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In transcribing the records we have found numerous mortgages recorded in the Deed record and indexed; and many deeds are recorded in the Mortgage record and other books. Hundreds of mortgages and deeds are not indexed at all, and most difficult to trace up from the records.

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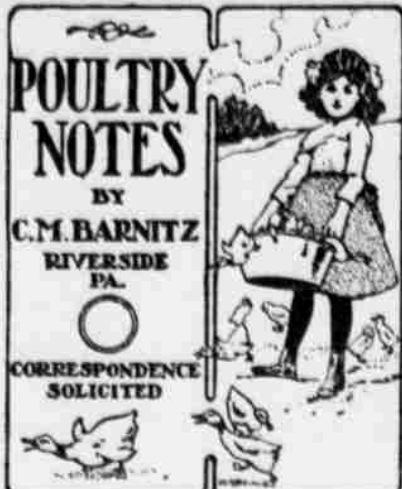
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what you are getting in the meat line—the kind, the cutting, the weight. The more you see, the better we will like it because the better you will be satisfied. Well enough to hear it to a servant most times, but see for yourself once in a while. We have on hand every good thing in the meat line.

Lakeview Meat Market  
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**POULTRY NOTES**  
BY C. M. BARNITZ  
RIVERSIDE, PA.  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

**WOULD YOU BE A BIRD?**  
"Oh, wouldn't it be lovely to be a real bird. To fly to the south when it's cold. While snow is so deep and the north wind howls loud To bask in warm sun rays of gold?"  
"To swing, a bright oriole, mid orange buds. Or a humming bird buzz mid the flowers. Or, all the day through, a robin or thrush. To sing amid loveliest bowers?"  
"Why, yes, 'twould be fine to fly from the snows. But how about bird eating cats? And have you at all thought of what doth befall The birdies that adorn fine hats?"  
"You might see the north when September appears And leave snow and cold in the lurch And by parcel post come back on a hat. To be worn the next Sunday in church."  
C. M. BARNITZ.

**OREGON, THE BANNER PHEASANT STATE**  
What was wrong with the methods of those states that made a fizzle out of pheasant farming?  
Oregon sure shows they were wrong when her single pheasant farm in Beaton county raised 5,000 handsome, hardy pheasants last season.  
The 800 pheasant hens inclosed there laid like Leghorns, shelling out sixty to eighty eggs apiece for the hatching season, and after the laying stunt were turned loose, their wings pinioned, to roam the preserve at pleasure.  
Pheasants seldom hatch when penned, so these eggs were given to chickens to hatch, and when the little birds came out they were not mollycoddled at all, but raised about the same as chicks.  
It was found necessary the first few weeks to feed "live food"—bugs, worms, larvae or a substitute in meat form, like fine ground fresh bone. This makes blood, muscle, bone.  
Later they were fed cracked wheat, corn and ground oats and picked up their protein on range, where they

need no shelter except the trees, weeds and brush, where they harbor summer and winter.  
The majority of these 5,000 birds will be released all over the state, wherever they are guaranteed protection and care, and will breed in the wild next season, while at the farm sufficient breeders will be retained to raise thousands more, and thus Oregon will ere long become a pheasant hunter's paradise.  
Some states failed with pheasants because they selected a variety unsuited to their climate, did not feed them correctly or turned them loose to pick up their own food in a region where there was none.  
These should go to Oregon and get the know how. Likewise those states that are busy hatching bullfrog fry should drop the tadpole business and go to Oregon and learn to do something worth while.



AN OREGON PHEASANT

**DON'TS.**  
Don't get the habit of giving advice, especially to your mother-in-law.  
Don't wait to the end of the year to find out whether your business pays. A daily account tells the amount.  
Don't advertise with the idea that advertising will sell any old kind of goods. An advertisement calls attention to goods for sale, but if the goods are no good, of course you'll fail.  
Don't equivocate nor exaggerate. These differ in name, but are about the same and bring one shame.  
Don't borrow trouble, nor your neighbor's umbrella. Borrowing oft brings sorrowing.  
Don't neglect to cultivate more brains each day. Brains, like chicks in embryo, need proper care or they don't grow. So feed your think machine good, raw matter and you'll have brilliant thoughts to scatter.  
Don't let the rats and mice eat the profits. The old slat corner and mouse hole grain bin belong to the bughouse era.

