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Transplanting the Garden of Eden

How the Apple Opened the Eyes of the Rogue River Valley, Oregon,
and a Family Orchard Attained International Importance

By Warren V. Winters

ONE day long ago on the mountainous western side the bright light through early mist of her brother's ancient story had captured Mrs. Deane of her mind. She should not have come at all. How she would carry back to the comfortable, steam-heated, well-ventilated home in the East a still picture of poor old John in his unprinted broad cloth at the edge of the timber, despite his seventy-two years cutting the one wood, getting his meals with his own two hands, making his bed, getting around, throwing sticks at those wood-choked pigs that was always trying to get into his garden patch. No, she should not have come to Oregon; she should have been satisfied with the memory of the John she saw nearly fifty years ago when he started west, a look, confident smiling eyes to follow the difficult trail that led to the golden wilderness beyond the hills and away back.

But Mrs. Deane had come, and the picture gave her no rest. So it came about that a few weeks after the strongly wooded side the Williams Creek stage left its customary path, jagged through the tall pines and fir, through the withering grasses of oak and brush on the western slope below Powell's place, among several deeply and rugged in front of the old pioneer's cabin.

"Get a letter for you" the driver announced, his body now diving into the oak patches for it. "It's from your sister Ann."

Old John was sitting in his customary attitude, chin tilted back against the sunny side of the fence, his closed old eyes staring vacantly past the heavily laden pear and apple trees over the rippling hills and brush patches of the valley, spread out like a green and gold checkeredboard to the edge of the timber forest made on the slope of the mountain opposite. He took the

on the "Vocational Problem in Public Education." The recent inauguration ceremonies at Pomona College were very largely attended by educators and friends throughout the state. Presidents Garfield of Williams College, and Eaton of Beloit, Wheeler of University of California, Jordan of Stanford University and Governor Johnson were among the honored guests.

ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.



A Militant Editor-General

IT is a natural inference, from subsequent events, that when Harrison Gray Otis came into this world in Washington county, Ohio, February 10, 1837, he was born fighting. It is a certainty that when taps sound, he will die fighting. His slogan is "You may break but shall not bend me." The sword and the pen have been his weapons. No invidious comparison need be made as to which has been the mightier, for he has wielded both with power.

General Otis may never have carried his journalism into war; but he has carried war into journalism. Though he has won laurels in the Civil, Spanish-American and Filipino wars, the fight of fights in his fighting life has been the fight with lawless labor unions—a twenty-years' fight that may last twenty years more.

It is not within the purpose or scope of these sketches to enter into discussion of subjects so deep-rooted and involved as trades-unionism. Sufficient it is to state that when a man finds striking workmen on his hands, it is hardly human for him to sit down and consider basic principles. Action is imperative. General Otis faced this situation in 1890, eight years after his purchase of the struggling Los Angeles *Times*. The militant editor told his men they could go—he had not forgotten how to set type. He got his paper out—I do not know with what aid, and wonder if this was the time when his adorable and adored wife, who was associated with him in his literary work for a quarter of a century, set type with two children playing at her feet.

From the time of that strike the general has waged a fight for the open shop that has grown in intensity and bitterness on both sides, and that culminated on October 1st of last year in the dastardly blowing-up of

the *Times* building and the killing of twenty inoffensive human beings, engaged in earning their subsistence by honest toil.

The *Times* was on the street the next morning. In bold-face on the front page, it proclaimed itself "For Liberty and Law, Equal Rights and Industrial Freedom."

General Otis says that his stand upon the labor question has been much misunderstood; that he is not the enemy of organized labor, per se. He concedes the right of labor to organize, but not to harry and destroy.

His worst enemies respect the general's bulldog tenacity. Not by any stretch of language can he be said ever to have compromised. He fights his enemies to the last ditch, and he never deserts a friend. His word is his bond. He has never been a man with his ear to the ground. Popular or unpopular, he pursues his way. His will has not always been the will of the people—he does not alter his course, nor trim his sails, to every passing wind.

After the *Times* disaster, someone condoled with him on the destruction of his plant. "Property!" he exclaimed. "What do I care about property! We can replace that, but who can give me back my men?"

