PART III.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871. OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1895—TWENTY PAGES. SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

BOSTON STORE

N. W. Corner 16th and Douglas, OMAHA.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS and SILKS That were ever offered.

40 pieces Double width Cashmere Plain Colored Serges And fancy half wool novelties **10c**

40 inch Wool novelties Plaid Cheviots and Fancy Wool Mixtures **15c**

2 Cases Strictly all Wool Striped Dress Goods **25c**

200 pieces Imported high grade all wool novelty Dress Goods In 20 different styles **29c**

42 and 44 in. Imported all wool plain and fancy colored Dress Goods **39c**

BLACK GOODS

50 pieces 46-in Mohair and wool novelties in all the new designs go on sale Monday at 10c, 25c and 35c the other. These goods are never for less than 98c. WHITE-WINDER break last at **19c**

54-inch heavy Melton, forty-three in Navy Blue, the chance of a hunter's and ready-made at 50c on sale Monday regular price $1.00 yard **50c**

Hundreds of imported black novelties in Silk and Wool and Mohair and Wool, very stylish patterns, also 54-in Mohair Sicilians. Regular price, $1.50 go at **98c**

75c Silk for 18c A tremendous big job of Satin, China, Surahs, Bengaline, Moires and Faille Silks go at 18c yard, only 12 yards to each customer. **18c**

$1.00 DRESS SILKS for 39c

100 pieces All Pure SILKS in Gros Grain Taffetas, Satins, black and all shades; worth a dollar a yard go at 39c **39c**

75 pieces [worth $1 to $1.25] Elegant Fancy Taffeta SILKS For dresses and waists, such as fine all Silk, 24 inch Plaid Surahs, 27 inch black Satin Duchesse, also all shades of Satin Rhadames as well as 50 different combinations of changeable Taffetas for fancy trimming and waists. Also Cape Linings one yard wide and Cheney Bros. Black China Silks, all at 59c **59c**

$1.50 black and Colored Dressing Goods at Silks **75c**

Biggest bargain ever offered in fine quality Dress Satins and Silks are to be had tomorrow.

GUINET Black Gros Grain Silk 22 inch all pure Silk, Satin, Duchesse, 21 inch all silk fancy black, fancy stripes or brocades in Satin and Gros Grain. 21 inch new Chamelion Dress and Waist Taffetas in dark and evening shades. 36 inch wide white and cream satins all go at 75c **75c**

Grandest Puschase of Underwear Ever Made. 12,000 Dozen Men's, Ladies' and Children's Fall and Winter

UNDERWEAR.

This purchase is the entire stock of a Rhode Island underwear mill, up to now in the hands of a receiver. He sold it all—the entire stock—to us at 25c on the dollar of its actual value. Its the largest single purchase of Underwear ever recorded and by all odds the greatest sacrifice ever incurred by a manufacturer. But the creditors were clamorous for their money and had to have it.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

1000 DOZEN WORTH UP TO 75c MEN'S WHITE MERINO UNDERWEAR Men's extra heavy cotton-ribbed underwear..... Double breasted, heavy gray underwear..... Fine camels hair underwear..... Fancy colored underwear **25c**

50c For men's all wool scarlet underwear, Men's all wool, double breasted gray underwear, men's all wool, fleece lined underwear, men's genuine camels hair underwear, men's imported French fancy striped underwear, worth up to $1.25.

75c For Underwear Worth $2.50

Such as Dr. Wright's hygienic underwear, color Jaeger imported underwear, real English Vicuna and French cashmere underwear, in fact the highest grades of all kinds men's underwear, such as handled in the finest exclusive men's furnishing goods stores and sold for up to $2.50, go at 75c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Ladies' Ribbed UNDERWEAR **12½c** WORTH 25c

Ladies' natural wool GRAY UNDERWEAR **29c** WORTH 75c

Ladies' heavy ribbed UNDERWEAR **19c** WORTH 35c

Ladies' absolutely all wool scarlet UNDERWEAR **49c** WORTH $1.25

Ladies' Egyptian combed yarn derby ribbed UNDERWEAR **25c** Worth 50c

Ladies' cotton heavy rib WOOL UNDERWEAR **50c**

LADIES' COMBINATION SUITS. In this purchase were the finest lot of Ladies' Combination Suits ever put on the market, In all wool and part wool, including all colors and black.

