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REHART TALKS ABOUT RUBBER.

Travels Through Dense In Tropical Climate.

BRINGS SAMPLES OF RUBBER

He Believes Rubber Stock is Better than Life Insurance for Plan of Means.

S. V. Rehart returned from Piru, Calif., Monday evening. Mr. Rehart spent some time at Piru since his return from the rubber plantations, where he went last fall to investigate the possibilities so that he might better understand the wisdom of his investment in rubber stock, made last summer. Mr. Rehart's description of the plantation, his travels, the status of the country and the civilization was all published in this paper several months ago, in serial form, together with his report of his findings. Mr. Rehart's report was given wide publicity, he having ordered several extra copies, besides the distribution it received through The Examiner's large subscription list, which copies were placed where they would receive additional publicity, and kept on the files of the company in its headquarters. A copy of the The Examiner containing the report was sent to the manager of the plantation at Chiapas, Mr. Elmer Schmidt, who wrote Mr. Rehart a most congratulatory letter, confirming every statement in the report and stating that he had adopted his suggestions as to planting the trees, etc.

Mr. Rehart says a man who went along with him made a report from the data gathered by the two, in which were several misstatements of facts, in regard to the size of the trees, the approximated time for the plantation to begin paying dividends, and other important points, giving the size of six year old trees six inches in diameter, when in fact they are only 13 inches in circumference.

It is useless for us to undertake to go over Mr. Rehart's experiences again, as they were pictured so completely by him and read with great interest at the time they were published in The Examiner.

Mr. Rehart, when interviewed in this office the next morning after his return, as to his opinion of the investment said: "The situation there is not far different from what I expected, in general, but I was somewhat disappointed to find that only the optimistic features had been given out to the public, and the mistakes and unfavorable features kept back, and too, they would have been kept from us, had we not insisted upon seeing the whole thing, the bad along with the good. The first three years of the experiment are void of results, so far as dividends are concerned, at the present time and the time for returns from investments is three years further off than was represented, as the three year old trees will be producing as much rubber in five years more as those planted at earlier dates. Dividends at first will be small, owing to the large salaries paid the managers of the company and the necessary expense of development. But in the course of 15 to 20 years, it is my belief that large returns will come from my investment. As to the management, I believe it could be improved upon in some instances, but it is fairly good.

I say now as I said before I went down there: For the man of small means who is looking for quick returns, rubber is not the thing for him; but for the man who has a few thousand dollars that he could put away and forget for a few years, it will beat life insurance. No man could afford to put all he has in rubber, no more than he could in life insurance."

Mr. Rehart has good samples of rubber that he brought up. He also has a handkerchief that he dipped in one of the vats of rubber milk, which now resembles a thin sheet of rubber. He has a sample of a substance that grows natural there that resembles the fiber from which rope is made. This fiber is obtained from a plant resembling the century plant and

is much stronger than the fiber in common grass rope. Mr. Rehart thinks that a paying industry will develop from this, also.

He says wherever they went Indians went ahead and cut trails through the dense underbrush. He says the people are 1000 years behind the times. One place where the crowd were taking in the sights in a town of several thousand people they saw a woman washing her clothes in a pool of water in the streets and spread them out on the grass to dry, right in the middle of the street.

Their manner of living there is something unconceivable. When they travel, which is mostly in canoes, and they get hungry they take a half of a coconut shell, unwrap a wad of crushed corn, pour in a small quantity in the shell, dip up a handful or two of water from the side of the boat, pour in the water, stir it with the corn and drink it down, and they have had their dinner.

The inhabitants of the cities along the rivers carry all the water they use from the river in vessels on their heads, women and children wading out into the stream up to their knees and dipping up the water.

Baptism in Lost River.

Bonanza, Oregon, July 22, '06.

Mr. Editor:

Will you kindly permit me to say through your columns that Gospel Wagon No. 1 has been anchored here since June and have been holding services here.

The Evangelists are Brother and Sister Risley and they have had some 25 or more conversions. Sister Risley is an able and fluent speaker and holds her audience spell bound every night.

