

Beyond the Rockies Are Developing Wonderfully Fast

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SALT LAKE CITY, July 15.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have not been in Salt Lake City for about a dozen years and I now find it a new city. It has 50,000 people and is fast becoming a manufacturing center. It already has some of the largest smelters of the world and it will quadruple them in the future. These here now are reducing about 5,000 tons of ore daily and others are to be added, which will increase the output to 25,000 tons. This makes the city lively, but it is to some extent destroying the vegetation, and sulphur fumes affect the vegetation, and if the new smelters are not put at a considerable distance from the town it may eventually be as bare of green as the Desert of Sahara. This is the condition at the present time, and where the great nickel mines are, and it is so in other smelting centers where sulphur is mixed with the ores.

Utah is steadily growing as a mining proposition. Its output in lead, copper, silver and gold has run between \$20,000,000 and \$40,000,000. The copper mined last year was worth \$10,000,000, the gold \$5,000,000 and silver about the same. So far the mines of all kinds have paid out in dividends something like \$60,000,000, and it is claimed that only a small part of the state has been prospected. Senator Clark's new railroad, which goes from here to Los Angeles, has just issued a folder labeled, "The World's Treasure House," in which it estimates the gold, silver, copper and lead blocked out and exposed in the country reached by it at \$1,000,000,000, and the amount already mined and marketed at \$25,000,000. Estimates like this are probably overdrawn, but there is no doubt but that the product will run high up into the millions.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, PORTLAND.



STREET SCENE IN LOS ANGELES.

Tourists and One-Lungers.

Senator Clark's road is adding to Salt Lake City's popularity as a tourist center and the citizens here are advertising it for all it is worth through their association, whose motto is, "See America First." This is now the shortest cut to southern California and travelers to that region can save about two days on the railroad by going this way. As a result most of them stop off and many stay. The altitude here is about eight times that of the top of the Washington monument, and the ozone from the Rockies is being breathed in by the champagne. I know of a number of eastern business men who are now living here because they cannot stand our moist, cold winters. This air is dry and bracing and is excellent for one-lungers and other consumptives. The moon here, the citizens are decidedly healthy looking. Their cheeks are rosy, their movements brisk and no one would believe that many of them came here to die and that not a few have but a single lung in their bodies. This is true of Colorado, and it is especially true of southern California. Indeed, the far west has about the only out-of-door climate that one can use the year around.

Los Angeles, for instance, thrives upon climate. It has increased about 2,000 per cent in population since 1880, and it doubled between the years 1890 and 1900. The citizens are now claiming 200,000, and they expect to have a half million by 1915. The enormous fortunes which have been produced within the past few years are driving the rich and well-to-do to the most comfortable spots, and Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Portland and other such cities are all getting their share.

Los Angeles has a large number of millionaires and its bank clearings range between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000 a year. Its population is made up almost entirely of eastern men, and a recent census showed that only 10 per cent of the people were natives. There are almost as many people in Los Angeles from Ohio and Illinois as from California. The city has 3,000 voters who came from Pennsylvania, 2,000 who originated from Iowa and more than 900 from Missouri, and a portion prevails as to the residents of Salt Lake City.

It will pass through land which can be excavated with steam shovels. All told it will take at least 5,000 men laboring steadily for four years to build the works needed.

Owens River Power.

The water engineers estimate that the fall of the water will produce 60,000 horse power and that there will be 1,000,000 tons of water dropping down daily out of a channel fourteen feet wide in a vertical fall of more than a quarter of a mile. This power will, it is estimated, sell for more than enough to pay the interest on the investment. It will be furnished within

twenty-five miles of Los Angeles, and the receipts therefrom will, it is calculated, bring in something like 4 per cent on the total investment. The undertaking of a scheme like this gives one some idea of the Los Angeles spirit. The people of that city are among the best boomers of the west. Everyone is interested in the growth of his town and is willing to spend time and money to help it. Los Angeles has a chamber of commerce building which belongs to the city, and its Chamber of Commerce comprises 2,300 members, who each pay \$1 per month. A magnificent exhibit of the products and manufactures of south-

ern California is always on show, and new schemes are gotten up every week or so to advertise the country and push other methods of increasing the population.

Portland After the Fair.

