

Spokane, the Metropolis of the Inland Empire of North America

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SPOKANE, Wash., May 14.—(Special Correspondence of "The Bee.")—Come with me this Sunday morning, and let us lunch together away out here in the wild and woolly west. Where shall we go? To the Spokane club? No, that savors too much of the splendors of New York and Boston. The millionaires of the town belong to it, and the same is true of the Country club, on the golf links overlooking the city. Suppose we try a tavern? How about the Spokane hotel? It has a restaurant which makes one think of Berlin; the dining room has a low Dutch ceiling, with rafters showing out of the plaster, a red brick floor and furniture of weathered oak. The band plays there at night while dinner is served, and the swell Spokaneers come in with their families and eat side by side with the strangers.

But you say you are afraid of western taverns?

In a Spokane Restaurant.

Then suppose we eat at a restaurant. Davenport's claims to be the finest in the world, and so far I have seen none like it in America. Let us drop into the bar as we go through. It is known as the orange room, because it is lit by blazing oranges, inside which are electric jets, and also on account of the palms and other tropical plants which stand around the wall. Passing on we come into the public dining room, gorgeously decorated. The cashier's desk is on the top of an aquarium in which great fish are swimming, and another quaint conceit is the mantelpiece, upheld by two crystal pillars as big around as your waist, in which gold fish dart back and forth. The pillars are really tubes of glass filled with water, the only difference, between their appearance and that of solid crystal, being that the gold fish are moving.

We sit down to our meal in one of the cabinets, and enjoy it. All the delicacies of the east and west come to Spokane, and one can live quite as well here as in New York or Boston. If you doubt this take a walk with me through the basement of the establishment where we are eating. It is finished in pure white marble, and it contains cold storage chambers so arranged that one can look in and see the apples. In one room there are hundreds of beavers, and in another mutton, pork and game are hung up. The beef is brought from Chicago in cold storage; and the cuts are of the same shape and size, so that one can give a dinner for fifty and have exactly the same served the same. This can probably be done in New York or Boston, but I doubt if as well as here in Spokane.

Up-to-Date West.

Indeed, the most live part of the United States today lies west of the Rockies. All the cities out here have grown up in the thirties in Canada, Spokane, Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles have on their seven-league boots, and they are striding ahead like giants on the road to greater population and wealth.

As far as age is concerned Spokane is a baby among our American towns. It was born just a generation ago, but now has 60 population and is doing a business, as represented by the clearing house figures, of \$150,000,000 a year. It has ten banks with deposits of \$14,000,000, and its business establishments have a capital of about \$15,000,000. Its factories last year turned out about \$100,000,000 worth of goods, and it has a newspaper, the Spokesman-Review, which boasts a daily circulation of 30,000 copies. Spokane has a greater number of telephones in proportion to its population than any other city in the country. It has 8,000. It has five transcontinental railroads and enough street railroads, if they could be stretched out in one line, to reach from New York to Albany, and additional suburban lines sufficient to connect New York with Washington city.

It Works Where They Sleep.

