

# Prospects for Oregon's Success Pictured by One Who Knows



TYPICAL OREGON FARM



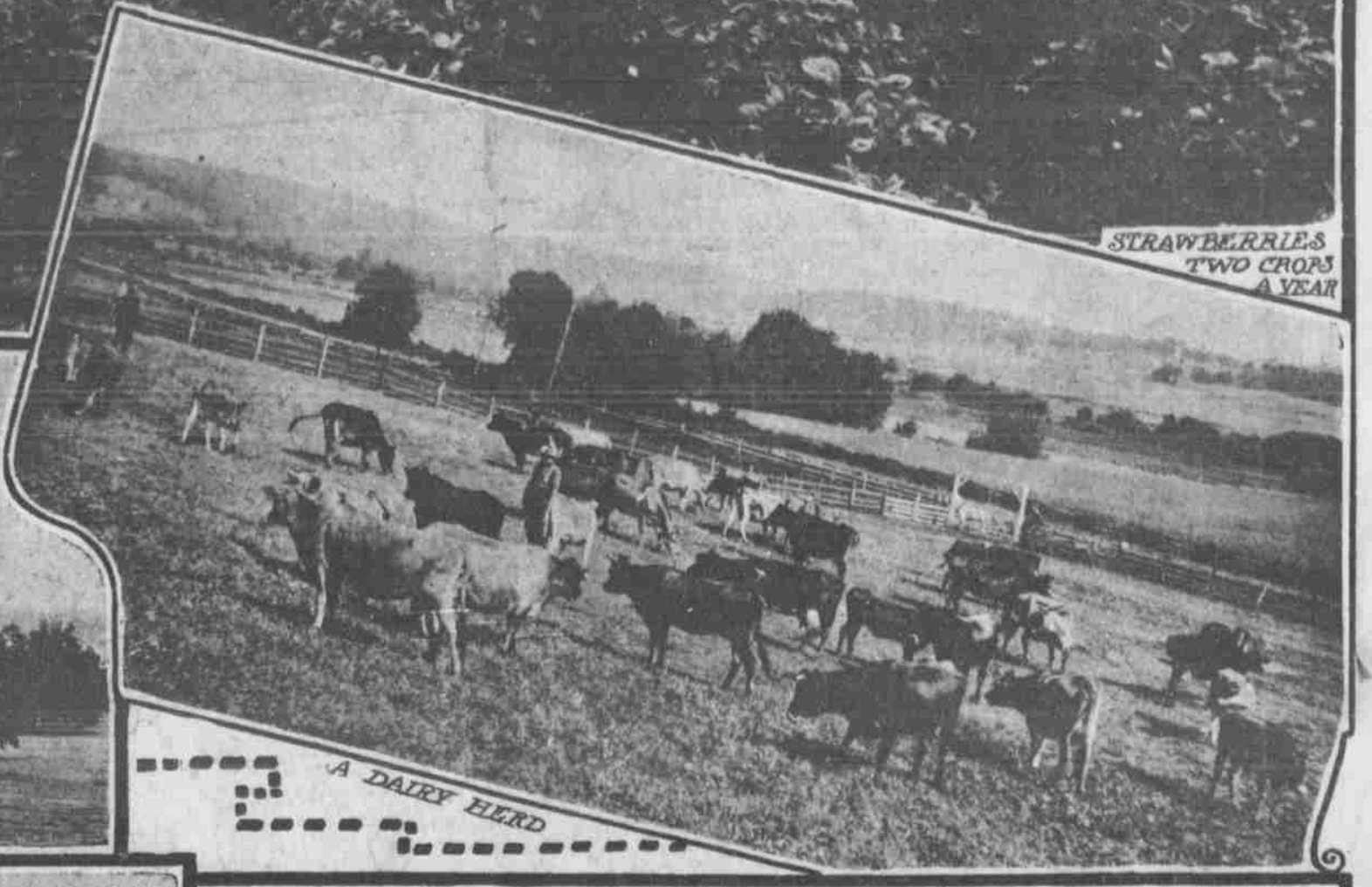
STRAWBERRIES TWO CROPS A YEAR



JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN



ENGLISH WALNUT ORCHARD OF TEDDAS PRINCE



A DAIRY HERD

IMITATION of a preamble to the following story of Oregon the writer desires to state, as he has by letter to many acquaintances, that previous articles which have appeared in The Bee have been simply a statement of facts, not embellished by flowing rhetoric, alias hot air, and this article is of like kind.