Another city which has been growing very rapidly is Portland, Ore. Although it cost the people something, the exposition was a paying investment. It was not succeeded by a slump at the close, such as Chicago had after the World's fair and such as St. Louis felt for a time at the end of the St. Louis Purchase exposition. The merchants of Portland tell me that business has been

good right along and that their trade has steadily increased. The jobbers are now doing a business of something like \$300,000,000 a year, which is \$300,000,000 or \$400,000,000 more than in the days before the exposition. Real estate values have gone up fully 25 per cent, and lots on the principal business streets are now selling at \$1,000, \$2,000 and \$3,000 a front foot. There are many new residences and several skyscrapers in course of construction.

Richest on the Pacific.

Portland men claim that their town is, man for man, the richest on the Pacific

coast, and that the people are more evenly well to do than in any other city of the world. Portland has ranked among the wealthiest cities for many years. It is surpassed only by Frankfort-on-the-Main, which gets its wealth through the Rothschilds and other big banking interests, and by Hartford, Conn., which is copious with the savings of the poor stored away in the various insurance monopolies.

The riches of Portland come from business and trade. Its situation, well inland on the wide and deep Columbia, makes it an excellent shipping point for a great part of the inland empire, and it is one of the chief lumber ports of the world. It ships in the neighborhood of a million barrels of flour every year and a vast amount of barley and wheat.

It is a financial center. It has fifteen banking institutions with deposits of between \$50,000,000 and \$20,000,000, and its clearings are in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000 a year.

As to commerce, it is the chief port of the valley of the Columbia, and it has a large number of wholesale and retail firms, some of which are operated with considerable capital. There are thirty-three business institutions each of which has a capital of \$1,000,000 or more, and forty-five whose capitals range between \$250,000 and \$1,000,000. The city has 2,000 manufacturing establishments which produce goods to the amount of \$50,000,000 a year.

Looking for Tourists.

The city of Portland has had its appetite for tourists whetted by the fair, and like Los Angeles and Salt Lake, it now looks upon its scenic and climatic surroundings as a commercial asset. I spent some time in the Chamber of Commerce talking with the leading business men, and from them learned that the travel has been large since the fair, and that there have been many accessions to the permanent residents from persons in search of comfortable homes.

All of these Pacific coast cities have an excellent climate, although each has features of its own. The black current, which flows by Japan up around the lower shores of Alaska and then down by Puget Sound and off the coast of Oregon, acts as a great hot water plant to make the winters warm. Seattle is never cold, and in Portland the thermometer seldom falls below 20 degrees above zero. At the same time the summers are never hot, and the roses here paint the cheeks of the children and young women with roses. Indeed, the girls of our northwest have complexions equal to those of Scotland, Ireland and England, where the gulf stream is the painter.

The grass is green in Portland all the year around, and the roses bloom from Christmas to Christmas. The people are fond of an out-of-door life and they are about as healthy as the citizens of any

United States town. Their death rate is a little over nine to the thousand, while Chicago has sixteen, Cleveland seventeen, Denver eighteen, Cincinnati nineteen, and New York twenty. In other words, considerably more than twice as many out of every thousand people die in Washington every twelve months as in Portland.

I found the people of Portland talking about irrigation quite as anxiously as those of other sections. A large part of eastern Oregon is arid and it is claimed that much of it can be redeemed. There are altogether something like 42,000,000 acres in that part of the state, of which less than 2,000,000 are under cultivation. I am told that there are about 12,000,000 acres which might be reclaimed if the water available were properly used. This is an area almost as large as the state of Ohio and it would support more than 1,000,000 people. I have already spoken of the Deschutes river scheme on the eastern side of the Cascades. Oregon is doing other work in reclamation and at the close of 1904 the state had contributed almost \$5,000,000 for natural irrigation projects.

Uncle Sam's Reclamation Projects.

Indeed, the government schemes for reclaiming our arid lands are just at their beginning. Those already undertaken and planned will involve an expenditure of about \$25,000,000 and when completed they will make fertile almost 2,000,000 acres of land. This land is now worth comparatively nothing, but when the water is on it it will bring something like \$20 an acre. The average price has been estimated at \$7 an acre and at this figure the total would be worth \$140,000,000, adding that much to our national wealth.