Ladies' Combination Union Suits, worth a dollar..... **50c**
Ladies' Combination Union Suits, worth $1.50..... **75c**
Ladies' Combination Union Suits, worth two dollars..... **98c**
Ladies' Combination Union Suits, worth five dollars..... **$1.98**

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Children's natural gray camel's hair and white merino Underwear **5c 9c 15c**

Children's all wool scarlet, all wool gray and camel's hair Underwear **9c 15c 25c**

Boys' and Girl's strictly all wool gray Underwear; fancy mixed brown Underwear, and fancy striped Underwear, **29c 39c 49c**

2000 Pairs High Grade IMPORTED **KID GLOVES** (Worth up to $2.00) **59c 75c 98c**

The entire bankrupt stock of a Brooklyn exclusive kid glove store, including 4-button embroidered back glace gloves, 8-button mousquetaires, in gray, brown, black and white, 5 and 7 Foster hook gloves; you will find in fact all the highest grades of kid gloves in these 3 lots, which go tomorrow at 59c, 75c, 98c.

BARGAINS IN THE BASEMENT

MEN'S WATERPROOF COLLARS ..... Worth 25c. **3c**

Light colored Shirting Prints go at..... Worth 6½c yard. **2½c**

Best Standard Dress Prints, dark colors..... Worth 7½c. **3c**

Best heavy Garnet Prints, go at..... Worth 8½c. **3½c**

Best indigo blue and white and red Prints go at..... **4½c**

36 inch wide French Percales go at..... Worth 12½c. **5c**

Fine Henrietta Sateen..... Worth 25c. **6½c**

Extra fine quality double nap Shaker Flannel go at Worth 15c. **5½c**

Double nap gray and brown Sanitary Flannel goes at Worth 20c. **8½c**

Fancy Swansdown Flannel for wrappers, etc., at.. Regular price 25c. **10c**

GRAND CLOAK SALE

The largest and finest stock and the lowest prices in Omaha.

LADIES' JACKETS Made of Melton cloth, very stylish; worth $5.00..... **$1.39**

LADIES' FINE BEAVER JACKETS Half satin lined, made in the latest style; worth $7.50..... **$3.98**

LADIES' ALL WOOL KERSEY JACKET Half lined, mandolin sleeves, rippled back; worth $10.00..... **$4.98**

LADIES' JACKETS Made of boucle cloth, kersey, covert cloth and astrachan cloth, extra fine style and quality, worth $20.00..... **$9.98**

CHILDREN'S REEFER JACKETS Made of chinchilla, beaver and covert cloth, extra heavy, worth $2.50..... **98c**

FUR CAPES. Plush capes, Astrachan capes, French Coney capes, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep; worth $15.00..... **$7.50**

FRENCH CONEY FUR CAPES 28 inches long, worth $10.00.... **$4.98**

ELECTRIC SEAL CAPES, ASTRACHAN CAPES 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep, lined with good satin; worth $25.00..... **$12.50**

—500 NEW— **SAMPLE JACKETS & CAPES** 500 new sample Jackets and Capes, each a different style—no two alike—made in all the latest cloths—fancy and plain boucles, Persian lamb cloth, worumbo, chinchilla, clay worsteds and doeskin kerseys—with full ripple back, mandolin, foot ball and draped sleeves, together with an immense lot of plush, velours, cloth and fur capes; worth from $30.00 to $75.00, go at

$12.50 $15.00 $17.50 $20.00 $22.50 $25.00

OPPOSITION TO REALISM

School of Fiction Without Substantial Public Favor.

REALITIES TOO GRIM AND SORDID

Romanticism Preferred by the Multitude, and the Reasons Therefor—Ideals that Stir the Emotions.

At the session of the Federation of Women's Clubs recently held in Lincoln, the following paper, dealing with the romantic and realistic schools of literature, was prepared and read by Miss Irene Byrne of Omaha:

The evolution of each century is incarnated in a particular form of literature, and the form of our age is the novel. There is always a harmony between the social movement, which is the cause, and the literary expression, which is the effect. Thus Greece, in the heroic age, wrote epic poem telling how brave men lived and loved and voyaged and died, telling of a gallant life and honest purpose; the mystical middle ages left us a poem of heaven and hell, of darkness and death and doom; Shakespeare, the flower of the Renaissance, gave us dramas varied as humanity, and the nineteenth century man sends the nervous shiver of his age thro' the novel.