Beneath his gruff exterior, this iron man hides sentiment and tenderness. As the general and his friends were leaving the cemetery in an electric private car, after memorial services in honor of Mrs. Otis on last Decoration Day, some people near the entrance were singing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." The general suggested to his friends that they take up the tune. All the way home they sang patriotic songs, and when they ended with "Auld Lang Syne" the old warrior was visibly touched.

The general's loves are genuine and numerous. He loves friends, home, family, children, dogs, horses, birds, flowers, fine pictures and good printing. The Shetland pony his grandchildren drive is a present from the general, and to the little daughter of one of the *Times* artists for whom he had a special fancy he loaned his Arabian mare brought from the Philippines, gave her presents and exchanged letters with her.

A tiny sleek gray creature once took up its abode in the general's desk at the old *Times* building, gnawed at his valuable papers, and richly deserved extermination. He made friends with the varmint and it became so tame it ate from his hand.



General Harrison Gray Otis, editor and general manager of the *Los Angeles Times*, a descendant of revolutionary stock who has been true to his fighting blood both in active military service and through long years of aggressive journalism

To estimate the value of the *Times* as a factor in the development of Los Angeles would be a task. It has played up in unstinted measure the resources of southern California every day in every year, and in addition issued a yearly midwinter number, upon which months of preparation are spent, covering the whole ground of the attractions of that section and of the whole Southwest. In building up southern California, the *Times* has built itself into "The biggest newspaper in the world," with a gross income of from \$1,300,000 to \$1,600,000.

General Otis is a capitalist as well as a soldier and journalist, and is reputed to be worth several millions. His interest in many

substantial local companies is large, and he is president of the Colorado River Land Company and director of the California-Mexico Land and Cattle Company, which associated corporations together own and control a tract of 862,000 acres of delta land on the peninsula of Lower California.

General Otis is one of the victorious products of the log schoolhouse and the farm. At fourteen years he became a printer's apprentice, and later journeyman and compositor. At the age of twenty-three, when working on the *Louisville Journal*, he was elected a delegate from Kentucky to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

Soon after the opening of the Civil War he returned to Ohio, enlisted, and served for forty-nine consecutive months, entering as a private and emerging with the brevet of lieutenant-colonel and the scars from two wounds.

Following is a brief record of his honorable career from the end of the war to the present: Owner of a small newspaper and printing plant at Marietta, Ohio, 1865-1869; foreman of the Government Printing Office, 1869-70; chief of a division, United States Patent Office, 1871-6; editor and publisher *Santa Barbara Press*, 1876-9; principal United States Treasury agent in charge of the Seal Islands of Alaska, 1879-81; fourth owner of *Los Angeles Times* (in which he later acquired controlling interest), 1882; president and general manager *Times-Mirror* Company from 1886 to date; commanded a brigade in the Spanish-American War and later served in the same rank in the Filipino

Insurrection, being brevetted major-general "for meritorious conduct" at Caloocan, 1899.

Harrison Gray Otis married at Lowell, Ohio, September 11, 1859, Eliza A. Wetherby, a woman of wonderful sweetness and goodness, who possessed distinct literary ability. She died November, 1904, lamented by all who knew her. General and Mrs. Otis had five children, two of whom are living: Marian, wife of Harry Chandler, assistant general manager of the *Times*, and Mabel, wife of Franklin Booth. The general has thirteen grandchildren.

General Otis owns a beautiful mission-style residence, "The Bivouac," on Wilshire Boulevard, and has a rustic retreat, "The Outpost," at Hollywood, a few miles out of Los Angeles. Both are filled with interesting and beautiful objects, relics and reminders of his eventful and varied career.

The Gleaners

By ALVINUS COLL

One went his way of scarlet,
And one his path of snow;
The Master Steward went between
To watch them reap and sow.

One sowed the night with thistle,
And one the shining morn
With vineyard root and orchard bud,
And grains of golden corn.

One tilled the tillsome furrow
With water-skin and spade;
One stole away with haul and jug
To lile in the shade.

And when the harvest ripened,
Among the golden wheat
They found the linn and nettleroot,
The thistle and the cheat.

And strange!—among the thistle,
The nettle and the thorn
The purple vintage of the vine,
And sheaves of golden corn!