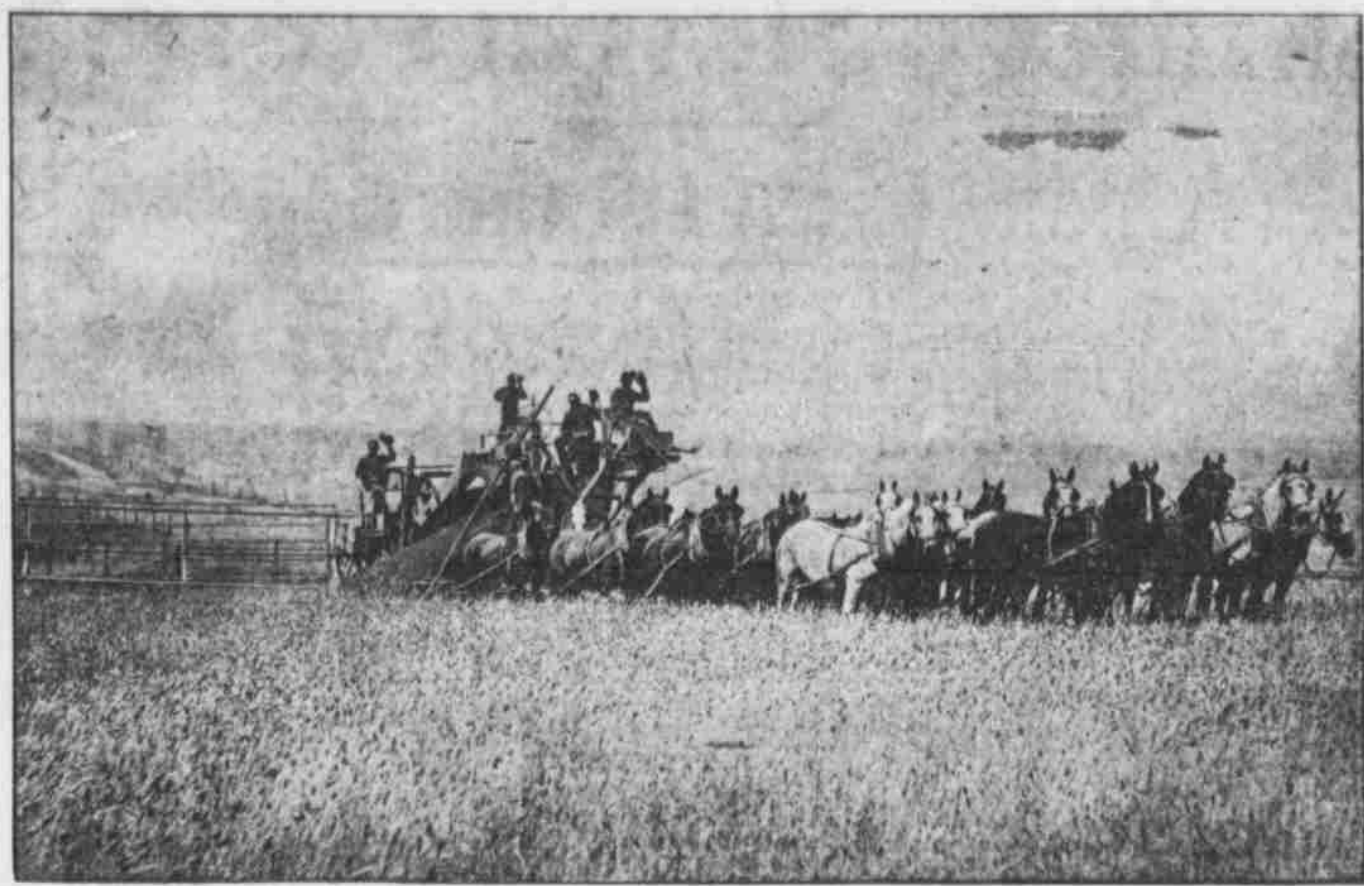
Have you ever seen Spokane? If not, you have missed one of the sights of this continent. The city lies in a valley on both sides of the rushing Spokane. This river here flows its way through a mighty gorge, dashing down over fall after fall, having a descent of 223 feet in a mile, and a mile of water runs as fast as if they drop from level to level, sending up spray which the sun turns into diamonds. They run part of the way through turbines, which have been so connected with machinery that they are worth more to the city than diamonds themselves. The river, in fact, does the greater part of the work of the city. It labors away day and night, day in and day out, every night and every day all the year through. The falls have a minimum capacity of 32,000 horsepower, and of this 15,000 has already been developed. The river lights the city, turns its mills and factories, operates its street railways and travels over 100 miles of wire to the Coeur d'Alene mines, and carries there the electricity by which they produce about one-fifth of all the lead of the world.

