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The Power of Capital Is Now Pre-eminent.

By WOODROW WILSON, President of Princeton University.

THE most striking fact about the actual organization of modern society is that the most conspicuous, the most readily wielded and the most formidable power is not the power of government, but the power of capital.

MEN OF OUR DAY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT IS TO FEAR THE GOVERNMENT, BUT HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT IT IS TO FEAR THE POWER OF CAPITAL. TO WATCH IT WITH JEALOUSY AND SUSPICION AND TRACE TO IT THE SOURCE OF EVERY OPEN OR HIDDEN WRONG.

Our memories are not of history, but of what our own lives and experiences and the lives and experiences of the men about us have disclosed. We have had no experience in our day or in the days of which our fathers have told us of the TYRANNY OF GOVERNMENTS, of their minute control and arrogant interference and arbitrary regulation of our business and of our daily life, though it may be that we shall know something of it in the NEAR FUTURE. We have forgotten what the power of government means and have found out what the power of capital means, and so we do not fear government and are not jealous of political power. We fear capital and are jealous of its domination.

Capital now looks to the people like a force and interest APART, with which they must deal as with a MASTER and not as with a friend.

Pleased Texan Writes Entertainingly of Lakview and Vicinity

To The Examiner,

About two months ago I left Dallas, Texas for an extended trip through the Northwestern states and especially Southern Oregon, and more particularly—Lake county and the Lakeview community and thinking an expression from me, though in a humble way might be of some interest to those contemplating a change of location to better their conditions financially and otherwise.

On entering the Golden Goose Lake Valley from the south, the scene that greets the eye is one of magnificent grandeur. I front of us were the limp waters of the beautiful Goose Lake forming a small crescent for forty miles and terminating at Lakeview. On the left, a low range of mountains skirt the Lake's entire length, reflecting the tall pines in the placid water beneath. On the east side of the lake is the valley proper, dotted here and there with beautiful farms and orchards, well kept barns and good houses.

The meadows are green for miles and miles; the thousands of acres of Harvest fields that have delivered their yield of golden grain was seemingly an endless chain. In fact the Golden Goose Lake Valley is a veritable Paradise, where Nature has so lavishly endowed it with her richest gifts, leaving nothing to be added to beautify its landscape or enrich the already verdant soil.

The natural resources of southern Oregon, surpass those of all other states and stand without a peer in all branches of the stock industry. The horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are as fine as nation ever produced. The timber and mineral resources of southern Oregon will add millions in wealth to aid the rapidly increasing citizenship to a higher standard of prosperity. As to general farming, I am constrained to believe that there is no better country in the United States than that which surrounds the Golden Goose Lake valley and South Eastern Oregon. The volume of products in this marvelous country in three or four years will be an eighth wonder, and surprise to all the pioneers, as the new man with the hoe will come and establish new methods and new appliances all up to date. The orchard, the farm and the dairy will each come in for its share of the prosperity of the new man and his methods. The rich deep soil at every farm is a most attractive feature and stands as a guarantee that your efforts, if correctly applied will be richly rewarded.

Lakeview the queen city of the Inland Empire, backed by its natural resources as nature ever produced, stands as a living monument to the success of as high type of pioneer citizenship as the world has ever seen, and yet, the little city, as we now see it, is only an atom in activity, as to what it will be in a few years, for the advent of the iron horse, and of the thousands of good citizens following in his wake, will transform the hidden resources into commercial and industrial success.

The opening of the Military Land Grant, by the Oregon Valley Land Co. that has been tied up and an impediment to the development of the Lakeview country for half a century, should be looked upon, with more than ordinary interest, for the Oregon Valley Land Co. have just recently accomplished the most remarkable colonization sale in the

history of our country, and have succeeded in doing within six months what the original owners have striven to do in a score of years, the benefits of which will be more keenly felt a few months hence, when the thousands of interested parties will arrive to partake of your generous hospitality and help create a greater prosperity, and they will be with you heart and soul, in bringing about any condition that has for its object the betterment of mankind.

To express in favorable terms on all items that greet you in visiting this beautiful land flowing with "milk and honey", would be a pleasure indeed, but time forbids, and I am taking more of your valuable space than anticipated in the outset, but in conclusion would ask to be kindly remembered to all the esteemed citizens whom I met while in your midst, and that my fondest hopes may be realized in the anticipation of being with you at the opening of the great land grant next August, and with the kindest regards to yourself and lady,

I am yours very truly,
M. C. Gillette, Dallas, Texas.

