

UNCLE SAM'S PRODIGAL GIFTS FROM THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

Government Has Given to Settlers 112,000,000 Acres, and Has More than Enough Left to Make Four States as Large as Texas—Vast Projects of Irrigation.

No wonder the world calls us rich. What other country could make the prodigal gifts to its people which Uncle Sam has made from the public domain. This government has already given to settlers 112,000,000 acres of land.

But what the government has given away is only a small garden in comparison with what it has to give. The public domain, taking into consideration land of all sorts, good and bad, amounts to the colossal sum of 754,865,286 acres—more than enough to make four states as large as Texas. It is true that almost half of this vast area is in Alaska, where farms will always be about as valuable as they are at the north pole. But it is also true that there are 290,000,000 acres of public land in the United States proper that, sooner or later, will be devoted to agricultural purposes. In the arid West it is all a matter of getting water on the land. In the cut-over timber regions of the lumbering states all that is needed is to keep off the forest fires and give the soil an opportunity to recuperate.

Water Did It All. The United States government owns, in Utah, for instance, more than enough land to make another state as large as Michigan. Nobody who has ever climbed the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains and seen what Brigham Young and his followers did for

twenty-eight tremendous irrigation projects, as the result of which water will be turned on to more than half a million acres of land this year. At Roosevelt, Ariz., for instance, public funds are being expended to throw across Salt River a dam 284 feet high that will hold back enough water to put a slice two feet thick over the whole state of Rhode Island. The dam will not be finished until 1910, but when it is completed it will convert into gardens 210,000 acres around Phoenix that are now good only for the buzzards to fly over. The agricultural department has analyzed the soil and found that it is remarkably fertile; the climate cannot be excelled, and, as soon as the water comes, no region will be more productive.

Then there is California. Anyone who has ever entered the Golden State at the little southern town called "The Needles" doubtless remembers his amazement that the state should be called the "land of sunshine, fruit and flowers." The sunshine is there, all right, but the fruit and flowers can be found only in the dining car. Outside there is only sand, sand, sand—millions of acres of it, as far as the eye can reach—and cactus bushes. It's the lower end of the Mojave Desert. Further to the north is Death Valley, and as one looks out the car window he occasionally sees a mirage that may be anything from a green-fielded farm-



DRAWING NAMES FOR LAND ALLOTMENTS.

Salt Lake Valley need be told what the rest of Utah will some time look like. When the Mormons went to Utah the country around Salt Lake was as desolate as the mind could picture. Now the River Jordan winds through as beautiful a country as lies outdoors. Water did it all—water from the river and water from the mountains that was sluiced over the land. And in that state the United States government owns more than 36,000,000 of other thirsty acres.

The national government also has large holdings in twenty-four other states and territories. Uncle Sam owns enough land in New Mexico, for instance, to make two states almost as large as New York and Indiana; enough in Montana to make another commonwealth far exceeding in area the great State of Illinois, and enough in Nevada to make twelve states as large as New Jersey. He could carve out five states as large as Massachusetts from what he owns in Idaho, and seven Vermonts from his unused lands in Arizona. And that is saying nothing about his 2,600,000 acres in North Dakota, his 17,000,000 acres in Oregon, his 5,000,000 acres in Washington, and his 3,000,000 acres in California and his 24,000,000 acres in Colorado.

Some of this land has nothing but gold and silver in it. The rest of it is heavily freighted with the latest possibilities of potatoes, alfalfa, wheat, oats, corn and fruit. All that this latter class of soil needs to make it productive is water. In the old days this seemed to be an insurmountable difficulty. Arid land boomers talked to their prospective customers in vain.

"This land needs only water and good society to make the country a paradise," said one of these gentry, according to an old joke.

"That's all the infernal regions need," retorted the traveler from the East, who had Kentucky relatives.

Busy with Irrigation. But things have changed since then. The government has become very busy in the irrigation business. It is pouring out money like water for the purpose of getting water. At this very moment the government has under way

house to a ship sailing in the clouds bottom side up.