But if you think of the novel as simply a narrative, the main object of which is to please, you have little idea of the scope of the modern art, little idea of the potent force which fiction has come to be in the life of humanity.

The novelist of today has complete freedom in the choice of his subject and the manner of its treatment; he may adopt the novel as a platform or a pulpit, use it as a means or an end, think of it as merely a vehicle for conveying his theories of life and philosophy, or regard it itself as all in all.

The novel which he gives us may be historical and critical, heavy as a German treatise, precise as a column of statistics, or, if like Stevenson, fancy has filled his eyes with rainbows, he may send warm blood into the dead chill and show us the shimmering purple hued possibilities of a life more ardent and vigorous in conception than our own tame dull colored one.

And this is what a large number of the young men, the new writers, have been doing. Make a list of the books most widely read and discussed and you will find a large percentage written by men of whom the literary world knew but little ten years ago; then look at the books themselves and you will find that in them life has been viewed from its picturesque, romantic and adventurous sides. Their stories tell of brave men and fair women, who thrill and inspire us by showing what heroic things the human heart can do; they transport us to a new and marvelous world of magic landscapes, where heroism seems natural, and where we learn that in spite of the desolating monotony of things there lie within the limits of human achievement nobler deeds than we have done, deeper emotions than we have felt, higher ideals of faith—friendship—than we have reached, and as our life currents ebb or flow in sympathy with the hopes and fears, the desires and disappointments of these people most real, tho' they have never existed, we are glad to know that back of the veneer of civilization the human heart can still thrill and throb, and that tho' we may not have done so more richly endowed natures have in their passionate love of life warmed both hands before its fire and drunk deeply of its cup, whether for weal or woe.

But books lighted by imagination and warmed by enthusiasm, books full of turmoil and ebullition, from which emerge men and women who, by reason of their genuine vital force, show us that the race, with all its commercialism and materialism, is yet capable of a large and liberal sweep of emotion, such books come from the realm of romanticism. And romanticism, we have been told by the eminent authorities, Howells, Boyeson, Zola, is dying of bloodlessness, of starvation, for the stories upon which she feeds have been so often told that they no longer nourish her.

What then is the meaning of this sudden influx of romantic novels? Why is it that Stevenson, Crockett, Barrie, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Stanley Weyman, have suddenly attained such prominent positions in the world of letters, and why do they write of Scotch raiders and French Hugenots, of Indians from the new world and gypsies from the old?

It is because there is always a vital relation between the deep, instinctive, natural preference of the reading public and the activity of its writers, so when from no single personal impulse, but from a general movement which could no more be helped than could a change in the social or political world, men, weary of the books in which there is no romance, no poetry, feel that in their own lives the realities are too grim and sordid and ever present to fill their novels to the exclusion of all else, then these young writers spring up in response to the demand of the hour as champions of the new romanticism.

For it is not true that romanticism is dead or dying; neither has realism had its day. Each is as old as the world, and each is ever young and appears in new strength and under a new guise at each new literary period, for as art is progressive it never quite repeats itself, and tho' the strong, strenuous delight in doing and daring which pervades the house of the wolf, the refugees or kidnaped is the same as that which vitalizes old mortality, "93," or the robbers, yet the time spirit which haunts the books of Crockett, Weyman or Stevenson show that they have been surrounded and governed by circumstances different from those which imprisoned Scott, Hugo, Schiller and the romanticists of an earlier day and a different clime.

For romanticism, which is the form that idealism in literature often takes, means different things in different countries, different things at different times, in accordance with the school or tendency with which it comes into collision. It comes usually at periods when men, tired of plain, practical things, demand of art that it show them not only the actual and present, but the potential and possible; when hungry for eloquence and thirsty for poetry they turn to art for the intellectual excitement which cannot be found in the dull and conventional.

Today it is placed in opposition to the realism which has assumed such varying phases in the work of Zola, de Balzac, Flaubert, Tolstoi, Turgeuef, Howells, James and Garland, according to the race and individual temperaments of these authors.