The energy of the Spokane river is enormous. In addition to the 32,000 horsepower which lights the heart of Spokane, there are several million available horsepower in the river above and below the city. The Spokane has a big volume and it flows for a distance of ninety miles above and below here, through a gorge of such a nature, that factories can be built all along it. In this ninety miles the river falls 1,200 feet, or more than twice the height of the Washington monument; and the fall is such that it is estimated a horsepower greater than that of Niagara can be generated from it. The power is so situated that turbines can be put in every three or four miles along the whole ninety-mile gorge and each set of turbines will have a fall of forty feet.

The fall of Niagara from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is 226 feet, and from Goat Island to the rapids only 212 feet. The actual drop of the water at the American falls is 167 feet and the Horseshoe falls have a vertical height of 155 feet. The normal flow of water pouring over the Niagara cataract is about 500,000 tons a minute, a large part of which has already been used for the turbines.

The Spokane river power has, as I have said, a fall of 1,200 feet, and it is so situated that it might form the basis of an enormous industrial region extending thirty miles above Spokane and sixty miles below. It should be as valuable or more valuable than mines of coal and iron and it will hold a large place in the transportation of this region in the future. Spokane has no navigable river connecting it with the sea, but these water falls will give it the cheap railroad freight and passenger rates which ought to develop it more surely than a waterway.

The city today profits directly from the waterpower. It owns its own water works and is getting a revenue of \$300,000 a year from them. It ought to have the entire rights to the river and all its power, but this is owned by private parties.



HARVESTING A WHEAT FIELD IN WASHINGTON.

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Municipal Spirit.

One thing I like about these western cities is the enterprise of the citizens. If Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Washington had the same municipal push they would double in size within two decades. Here everyone is willing to do anything that will help the town. Everyone thinks there is no other city equal to his, and the men of rival cities strive to outvie each other in boasting about their respective municipalities. There is some little competition just now between Spokane and Seattle. Seattle is by far the larger and it grows the faster, but the Spokane man will not acknowledge that the Seattleite has any advantage over him. As an illustration of this spirit I have just heard the following:

A Seattleite and a Spokaneer were talking of their towns. The Spokaneer told of new banks, new factories and new buildings, saying: "Why, man, you have no idea how we are progressing. We have the best little city in the United States. Our real estate has doubled in value within the past ten years and \$10,000,000 worth of it changed hands in 1905. We have the best school buildings in the west. We have twenty-two in our town of 50,000, and they cost us altogether more than \$1,000,000. You ought to see our high school. The building alone cost \$125,000. Our new Masonic temple cost \$100,000 and we have an athletic club which cost \$5,000 more than that. Spokane is now building a convention hall, which will attract people from all parts of the United States and make it a greater convention city than Washington. We are raising a fund of \$50,000 to advertise us, and if we keep on in this way it won't be long before Seattle will have to take a back seat."

"Yes," said the Seattle man. "I have

heard that you were doing something. We have clubs and schools, too, and we are putting up single business blocks which would hold all your business men and leave some to spare. You ought to see our Alaska building. It is fourteen stories high and it cost \$4,000,000. I wonder if you have ever been to Seattle?"

"Yes," said the somewhat subdued Spokaneer. "I have been there."

"But when, but when," asked the Seattleite.

"I was there two weeks ago," was the reply.

"Two weeks! Why, man, you ought to see Seattle now!"

Spokane and the President.