A large part of this reclamation is west of the Rockies and in some places millions of dollars have already been spent. In southern Oregon and northern California there is a project to redeem 300,000 acres by the diversion of the Klamath river, and the Malheur river, in eastern Oregon, if properly used, will redeem several hundred thousand acres in the Malheur valley. In Arizona \$2,000,000 have been set aside to redeem 180,000 acres by the Salt river project, and in Idaho the Minidoka project will redeem 60,000 acres at a cost of \$1,300,000.

In Wyoming the Shoshone project will redeem 125,000 acres and will necessitate the construction of the highest dam in the world. The dam site is in a narrow canyon with perpendicular walls about a third of a mile high and the dam itself will be 419 feet in height.

In addition to these there are other projects under construction and approved by the secretary of the Interior in Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada, Wyoming, New Mexico, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Arizona and Washington. I have already written of the Milk river scheme and of irrigating parts of the inland empire.

Short and Entertaining Stories for Little People

A Narrow Escape.

BESSIE bade Prudence good bye with a loving squeeze. Prudence, for she didn't like to stay alone, "and stay at home all the afternoon! Don't go out of the yard or those naughty dogs may chase you!" Prudence didn't say anything; but she looked rather sorrowful when Bessie went for she didn't like to stay alone.

She had a nap on the piazza, and then she thought she would just take a walk across the next lot, and see that bird's nest in the grass—the one that Bessie had not let her touch. Maybe there were little birds there now!

She had gone only a few yards beyond the gate when she heard a yell, and she looked just time to dash frantically up a tree before there were three dogs almost upon her.

How they did bark and caper! She climbed higher and higher, frightened and trembling.

After a while they went away, but Prudence did not dare to come down for fear they would return. Oh, how she wished she had minded Bessie. She crouched among the branches until she saw the family drive into the yard. Then she called and called. For a while nobody heard her, and it was growing dusk. And, oh, how hungry she was.

Finally she called in such trouble that the cries reached Bessie's ears, and in a few minutes she was cuddling close in the little girl's arms.

"Poor Prudence!" said Bessie. "Did the dogs chase you again? Ah, you should have minded Bessie. She told you—naughty Prudence—and she gave her some gentle pats that didn't hurt a mite."

Prudence wanted to say that she was sorry for what she had done; she wanted to tell Bessie all about her narrow escape, but she couldn't for Prudence was a gray and white kitten—Carolyn Wheaton in Minneapolis Tribune.

through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks, and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be at the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out.

When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current has passed through the line.

Little Wild Indians.

It will not be long before there will be no "little wild Indian boys," as the old song goes. The little fellows have just as good schools out in the Indian Territory and Oklahoma wilds as small citizens of Boston or New York. Uncle Sam has a school at Fort Reno in Oklahoma, and we visited it. You should have seen those black-eyed babies go through their drills, sing "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine," and do number work on the blackboard. There were about thirty of them, 4 to 6 years old, all black-haired, beady-eyed, and with brown-red skin. How funny the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy of one of the fort's officers looked! And funnier still a very black little boy whose father was a negro and his mother a squaw! This one they called Booker Washington.

The teacher said they all had Indian names, but these were too hard to learn, so Happy-in-the-Morning would be plain Grace at school. They string beads into necklaces and various ornaments; the teacher pays them for the work in pennies and nickels, so that they early learn the value of money, which is something some of the grown ones rarely do. They learn to sew and make gardens. The older ones really do beautiful work with the needle, run the machine, and make all the garments used in the school, for they have a uniform. These big girls learn to cook on the stove instead of the camp fire, to lay the table properly and eat like little ladies. Their bedrooms must be kept neat, and their clothes nicely cared for. In all they are as carefully trained as children can be; yet the teachers told us that those

very same children would go back to the tents or wigwams in vacations and lay aside civilized clothes, taking up the ways of the parents as though they never had seen better things. But this is largely the fault of the fathers and mothers, who are too old to learn new ways. Another generation will change it all.—Lucy M. Gaines in The Seaboard.

Soliloquy of a Baby.

I'm a little baby boy,
Mine are just as blue,
Daddy's eyes are very blue,
Daddy's hair is very brown,
On the front part of his head—
So are mine, as scarce as can be—
But for that, of course, I'm glad,
What's the use of hair on me,
If I'm going to look like dad?

