

SAYS OMAHA SHOW WILL LEAD

F. W. Wisley Thinks Best Result Will Be Reached.

TO EXCEED TWO BIGGER CITIES

Says Americans Have Been Deserting for Canada and Mexico Too Long—Best Land to Be Had in the World Lies in America.

"The Western Land-Products exhibit will produce far greater results than either the Pittsburg or Chicago land shows did," said F. W. Wisley, manager of the Omaha Irrigated Land company of Colorado, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Wisley stopped in the city for the day to attend to the details of arranging the largest individual exhibit that is to be on view at the forthcoming land show here.

"The people of the Missouri valley are better informed on the greatness of the land west of here and will receive further information more readily than will the people of the east," he said. "Therefore the show that is to be given in this city should vastly exceed in results the shows in the big cities east."

"We Americans have rested passively and seen our countrymen leave America to settle in Canada and Mexico too long. It is time we got together and stemmed the tide of emigration and diverted it in the direction in which it belongs. Aside from the idea that America is first for Americans our own land is the best in the world and its people ought to realize it and enjoy the fact."

Mr. Wisley's concern has the distinction of operating the largest private irrigation engineering project in the United States. In the San Luis valley of Colorado the company owns over 500,000 square miles of land, with complete ownership of all the streams and the water shed within its borders. It is selling 100,000 square acres of the irrigable land. The irrigation is carried out in the reservoir system.

A mountain range extends through the San Luis valley, the peaks of which are snowcapped the year around. Sheep and cattle ranges are found around the mountainous regions and all manner of agricultural products are raised over the arable portions of the territory.

The irrigation system consists principally of three great reservoirs, the largest of which, the Sanchez is nearing completion and will contain 117,000 acres feet of water. There are a great intake tower and an outlet tunnel in the water distributing plan. The water is taken from the Culebra-Sanchez canal and from the Culebra and Baljevo rivers.

Mr. Wisley had an exhibit from his territory at the Pittsburg and Chicago shows. He departed Saturday evening to direct the shipment of the exhibit from Chicago to Omaha.

Children Should Learn Literature for Its Own Sake

Chicago Professor Advises Omaha Teachers to Give Children In-Sight Into Beauty.

"Unless the child feels the beauty of literature and takes pleasure in it, your teaching has been a failure," said Dr. S. C. Clark of the University of Chicago before Omaha school teachers Saturday. Dr. Clark, who is an instructor in public speaking, gave an address on the "Elements of Beauty in Poetry" before the Palimpsest club.

Dr. Clark emphasized the need of making even the youngest children feel the beauty of literature for its own sake and decried the spirit that insists upon a moral or intellectual value in form that is worth while for the mere sake of spiritual import.

"It's dreadfully sentimental," said Dr. Clark, "and useless, and you can't cash it in for a cent, but it feeds the soul, and it's what we need. Be sure, of course, that the children know what the meaning is, but after they have learned it let them forget it in the joy of the music of the poetry. See the picture yourselves, then you can make them see them. You cannot teach literature—it may be learned but not taught. All you can do is to give them a chance to learn it and keep them looking at it until they get a pleasure in it that will lead them to seek it for its own sake."

Before Dr. Clark's address, W. A. Campbell of the Commercial club made a brief talk to the teachers to get them interested in having the state teachers' convention meet in Omaha in 1911. Mr. Campbell said that the Commercial club, in extending an invitation to the teachers, wants the cooperation and help of all the Omaha pedagogues.

ALABAMA'S "LAKE OF DEATH"

Bottomless Reservoir of Water Which Destroys Vegetation and Life.

There is a lake in Calhoun county, Alabama, which is a remarkable natural curiosity. It is oval in shape and covers four acres of ground.

No vegetation grows on its banks, nothing lives in its waters, and even snakes and terrapin shun it. The water has a peculiar taste and neither horses nor cows will drink it, no matter how thirsty they may be.

Deep down can be seen what look to be the charred trunks of large trees, without root or branch. They stand upright in the water and never rise to the surface or sink to the bottom.

The lake has no apparent outlet, but the water always remains at the same level. Soundings to the depth of 70 feet have been taken, without bottom being found, and the people in the neighborhood say that the lake is bottomless.

At one time boys used to gather at the lake on Sundays and swim in it, but they never go near it now. Fifteen boys have been drowned in it, and, although some of the bodies were recovered, those who were drowned any distance from the banks sank to the bottom and were never seen again.

Here is the Indian legend of the origin of the lake. Many moons before the white man came to this country two tribes of Indians, one large and powerful, the other small and weak, lived near the spot where the lake is.

They went to war with each other and the small tribe was nearly exterminated. Then its chiefs sued for peace and a council was called to decide upon the terms. The chiefs and old men of the two tribes met in a pine forest one day at noon, an agreement was reached and the pipe of peace was filled.

While it was being passed around a signal was given, the chiefs of the strong tribe sprang up and with their tomahawks killed the chiefs of the smaller tribe. A few moons after this a fire broke out in the forest at the spot where the council had been held.

It burned constantly for eight moons and then the ground sank out of sight, the fire disappeared and in its stead was the lake. The Indians gave the lake a name, which means "Lake of Death."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Peachie's Thanksgiving Turkey

By J. H. Franklin

Peachie was a boy of eleven summers. This was the name given him by his mother who loved him dearly. One evening after dinner had been eaten and the dishes were cleared away, Peachie's mother said to him:

"Suppose we get up real early in the morning and drive over to Aunt Jane's house and stay all day."

Peachie jumped up and gave a yell of delight, turned a somersault, chased the cat around the house and showed his willingness to go by being very handy around the house.