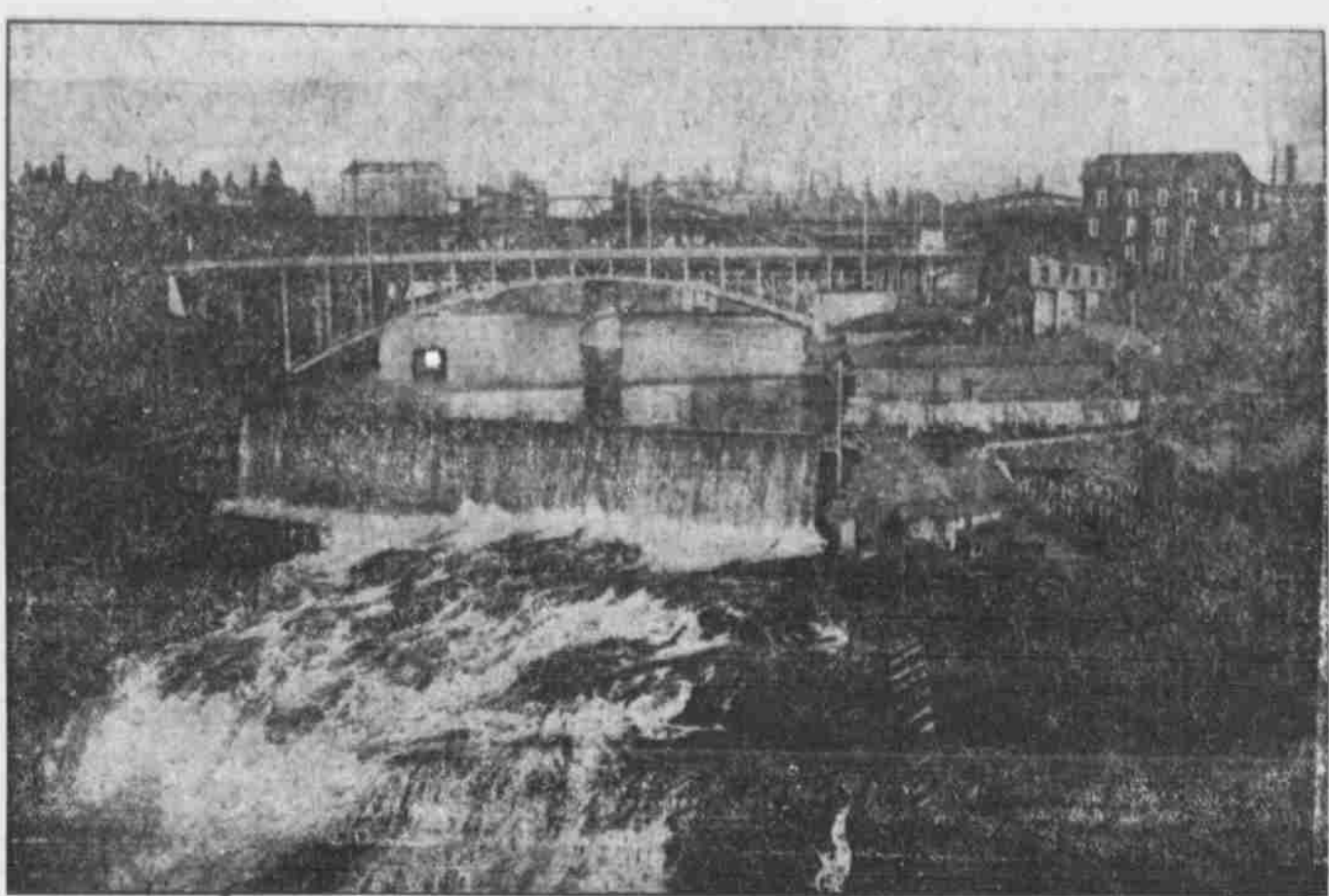
This desire to advertise the city was brought out prominently last year when the Spokane board of trade sent out its famous picture of "President Roosevelt, entitled 'Stop off at Spokane.'" Roosevelt had made a speech in which he had said, "I never saw two such cities anywhere as Spokane and Seattle. If my eldest boy was large enough to be choosing a place, I would advise him to locate in one or the other of those cities and it is a shake-up between them." This statement was too good to be lost, and the result was the spectacular advertisement to which the President objected. He wrote to the secretary of the board of trade here and requested the city to stop using it.