Mother wanted me with curls,
But that wasn't in the plan,
Curls are only made for girls,
And I want to be a man—
Just like daddy—big and strong,
So from him I pattern took,
But I'll grow—it won't take long,
Since like daddy now I look.

Pink and white is daddy's skin,
Mine is plinker, whiter, too,
And the dimple in his chin,
Well, I've got one right in view;
Then, like him, I'm always good,
Never cross and never bad,
Sleep and smile, as babies should,
Just because I'm so like dad.

My dear daddy says each day,
"Prettiest boy on earth is he,"
Funny thing for him to say,
Not polite, it seems to me;
Now, when mamma says it's over,
I don't mind—it makes me glad,
For I think she loves me more,
Just because I'm so like dad.

Daddy loves her, so do I,
And she calls us each "her boy,"
He and I will always try,
Just to give her sweetest joy;
Oh, when mamma says we will be,
Always happy, never sad,
Then I guess we'll all agree,
That it's nice to be like dad.

coarser cloth which envelop the small body, beneath the brown skin, beats a heart which is strangely like that of the American child—like that of the child of most any other land. If the Japanese child is taught early to hide emotions, it is not taught to check the love of fun and games which is part of healthy childhood everywhere.

The funniest thing of all is the Japanese child's birthday. No matter when you happen to be born in Japan, your birthday falls on May 5 if you are a boy, and on March 3 if you are a girl. The national 'boys' birthday is a great holiday. The birthday of every future warrior and statesman is celebrated at the same time. Every proud father runs up on a tall pole in front of his house a huge fish kite which is of his boy's. Race outside is not prevalent in Japan. March 3, the birthday of all the girls, is of much less significance. The Jap daughter occasions far less family pride than the Jap son. Each girl gets some modest little dolls.

The brown boys and girls are fond of gathering under the cherry trees, for which their land is famous, and playing a game of blind man's buff so nearly like the American kind that the youthful visitor from the United States catches on instantly and wants to play, too. The boys do not play with the girls at school. They can be seen off in a corner of the yard, where they are doing some very stiff callisthenic, which helps them to make good soldiers.

In the fox and loop game, the girl with the Japanese guitar plays a short air and when she reaches the end of it the two girls holding the long silk sash pull hard and close the loop. Maybe the other girl has been able to reach through and get the cup on the floor, but if she is not nimble she finds the loop suddenly tighten about her wrist and she is a prisoner. The card game is a long one and 500 cards are used in playing it. In the game of rise and round and round the girl stooping rises first on one side and then on the other side of the hands which touch above her. In the bounding ball game the girl standing must step through before the girl her right can catch the ball on the back of her hand and return it.

In the game of how many fingers, the

leader sings and suddenly thrusts out a number of fingers and every girl who has failed to thrust out the same number must pay a forfeit or suffer a penalty.

Prattle of the Youngsters

Little Elsie (in berth of sleeping car)—
Mamma, I want to go to bed.
Mamma—Why you are in bed, dear.
Little Elsie—No, I'm not, mamma; I'm on a big shelf.
Mamma—You have a bad cold, Johnny.
I'll wrap you throat with flannel and give you some good syrup.
Johnny—Wouldn't flannel cakes and maple syrup be better, mamma?
The rector's little daughter did not appear to be wholly satisfied.
"Why, dear," said her mother, "don't you remember you prayed the other night for a brown collar dog? Well, here it is."
"Yes," pouted the little girl, "but I prayed for a brass collar and chain, too!"
This is the manner in which the two little girls scraped an acquaintance:
"My name is Tribby Jones, and I don't like the name a bit. What's yours?"
"Bertha Skynoggle, and it's a worse one than yours. Don't you think so?"
"Yes, but you can change that, all right, by marrying somebody, and I can't. I'll always be Tribby."
Visitor—What seems to be the trouble Harry? Why are you sad?
Harry—Papa is going to whip me when he comes home.
Visitor—Indeed! What will you give me to take the whipping off your hands?
"Harry—He ain't goin' to whip me on my hands."
Rudyard Kipling says that one day when he was revising some proofs his little daughter Elsie was sitting nearby. Presently he began to sing "On the Road to Mandalay." His daughter looked up in surprise. Her father kept on singing. Suddenly the girl interrupted Kipling, saying: "Father, didn't you write that song?"
"Yes," was the reply. "Well, it seems to me you should know the tune better," she said.