Each man is a product of his own time, and if these men have preached the doctrine of the importance of the real facts of life, if they have formulated their creed in books in which imagination plays no part, and in which niceness of observation and minuteness of analysis are the most prominent characteristics, it is because they have lived in an age of scientific development and have been so influenced by it as to think that science must, in its rapid growth, supplant art, the photographer take the place of the artist, the reporter that of the novelist. And it is true that a time which heeds only the call of cold-blooded reason, and which refuses to take even its religion on trust, needs its novels to be built of sterner stuff than fairyland can give; requires its stories to be marked by fidelity to experience and probability of motive. But it is not true that in learning to place a proper value on the things that we can see, hear and taste, on the mere palpable, that we lose all sense of the subtle values of life and art; we do not believe that the truthful treatment of material necessitates the omission of the spirit element, and we refuse to be thrilled and inspired by the dull and commonplace as we are by the dramatic and unusual. This the realists have failed to comprehend; in their efforts to faithfully copy and reproduce the life around them they have lost their sense of proportion and perspective; forgotten to subordinate the weak and accidental to the strong and essential, and from a vast mass of facts make no selection of what is vital and interesting, but serve all indiscriminately. As in the ballad of Pasha Bailey Ben:

They bring us onions strung on ropes,
And cold boiled beef and telescopes,
And balls of string and shrimps and guns,
And chops and tacks and hats and buns.
They bring us white kid gloves and pails
And candlesticks and potted quails,
And capstan bars and scales and weights
And ornaments for empty grates.

and expect us to be as grateful as if they appealed to the almost universal love for the marvelous and strange, which Mr. Howell declares is characteristic of only primitive natures—the young and the savage. But surely the pitiful awe and care of humanity, the desire for justice, the hope that there is a purpose in life beyond what we can see, the belief that the men of today, like the men of all time, are capable of strong self-sacrifice and unselfish living, of heroic deeds and noble thoughts; surely these are not characteristic of undevelopment, of youthfulness, or if so youth is a glorious fault and one we would all have. And yet these yearnings for what is highest and best, the longing to cherish the dreams of our youth even after the ardor and fire have died out of them, to hold to our kinship with the infinite and keep the light that never was on land or sea, these, with the desire for the expressions of the deep primitive passions which never fail to touch humanity deeply, are, say their opponents, what the realists have failed to satisfy.

Devoting themselves to their realities known thro' the senses, they have neglected tho no less real tho' elusive verities of the spirit; describing the surface and superficial elements of life, its appearances, they have failed to speak to the highest in man—to arouse those indefinable emotions which Novalis calls the anonymous feelings of the soul.

Their theory is that the novelist's duty is to portray and reproduce the life of his time; not to let his personality color the facts which he wishes to record but to paint them as they are—dull, drab, dreary, concerning himself not with the plot, for there is none; not with the selection of his subject or characters, for the more common and general the story is the better it is then typical, but with the manner of its treatment, for to write badly is the greatest crime of which they can conceive. And in part they have done a good work; they have given us pieces of faithful portraiture, they have striven to do away with the reproach implied in Emerson's words: "Life lies about us dumb; the day as we know it has not yet found a voice."

But in their efforts to be precise and exact, in their eagerness to avoid the delicate exaggeration by which pictures of life gain color, sound, perfume, they have too often selected the mean and sordid, the dull and dense, and shown us only the terrible ineffectiveness of life, the dreary days leading nowhere, the dead motives, the unfulfilled longings, without showing the other side of the picture, where "Life behind its accidents stands strong and self-sustaining, the human fact transcending all the losing and the gaining." Of course, no man can put the whole of life into a play or a book, but the realism which leads its advocates to select the sad and shallow and petty, unlighted by the idealization of life and sentiment found everywhere, is grossly untrue. The battle between the soul of man and its environment, the strife between the inward desire and the outward necessity, often results in the conquest of the higher, finer elements by the baser, but not always, and life may be broadening and deepening in its effect, as well as corrosive and corroding. In applying the scientific methods to the literary analysis of man and nature, making their work as far as possible impersonal, they have ignored the fact that in all the great masterpieces the personality of the creator dominates, no matter what form it has taken, as a means of expression that the poets have set their own hearts to music, and that the great painters have put into their pictures a something which the reality had not, and that this something is what distinguishes the great achievements from the mediocre. "Oh, the little more and how much it is, and the little less and what miles away." They have made the fatal mistake of assuming that theirs is the only point of view; if they and the rest of humanity differ it must be because humanity is in the wrong, and have insisted so strongly on the sacredness of plain unvarnished facts that they have forced the reactionists into the other extreme, where they rebelliously cry out that fiction should paint not facts, but fantasies, that it should not sadden and deaden and depress, but enthuse, intoxicate and enrapture.