Another advertisement that Spokane has secured recently at small cost is from a big liquid washing powder firm. The city factories, as already described, are run by electricity, and as the most common fuel here is wood the town is kept exceedingly clean. It prides itself on its streets, and it has acquired quite a reputation for them. Not long ago the board of trade thought it might be able to advertise this feature at the expense of the above mentioned firm.

There is no doubt, however, but that Spokane is a good town. It is growing like a green bay tree and it will continue to grow in the future. It is remarkably well built and it has some of the prettiest and most artistic homes in the United States. All the houses have their own lawns and gardens. There are trees, flowers and green grass everywhere, and I am surprised at the numerous small houses in which one could live well at moderate cost. The architecture is of all sorts. There are Swiss chalets, Spanish mission homes, Queen Ann cottages and many other conceits. Indeed, the suburban and seaside architects who are planning homes for the east could learn much at Spokane. There are also costly homes. One man, who is said to be worth \$30,000,000, has a mansion with a great park about it, and there are other dwellings whose cost must have run high into the thousands.

Metropolis of the Inland Empire.

Spokane is the Denver of the British Columbia and Washington mining regions, which annually produce \$23,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper and lead. It is the home of lumber millionaires, having a country



WATER POWER THAT MAKES SPOKANE GREAT.

tributary to it which cuts enough timber every year to make a board walk two feet wide clear around the world, and more than anything else it is important as being the metropolis of the inland empire, a country which a few years ago was considered comparatively worthless, but which is now one of the best agricultural regions on this continent.

Take the lands of the Spokane valley. They were not supposed to be worth anything, and quite recently 50,000 acres were offered to the United States government as a perpetual military park to be used as a field for maneuvers. The idea then was to get Uncle Sam to pay \$5 or \$10 an acre for it. Now it is found that this land can be irrigated and that it will raise excellent wheat. Some of it near Spokane is selling for \$10 and upward an acre, and for lands which a few years ago could be produced from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat. Indeed the total wheat crop raised in this state of Washington last year was \$5,000,000 bushels, which at a barrel of four to the bushel is enough to furnish the annual supply of bread for 8,000,000 souls, or one-tenth of the population of the United States.

Land of Volcanoes.

The whole country about Spokane is volcanic and this is so of a large part of the region known as the inland empire. Just back of the city, within a short walk of the business section, the crater of an extinct volcano is to be seen. Some of the fences about the lawns of these mining kings are built of black lava and boulders of lava lie here and there.

In traveling through this country I have seen regions which would make me think of the bed of the Tanager volcano

in eastern Java. That is the biggest crater of the world and the soil within is just like that of the Big Bend plains. The geologists say this whole country was once covered with volcanoes and that the soil is largely made up of volcanic ash. Java, which has some of the richest land known to man, is made of such ash. It came about, so I am told, somewhat like this: There was first a great eruption of lava covering the whole of this country. It may have been a molten lake of lava which rose and fell under the wind. This hardened and the ashes settled upon it, making a volcanic deposit of ashes several feet deep. After this the waters fell and under them the ashes hardened and solidified. Then the waters broke their way out through the mountains in the Columbia river system, leaving this mighty bed of ashes, from one to eight feet in thickness, lying on a stratum of clay upon a bed of lava.

For a long time the great trouble about the country was the apparent lack of water. The land looked thirsty and dry and both geologists and the farmers said it would never be good for anything. Then, as one man expressed to me, some fool tried to raise wheat on it and succeeded. It was found to produce at the rate of thirty bushels and upward per acre, and it is now considered some of the best wheat land of the west. One theorist says that the lava bed, upon which the soil lies, acts like the bottom of a great pan. The water drops upon the earth and sinks down to this bed, and is held there until drawn up by the plants, whereas in other formations it sinks farther down and is lost.

However that may be, there is no doubt but that the land will raise the very best wheat, and that it is now growing it by the millions of bushels a year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Recent Happenings in the Field of Electricity

Wireless Message in the Arctic.

