

C. W. SHERMAN IN PHILOSOPHIC MOOD

"If you had a million dollars, what would you do with it?" was the question put to the Old Philosopher by a friend. "Well," said that individual, "I'd want to do something with such an amount of money as would be of the greatest and most lasting benefit to the future generations of my fellow man, and the range of objects for such a purpose is a very wide one. The first thought I have is that I would spend it in planting trees. Take the future needs of the people of this town, as a sample: At the present time the fuel question is an important and pressing one. Fire wood is today selling at \$8 a cord. As time goes on, the present supply of timber for fuel will become scarcer every year, and the price will rise, and thus make the cost of living greater, unless efforts are made on a larger scale to cover the many thousands of acres of hill and mountain land lying east of the town with a growth of trees that can be cut into firewood. Now, what is the matter with a project of that sort being adopted? These lands are valueless except for pasture—and are very poor for that. To the west, across the valley, similar hills and mountains are today timber-covered, and I can see no reason why the barren hills to the east should not grow similar timber. If somebody were to take the trouble to seed the ground with the seeds of pine and fir, and fence on the land, so that the young sprouts would not be trodden out, and they would have a chance to grow and mature for the use of the future generations of Lakeview's present population. It's all right for rich men to give to the poor, but there is a limit beyond which such gifts become an injury instead of a blessing. As long as such gifts act as a stimulus to independent effort or to assist the unfortunate they are a public benefit; but beyond that it is unwise to go. These are matters of present moment. But the truly wise man looks into the future and would bend his efforts to ameliorate conditions that are certain to ensue in the years to come.

"One of the traits of mankind which has come down to us as a result of the cultivation of the centuries, is the habit of man to accumulate—to save and lay up for future needs. Watch the squirrel and you will see him carry to his nest grain and nuts with which to sustain life in the coming winter; and just so it is with man. Carrying this principle out to a greater length, some men give the earnings and accumulations of their lives of toil and effort for the endowment of schools and colleges and institutions for the care of the sick and unfortunate, for monuments to the great and the good men of the race and the like; but few have thought of replacing the present supply of timber and fuel for the use of coming generations—a need which is even now becoming a present one.

"That wonderful things can be done even in the life time of one generation requires a single illustration to prove. I once knew a lawyer, who lived in a western Iowa town, whose name was Solomon. He was not thought to be very wise by his fellow members at the bar, being rather eccentric and flighty of disposition, having wild notions—so they say; but he was a man of ideas, nevertheless. When this county was thinly settled, and land was cheap, he bought a section of prairie land and proceeded to improve it—first planting a hedge about it and establishing roadways through it in several directions to and from its center, where he planted a grove of cottonwoods and behind this planted an orchard. And along on either side of these roadways he planted black walnuts—about 40 feet apart—something like a thousand of them, altogether, so that his roadway should in time be shaded. Then he built his house near the center, and by the roadway he would have access to any part of his farm without letting down fences. Within a few years his orchard began to bear, and he had many tons of apples to sell to his neighbors who were less thoughtful. Not only that his grove of cottonwoods within a couple of decades furnished his family with firewood, and those walnut trees soon became an ornament to the place, and now that they are some thirty years of age they have become very valuable for the timber they contain, and each year adds many a dollar to their value. Some of these walnut trees are today as much as three feet in diameter, and have grown tall and stately, making a picture well worth looking at. Imagine, if you can what a 40 acre grove of such trees would be worth now, if Solomon had had the foresight to have planted them at the time he planted those rows of trees! It would bring a fabulous figure.

"The planting of trees on the barren hills of Lake county would be like the bankers' interest, they would grow while people slept, and one cannot estimate the blessing such an effort would entail upon the future inhabitants of this favored community. Can you imagine a direction more fruitful of good to the coming race in which to

expend a million dollars—if you had it?

Something more than a hundred years ago there was a municipality in Switzerland which owned sundry hill and mountain lands which were barren of timber. An edict went forth from the authorities and these hillsides were planted in forest trees. Since then that city has grown to have upward of 100,000 inhabitants. It has all of the conveniences and advantages of modern civilization schools, water works, street cars, railroads, paved streets. And all of the public improvements have been paid for out of the profit received from the sale of timber from those trees, and not a cent of taxes are levied upon the property in the city—all of the city's expenses being paid from the same source. And not a tree is cut down but another is planted to take its place. Can you imagine another source equal benefit could be derived by the people of that community? In what other way could a million dollars be expended here that could in any possible way be expended to better advantage to this people in the coming years? I can think of none.

"Leaving the million dollar proposition out of the case, what better thing could the wiseacres of this town propose to cover the hillsides adjacent to the town with a growth of young vines? Some might say that they would not grow; but they might be made to grow and flourish if proper steps were taken. What monument would be lastingly beneficial to the coming generation? Is it not well worth consideration?

C. W. SHERMAN, Sr.

TOWNS THAT ARE WORTH LIVING IN

Collier's Weekly has for some time past been publishing stories of towns that are worth living in, and is undoubtedly doing a good deal to awaken civic pride. Here is a description of one of these towns, which has a good many advantages not possessed by places much more pretentious:

"A certain country town has 2500 population, is not the county seat, is more than 40 miles from the nearest city, and depends almost entirely upon the neighboring farms for its prosperity. In appearance this town differs little from a thousand others of its class, except that the three garages are a surprise, and the lawns and houses might be remembered as neater and more trim than ordinary.

"Ask a question and it leads you far.