## THE COLUMBIAN WYANDOTTE.

Mixing paints to make a picture is sure some different to mixing blood, bones, feathers and eye, shank and plumage pigment to make a poultry perfect of grace and beauty that will excite the fancier's enthusiasm and also make the epicure howl with delight.  
The Columbian Wyandotte is just such a duplex high class work of art. Indeed, the whole Wyandotte tribe, including the Silver Laced, Gold Laced.



Photo by C. M. Barnitz. COLUMBIAN DOTTE COCK BIRD.

White, Buff, Black, Partridge, Silver Pencilled and Columbian, is a whole beautiful art gallery in itself.  
The Columbian is a dandy.  
If the curved line is the line of beauty, then the Columbian, like all the Dotties, is an all round beauty.  
It is all curves. From its round rose comb down its graceful curved neck, across its broad, rounded back up the concave sweep to the tip of its pretty poised tail, it is a double reversed curve, and the rest is all curve.  
A mixture of silvery White Dotte and a clean shanked Light Brahma, it has the color markings of the latter, one of the most beautiful of the part-colored varieties, with its black striped hackle, its white laced covert, with



Photo by C. M. Barnitz. COLUMBIAN DOTTE HEN.

black center, its beautiful wing, its lustrous black tail and its silvery white breast.  
For market it is a full, broad breast, butter ball bird, the hen ton Amer lean call, its eggs the brown that particularly tickle the Boston brown bean eaters. Its breeding is a particular delight to the tinker who delights in poultry problems, for to breed it true requires fine skill.

**COLUMBIAN DOTTE STANDARD WEIGHTS**

Cock	..... 8 1/2	Hen	..... 7 1/2
Cockerel	..... 7 1/2	Pullet	..... 6 1/2

**FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.**  
An egg generally brings a report from the interior department whence it comes. If it is over or under sized, thin or soft shelled, long, peaked, ridged, flattened, rough, yolkless, it betokens some disorder of the ovary or oviduct, generally caused by overfat, brought on by feeding too much fat tender.  
A Libon (Conn.) party wishes to know if it is an unusual stunt for a gander to take Mother Goose's place and hatch out the goslings. We advise him that while the male occasionally acts the goose in the unheard of times of unusual abnormal female fashions, rubberneck masculines are apt to do anything.  
And now some of the poultry journals are coming out against retouched photographs of roosters used in advertising. Some people were fascinated by the fantastic, fancy pictures, but the majority know a real rooster when they see it and can't be caught by gold brick picture book illustrations. A photo of the real is not so ideal, and that's why so many humans squeal when the photographer makes them natural as life.  
Fourteen per cent of a hen's egg is protein, mostly found in the albumen; 14 per cent is fat, mostly found in the yolk. These are naturally balanced and you must balance your ration to get a balance on the right side of the egg record.  
Mr J H London, superintendent of the Eleanor coal mines, Pa., hung a basket of eggs over a bubbling hot spring in the mines and succeeded in hatching twenty-one Wyandotte chicks from twenty-three eggs. He turned the eggs every day.  
The Winona Poultry association, Minn., admitted the public free to its recent exhibition, the state appropriation enabling it to do so. Other state agricultural departments please copy.

The farmers in Grant county, Wis., have inaugurated a plan for the cooperative grinding of limestone that might well be followed in other sections of the country where lime is needed for the sweetening of sour soils. The work is being done under the direction of the State Agricultural college. A small portable outfit, consisting of engine and crusher, is being used, which can be readily transported from one neighborhood to another. Large deposits of limestone beneath the surface soil make the undertaking a relatively simple one.

