

THE RANCH.

proud to own. Let us build it wisely on the eternal foundations of truth, virtue and justice.

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Ex-President Bucey, of the state horticultural society, promises that the June meeting of that society shall be held in North Yakima if assurance is given that a good attendance is certain. If he had seen the enthusiastic meeting of the Yakima county society last week he would have had no doubt of a turnout on the greater occasion. Come on with the June meeting. We will give you an audience of 300 to 500 intelligent, interested people. With the active co-operation of the Commercial club with the horticulturists, THE RANCH is perfectly safe in this assurance.

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In another column will be found extracts from a letter written by Judge J. R. Lewis, who hardly needs an introduction to our people. He was for several years chief justice of the territory of Washington, is a man of wide experience, and a heavy taxpayer in this county. He is better known here as one of the incorporators of the First National bank of this city, of which he is president. He has lately demonstrated his "faith" in Yakima by largely increasing his holdings in that bank, and in a private letter says that he considers his investments in Yakima the best that he has ever made. Such letters as our extracts are from, from such a man as Judge Lewis, are worthy of earnest consideration by those who are seeking a location for investment or for establishing themselves in industrial pursuits in a new country. This letter, too, is full of hope and encouragement to those who have recently pitched their tents in the beautiful and productive valley of the Yakima.

THE SPOKANE CONVENTION OPENS SPLENDIDLY.

Spokane, Wednesday evening, (Special). "The most important convention ever convened in the northwest," was the prophecy for the meeting of fruit growers, dealers and railroad men now in session. The opening more than fulfills the promise. The welcoming exercises in the big theatre tonight were before an audience that packed seats, aisles, lobby and stairway, while hundreds were turned away. Music of the finest, speeches the fairest made the welcome sweet to those fortunate enough to be seated.

Yakima county sends the largest single delegation, comprising President Wilcox, E. F. Benson, H. G. Cooper, G. C. Clark, Robt. Dunn, Adriel B. Ely, P. J. Flint, J. M. Gilbert, Osborne Halstead, D. E. Lesh, E. H. Libby, Carl Mensing, G. S. Mitchell, Thos. Quinn, S. Storrow, R. M. Shannon, F. E. Thompson, J. A. Waters, A. B. Weed, Fredrick Wurtz—a fine body of men to represent a splendid county.

From Walla Walla, the Big Bend,

Clarke and the southeastern counties come strong delegations. Spokane is out in force and the Sound is, of course, well represented. Altogether there are several hundred live men in attendance.

The exhibition of fruit is surprising in its extent and superior quality. Spokane makes a large and splendid show of winter apples of all standard sorts. Yakima quality is well sustained. Halstead's pears and prunes lead the dance. Walla Walla is equal to her proud reputation.

Tomorrow the definite business of the convention will begin. It is business that the Yakima rustlers are here for, though highly appreciating the gracious honors bestowed upon all the guests by those most hospitable Spokane people.

E. H. L.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

By an Old Sagebrush Rooster.

Mr. Editors, for two of you are in sight, and I reckon there are a lot more in the background judging by the amount of work apparent in the first three numbers of THE RANCH, when I first heard that we were to have a real live farm journal in Washington, I strutted around in high glee spreading the news among the other s. b. r.'s (hens included). When your first issue appeared I just mounted the tallest brush I could find and crowed until every jackrabbit on that 640 stood on end, and the sneaking coyotes forgot their cussedness and wondered wheat on earth was happening. I felt that we had got a paper with vim into it, and knowledge and common sense, with an honest purpose in view, backed up by a desire and a will to succeed. You just keep on as you have begun and I'll wager a whole nest full of eggs that you'll soon have every man, woman and child of this blooming desert shouting for THE RANCH in less than six months. From spurs to topknot I congratulate you.

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But I want to take breath and say that I knock about the country a good deal at some seasons of the year, keeping my eyes and ears open, and making all the use I can of such understanding as is given to an old rooster like me, and when I met one of you up at the horticultural meeting the other day, and was invited to write something for your paper, I thought that possibly I might quote occasionally from my note book some of the things I see and hear and think, and string them together in a way that would be of some interest and value. I am peculiar and awkward in expression, sometimes, and you may not know at first glance what I am driving at. Let me have my way, though, and I'll wriggle through all right.

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A few days ago I happened to be taking a caboose ride on the N. P. and fell to talking with a sheepman, and he gave this

bit of refreshing dollar and cents experience: Four years ago he bought 1,500 head of silver hoofs for \$3,000, spot cash, as the tradesman put it. That year his clip of wool from that same flock brought him \$1,200, and his crop of fine lambs numbered 1,000. The wages of the herder, and his grub, amounted to \$465. Net profit (sheep range free of course) \$735, plus \$2,000 worth of lambs. That was was pretty good, wasn't it? The man has made a fair profit on the investment every year since, but today he is the most disgusted individual with the sheep business you ever saw. You see that big year spoiled him, and now he refuses to take his medicine like a man, hoping for a revival in prices, and he actually fell to cussing "Old Cleveland" and the democratic administration, not only for the depression in his own particular industry, but for the low prices of everything on earth.

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Now, Big Grover is no personal friend of mine, and I don't care a continental for his party as a party. But I do like to see a little common sense used in the consideration of any subject, and I do claim that as a patriotic American citizen that "Old Cleveland" is my president just as much as he is the president of Dave Hill, the editor of the P.-I., or any other of his particular friends, and as the president of this great and glorious United States I honor and respect him just as I honored and respected "Old Harrison" during his term. I tell you, Mr. Editors, it don't do for us bone and sinew fellows to let the partisan politicians twist us from candid, fair minded citizens into bigoted, reasonless claquers for party. If that's mugwumpery, take it as such, but leave this old Rooster his independence and his reason.

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As I look at it from my sand pile—and I believe a blind man can see it—tariff tinkering is not responsible for the difficulties that our woolly friends are laboring under. You just ask them, for me, if they don't suppose that the flocks of Australia, of South America and South Africa have had something to do with overstocking the wool market.

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Come to think of it, the cattle men are not loaded down with money bags filled by sales from their herds. Did Old Cleve or the t. ts. (which is short for tariff tinkers) sit down on the beef industry too? And our horse breeders, are they riding with gold mounted trappings these days? What's knocked the stuffing out of wheat farming? Let's be broad, liberal, reasonable. There's money in mutton yet; there will again be good money in wool, and in beef and in wheat.

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In that same caboose was a cattleman who took a tongue in the conversation.