?" queried Mr. Webber of the southern man.

"Well, it does get pretty warm here sometimes," admitted Mr. Dodson, "but every time I feel too warm I think of the visit I once made to Boston, and it sends the cold shivers all over me."

A Mean Man.

"George," chirped the young wife at breakfast, "I read where some loving and poetical husband actually wrote a poem on his wife's biscuits. Now, dear, if you want to pay me a pretty compliment, why don't you write a poem on the biscuits that I bake?"

"It would be impossible," laughed the cruel husband.

"And why, George?"

"Because the biscuits you make are so hard they wouldn't take the ink."

And then the trouble began.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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O Fortune, what a jade you are to distribute your favors at haphazard as you do!—Le Sage.

Just a Lesson.

"I wonder if the Bimbles are getting poor?"

"I should say not! What makes you think so?"

"Why, I saw Bimble turning the wringer yesterday morning. They always used to have a washerwoman."

"Oh, I understand that."

"Then please explain."

"Well, Bimble told me he expected to buy an auto, and he's taking lessons in cranking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Was Fired.

The railroad president was hearing complaints.

"What is the charge against this brakeman?" he inquired.

"Please, sir," responded the spotter, "I have frequently heard him calling the names of stations so clearly that people could understand what he said."

"This is a direct violation of one of our chief rules," observed the president warmly. "Fire him."—Bohemian.

Unless He Is Cremated.



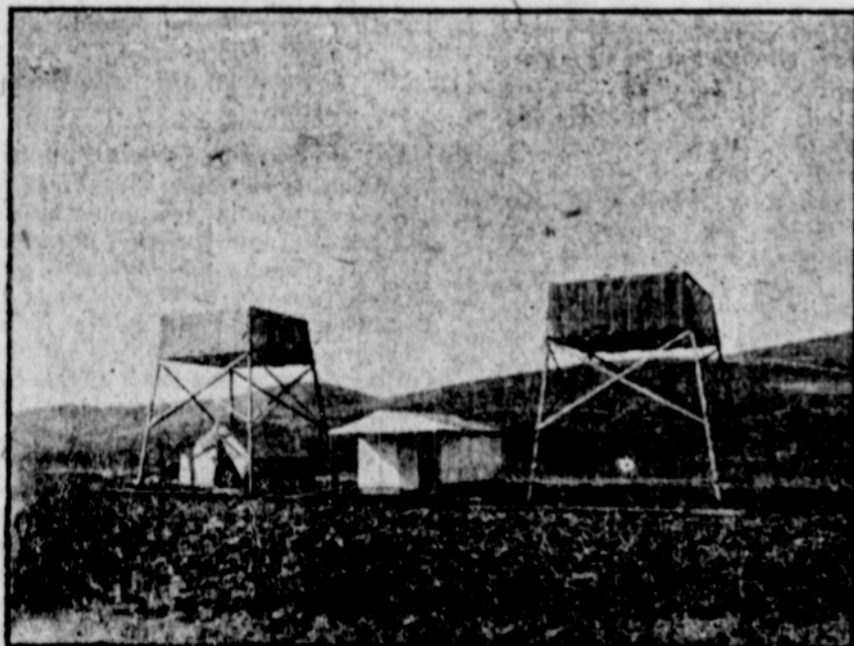
"He wants the earth."
"Well, he'll be right in it when he dies."—Cleveland Leader.

Exhausting the Supply.

"I hate a gossiping woman like Mrs. Talkative."

"She does seem to know everybody else's business."

"Yes, she never leaves anything for another single soul to tell."—Baltimore American.



From photograph of Hatfield's towers near Crows Landing, California, which is very similar to the one in operation in Sherman county.