MAXWELL J. SMITH, the wireless telegraph operator who will accompany Walter Wellman on his attempt to reach the north pole in his airship this summer, and C. J. Morley, another wireless telegraph man, who will have charge of the wireless station to be established on the little arctic steamer ship, which will be chartered at Spitzbergen while the airship is away, have sailed for Europe. A second wireless telegraph station is to be established at Hammerfest, in Norway, which is a cable station. G. A. Robinson, who is now in London and who has been making a number of experiments abroad with Lee De Forest, will have charge of this station. "I shall send as many messages as possible to the Spitzbergen station just as soon as I can after starting," Mr. Smith said. "Each of these messages will give our exact latitude and longitude, so that should no message be received after a certain time it would be fair to assume that some accident had befallen the ship. Provided a relief party left Spitzbergen it should have a very fair idea where the airship might be found. A special code will be used, only intelligible to the two operators, including myself. This is done to prevent the acceptance of spurious messages that might be sent from other sources and picked up either by the stations at Spitzbergen or Hammerfest. There will be no difficulty in picking up messages sent to us. Whether our message will be as readily received is another matter. Personally I believe they will. The reason the wireless system on the ship is going to be so much of an experiment is due to the fact that we shall have to use the steel frame of the airship as an artificial ground. We shall be up in the air and we shall have to work downward. Instead of having a solid mast or anything of that sort we shall have to drop our wires from the frame of the ship. Four long wires will be suspended, each 200 feet long. I am taking an alternating generator along and this will be connected with the fifty-five horsepower motor, the larger of the two motors on the airship. All of these appliances I shall attach to the frame of the ship in Paris, and it will then be shipped with the big balloon itself to Tromsø, Norway, where the entire party will meet early in June.

Vest Pocket Telephone.

Charles E. Alden of New York, who has been pursuing experiments at Cotuit, Mass., since last fall in wireless telephoning, has, he says, solved the problem of wireless telephoning and the result is so simple that it is likely to create a sensation in the business world as well as in scientific circles.

Mr. Alden, while studying the problem, constructed an instrument so small that it can be put into a vest pocket, which, attached to a wireless battery, such as is used by the Marconi system, at once catches conversations carried along ordinary telephone wires, the distance depending only upon the energy behind the telephones that are sending the messages.

It was one stormy night a few weeks ago, when Mr. Alden had perfected his little receiver and set it up in his studio on Martha's Vineyard island, that he sat smoking his after-dinner pipe and wondering where he had better set up his sending apparatus, that he was startled by the sound of a voice in the room, of which he was the only occupant. Outside the storm howled along the coast and beat the waves against the rocks of the island.

"Hello! Hello! Is that Mrs. Smith? Yes? Come over this evening if you can."

"All right. Good-bye!"

Mr. Alden sat bolt upright. Then he got up and went to the door. There was no one there. The little instrument on the table began to buzz again and then came another voice, a different one this time, asking the price of eggs and ordering a

grocery man to send up some potatoes first thing in the morning.

Like a flash Mr. Alden realized the situation. His little instrument was not waiting for his sending instrument to be set up, but was pilfering messages from the New England Telephone company's wires, which ran along a road three miles away. Wild with delight, Mr. Alden rushed across lots and got some of his friends to come in and witness the success of his discovery. When they arrived this little apparatus was still busy disclosing neighborhood gossip and all sorts of messages that were buzzing over the wires of the island.

The basis of the system is like that of the wireless telegraph. But a small invention, the details of which he does not make public, completes it. This is called the "new detector." It is this machine, attached to the wireless batteries, which is responsible for the results.

No wire was attached to the receiving instrument, the latter simply being placed on a table in a room. At present Mr. Alden is working on the sending parts of the apparatus.

Trial of an Electric Omnibus.