On Sunday July 8th there were four baptisms who were Mrs. Edith Stickle, Mrs. B. A. Ragan, Mrs. Geo. Maxwell and Mrs. Earnest Hamaker. On July 15th were Messrs Ernest Burnham, James Nichols, Clarence Davis, Mrs. Cora Brown, Misses Sadie Maxwell, Winola Forbes, Leona Bean, Erma Hoagland, Maire Harpold. On July 22d were Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. F. C. Bechtoldt, Misses Ella Nichols, —Bray, Messrs Will Sparks, Will Stevens, Otto Hisaw, J. O. Hamaker, A. D. Harpold, Ollie Robinson, Mrs. J. O. Hamaker.

It is hoped the good work is by no means through when the good Brother and Sister Risley go on their way, but will unite and help one another and take up their cross and follow Christ and prove faithful unto death, is the prayer of thy unworthy servant.

A Follower of Christ.

The Miner Excels.

The New Pine Crook Miner leads all its contemporaries in the art of telling whoppers. Last week in speaking about the boat that C. E. McCleary has ordered to put on Goose Lake, the Miner says:

"Last week our townsman C. E. McCleary received a picture of the vessel which has just completed her maiden voyage, and is the largest ship afloat in the world.

The dimensions of this huge vessel can be estimated, knowing her capacity to be 15,000 tons of displacement, and capable of carrying 5,000 passengers. Imagine that all the people in Lake and Kalmath counties could board this ship. It carries nine decks, five extend throughout the ship and eight are above water line. Her cargo spaces have a carrying capacity for 16,000 tons of freight.

The ship, so far as creature comforts go, must be regarded as what it really is—a floating hotel."

Race Suicide in Portland.

Portland has the lowest birth rate of any of the American cities. The population of Portland, says the Oregonian, has gained 40,000 or more souls in the six years since the federal census of 1900, yet only 741 of them were mites in swaddling clothes, of the "made-in-Oregon" variety. The birth rate in that city in the past six years has exceeded the death rate by only 741, while immigration has made up the rest of the 40,000. Salt Lake City has the greatest birth rate of any of the American cities, its per cent being 29.3 while Portland is only 13.3 per cent.

In the Spring of 1903 Roosevelt issued his famous race-suicide warning. In that year there were only 62 more births than deaths, but in the next year there were 258 more, and in the year just ended 222 more. In the year 1900-1 there actually were 55 more deaths than births.

FREIGHT TRAIN WRECK ON S. P. NEAR ASHLAND.

Engineer and Brakeman Went down to death on Runaway Train and Others Injured.

A train wreck of more than ordinary local interest was one that occurred on the Siskiyou mountains south of and near Ashland, on Saturday afternoon, July 14. The engineer and one brakeman were killed, and several of the crew injured, and it was believed four or five tramps were killed. A northbound freight train of 17 cars was coming down the mountain when the engineer lost control of the train. He whistled for breaks, reversed his engine and opened the sand spout. The brakeman responded readily, but without result. Faster and faster the train flew till those who lived to tell the tale said the train seemed to be almost flying through space, winding around turns like a fast crawling

snake and passing telegraph poles so fast that they looked like a picket fence. When the train finally jumped the track after running several miles, it was going at a 2-mile-a-minute rate. Six of the crew stuck to their posts of duty and did all in their power to stop the runaway train, but to no avail. When the end came there was a crash, cars piled up in a heap and all was black and silent, except for the hissing steam escaping from the demolished engine and the groans of injured and dying trainmen. Had not the train jumped the track a passenger train would have been met in five minutes more, the result of which would have been too horrifying to prophesy.



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

It was about seventeen years ago that Miss Belle Bilton, an actress in musical burlesque, was married to Lord Dunlo, and society was properly shocked in consequence. Two years later Lord Dunlo became the Earl of Clancarty. His countess, despite her stage record, became popular in London circles, as she was and is one of the most beautiful women in the British nobility.

Modified Rollerism.

"Esther Mitchell and Mrs. Creffield will be arraigned Monday morning if Judge F.ater is here then," said Prosecuting Attorney Mackintosh today. The women will elect to be tried separately, and will plead not guilty.

"I believe the religion is dead forever," said Mrs. Creffield. "We had intended to continue our faith here, but it would have been a revised faith, and one against which there could not have been a breath of suspicion. What we did in Oregon we thought right at the time. We have found further light since, and view our practices three years ago as wrong. It is not for the public to know what the inner workings of our religion were. 'Holy Rollerism' is not spreading and there is little danger of it doing so."—Oregonian.