Crops Every Other Year.

In addition to the arid lands which can be irrigated, I understand there are vast tracts in the west which will produce crops every other year if the ground be properly cultivated. Utah alone has 25,000,000 acres of such soil. It is desert, but if the rain can be saved it will produce abundantly once in two years. All that is needed is that the land should be plowed deep in the fall and the soil water stored. This holds the moisture and the twelve inches of rain for one year becomes twenty-four inches in two years, resulting in a big crop if plowed the second year.

There are now six experimental farms working in these Utah deserts. They are supported by the state and are testing all matters regarding desert crops. They expect to have an arid farm exhibit this year, and to show that wheat can be raised on lands which are now considered almost worthless. At present Utah is selling such lands at \$10 an acre.

The men who are testing the matter claim that the land will produce fifteen bushels of wheat per acre, which, at 75 cents per bushel, would net \$11.25. They say that it costs \$5.50 per acre to raise this wheat, so that the farmer could pay for his land with his first crop and have about \$5 per acre to the good. This statement is made by the officers of the experiment station at Logan, Utah.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Wonders of the Sea.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth, asserts a marine publication. At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the top of the pole to the sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep was filled with seawater and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be 3,000 feet, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms, these waves are forty feet high and apparently roll at a rate of fifty miles an hour. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the dashing water on a rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds by the winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rains upon the fields, to flow back at last through the rivers.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic was lowered 654 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,029 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables are laid.

The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. In order to bring it to the city it will have to be taken for a great part of the distance through a strait canal. It will have to pass through mountain tunnels for twenty miles, and the tunnels will each be as wide as a country road and as high as a Pullman car. They will, however, be used only for the water.

For part of the way the canal which will go along the sides of the hills where retaining walls will have to be built and 150 miles of

great battleship Nebraska After the Builders' Trial

Magnificent new battleship soon to be added to the American navy, as it appeared after its first trial run, when everything worked very smoothly. The Nebraska was built by Moran Bros., at Seattle, Wash. Its length over all is 441 feet, on water line 35 feet, and its beam is seventy-six feet two and one-half inches; its engines have 15,000 horse power and its contract speed is nineteen knots or about twenty-one miles an hour. On the builders' trial the Nebraska made 18.85 knots easily. As a flagship the Nebraska will carry forty-one officers, 675 enlisted men and sixty marines. The secondary battery consists of four twelve-inch guns, eight eight-inch and twelve six-inch. The automatic 3-inch gun, and four submerged torpedo tubes. The government tests for speed, endurance, etc., will soon be made and it is expected that the Nebraska will go into commission early in the fall. A handsome silver service has been purchased by the state of Nebraska for presentation to the ship.—Photo by Webster & Stevens, Seattle.

Decoys For Mail Thieves

There have been several arrests and convictions of postal employees recently for mail depredations, and in discussing these instances a postoffice inspector at Washington said:

"Although we use the same old bait in catching postal offenders, the notice at the business and the old hands know what it is as well as we, they keep on just the same until the time-worn, but deadly certain, 'decoy letter' lands them high and dry in the penitentiary, to wonder and lament at their lot. They were so weak and foolish to bite at it."

"The 'decoy letter' is such a simple thing that the average citizen may wonder at its effectiveness, or why the thief doesn't succeed in dodging it. It is the greatest silent thief catcher in use by men who make it their business to apprehend their dishonest fellows, will always remain so and doesn't need improving to insure its stability in the criminal world."