A demonstration of the workings of a self-propelled omnibus for public service was

given in London recently by the London Electrobuses company, Limited, of Cookspur street, S. W. The vehicle is arranged to carry thirty-four passengers, and weighs 6,400 pounds. It is propelled by an electric motor arranged underneath the driver's footboard, the motion being transmitted by chain gearing to a longitudinal shaft, which in turn operates a live axle through the usual bevel wheels and differential gear. The motor is said to be capable of developing 14-horse power for a prolonged period and its speed is regulated by means of a controller. Current is derived from a battery of forty-four Oppermann cells along underneath the frame of the omnibus, which are said to have a capacity of 300 ampere-hours, and can be readily removed and replaced by a fresh set. The batteries weigh about twenty-three hundredweight, or rather more than one-third the weight of the vehicle. If worked to their maximum output, it is said that these cells would provide sufficient energy to propel the omnibus about fifty miles; but the introducers do not intend to run them more than half this distance on one charge. As far as we can see no proof is given that the company is much in advance of past methods, and its financial prospects, we noticed, are being rather severely canvassed.

Too Much "Funny Business"

A well known Kentuckian tells of a marriage ceremony that a justice of the peace in the Blue Grass state was hurriedly called upon one day to perform.

It appears that the bridegroom, a big mountaineer, very roughly dressed, had brought his prospective bride with him to the office of the clerk of the court, thinking to secure his license and have the ceremony performed at one visit. When his license had been duly granted the mountaineer asked if there was a justice of the peace then in the court house who could tie the knot. Upon being advised by the clerk that he himself was a justice of the peace and that he was willing to join the two lovers, the bridegroom said: "Waal, then, we're ready; go ahead!"

"But you'll have to secure two witnesses," smilingly observed the clerk and justice, "before I can proceed."

"At this the mountaineer demurred, saying that he did not care for witnesses. Nevertheless, he was convinced in a moment that this formality was an indispensable one, and accordingly the necessary witnesses were procured and the ceremony began. When the couple had promised to love, obey, etc., together with the rest of the service, the justice of the peace quite innocently observed that the bridegroom should "kiss the bride."

Thereupon the mountaineer exhibited fresh impatience at the exactions of the official. "Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily. "It seems to me that you're draggin' in a lot of funny business in this wedding. Why, I kissed her before we came in!"