No Mail Monday Night.

From some cause, unknown to the stage driver, the brass lock mail sack failed to arrive from the south Monday evening. From what we learned from a very reliable gentleman who came up on the stage a few days ago, it is not strange that this mail sack failed to get here, or any other mail sack for that matter. He said the mail sacks were thrown off the stage on the porch in front of the Alturas post office at 3 o'clock in the night and left to there till morning. The fact that "Alturas has a night watchman and electric lights" makes this method "perfectly safe."

Hitchcock vs. Fulton.

Senator Fulton on his return home from Washington recently, in an interview intimated that Oregon was denied the recognition she deserved in the way of national irrigation projects and in all other matters which came before the Department of the Interior, because of the intense prejudice against the state arising from the Secretary's antipathy to Congressman Hermann, and other officials of the state. Senator Fulton declared, moreover, in the interview that Secretary Hitchcock is in his dotage. This seems likely to bring on an open rupture between the Senator and Secretary. People who have watched the course of events are not slow to believe that there is truth in the intimation of the Senator. The Washington correspondent of the "Oregonian," who usually keeps in close touch with Secretary Hitchcock says in the last Sunday issue of that paper:

"Open war has been declared between Secretary Hitchcock and Senator Fulton as the result of the Senator's recent published declaration that the Secretary is 'in his dotage.' Mr. Hitchcock is determined to get revenge and he hopes to be able, with the aid of his corps of special agents and secret service men, to unearth something in Mr. Fulton's record as Senator that will justify adding his name to Oregon's dishonor roll. The Secretary, in short, intends, if possible, to hit Mr. Fulton through the paces that carried the late Senator Mitchell to his grave.

Mr. Fulton's Portland interview was sent to Mr. Hitchcock in New Hampshire, where he is spending his vacation. According to reliable authority, the Secretary went into a rage when he read it and next day sent to Washington for his private secretary, who promptly left for New England. Secret Service Agent W. J. Burns, who worked up most of the evidence against Mitchell, Hermann and others, was in Washington at the time, but he, too, suddenly left two days ago, and it is believed that he also went to see Mr. Hitchcock.

The plan of campaign against Mr. Fulton, according to reliable authority, contemplates a scathing scrutiny of his record, both here and in Oregon, the Secretary believing that somewhere evidence can be found which will prove damaging to the Senator and which may justify his indictment later on. However, Mr. Fulton's record was gone over with a fine-tooth comb at the time Mitchell, Hermann and Williamson were under investigation but nothing was then found which would justify action in the courts.

The ill feeling between Mr. Fulton and Mr. Hitchcock is not newly developed. The two men have entertained the utmost contempt for each other for two years or more. So strained did relations between them become that Mr. Fulton did not once call on the Secretary during the past session of Congress. In this respect he is on the same footing with quite a number of other Western senators whose entire business with the Interior Department is conducted by correspondence or by telephone. That Mr. Hitchcock has long desired to secure Mr. Fulton's indictment is no secret. His private secretary at one time said:

"We'll land that man Fulton behind the bars yet," but nothing came of his threat and it was believed that the Secretary had given up his quest.

Mr. Fulton's declaration that "Hitchcock is in his dotage," should not have surprised the Secretary, but the publication of the statement and its circulation through the press of the country did arouse him, and he is determined to square himself for the "insult" as he describes it.

During the past year Mr. Hitchcock has placed obstacles in Mr. Fulton's path. Whenever Mr. Fulton recommended any one for office Mr. Hitchcock, through his numerous representatives and correspondents in Oregon, found objections to the man and almost without fail Mr. Hitchcock either laid these charges before the President or saw that they reached the White House. This did not apply to postoffice recommendations, however. Only recently Mr. Hitchcock became satisfied that Mr. Fulton was preventing the confirmation of District Attorney Bristol. He went personally to several senators and urged them to have Mr. Bristol confirmed, but in this instance his influence counted for naught.