Government's Great Projects. However, all this is to be changed. At Yuma the government has made a start toward supplying water to the desert, and while the task may not be completed for years, part of the arid land will be reclaimed within the next two years. The undertaking now under way consists of damming the Colorado River at Yuma and diverting its waters into two channels by means of which the adjacent country on both sides of the stream will be watered. About 84,000 acres of land will be made productive by this work alone. By similar means 12,000 acres will be reclaimed in northern California.

The government has also done something and is doing more to bring back to life some of Nevada's 61,000,000 dead acres. At Truckee the melting mountain snow is diverted to the parched tracts far below in the valley. The work has already progressed so far that water has been turned on to 50,000 acres, and within a few months irrigation ditches will be ready to supply 1,000 more eighty-acre farms. This is only a start, of course, and does not amount to much. But when the fact is considered that the government has enough arid land in Nevada to make two states as large as New York it is evident that the small start that has been made is but the forerunner of a great finish.

Conduit Through Mountains. Out in what is known as the "Gunnison country" in Colorado, another gigantic undertaking is under way. At the bottom of Gunnison canyon is a picturesque little stream called the Gunnison River, that up to this time has served no other useful purpose than to increase the beauty of the scenery and hold speckled trout to lure fishermen hundreds of miles. But the Gunnison River will soon be known no more to the fishermen. Within a year, probably, it will be shunted off into a tunnel. This tunnel will take the turbulent little stream through the heart of a mountain and dump it over 140,000 acres of land. The conduit through the mountain will be almost six miles long. Work has been going

on for four years, and five miles of the tunnel are already completed. Forty-five miles of canal will also irrigate 60,000 acres of land in Grand Valley in the western part of Colorado.

Then look at Idaho. When the census of 1900 was taken, the government enumerators found in that state only 1.0 persons to the square mile. In Idaho the United States owns almost 27,000,000 acres of land. Think what will happen to the population of that state when the work now under way is completed and water is turned on to 372,000 acres of land. The Payette, Boise and Snake rivers, in the southwestern part of the state, are simply being turned out of their beds. The work is so far advanced that settlers are already beginning to file on some of the land that is to be benefited. At Minidoka, another point on the Snake River, a huge dam will divert water to supply 130,000 acres. The work is already practically complete and water will be turned on next spring.

Others of Importance. An extensive system of irrigation devices that extend along the North Platte for nearly 500 miles will, when completed, supply water to 200,000 acres of land in Wyoming and an equal area in Nebraska. In fact, water was turned on to 40,000 acres this year. Settlers are taking up land rapidly.

Besides all this, work is under way to put water on to 200,000 acres in Montana, 40,000 acres in North Dakota, 30,000 acres in New Mexico, 10,000 acres in Kansas, 220,000 acres in northern California and southern Oregon, 270,000 acres in Washington, 40,000 acres in Utah, and 100,000 acres in South Dakota. And, as a people, we are just beginning to realize that it is good public policy to spend money for the irrigation of arid lands.

Those who are best able to judge believe that, in this way, we shall reclaim from 50,000,000 to 150,000,000 acres of land. In fact, the experts incline toward the larger figure. And what does this mean? It means that we shall put under cultivation 234,375 square miles. Figuring the population at the same density as that of Kansas—eighteen to the square mile—it will mean that the government land will provide homes for more than 4,000,000 persons. And, using the same multiplier, more than 3,000,000 persons are now living on land that the government originally gave to settlers.

For Intensive Tillage. But the possibilities of what might be called the near present are dwarfed by the probabilities of the remote future. Some day stern necessity will compel us to be economical in the use of our land, as we are just beginning to learn that we should conserve what remains of our coal, timber and iron. Some day we shall learn that no one can really till 200 or 300 acres of land, or even 40 acres. We shall become masters of intensive agriculture and produce more from a few well-tilled acres than we do now from the great tracts that we cultivate with little or no realization of the great opportunities that we overlook. We shall learn a lesson, perhaps, from the French peasants, who let not a foot of ground escape untilled and make the fences hold up the grapes for the sun to ripen them.