Yet, while the saying of Oregonians that this is the "land of opportunity" is strictly true, it is equally true that "all is not gold that glitters," even in this region of glittering possibilities. Take for instance the climate. On the Pacific coast blizzards and electrical storms are practically unknown; there are no very severely cold days in winter and never any torrid summer nights; in short the weather, as a rule, is delightful. Yet, "the rain, it raineth every day"—some days, yea some weeks—and there are times when it is no trouble to believe that once upon earth it rained forty days and forty nights. During the winter months, very frequently, the days are dark and gloomy and when it is not raining the weather man is making signs, or possibly false motions, that moisture is liable to descend at any moment. This weather is liable to give the pilgrim from Nebraska the "blues" and make him forget that probably, away back home, the mercury is out of sight while the prairie sephyras are chasing each other at an aviator's gait around the corners of the houses.

### Several Kinds of Climate.

Properly speaking this state has more climates than one. To begin with there is eastern and western Oregon, the dividing line being fixed at 121 degrees west longitude. On the west, the coast counties have the most equable temperature, 10 degrees below zero being the coldest ever recorded, while the zero point is very seldom reached. These counties have the heaviest rainfall and the growing-season is upwards of 250 days long.

The Willamette valley lies between the coast range and was the part of the state which, by the wonderful beauty and unusual fertility, first attracted particular notice and it was here the first permanent settlements in the state were made. It contains more than 6,500,000 acres of rich agricultural land; the highest recorded temperature is only a little over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, snow seldom falls and the growing season averages about 225 days in the year.

Farther south are two other important valleys, the Umpqua and the Rogue River valleys, the latter locality having recently achieved fame through the favorable advertising given it by its superior quality of apples and other fruit. The mean annual temperature of this region is about the same as that of the Willamette valley, for although farther south the elevation is, generally speaking, greater, thus equalizing the climate.

If a person is seeking a dry climate with abundance of sunshine, it is to be found in perfection in central and eastern Oregon, where there is little or no humidity and the air is as clear and pure as the most typical ozone of earth.

### Soil is Very Prolific.

The next question asked would be what can be raised and how much?

In certain sections of Oregon the production of hops is of the utmost importance, in favorable years contributing a large share of the farmers' income and affording many women and children pleasurable and profitable employment. The hop picking season, if the weather be favorable, is a veritable picnic for this class of people. If the price be reasonably good the crop is profitable and in no section of the world can a better grade of hops be produced than on the northwest Pacific coast.

In an early day the Willamette valley and other like parts of the state were famous for the large crops of wheat and other small grains produced, but of late years the land has become too valuable for horticultural purposes to be devoted to agriculture. When the growing of apples, pears, prunes and other like fruits bring an income to the producer of \$1,000 and upward per acre, grain must take a "back seat," for even the best of grain crops at the highest prices cannot approach this record.

At the present time the eastern two-thirds of the state supplies most of the wheat and meat producing animals. In this part of the state is still to

be found wide range for live stock and vast but fertile tracts where the gang plow and the steam thrasher may be employed to good advantage.