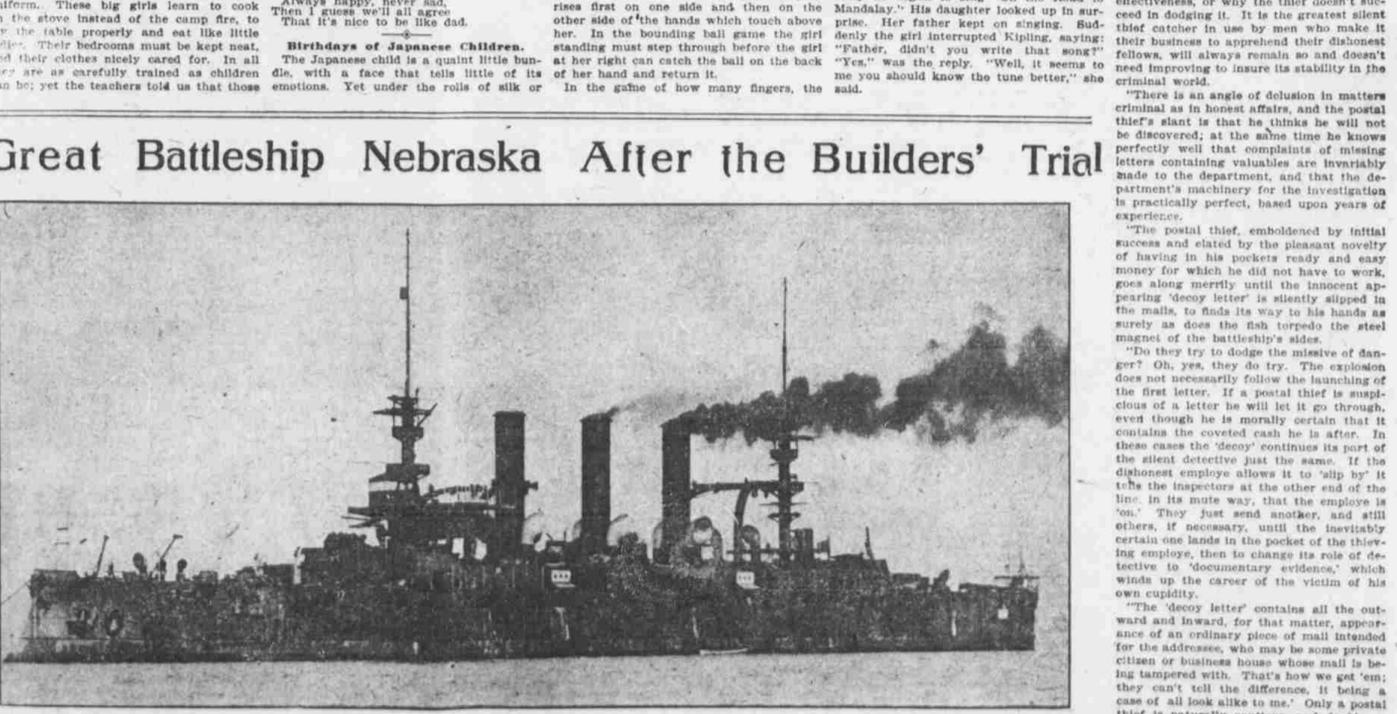
"There is an angle of delusion in matters criminal as in legal affairs, and a postal thief's slant is that he thinks he will not be discovered; at the same time he knows perfectly well that complaints of missing letters containing valuables are invariably made to the department, and that the department's machinery for the investigation is practically perfect, based upon years of experience."

"The postal thief, emboldened by fiftal success and elated by the pleasant novelty of having in his pockets ready and easy money for which he did not have to work, goes along merrily, until the mail containing 'decoy letter' is silently slipped in the mails, to find its way to his hands as surely as does the fish torpedo the steel magnet of the battleship's sides."

"Do they try to dodge the mischievous danger? Oh, yes, they do try. The thief does not necessarily follow the launching of the first letter. If a postal thief is suspicious of a letter he will let it go through, even though he is morally certain that it contains the coveted cash he is after. In these cases the 'decoy' continues its part of the silent detective just the same, and the dishonest employe allows it to 'slip by' it tells the inspectors at the other end of the line. In its mute way, that the employe is 'on.' They just send another, and still others, if necessary, until the inevitably certain one lands in the pocket of the thief. The employe, then to change its role of detective to 'documentary evidence,' which winds up the career of the victim of his own cupidity."

"The 'decoy letter' contains all the outward and inward for the matter, appearance of an ordinary piece of mail intended for the addressee, who may be some private citizen or business house whose mail is being tampered with. That's how we get 'em; they can't tell the difference, it being a case of all look alike to us.' Only a postal thief is naturally cautious, and doubly so if he thinks he is being watched. But they don't all look alike to the postoffice inspector in charge of the case. Their private earmarks as big as a house to the inspectors, and when they are caught in court, one by one, I guess they are about twice as large to the thief on trial."—Washington Star.

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