At last Peachie was asleep and in dreamland. The night soon passed away. Only once did Peachie wake up, to find that the clock had struck two. Very early the next morning his mother was up and prepared breakfast and called for Peachie to get up. Now Peachie was used to hearing his mother call, and would often fall asleep ere she had left the room, but when his mother said: "If you don't get up I will go to Aunt Jane's without you," he was up and dressed in a minute.

Soon on the Way.

He often wondered why he could not keep up this record. Peachie ate a small breakfast, such was his haste to be on his way. At last his big brother hitched old Ben to the family buggy, and Peachie and his mother got in and were soon on the way.

The sun shone brightly that morning. The birds of many kinds sang sweet songs. The dew on the grass was sparkling, the air was fresh and it was grand to be out away from the farm for a day. Near the roadside a squirrel looked down from a tree and seemed to inquire why his morning play was disturbed. In the stream close by were ducks taking their morning swim, and all the world seemed very happy. Peachie's mother forgot she had a family to care for and that there was a thousand and one things to do at home, but for the present life was very sweet. The trees had put on their spring suits of green, here and there were seen flowers which were glad to be in the sunshine after being shut up all winter in their houses under the snow.

In the Long Ago.

In the long ago Peachie's mother had attended school in the old log school house, and there came to her memory the following verse, long forgotten, yet ever beautiful, and very appropriate at this time:

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful waters around you curled;
The wonderful grass is upon your breast,
World you are beautifully dressed.

While they were reveling in the delights of the journey, they were nearing their destination, and over the hill in the distance they saw the house, from which a blue line of smoke curled upwards and was wafted away by the morning breeze.

They found Aunt Jane and Cousin Jim waiting for them. After the usual greeting the women went into the house, Old Ben was turned into the pasture, and the boys were told to go where they pleased, so they returned in time to

start for home before sundown. Their dreams of a day together had at last come true, and away they went. First they visited the barn, then the orchard, the fields and finally took to the woods. Many were the pretty birds and flowers seen. Out in the woods they saw a bunch of turkeys, and to their surprise an old gobbler gave a "Gobble, Gobble," which scared the boys and away they ran.

Time to Go Home.

After they were out of hearing of the big turkey, which, by the way, was the largest one they had ever seen, they climbed upon a log to rest. How long they stayed there we do not know, but at last they came to the conclusion it was time to go home, and away they started. While climbing over the fences they discovered a nest of eggs, and to get revenge on the big turkey they filled their hats with the eggs which they took to the house.

Now it happened that among the eggs there was one that was much larger than the rest, and so Cousin Jim told Peachie to take it home and raise a turkey and on the next Thanksgiving day his mother and he would come over and help eat him. Peachie followed the advice of his cousin and upon reaching home placed his egg under an old hen, for the days of incubators were then unknown. Peachie then made frequent trips, and like Jack and his bean stalk, at last found his labor rewarded with a fine young turkey. He was very happy and of course told his mother all about this wonderful bird.

The Old Hen Surprised.

The old hen was very much surprised to find such a baby in her nest, but she said it was hers and she would care for it. So each night the little fellow was taken under her wing, there to find a warm covering for the night. The turkey grew and grew as boys do, and was soon as large as his mother. He was very lonesome, for none of the other fowls could talk with him, and his language to them was very dutchy. This made him mad and instead of being pleasant, he became known as the fighting turkey. Woe betide the fowl that crossed his path, for he could put to flight anything in the barnyard.

Along late in the fall he made up his mind to leave home, and without giving notice to anyone he quietly slipped away. He was soon in the woods and out of sight of Peachie and the playmates of his youth. He loved his new field very much. The leaves were turning gold, the nuts from the trees were beginning to fall and he had plenty to eat and life to him was more than a dream. After the day was over Mr. Turkey began to look for a place to roost for the night. He flew up into the top of an old oak tree and was soon asleep. He dreamed of Peachie that night, and wondered if Peachie was thinking of him. Along about midnight an old owl flew by and gave a loud:

"Who, Who."

This woke Mr. Turkey, who said: "I don't have to tell you who I am."

The owl lit in the top of a tree close by and again said: "Who, Who."

This made Mr. Turkey very mad and he de-



cid he would find another place to roost. He was awake and looking down to the ground he saw an opossum, but as it did not bother him he was soon asleep. When he awoke the sun was shining and he flew to the ground and began to look for his breakfast. He had a fine time that day, and at night he found a better place to sleep. Only once was he bothered, this time by the scream of a night hawk. He was frightened and wished he was home in the old apple tree where Peachie had seen him many a time. He could not go to sleep for a long time, and when he did it was to dream of Peachie and the old farm and the places he knew so well.

Peachie's Great Disappointment.

After staying in the woods about twenty days he was missed, and great was the disappointment of Peachie, for had he not planned a fine Thanksgiving dinner for Cousin Jim? Something must be done, for the great holiday would soon be there. All work was stopped on the farm and the father and his three sons started out to hunt the famous turkey. After hunting until they were very tired their efforts were rewarded by finding their turkey away out in the woods, and although they did not like to do it, they were obliged to shoot him, for Mr. Turkey had said he would not go back to the farm at all. He was a big load for them all, as each in turn carried him upon his shoulder and by the time they reached home they were weary but very happy.

To make a long story short, Cousin Jim and Aunt Jane were invited to come over and spend Thanksgiving. The most important part of the dinner was the turkey and great were the stories told of this bird. They all agreed it was the best turkey they had ever eaten. Long years afterward, when Peachie had a family of his own, he would tell them of this at Thanksgiving time and the story never grew old.

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