And when that time comes the land that the government yet has to give to settlers may support a population of hundreds of millions. Scientific agriculturists say that Texas alone has enough land to support five times the present population of the United States.

The Modest Third. Early in the Congressional career of Mr. Blaine, says a writer in the New York Tribune, when Thaddeus Stevens died, who for ten years had dominated Congress, Mr. Blaine, who entered the House the same year as the late Senator Allison, remarked to a friend in the rotunda of the Capitol, "The death of Stevens is an emancipation for the Republican party. He kept it under his heel."

"Whom have you got left for leaders?" queried the friend.

"There are three young men coming forward," was Mr. Blaine's reply. "There is a young man to be heard from, 'pointing to Allison, who was passing. 'James A. Garfield is another."

"There was a pause, and the friend asked, 'Well, who is the third?'"

Mr. Blaine gazed up in the dome, and said quietly, "I don't see the third."

Fear of the Law. The literal strictness of German rules and regulations has always been a matter of amusement to other nations which do not insist so rigidly on the letter of the law. A writer in the Washington Star recently told a story illustrating this point. Two men, Schmidt and Krauss, met one morning in the park.

"Have you heard," said Schmidt, "the sad news about Muller?"

"No," said Krauss. "What is it?"

"Well, poor Muller went boating on the river yesterday. The boat capsized and he was drowned. The water was ten feet deep."

"But couldn't he swim?"

"Swim? Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"

When the members of a standing committee meet they usually sit down. A man who has fished much can readily detect a lie in a fish story.

Old Favorites

Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds.
Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serene moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in awe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, in heaven."
—Charles Mackay.

The Song of the Mystic.
I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!
Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human—and his
In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the
Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lies far between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow
And one the bright mountain of Prayer
—Father Ryan.

Styles in Shoes.
"We are going to give femininity something of a sensation this fall," said the shoe manufacturer, "by putting out shoes with fancy buttons. This is very novel, but the greater the novelty the more my lady likes her shoes. The fancy button follows, naturally, the fancy buckle fashion of the spring and summer. Some will have buttons with imitation sapphires in them, and some brass military buttons, and there will be all the variations on these two extremes that you can imagine."

"Other novelties will be eight-inch boots with tops of a military blue; patent vamp boots with lead color uppers, and there will be colors and shades unlimited. The smartest woman will have a boot to match every gown, whether it be her street suit, afternoon costume, or evening gown. There will be 'donkey grays' for the tailored suit of 'egg plant,' which is a sort of dark red brown. For the afternoon costume there will be the catwalk, which is a very delicate shade, and also the wistler, which is, of course, a beautiful shade of blue. For evening wear there are going to be many fancy leathers in slippers, crowding out of place a little the silk, satin and oze slippers which were so popular last year."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beethoven's Piano.
A company of young American tourists visited the home of Beethoven, in Bonn, and were unrestrained in their expressions of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano, and proceeded, with true American confidence, to play the "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano. Such an interesting combination!

The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over, the young lady turned to the old man and said:

"I suppose many musicians have been here, and have played on this instrument?"

"Paderevski was here last year, madam."

"Ah!" she sighed.

"But," continued the faithful guardian, "when someone urged him to play on Beethoven's piano, he said, 'No; I am not worthy!'"

A Bad Dream.
It is not likely that any English speaking people understand so keen and punctilious a devotion to the niceties of language as that which characterizes the French grammarians. We may help ourselves to understand it perhaps by reading a story told of Mr. Lamany.

One night he awoke and sprang out of bed with a wild cry. His wife was running. He was in alarm and despair.

"Why, what is the matter?" he gasped.

"I dreamed," said the professor, "I had a horrible, a heart-rending dream!"

"What was it?"

"I dreamed I was talking, and distinctly heard myself utter a word which had a grammatical error in it."

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures
Divide the long sad year that labors by
Into short measures.