"You notice, perhaps, that the press of the country paper is run by electric motor. The power and light plant is the property of the town, and pays a revenue of \$500 a month into the public treasury.

"The heating plant for downtown stores is also owned by the people. It utilizes the waste steam from the power plant and cuts the merchant's fuel bill in half. A country physician's son who in this little town is now completing a \$50,000 hospital for general practice, suggested that the steam be connected with the water system so that if the water pipes ever become infected they may be sterilized with live steam.

"To this municipal light, water and heating plant is attached a private ice factory which sells pure ice made from sterilized water at 40 cents a hundred pounds. A wholesale ice cream factory—buying real country cream to sell again for 80 cents a gallon—uses cold salt water from the ice plant.

"Helpful co-operation is found in other fields.

"Uncle John Mowder, a farmer now comfortably rich and with spare time to improve his 'farm' in horseshoe quoits, uses his little fortune as a private remedial loan fund for the townpeople who long to own a home; and the woman who makes quilts for the countryside, the boy who runs the peanut stand, a clerk in a general store, and a tinner's helper are respected property owners. The town boasts that every laborer who has lived in the place five years owns a home, and that Uncle John has never lost a dollar on many risky securities.

"Women's club meetings have time for Keats and Browning and the servant problem never needs to be discussed. In the neighborhood there are a number of the Amish sect whose daughters, as a matter of religious principle, will do the housework and mind the baby at 10 cents an hour, for three dollars a week or less—never more.

"At one end of the town is a public playground, which in the winter time is flooded for a skating rink. For a city man who remembers the country as it used to be, a visit to such a community as this is stimulating education.

"The place by the way is Sabetha, Kansas."

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CHICKEN BUSINESS GOOD FOR WOMEN

A hue and cry that once fairly rent the heavens, but is now happily fading away into the shadowy realm of mistakes that have been corrected, was to the effect that business would take women out of their homes.

But now comes Mrs. F. K. Walsh of Houqua to Tacoma, along with her 21 full-blooded fowls, including some 8 or 10 first striders, who proves the reverse by saying her business keeps her at home, and makes her happy and prosperous on her own account, and self-reliant and active, and helps her to be a good mother and a first-class housekeeper, and leaves her plenty of time for everything, but bridge and teas. In fact, her business has accomplished all of the things for her that the reactionaries thought were going to be added to the list of the lost arts, once women turned their talents to lucrative account.

Mrs. Walsh was found in adoration before an Ancona hen, from which fluttered a first prize ribbon and out of which came refined and manifestly blue-blooded chicks, clucks and caws. Ancona, which sounds like the name of a ship is really a kind of chicken, and a kind that is so popular that there is a national Ancona society. The ribbon adorning the hen was the award of the society. Around on the other side she has another hen of Rhode Island Reds, very handsome birds but probably on account of their plump figures not so fashionable in this day of svelte lines as the Anconas. At any rate there is no national society for the Reds, but the three birds belonging to Mrs. Walsh were dividing the honors of two first prize tickets between them. Across the aisle a coop of Columbian Plymouths has rather overdone the prize thing by having a first, second, third and fifth award.

"How?" was asked in bewilderment. "How and why, and when, do you do it?"

Mrs. Walsh laughed. "Well," she said. "I started out innocently enough five years ago with a wee bunch of little chicks, without which no backyard has a homelike look. I had two little children, and I wanted to stay at home with them. But I knew if I was to stay at home and tend to my babies as I ought to, I should have to have something outside of the four walls, and yet closely associated with my home to keep me there. So I got a brood of chicks. I got good ones because I don't believe in putting labor and thought on poor material.

"Well, those chickens grew up and my interest kept growing. By and by I found that I could get \$10 a setting for good eggs, when common eggs were selling at 40 cents a dozen.

"So I began to breed very carefully. I watched the flocks and sold the strange off-color pullets and cockerels for 'surprises,' and kept the best colored and sturdiest hens laying eggs for the incubator and selling the other eggs to the markets.

"It began to pay and pay well. I was a business woman and I had my business right in my own backyard. It kept me contented with my home and interested in it. The business kept enlarging itself. I had to plan new chicken houses. By and by I had to have more land and I bought another lot. I studied the climatic conditions and built coops that were especially adapted for the country, so that my chickens could stretch out doors all day, have all the fresh air they needed and never get wet.

"I never made the mistake of over-tending them. A chicken, like anything else has to work for its living if it's going to be a normal, healthy chicken. I never deprived a fowl of mine of the privilege of scratching around for something to eat.

"Now I have 500 full-blooded chickens. There have been six shows this fall and winter, and I have taken some first prizes at all of them, and at some of them several prizes have been awarded to me.

"There is a fever about it, once you get interested in chicken raising you become a chicken enthusiast. It makes hard work of course. I have my children, my home, my social obligations—but I've made a firm resolution to give it up."

What? Your home—your children—your chickens?"

No! I'm going to give up the worth while things. I'm going to give up the tea and the card parties."

How to cure a cold is a question in which many are interested just now. Chamberlain's cough remedy has won its great reputation and immense sale by its remarkable cure of colds. It can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

A new perennial clover, of the alpine species, is reported from Tillamook County, where it was first discovered. Experiments are being made with it and it is claimed it yields enormous tonnage to the acre, while it grows the year around. The clover has no seed, bloom or sex and is propagated by cutting up the plant and sowing the pieces. The department of agriculture will make an investigation of the new plant.

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