It is not generally known that, when properly cooked, the sugar beet makes a palatable article of food for the table. It contains from 15 to 17 per cent of sugar, while the common red garden beet contains but from 10 to 12 per cent of sugar. Some one who has tried them suggests the following methods for cooking: Wash the beets, but do not remove the skin, leaving a portion of the top on so as to retain the juices. Cook in boiling water until tender; then peel and quarter or cut into slices. Make a sauce of melted butter, pepper and salt, pour over beets and serve hot.  
In a certain county in Kansas they have been improving some of the main roads, and a farmer who uses one of these improved highways in hauling his produce to market has figured out that he saves enough in one day's hauling to pay his share of the increased road tax. Before the road was improved he used to haul one load of fifty bushels of grain a day. Since the road has been improved he has been able to haul two loads of seventy-five bushels each. This would seem to be a simple yet far-reaching object lesson, showing the value of better country highways.  
It is safe to assume that potato growers of the country will very generally support the action of the federal horticultural board in placing an embargo on potatoes from Canada and those European countries where the black wart and powdery scab have attacked the potato crop. There would be small advantage coming to the consumer if, to relieve somewhat the high prices for potatoes prevailing for the present winter, diseased foreign tubers were admitted only in the end to contaminate American fields and restrict in a large measure the output of marketable potatoes, resulting in a permanent advance in prices.

C. M. Barnitz

# For the Children

Little Rose Posing For Double Faced Picture.



Photo by American Press Association.

Rose is the name of the smiling little lady in the picture. Not satisfied with just an ordinary photograph, she posed with her face close up against a mirror so that two portraits were made at one snap of the camera. In fact, it is a double faced girl that we see. Not by any means is Rose two faced, however. She is honesty and simplicity itself. It is only on very rare occasions that she wears any other than a sweetly smiling expression. Sometimes—we are glad to say that it happens very seldom—when things don't go just right she has just a little bit of a frown on her face. But that quickly goes, and Rose is smiling again. Her full name is Rose Murphy, and she lives in Brooklyn. Rose is just three years old.

## A Little Girl's Composition.

There was once a little girl who wished to write a composition. At least she didn't wish to, but she could not help it, because her teacher said a composition was to be written. The little girl got out all her pencils and sharpened them carefully and ruled neat margins down the side of her paper and then gave a great deep sigh and looked out of the window.  
"I don't know what to write about," she said, just as you and every other child has said a hundred times. And her mother said, "Write about what you see."  
"I see the snow tree," said the little girl. "But I can't write much about that. Well, perhaps I can start with it."  
So she looked hard at the willow tree and wrote a line about how she loved it because she had always climbed in it ever since the beginning of time. And she wrote another line or two about how bright the leaves looked where the sun touched them and how gray they looked in the shadow, and then she told how the wind made them sway like long fringe. And she told about how dark the trunk was back of the leaves, and how it bumped out curiously in places where straight willow stalks grew up, and about the grasses that grew around the foot. And she was just finishing a description of how it looked in the rain when her mother, who had gone out, came back and asked how the composition was getting on.  
"Why, it is all done," said the little girl. "And I don't think I'll ever be afraid of compositions any more. Next time I'll write about the apple tree."

## The Blue Grotto.

The Blue grotto is a famous cave on the island of Capri, near Naples. It is about 170 feet long, 100 wide and 40 high, and is reached from the sea by a narrow arch in the limestone cliff. The water within resembles, according to one eyewitness, "liquid sapphire" and glitters with a pale blue light.  
Walls and roof of the Blue grotto are ultramarine in color.  
The general blue tone of the place is said to be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays in passing through the water in the cave.  
The opening of the grotto is so exceedingly small that the boats which enter must first pass through the water.  
A stay of at least twenty minutes is necessary to acustom oneself to the light in the Blue grotto.  
Dunderberg.  
The word means "thunder mountain" and is the name of a mountain on the Hudson river at the entrance to the Highlands, opposite to Anthony's Nose. According to a legend, the mountain was in the keeping of a "little bulbous wattened Dutch goblin in trunk home and a sugar loaf hat." He had charge of the thunderstorms in the vicinity, and in consequence the skippers for a long time towered their peaks while passing Dunderberg. Washington Irving says, "It was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested."

## A Riddle.

(Try to guess the answer before you look at the answer.)  
I'm round, though not quite as round as a ball.  
I grow on a tree or not at all.  
My head is yellow; my cheeks are pink.  
You'd like a bite of me, I think.  
(The answer: An apple.)

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