Unique Birthday Party Given by a Well Known Omaha Bachelor

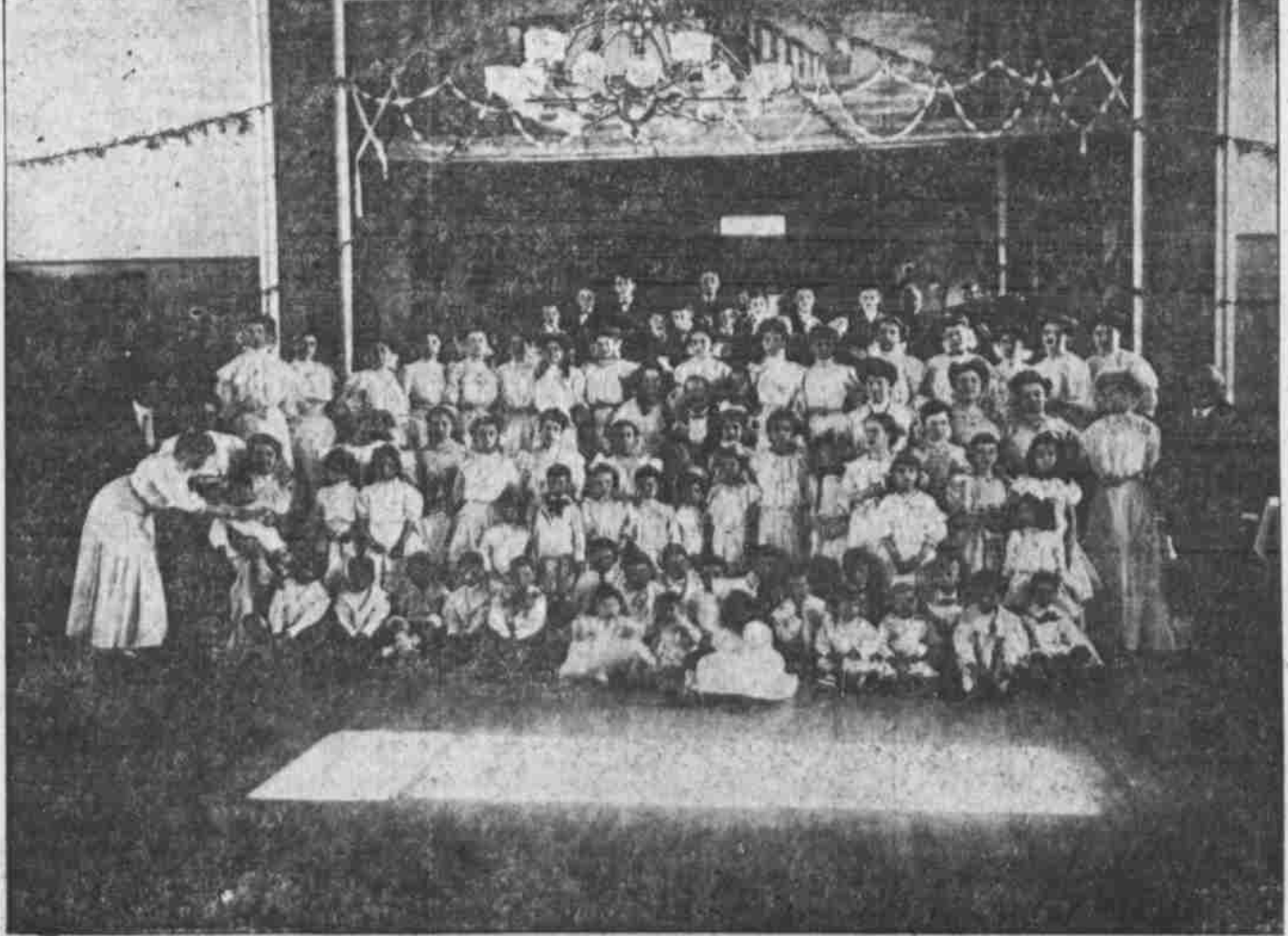
OMAHA has had many a birthday celebration that has brought joy to young and old alike, and that has stood out conspicuously in the social chronicles, but by far the most unique celebration of this sort was the party given Saturday afternoon, May 25, by Mr. Julius Meyer, at Metropolitan club, in celebration of his fifty-fifth birthday. Five years ago "Uncle Julius," as he is known to the children of half the Jewish social set of the city, entertained the children at the club, his guest list being limited to "the children of all his friends," and these ranging in age from a few months to 16 years. On that occasion he promised them another party in five years, and the event was much anticipated. This year, however, in addition to those not yet "out" Uncle Julius entertained the grandmothers too, they being the guests of honor.

Nothing that could contribute to the entertainment and pleasure of his guests was left undone and notwithstanding the diversity of age, this genial host succeeded in making his birthday party an occasion never to be forgotten by those eligible who were fortunate enough to be his guests. An orchestra of thirty pieces, a grand march, a hoop drill, a grab bag, marbles in the way of souvenirs and favors, and, last of all, a banquet in splendid state served down in the banquet room, were some of the features he provided for the entertainment of his foster nieces and nephews and the grandmothers, and in return, at the close of the party, his health was sung by the little folks, as a surprise, and he was presented a diamond studded charm "in token of their love."

Mr. Meyer has long been identified with the west and was for many years a familiar figure on the frontier. The Indians knew him as well as the whites in those days, and his fund of reminiscence is always drawn on by his nephews and nieces.



SOME OF THE MATRONS WHO ASSISTED "UNCLE JULIUS" AT HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY.



SOME OF THE YOUNG FOLKS WHO CELEBRATED WITH "UNCLE JULIUS."