Facts, say these, tho' of inestimable value to the historian, are but the tools, the equipment of the novelist, who should give to us what the history of a fragment of life denies, poetic justice; who should reveal not only the world without, but the vision within, painting not the bare realties of life as it is, but the glories of life as it might be. For as Brandes says: "The warm heart of the masses wishes to believe like a child, to feel the knight's enthusiasm, the monk's ecstasy, to rave poetically, to dream melodiously, to bath in moonshine, to hear the grass grow and understand what the birds say."

And so the fight goes on and it is not likely that either side will convince the other, for between Howells, with his somewhat arrogant declaration that there is no art so exquisite as the art of painting facts exactly as they are, no fiction except that of facts nicely observed, thoroughly digested and faithfully recorded, and the man who believes that the real truthfulness of all works of art is so purely in the imagination that the artist never represents the truth, but an idealized image of a truth, there can be but little sympathy. Between Hall Caine's impassioned cry of "Fiction is not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history, it is fallacy, poetic fallacy, pathetic fallacy, a beautiful lie, a lie that is at once false and true, false to fact, true to faith," and Boyeson's calm acceptance of the realistic in literature as a higher order than the romantic or traditional, there is a gulf which neither can bridge, and Stevenson, who believed so strongly that actions speak louder than words, could never bring himself to the point of view from which action and emotion appear unseemly, and where in Saintsbury's words originality is regarded as a mark of bad taste and insufficient culture. But there are among us those who feel that the man who realizes in a work of art an idea personal to himself is an artist, no matter to which school he belongs, and so we can enjoy both the daintily fine touches of the writer, who, by careful analysis and dissection of motives has shown us a Silas Sapham, and the virile strength of those who, from the swing and swirl of action have conceived a David Balfour or a Patrick Heron, for we feel that life is too broad and deep, human thought too progressive, to be bound by any one form of expression, and we cannot agree with the disciples of realism that it is the final and most complete contribution to literature any more than we can believe that romanticism alone could satisfy all sorts and conditions of men. Each is needed for a complete expression of the life of today, and the touch of truth should be found in the books of each school—the realist can map out the existence of the average man, the romanticist picture the concentrated, electric life which comes to the exceptional man, and both should acknowledge the supremacy of the purer idealism whose apostles finding truth half way between its two antagonists, facts and fancy, and unable to breath in the narrow bounds set by realism, paint life artistically and significantly, presenting all with the ideal sympathy of a poet, who comes not to copy, but to interpret nature, and feels it his business—"to paint no more of body than shows soul"—"To bring the invisible full into play. Let the visible go to the dogs, what matter?"

For the object of art is not invitation, but creation, and the master in literature should sound all instruments in the sympathy of humanity, strike all chords of the harp of life, revealing to us things that we do not see in things we look at every day.

He should have both the clear sight of the seer and the divine utterance of the prophet who, through the web of sin and shame and sorrow which a world of chance and change weaves, finds the balance of justice struck somewhere, sees not only the little achievement, but the noble conceptions, which never finding adequate expression here strengthen our belief that there must be a heaven for their completion. For all creation is a mystery, and tho' we have made great strides in knowledge, no man has yet answered the questions of the sphynx to the satisfaction of all other men, and outside the small territory of clear daylight fact which we have wrested from the unknown, there are yet vast realms of darkness of which we know nothing, but think much.

And the man who, when he has described the falls, the wounds, the vain hopes, the cruel events which at times darken the joy of humankind, feels that he has shown all, cannot touch us so deeply as the one who, although he may not quite recapture the first, fine careless rapture of the times when all the world was young, can still bring our hearts into our throats with the very joy of life and thrill us with a delight so exquisite that it verges on pain by teaching us to feel the sense and significance of things, the soul of the universe as Realf felt it when he wrote the poem which may well serve as the watchword and rallying cry of those who are leading the opposition to realism.

RELIGIOUS.

The Jesuits have purchased the famous palace Mondragone, near Frascati, Italy, from Prince Borghese, for $80,000. It will be used as an institute.