RABBI WISE ON OREGON APPLES

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the free S. synagogue of New York city, retains an ardent affection for the Pacific northwest, his residence for several years. In commenting on the prize apples recently sent to European rulers and exhibited in New York, he writes: "Why is this fruit sent to such indifferent Oregonians as Edward, Wilhelm, Nicholas and Mr. Falgout? If you really want Oregon apples to count, do not waste them on European monarchs, but get them into the systems of Oregonians who love and treasure everything Oregonian, from little Mount Hood to big Hood River apples. But the apples won't be kept long on exhibition in our homes here—they would vanish as the mist hovering over the summit of Mount Hood before the morning sun."

Prof. R. E. Buchanan, of Ames, Iowa, returned from the Warner Lake Valley Sunday and left for home Monday morning.

He was so pleased with the land of the valley that he filed on a desert claim for himself, and also on one for his brother, and gave orders for the immediate improvement of the same. Both gentlemen will return here in the spring and will conduct operations on their farms on an extensive scale in a scientific way.

The fact that Mr. Buchanan is a professor in the Iowa state Agricultural College, and has traveled extensively all over the West, and after much investigation was so charmed with the Great Warner Lake Valley, as to make preparations for a future home there speaks volumes for its advantages, of soil, climate and productions.

It snowed all Monday night, leaving 8 inches of heavy wet snow on the ground. The precipitation was one inch. Tuesday it rained all day and all night. The roads are a mass of slush. The stages make fairly good time.

OUR ESSIE WAS BELLE OF THE BALL

Essie Cobb, Born and Raised in Lakeview, is Prominent in the German Capital

The Continental Times, of Berlin, Germany, in its issue of Nov 28th, has this to say of the Thanksgiving celebration of the American colony there, which will be of local interest inasmuch as Miss Essie Cobb, one of Lakeview's fair daughters, was a participant:

With a record-breaking attendance 1400 the annual Thanksgiving banquet and ball of Berlin's bustling American colony took place at the Landes Ausstellungs-park, Alt Moabit, Thursday evening. Successful and delightful in every respect, the celebration was characterized by all the traditional good cheer of the day of national gratitude. There were fears that the spacious banquet-hall would look empty, even if a couple of hundred were present, but the expatriates came in force, and when Ambassador Hill returned only a few hours before from a fortnight's tour in the provinces, rapped for order at eight o'clock, his smiling face beamed upon a company that stretched from end to end of the long salons. There was hardly a vacant place at a single table.

At the table of honor sat the Ambassador and Mrs. Hill—the latter's first appearance among her local compatriots—flanked by the speakers of the evening, Professor William Morris Davis, of Harvard, and Mrs. Davis, and Professor Felix Adler of Columbia, and Mrs. Adler; Consul-General and Mrs. Thackeray, Consul-General and Mrs. Gaffney, of Dresden, the members of the American Embassy and of the banquet committee and their wives, Grace having been pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Crosser, pastor of the American church, attention was turned to the menu, which disclosed, among lesser attractions, the National Bird with its patriotic trimmings of cranberry sauce and celery. Sweet potatoe were also present. Turbat was followed by the introduction of the first speaker, Professor Davis, who launched forth with into a characteristic after-dinner babble of punning wit, sarcasm and stories, in which "Seine Eleganz," "Seine Opulenz" and other celebrities of Berlin University.

When the punch had been reached, the gavel of the Ambassador reverberated through the hall again, to propose the loyal toasts to the President of the United States and the German Emperor. They were followed respectively by the playing of "Hail Columbia" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," while the toasts were drunk standing. Then Miss Reynolds, of Scranton, Pa., a soprano of rare personal beauty and charm of voice, appeared among the shrubbery hiding the band in the balcony and stirred all hearts with a rendition of the Star Spangled Banner.

Prof. Felix Adler, Columbia's brainy scholar, was enthusiastically greeted when the Ambassador presented him. Prof. Adler, after expressing his pleasure at being "one of the Four Hundred"—a sally at the number present—proceeded to deliver a thoughtful and eloquent address.