### Great Farming Prospect.

Prof. James Withycombe, director of the United States government experimental station at the Oregon Agricultural college, gives it as his opinion that eventually, when properly utilized, Oregon will yield \$500,000,000 annually. He opines that while grain and live stock are at present the major productions of the eastern section of the state, irrigation farming, dairying and horticulture will soon be the principal industries of this region, and further states that he believes that ultimately horticulture and dairying will be the two great agricultural industries of the entire commonwealth and advises a person selecting a new site for a farm to be certain that a portion of it is adapted to fruit growing. Prof. Withycombe again advises the new comer to provide himself with a good dairy herd and a flock of poultry, as these can be made to support the family while the fruit trees are growing and the farm is being brought to a state of perfection.

Poultry raising in the northwest is one of the most profitable industries. For this the eastern section offers the most inviting field. Here wheat, the principal foodstuff, grows in abundance, and is lower in price than elsewhere in the state. Alfalfa, one of the best green feeds, is successfully grown, while oats and barley yield heavily.

### Hog Raising and Dairying.

The raising of hogs is one of the industries that is sadly neglected. The statements of other writers to the contrary notwithstanding, this is not and never will be a corn producing region. The nights, even in the midst of summer, are too cool for the maturing of the corn plant and perhaps this is one reason why the raising of swine has not been more industriously prosecuted. Nevertheless, the fact remains that no branch of the live stock industry offers better returns and more certain profits than breeding and fattening pigs. There is grown in this region a field pea which yields an abundant crop and is said to be as good as corn to feed and fatten hogs.

As naturally as, in the corn belt, the hog follows the horned brute, the subject of dairying follows that of raising swine; yet, perhaps, the more fastidious would have placed the dairy first and consider that my arrangement resembles setting the cart before the horse. Oregon, especially the western section, is the

cow's paradise. A mild climate combined with luxuriant growth of grasses which remain green practically the whole year round, make the mild-eyed bovine "as happy as a big sunflower." Despite the fact that Oregon is extensively engaged in the production of butterfat, the records show that at certain seasons of the year 75 per cent of the butter used in the Pacific northwest is shipped to this region from east of the Rocky mountains.

It is not necessary in this state to have an expensive herd of thoroughbred cattle to engage in dairying. The poor man with half a dozen cows of average quality can make a nice profit, especially if he has a cream separator so that the skimmed milk can be fed to the pigs and calves, for the cost of keeping the cows will be practically nothing, since they can subsist on the rough brush land.

To use a slang expression, it is when the subject of fruit is broached that Oregon shines, and perhaps

the state is better known for its superior apples and other fruits than for any other reason. Not only in the United States, but in England, Scotland and other parts of the old world Oregon fruits take the highest rank. The section of the state known as Hood River stands at the head of the class, with the Rogue River valley a close second. Small fruits, too, grow in abundance and are most delicious. Two crops of strawberries is nothing unusual.

As may easily be imagined, and it seems almost superfluous to mention it, garden truck flourishes like a green bay tree. Potatoes grow literally like weeds, four to six hundred bushels to the acre being no unusual yield. The festive potato bug and the blight, common in eastern states, are here unknown and if one is too lazy or busy to dig the crop in the fall, spuds may be allowed to remain in the ground all winter without fear of damage.

"Onion growing is profitable in the middle west," some one has said, "but it is more remunerative in Oregon."

Three hundred dollars per acre does not make the northwestern man's eyes bulge out nor make him feel particularly like a bloated aristocrat, for it is no uncommon thing to receive this amount of income from an acre of onions.

Cauliflower, cabbage, turnips, peas, beans, celery, tomatoes, asparagus, beets, parsnips, radishes, lettuce, spinach, squash and pumpkins grow here to perfection.

The average reader knows that previously much the larger portion of Oregon and other northwestern territory was covered by heavy timber and that the lumber industry was and is to this day the leading one of many sections of this part of the United States. Important as is this fact in a general way it interests but to a very limited extent the man from the middle west, who knows little and cares less, about merchantable timber. But to one feature of this industry I desire to call particular attention, namely, that lumber bills for improvements of whatever nature in Oregon, do not make a hole in the bank account they do in Nebraska. One can build a nice, comfortable house at very low figures compared to Missouri river prices; hence there are few farmers in this vicinity who are not well housed and have good barns for their stock.