In other ways Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Fulton have worked at cross purposes. For instance, Mr. Fulton asked that permission be granted Umatilla sheepmen to drive their sheep across the Umatilla Indian reservation. Mr. Hitchcock refused, so Mr. Fulton secured authority in the Indian appropriation bill over Mr. Hitchcock's protest. Later on Mr. Fulton asked that the allotment for the Umatilla irrigation project be increased by \$100,000. His request was never acted upon.

This condition has prevailed for the past two years, but higher tension has existed during the past session than ever before. It was to be expected, under those circumstances, that the Secretary would seek revenge on Mr. Fulton for his recent interview.—Ashland Tidings.

Dr. W. R. Boyd and Dr. E. H. Smith with their families, went out to Little Chewaucan for a ten day's outing last Saturday. They went pretty well up the creek so as to be right in where the bear are the thickest. The men are both bear fighters of considerable notoriety, however, mean fate has ever kept them from close contact with any wild animals more vicious than a jackrabbit, but they have studied up on the bear question till practical experience is all they need to develop their renown. They will have the hides tanned and made into robes and rugs. A taxidermist will be employed and a few of the larger bears will be skinned and their hides stuffed. None of the smaller bear will be molested. They have taken orders for quite a lot of bear meat, and expect to "jerk" a lot.

ARTESIAN WELL

800 FEET DEEP.

Experiment by Ashland Farmer a Success.

FLOW 480 GALLONS PER MINUTE

Other Farmers and Cities Will Try the Plan for Irrigation and Fire Purposes.

A most successful experiment for boring for artesian water is reported from Ashland which offers considerable encouragement to dry land farmers in the Rogue River valley. A Mr. Pellett contracted for the sinking of an 800 foot well on his farm a few miles from Ashland. Several small veins were struck at various depths, but not sufficient flow to satisfy the owner of the land. Within five feet of the 800 foot depth a strong flow was struck. A geologist who went to examine the well gives the following account of it to the Medford Mail.

"I visited the Pellett orchard last Sunday, and while I expected to find a flowing well, I was surprised at the volume of water coming therefrom. The ten-inch hole is 800 feet deep and from it flows a stream which I estimated as closely as possible to equal forty miner's inches, or about 480 gallons a minute—over twice the capacity of the Medford water system when working on full time, and this well works twenty-four hours a day. The water is carried in a ditch thirty inches wide—the water being about four inches deep and moving at the rate of two feet a second. The water is soft, pure and clear, and its temperature about 60 degrees."

The result of Mr. Pellett's experiment is likely to start a crusade of well boring. Many of the valley towns will adopt this method for supplying the water for town water systems, fire purposes and irrigation. It is estimated that 83,000 will sink a large well 800 feet, and if such is the case and an equal flow of water could be secured, which is sufficient to irrigate most any ranch it would pay any farmer to have an artesian well.

The question of water for irrigation purposes has ever been one of perplexing solution in this county, and might be settled by experiments in artesian wells—not the two or three hundred foot wells, but one that would reach into the bowels of the earth and tap some of the subterranean lakes that are supposed to exist under the surface. Go down 1000 or 2000 feet deep.

Vain Hope for Relief.

Considerable complaint comes from the north end of the county that Crook county sheep are invading the Lake county range and sheep men of that section have sought relief through the Stock Inspector, asking that that official render them such service as is in his power to do. The nature of the complaint is not such that a Stock Inspector can give the relief asked for. It is stated that Crook county sheep are coming into this county and eating off the range. The stock inspector is as powerless to relieve the situation as the School Superintendent. If the sheep were passed into Lake county by the Crook county Stock Inspector as clean of scab, then so long as the sheep remain free from scab the Stock Inspector of this county has no authority to remove the sheep or quarantine them, and if the sheep are scabby the Crook county official had no right to pass them over the line and all our Inspector could do would be to quarantine the sheep and force the owners to dip them. We believe there is no law authorizing a county Stock Inspector to remove one man's sheep from another man's range.

Miss Nettie A. Snyder, teacher of Class No. 3, of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School entertained her class at the parsonage on Friday evening, July 20. From 7 to 9 the young folks enjoyed themselves by games. After ice cream and cake were served the class wended their way home well pleased with the evening's entertainment. This will likely be the last meeting of the class as Miss Snyder expects to leave Lakeview in Sept.