The keynote was militant optimism with regard to America's future. He paid a glowing tribute to the Pilgrim fathers, "whose soul goes marching on" in America's fight for higher civic ideals, and to the teachers in schools and universities "who on low salaries are laboring sleeplessly and unselfishly to inculcate the spirit of good citizenship in our land." A group of Columbia university men contrived to "bunch" at the end of Prof. Adler's speech and the hall resounded of a sudden with the ear-splitting war-cry of Morningside Heights.

Then the Ambassador read a cablegram which was proposed to send to President Roosevelt:

"400 fellow-countrymen commemorating Thanksgiving in Berlin send patriotic greetings and loyal good wishes."

He asked those in favor of dispatching the message to signify by hand-clapping, and when the thunder had subsided he announced: "The cablegram is unanimously applauded."

There was general relief when the fruit and cheese stations on the menu were reached, for the table-service had not been conspicuous for its pace and looks at watches revealed that over three hours had been spent in food, physical and intellectual. While coffee and cigars were enjoyed in the ante-rooms, the hall was cleared for dancing, which began shortly before midnight and lasted until the early morning street-cars were heard clanging their way through Alt-Moabit.

As always happens at Thanksgiving functions, Thursday evening was notable for its display of American beauty and fetching clothes. It was the general consensus of the male contingent that never had so many pretty girls and matrons been assembled in a Berlin ball room. Miss Cord of Boston, in pink crepe de chine; Miss Ruple of Duluth, in pink net; Miss Cobb of Lakeview, in navy-blue velvet and Miss Biglin of Brooklyn, in white silk, were singled out on all hands as the belles of the ball. The congested appearance of their dance-cards indicated that the selection—like the President's cablegram—seemed to be "unanimously applauded."

WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.

Week ending Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1908

Day	max	min.	precipitation	sn'w fall	character of day
wed.	44	21	0.00	00	cldy
thur.	36	28	0.50	00	"
frid'y	38	26	0.40	00	"
sat'y	40	28	0.00	00	"
sun.	39	23	0.15	00	"
mon.	42	21	1.00	8	"
tues.	43	24	0.58	00	cldy

Prof. Willett, was over from Adel, to spend the holidays with his family. He reports no snow in the Warner Valley; that his horses have run at large every night and there is an abundance of green grass for feed, to the joy of the stockmen.

Wall Street Is the Servant of the Country.

By SERENO S. PRATT, Editor of the Wall Street Journal.

WALL STREET IS SIMPLY A GUSTODIAN OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY. A TRUSTEE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY, A STEWARD OF OTHER PEOPLE'S ESTATES. IT IS MERELY THE SERVANT OF THE COUNTRY.

The two billion dollars which are deposited in its banks and trust companies are in reality the DEPOSITS OF THE COUNTRY, and hundreds of millions directly represent the balances of interior banks in New York institutions. The great operations which are carried on in its stock exchanges are in a large part CONDUCTED BY THE PEOPLE of the country. The Stock Exchange is really a national institution. Many of its members are citizens of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities, and of the 500 firms represented on its floor 314 maintain 527 branch offices in twenty-nine of the forty-six states of the Union.

In so far as Wall street has fallen short in the performances of its duty it has been for the most part in FAILING TO RECOGNIZE ITS POSITION AS THE SERVANT of the country.

IT HAS BEEN OPEN FAIRLY TO CRITICISM IN THE PAST THAT TOO OFTEN IT HAS ACTED AS IF IT WERE THE PRINCIPAL INSTEAD OF THE AGENT, AND THE OWNER INSTEAD OF THE STEWARD, AND THE BOSS INSTEAD OF THE HIRED MAN.

It has acted as if it owned the money intrusted to its care instead of being merely the trustee of it. Its financial leadership in too many cases degenerated into financial bossism. Moreover, it is also fair criticism to say that Wall street in many ways has been PROVINCIAL in its outlook. There are scores of Wall street men who know the earnings of the railroads and who have at their tongues' ends the statistics of wheat and iron productions and yet who have never crossed the Allegheny mountains or seen the Mississippi river. Admitting all this, however, Wall street has nevertheless DONE THE WORK which the country has cut out for it.