Yet, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

A NIGHT ON THE LONELY PRAIRIE

"Now, Lucie, it's your turn!"
"But I don't know any ghost stories. Let somebody else tell one!"
"Oh, there needn't be anything like a real ghost in it. Just anything that's thrilling and mysterious!"
"Well," replied Lucie, thoughtfully, "the most thrilling story I can tell is something that happened to me last summer."

"Good!" "A real experience!" "This is the best of all!" cried several voices. A group of college girls had gathered about the big fireplace in the reception hall. The room was unlighted except for the flames that, leaping from the great logs, illuminated the eager, happy faces and threw wavering gleams into the distant dark corners.

The listening group drew a little nearer the fire and turned expectant faces toward Lucie, who leaned forward from her pile of cushions.
"Since I have been back at college this year I have said very little to anyone about the incident, for the reason that I have wished to recover from its effects as soon as possible, but I think I can relate it to-night."

The look of interest grew more intense as Lucie proceeded.
"You know that after college last June, I started on a trip through the far West with a party of friends. We spent several weeks in traveling, and had a most delightful time. After reaching California the party broke up, and I planned to remain a few weeks with a friend who was to come East with me and pay me a return visit."

"I had been with my friend only a few days when I received a letter from my mother, saying that she had not been well, but was now recovering. I was therefore utterly unprepared for the telegram that came three days later, summoning me home at once, as my mother was in a very critical condition."

"I started at once and alone. You can imagine the apprehension with which I began the long journey. It seemed as if I could never cover the vast distance, and the train seemed to crawl as we dragged through the weary hours to the second day."
"At last we reached a wide stretch of prairie country. I had slept little the night before, and the strain was beginning to tell upon me. When bedtime came I took a simple sleeping-powder and went to my berth early. The powder had an almost instantaneous effect, and I was soon asleep. Then began a series of haunting dreams. I seemed to pass through calmly after calamity, indefinite and awful. At last the dream took tangible form. I was on the swiftly rushing train. A terrible collision was about to happen. In the distance I could hear shouting, followed by several sharp explosions. Another moment and the crash would come! Then with a struggle I awoke."

"As I became conscious of my surroundings I realized that the car was in confusion and the train slowing up. My dream, then, was prophetic! With a shudder I remembered that the car in which I was sleeping was near the front of the train, and in the event of a collision its occupants would be at a disadvantage. Others had evidently realized the same thing, and were rushing to get out."

"In trembling haste I drew on my shoes, and throwing my dressing-robe around me, I ran down the car to where I saw people hurrying through the door. In the mingled confusion of dream and waking reality, I paid no attention to the group, except to see that they were all crowding down the steps on one side of the car."
"For a moment they seemed to hesitate, as if I cried, 'Don't wait for me! I'm ready.' I will jump down this side, and I made my way down the steps in eager haste."

"By this time the train had nearly stopped, and I found no difficulty in swinging off the lower step to the ground. By the dim light that came from the train I could see that I was the only one who had alighted on my side of the track; the others had escaped on the opposite side. A feeling of great thankfulness came over me when I thought I had been saved in what seemed a wonderful way."
"But as I watched, a mighty wrench seemed to shake the train from end to end, and instead of stopping, it seemed to gather motion. Car after car passed me with increasing swiftness, and as the last one whirled by, I looked about for those who, like myself, were left standing by the tracks. I was alone!"
"With terrified eyes I peered into the darkness on all sides, but not a living thing could I see. The only sound that broke the stillness was that of the train as it made its echoing way across the prairie. The only light was that of the train lamps that every moment twinkled more feebly in the distance, and the light of the stars that showed the faintly gleaming rails stretching away in the darkness."
"I covered my eyes with my hand

"He seated himself at the instrument, and then began the click! click! that seemed to me to continue as my weary minutes. At last he turned to me with a smile."
"It's all right," he said. "They will take your things from the train, and the next express, that goes through in about two hours, will stop for you. Doubtless your disappearance has not yet been discovered, and won't be until the train reaches Hamlin."