Rev. Charles Otis Gill and his wife will shortly leave New York for the Chinese mission field. Mr. Gill was captain of the Yale foot ball team in 1889, and rowed in the victorious Yale crews of that and the two previous years. He has been engaged in home mission work for several years.

Rev. Dr. Brann, rector of St. Agnes' parish, New York, is one of the wittiest divines in the Catholic church. When asked what he thought of the movement to rename the Episcopal church he said: "It's rather late, I should think, to baptize the child of Henry VIII."

Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn has accepted the call to be co-pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Washington. He is to be co-pastor of the church, of equal authority with Dr. Sutherland, and probably will preach one-half of the sermons, beginning Sunday evening, October 27.

Bishop Vincent, in an address to the members of the Genesee (N. Y.) Methodist conference, advised young ministers to ride the bicycle, saying: "I think nothing has done so much for our young people as the bicycle. It has saved them from falling into many bad practices and built up their constitutions at the same time. I hope you all have them. If not, get one."

The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell of Philadelphia spent his vacation in Europe on a wheel, riding 3,000 miles in England, France, Belgium and Germany. He gives this advice to those who may contemplate a similar tour: "You can see Europe very cheaply; but, remember, keep away from the big hotels and from places where the usual crowd of American travelers go. They skin Americans of every dollar they can possibly get."

At the Minneapolis convention of the Episcopal church official notice was given of the embezzlement of $41,000 of the funds of the American Church Missionary society by Henry A. Oakley, the former treasurer, and Rev. William A. Newbold, formerly secretary. It had been hoped to avoid all public reference to the affair, but this was found impossible. The amount taken by Oakley has been computed to be $21,823.43 and by Newbold $19,034.16, from September 1, 1887.

English clergymen's salaries are not as high as is commonly believed. In Crockford's clerical directory for this year statements of the actual value of 8,636 benefices out of 13,243 in England are given. Of these 638 are worth $500 a year or less, 2,748 more $1,000 or less, 4,219 less than $2,000, 792 less than $3,000, 173 less than $4,000, 43 only $5,000 or less, and 23 more than $5,000, 6 being above $7,500, and but one of these $10,000. The nominal value in the case of the other 4,897 benefices is, for nearly 3,000 less than $1,500, and for 1,000 more less than $2,500. In addition to his income, however, the incumbent has the use of a house, and in the country, at least, of a garden.

POSSIBILITIES OF IRRIGATION

Transforming a Desert Waste Into a Fruitful, Populous Region.

THE MAGIC OF ARTIFICIAL MOISTURE

Wonders Wrought by Irrigation in California—Soil Tickled with Mountain Streams Smiles an Abundance.

Some years before the building of the Southern Pacific railroad, writes Kirk Munroe in Harper's Weekly, I was one of an exploring party that struggled across the burning deserts of southern California, from the Colorado river to the Sierras. Never can I forget the sufferings of that journey, the agony of three days and nights without water, the intolerable glare of shining sands that slipped from beneath our feet or were driven hither and thither in stifling clouds by blasts of furnace-tempered winds, the quivering heat waves, the lying mirages that tormented us with the visions of Tantalus, the awful silence and the ever present evidences of death abounding on all sides. Horses and mules perished, wagon after wagon was abandoned, and men well-nigh lost their reason as they plodded mechanically on through that Gehenna of sand, sunk far below sea level, rainless, treeless and verdureless, save for sparse bunches of sickly sage or thorny cactus. In the distance gleamed peaks of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino mountains. Between them lay the San Gorgonio pass, the goal of our fierce desires and fainting hopes—a place of which we had been told as one of rustling palms and living springs.

From that day the experiences of those weeks on the Colorado desert have been as a nightmare, and when recently compelled to traverse the same desert for a second time, though I might now be whirled over its sands in a parlor car, I still looked forward to the trip with dread.

As the train crossed the summit of the pass and rolled swiftly down its eastern slope a heated blast of kiln-dried air, sweeping up from the desert, gave warning that the latter still existed in all its untamed savagery, and that beyond the narrow thread of steel that spanned it suffering and death still lurked in its pitiless sands. The air of the car became stifling and the heat almost intolerable. In spite of closed doors, windows and ventilators dust filtered in, until one end of the interior was barely visible from the other. When, after weary miles of this experience, the limit of endurance was nearly reached, the train suddenly dashed into a place of dense shadows and came to a halt.