### Good Hunting and Fishing.

There came in my mail today a letter from an old newspaper man of Nebraska enquiring as to whether there was any game or fish to be had in the Pacific northwest. In Oregon, instead of throwing your hook into a murky stream and waiting for a nibble you creep up to the edge of the bank and quietly casting your bait, see the gamest of fish literally grab your fly, almost before it has touched the water, making off with it amid his fellows, who actually appear sorry they were not caught. The lakes

and streams of the Pacific northwest are one of the most delightful features of this region of beautiful scenery. Fed by the perpetual snows from lofty mountain peaks the streams run pure and cold over pebble covered beds between banks of greenest verdure, leaping, laughing, singing to the sea.

The southern part of Oregon is not the only locality in the northwest where game and fish are plenty, for, compared to the middle west, every locality furnishes in season an abundance of good sport for the true sportsman.

Omaha has her Ak-Sar-Ben, Kansas City her Priests of Pallas, New Orleans her Mardi Gras, but Portland has her Rose Festival, which from nature's standpoint surpasses them all in beauty and spectacular display. It is an annual event which occurs in June, the leading rose month of the year, although in Oregon they bloom until December. Last summer the festival was held from June 6 to 11 inclusive, and was a solid week of floral pageants by day, mythological, allegorical and historical at night.

### Roses Used by Millions.

It is useless to undertake to say how many millions of roses were used in these parades and words are entirely inadequate to express or illustrate the beauty of these exhibits. Portland has more than one thousand miles of roses, which if placed side by side would reach from the Columbia river to the Southern part of California. Washington's birthday, when many of the readers of The Bee are doing their level best to keep warm by a hot fire, is Rose Planting day in Portland and the citizens, inspired by civic pride, do not pass it idly by but continue to increase in large numbers these beautifiers of nature.

If the reader is contemplating a visit to the Pacific northwest for pleasure or for sight-seeing and land viewing with the idea of investment combined, the latter part of May and the month of June is the time of year to give one the impression that not even the Garden of Eden could hold a candle with Oregon.

There are affiliated together and known as the Oregon Development league, 109 towns and cities outside of Portland, each having an organized commercial body with duly elected officers. Each has a little piece to speak and a nicely illustrated booklet to give away, while all are pulling together for the good of Old Oregon.

In conclusion allow me to utter a word of warning. Don't put off until two or three years from now what you should do in the very near future. Oregon is today "the land of opportunity," but it is just stepping on the buzz wagon and in a short time will be out of sight, for if we mistake not the speed limit will be busted higher than a champion aviator (Gilroy's kite is no longer in it) and there will be many a man in mourning because he did not heed the buzzing of The Bee and govern himself accordingly.

## No Use Feeling Blue

Oh, I like to hear a feller who will whistle at his work,  
I like to hear a worker who will hum a little tune,  
Ef a feller's got some music, why he ain't so apt to shirk;  
He kin change a bleak December into mild and merry June.

What's the use o' feelin' blue;  
Natur's happylike an' true,  
There is sunshine here far you,  
Life is mostly what you make it, make it meller-like an' true;  
Care will often run away,  
Ef he finds you're feelin' gay,  
Open up your music, brother, an' by thunder, let it play!

There's enough uv gloom an' sorer uv the kind that hez to be,  
Lots uv it's imaginary; you kin whistle it away,  
When you see ol' trouble skulkin' in the lots behind a tree  
Let him see you're merry hearted; put your record on an' play.

What's the use o' feelin' blue;  
Natur's happylike an' true,  
Help the world to be more cheerful an' 'twill do the same fur you;  
Blue is all right in the sky,  
All right in the maiden's eye  
But don't git it in your system; it will kill you by an' by.

—Joe Coss in New York Sun.