"Another weary wait began, broken at last by the instant click of the telegraph. As word after word of the message was spelled out by the instrument, a look of surprise and interest came into the face of the operator. At last he turned and looked at me, curiously.
"Well, young woman," he exclaimed at last, "you have had an experience, and no mistake! One that you won't forget in a hurry, or I miss your guess!"
"Then he told me the message that had just come over the wires. My train had reached Hamlin, and in its absence had not been discovered until then. So far nothing very startling, but listen to this! When the train from which I had made such a mysterious exit reached Hamlin it had a strange tale to tell. The night before on the open prairie it had been boarded by a large band of train robbers. There had been a brief struggle, in which the robbers had been successfully repulsed, and the train had gone on its way."

"A few weeks before there had been a daring and successful robbery on one of the roads in the Southwest. A large sum of money had been taken from the express car and the mails riddled. The detectives who had worked on the case believed this robbery was one of a series that had been carefully planned, and had warned all the Western roads to be on the alert. When the train on which I had taken passage started for the East, it had on board, all unknown to the passengers, a strong guard."

"In the struggle that followed the attempt to hold up the train, the robbers soon saw that they would be overpowered, and sought to make their escape. To create confusion and to make it more difficult for the guard in the express car to shoot, they had plunged through one or two of the other cars, and so off the train. My car had been one through which they had rushed, and it was this band of desperate men that I had followed in the aftermath of my awakening."

"The train had been brought nearly to a standstill, and that is why I had no greater difficulty in getting off. Of course when the robbers reached the ground they scattered in all directions, and hence I saw no one beside the tracks when the train had passed."
"You can imagine the feelings with which I heard the operator's story. It was a relief to know that I had not been the victim of a sleeping felon; but when I thought of the night, the lonely prairie, and the desperate men, a new terror took hold of me."

"The rest of my journey was without incident. The anxiety in regard to my mother kept in check the nervous reaction that might have followed the terrible experiences of that night. When I reached home I found the critical point in my mother's illness past and the danger over. It was then that the reaction came, and for days I was almost prostrated. Even now the terror and haunting reality of that night on the lonely prairie will seize upon me, and I imagine I shall never get beyond the spell of that experience."—Youth's Companion.

Helpful Hints.
I would rather be able to make people appreciate things they don't get than sell them things that they don't appreciate. In fact, it is very much easier to sell them things than they think they appreciate.
It takes genius to let your hair grow and yet make plain people believe you are sensible. There are only two of us, Buffalo Bill and myself, and I don't think so very much of Buffalo Bill.
The most comfortable way to economize is to travel with a good spender.
You can't fool all of the people all of the time, but you don't need to, to make a good thing of it.
Don't make fun of religion unless you are sure of your audience.
Be good to people and you will find them easier to work.
A wise fake goes a long way.
Anything is a thought that gets printed.—Judge.

Human Electrical Machines.
Dr. McConnell recently told the Mothers of New York that men and women were nothing else but electrical machines, which (or who) when out of order could be put together again like ordinary electrical apparatus. The idea is bright and the great Founder, in his "Theory of Electrons," suggests something of the same kind. Dr. Miller of Buffalo would, however, appear to disagree with the idea. He placed under observation nineteen of the employees in the Niagara Electric Works and drew the following conclusion from his observations:
When the men were brought into close proximity with the electrical dynamo they experienced organic disorders of the stomach, loss of appetite, faulty digestion and became as pale as lime-kiln laborers. The doctor attributes these phenomena to the chemical influence of the electrical radiations, or of radiations of a nature as yet unknown.
The late Sir Henry Thomson, the London surgeon, was of opinion that an abuse of electricity in the home led to baldness, bad eyesight, wrinkled skin and rarely failed to disturb the normal circulation of the blood.

Forced Economy.
"Poor Tom, it cost him a terrible lot to give up his sweetheart."
"Then why did he?"
"Because it would have cost him a great deal more if he hadn't."—London Tatler.

"Take a cent's worth of sotion wash goods, a rose or two, a pair of shoes, and a hat, and put them on a 15-year-old girl, and you have a great result."
Marriage consists of five minutes at the head of the procession, and a lifetime in the ranks.