We had reached Indio, as veritable an oasis as exists in any desert of the world, the home of waving palms and double rows of tall foliage trees, beneath which the tracks ran as through a green tunnel, a place of vines and flowering shrubs, of singing birds and whispering winds—above all, a place of plashing waters and delicious coolness. A broad-verandaed inn offered hospitable doors, and a dimly lighted interior that seemed almost dark after the recent glare of the desert. On the dining table were fruits and vegetables from an adjacent garden. After dinner the refreshed travelers still had time to examine the great artesian well that, from a depth of 600 feet, pours forth 3,000 gallons of water per hour, lifts it twelve feet above the surface and has by its magic created this spot of charming verdure amid these savage wastes of sand. Not far from the well stands a group of superb fan palms, one of which, only eleven years old, measures twelve and a half feet about its trunk at a point two feet above the ground. Half a mile away is a fine vineyard, irrigated by means of a windmill that lifts into tanks the surface water, found throughout this region at an average depth of twenty feet. Alfalfa, the great forage crop of the coast, grows here with a rank luxuriance wherever water can reach it, while all fruits and vegetables can be ripened at least one month earlier than on the western slope of the mountains.

While Indio thus present a striking example of what may be accomplished through artesian irrigation of the prolific desert sands, another phase of water magic, and on a far grander scale, may be studied on the same Californian journey at the southern end of the great San Joaquin valley, in and about the flourishing city of Bakersfield. The explorers of thirty years ago found this section of country, the "Kern Delta," as it is called, almost as desertlike as that bordering the Colorado. Its midsummer aspect was that of a vast plain parched and glimmering with heat, its scant vegetation burned to a crisp, and its wastes of sand and sage all the more dreary by comparison with the recently traversed oak groves of Tehichipa. Through it, to be sure, flowed the Kern river, clear cool and inexhaustible, with its source in the everlasting snows of Mount Whitney, but, beyond a narrow fringe of verdure, its influence was unfelt.

By an intelligent system of conservation and distribution this same river today is made to irrigate and give redundant life to over 400,000 acres of adjacent lands, and so to transform the seeming desert into one of the most fertile and prosperous sections of the state. This greatest irrigating proposition of the country has been accomplished by the digging of twenty-seven main canals, having an aggregate length of 300 miles, and 1,100 miles of large laterals, the whole system having been constructed at a cost of $4,000,000.

The largest and most important of all these canals is the Calloway, which is by itself a river 120 feet wide and six feet deep. Through sixty-five large distributaries and a network of smaller ditches the water of this one canal is spread over 200,000 acres of thirsty land. It is not only the largest, but is also the oldest canal of the system, and with its shining reaches, sweeping curves, the tumbling falls at its many diversion weirs, its cool stretches of densely wooded banks, its bordering miles of rich pasture lands tenanted by thousands of sleek cattle, and its countless orchards and vineyards, all in vigorous fruitage, it presents a marvelous and fascinating object lesson in the possibilities and results of irrigation.

The Kern river drains over 3,000 square miles of mountain watershed, from which it is bountifully supplied the year round. Throughout the section of country to which its overflowing waters are diverted drouth is eliminated from the farmer's calculations. He may count with certainty upon water enough to raise his crops and cloudless skies beneath which to harvest them. On his irrigated and once desert lands he may cut five crops of alfalfa in a single season, with a total yield of from eight to twelve tons per acre, and selling readily for $5 per ton in the stack. These stacks are in themselves wonderful sights to an eastern farmer, containing as they do from 400 to 600 tons of hay each, and built up by means of great derrick pitchforks operated by horse power.

Although some 60,000 acres of irrigated lands are given over to alfalfa, and other immense areas are sown in wheat, which is harvested by huge reaper and thresher combination machines drawn by thirty or more horses, the leading industry of the entire section is horticulture. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, raisin grapes, and figs flourish incredibly in its warm, light, and well-watered soil. The first-named produce an average yield of 1,000 boxes per acre. These sell readily in eastern markets for $1 per box, on which the freight charge is 55 cents. Prunes average 800 pounds to the 5-year-old tree, and these are worth from 12 to 20 cents per pound in the orchard. Already the raisins of this locality are favorably known and consumed throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and with the increased transportation facilities recently promised to this favored section, its future prosperity is assured.