Sheep Men are Planning to Adopt the New Conditions

Some of the stockmen of this section, and especially the sheepmen, view with considerable concern the certain incoming of settlers to take up the government lands, now available in Lake county to the extent of probably a million acres of tillable land. In this matter they only await the change that has been inevitable to the stock-growing interests all through the west from Canada to Mexico. There will surely be a change in the methods to those found necessary elsewhere.

For instance, at Phoenix, Arizona, the sheepmen having been confronted with the same problem that exists here today, solved it to their satisfaction, and to their greater profit. They learned that the old theory of unlimited open range is necessary to the successful raising of sheep in the arid West has been exploded according to the experiences and opinion of Mr. Dunlop, of the Salt River Valley. Mr. Dunlop has tried both methods and has forsaken the free grazing or open range method, and has just bought a band of 600 sheep which will be kept exclusively on eighty acres of his alfalfa farm. Without any reference to the fact that advancing civilization and improved methods in dry farming and the storage of water or irrigation must continually restrict the open range for grazing, Mr. Dunlop advances many points in favor of raising under wire over the open-range plan. In the first place the ten per cent loss among the lambs from the coyotes which the open-range sheepman figures on, is avoided entirely with a woven wire fence. There is a saving of at least two pounds of wool to the sheep each year, for this amount must usually be thrown away because of the dirt and cockle burrs gathered in the open range. To this may be added the facts that hoof rot and many other diseases are avoided by the watchful farmer, that the wool grows better and heavier under the restriction of the fence; and that the sheep mature much younger and grow larger.

These are the significant words with which Mr. Dunlop closed the interview.

"Lots of money has been made in sheep in the past, but those who think sheep days are over are mightily mistaken. They are just beginning. Wool last year was 22 cents a pound and lambs sold for \$9. Suppose wool sells for 14 cents this year and lambs for \$6 a man can make a hundred per cent profit on his band of sheep. Of course he has to have a ranch and alfalfa to start with. A man could come into this valley with a few thousand dollars, buy a few acres planted in alfalfa, stock it with sheep at nine to the acre and clear 20 per cent a year on his whole investment. That is he could do it if he knew his business."

That alfalfa will thrive here is undisputed. Over in the next valley, the Surprise, most of the land there is devoted to its growth, and that without the aid of irrigation. Big money is made by farmers who raise it for the seed, often realizing up-

wards of \$50 an acre from that source. The change probably will not diminish the flocks here, but instead will improve the quality of both wool and mutton and largely increase the production. And every settler will in this way make sheep one of his sources of profit, as it does not take long to get a start of alfalfa, and with care flocks will rapidly increase.

Viewed from this standpoint the cutting up of the great ranges, with limited feed, and sowing same to alfalfa, will make Lake county more famous as a sheep producing section in the future than has been the case in the past, when the wool and mutton products occupied first place in the eyes of shippers and consumers.

CATTLE RUTSLERS GETTING BOLD

Klamath Herald, 1: Parties coming in from the Dairy and Bonanza country state that the people of that section are in a high state of excitement over the cattle and horse stealing which has been going on in that neighborhood. It is asserted that this business has been going on for a number of years but never reached the extent which it has this year. There has been a gang of thieves who have been making a practice of stealing cattle and horses, and while it is pretty well known who the parties are, it has been impossible to obtain evidence which was considered sufficient to convict.

The people are adverse to making complaints for fear of the failure of conviction as the gang is so strong that they are a menace to the private citizen. The feeling, however, is becoming so strong that the belief is expressed that if the outfit is not cleaned out soon that there is liable to something happen which will stir up the entire country. It is said that from the gap east there is the most intense feeling among the people who have suffered, and it may reach such a point where they will take the law in their own hands.

The sheriff and deputies have been doing everything in their power to trace down the offenders, but it is realized that it will cost a large sum of money to break up the gang, and the sheriff is not allowed anything beyond his salary. The County Court has promised help in a small way and has offered a \$250 reward in one case. It is believed that evidence can be secured to send a large number over the road and permanently break up the band of thieves, and it is probable that the County Court will offer to stand the expense if a general lynching is to be averted. It is stated that the county authorities will have to take some action without delay.

Assessor Foster is down from Summit Lake.



JACK CUTLER, A HARVARD STAR.

Cutler, candidate for quarterback on the Harvard football team, is from Andover and played a first class game last season. He is swift at running back punts and uses excellent generalship in giving the signals to the team.