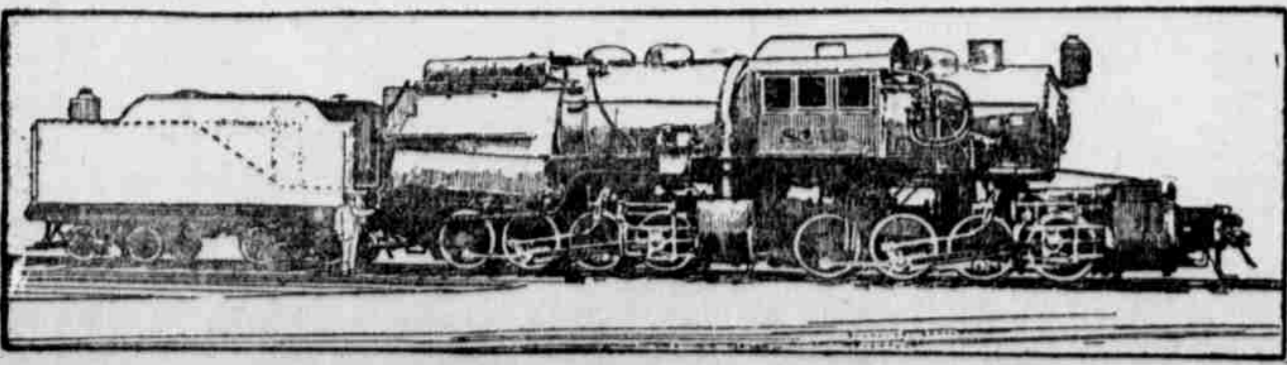
"A REAL EXPERIENCE!"
began to approach. The air took on a new freshness; the stars paled, then disappeared, and the watery moonlight lost itself in the light of the coming sun.
"As the landscape grew in the morning light the unrealities of the night began to pass, and I began to comprehend what had happened. I stopped and looked at the tracks that stretched away to the vanishing point before and behind me. There was only one explanation possible. I had had some terrible dream, and under its spell I had in some miraculous manner got off the moving train. The group that I had seen hurrying through the car and down the steps had been only the shadows of a dream."
"Gradually the difficulties of my position forced themselves upon me. What was I to do? Here I was, alone upon the great prairie, with no habitation within miles. My clothing, my ticket and my money were all on the train that was fast making its way to the East. There was only one thing I could do. In some way I must stop the next train."

"In the meantime I continued my way. The morning light was now sufficient to give me a clear view, and after a little, as I looked far ahead down the narrow, glistening tracks, my heart gave a great leap. Surely there in the distance was a building near the tracks."
"It was still early morning when, footsore and exhausted, I reached a little telegraph station, where I found a sleepy night operator. He opened his eyes wide when a young woman, attired in a dressing-robe, a young woman whose hair was disheveled and whose shoes scratched, appeared before him. I told my story as coherently as possible, and was relieved to find that he agreed with my explanation."
"Yes," said he, when I had finished, "you must have had the nightmare, and had it bad. But how you ever got off that express train without breaking your neck is more than I can see."

"I never think of that night operator without a feeling of gratitude. He was a man of resource. In a few moments he had made and placed before me a cup of steaming coffee, clear and strong. 'Now,' he said, 'we must plan what's to be done. In about an hour your train will reach Hamlin, where it makes a stop of twenty minutes. I will telegraph there to have your things removed from the car and held for you. Then I will get orders to have the next express stop here and take you aboard. It will not delay you many hours.'

"I covered my eyes with my hand

LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.



The engine and tender combined are eighty feet long and weigh 283½ tons. The engine alone weighs 205 tons. It was built for the purpose of assisting trains over the grades of the Erie Railroad near Susquehanna, and can

haul a freight train of 250 cars, two miles long, carrying 10,000 tons of freight, at a speed of eight miles an hour. If this freight consisted of grain it would represent the harvest from twenty-six square miles of farm land.