THE AUTOGRAPH OF OMAR

By Ward Macauley.

SAMUEL BOGGERLY is the leading bookseller in Baldwin, Ohio. In fact, he is the only bookseller there, according to his own disdainful claims that all other local merchants in kindred lines are merely newsdealers.

Into a bookseller's life there enter many humorous phases of a profession often tragic enough from a financial point of view. Mr. Boggerly was one of those rare, philosophic souls, who get out of a business other than money profits, though, of course, that is their first concern. As Mr. Boggerly himself put it: "I would rather laugh than do anything else, except to sell a man a book."

On day a man entered Mr. Boggerly's store and peered furtively in every direction, in the hope of seeing the bookseller.

"Mr. Boggerly in?" he inquired, sharply.

"No, sir," responded a clerk; "he just stepped across the street. He'll be back in five minutes."

"I'll wait, sir; I'll wait. I must see Mr. Boggerly. I want to see some one who knows about books."

Shortly, Mr. Boggerly returned and the clerk indicated, with a hand wave, that the stranger was waiting to see him.

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here. I didn't want to pass the time of day. Have you a private office?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Boggerly, throwing open the door to his den, as he called it.

"Take a chair," he added.

"Thanks. Now, to what I have to say. I want you to look at a book I have here, and tell me what you think it is worth."

Carefully undoing the cord the stranger took off the outer and three inner wrappers. Then he held the book for Mr. Boggerly to see. It was a handsome leather-bound copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

"It is a signed copy," he said. "Look at it."

Mr. Boggerly smiled as he took the book.

From what he then learned from his visitor, and from information later derived from other sources, Mr. Boggerly learned the whole story of how this book, purporting to be signed by Omar, came into this man's possession. It was substantially as follows:

Mr. Jacob Hefferly was what is modernly termed a parvenu. He had suddenly found himself the possessor of considerable wealth without the grace of manner and cultured taste commonly looked for in the affluent. For neither books nor pictures did Mr. Hefferly care a fig. Nor was he able to appreciate good music, though he enjoyed the popular airs. Indeed, it was in the gratification of his vanity, rather than in any additions to his pleasure, that Mr. Hefferly found the acquisition of wealth delightful.

Now he could be in the swim. He could look down upon those who had formerly been his friends. He could invite the best people to his table, and they would come!

In order to fully establish his position in the social world in which he lived and moved and had his being, the parvenu found it necessary to have a library. But, bless you, he was as ignorant of literary matters as a child. All books were, to him, "novels," and not worth the time it took to read them.

In order, therefore, to properly fit himself out as a book lover, Mr. Hefferly was obliged to enlist the services of one Charles Hurst, a literary man of considerable distinction. Hurst had formerly been a reader for a large publishing house, had edited a small magazine and had written many book criticisms. At least, Hurst said so, for he brought neither scrap nor bit of writing to recommend him. Be that as it may, his appearance alone commended him to Mr. Hefferly. Tall, thin, with an intellectual face, Hurst had a very effective way of looking gravely through his glasses. It was this look that decided Mr. Hefferly.

"You'll do," he said; "you've got the air. When I bring my friends into the library, I want you to tell them all about the books. Make 'em think I've got the finest library in the state, one of the best in the country. Get the books. Send anywhere for rare books that no one else can get hold of, and give me the bill."

Mr. Hurst obeyed very explicitly. The bills he turned in were quite heavy, and, doubtless, Mr. Hefferly was not aware that he received a goodly commission from more than one bookseller. Mr. Hurst made his purchases in various parts of the country. He didn't dare buy a book in Baldwin, Mr. Hefferly's home city, since anything obtained so near at home would be considered common.

Mr. Hurst constructed a wonderful catalogue. It consisted of 26 handsome leather-bound blank books, each of which was used to index one letter, placing books under both the author's name and the title.

Then, he spoke to Mr. Hefferly regarding the subject. He approached his employer one morning, when the latter was starting on his morning drive.

"Mr. Hefferly," he said, respectfully.

"What do you want?"

"I want to consult you about the library."

"All right, what is it?"

"Well, in the first place, you have asked me to provide for you one of the best libraries in the country. To begin with, you haven't space."

"Haven't space!" shouted Mr. Hefferly, in astonishment, "why, haven't you a whole room?"

"Yes," assented Hurst, smiling, "but it is a very small one, and I really think to properly attend to the matter of books, you should build an addition to the house. If you will give me authority to do so, I will go ahead. It ought not to cost over $2,000 and I am confident that I can get plans that will give us a library, unequaled in the state, if in the country anywhere."

"Where did you think of building this addition?"

"Right off the old library, sir. There's plenty of space there, sir, and the present room will serve very well as a passage way to the new library."

"Go ahead," said Hefferly, "I want the best that's going."

"I'll see that you have something really worth while, sir," said the librarian, touching his hat.

"BUT THE SIGNATURE?" SAID HEFFERLY.

"Smart man, that," commented Mr. Hefferly to himself, as he took the reins, "and he has the look of a man who knows something. It's the look that counts."

Preparations for the new library were not delayed. Mr. Hurst was a man of action as well as of letters, and he proved to be thoroughly capable of superintending the construction of the annex. Mr. Hefferly would come around occasionally, and smile, approvingly, at Hurst's peremptory commands.

"That's the way," he would say, "give 'em fits if they don't do it the way you tell 'em to."

At length the library room was completed, and, with a smile of satisfaction, Hurst asked his employer to come to see it.

The vestibule (which had been the old library) was elaborately decorated. Beautiful hanging curtains adorned each side. These were of somber tint, to enhance the effect of a place of learning. In one corner was a bust of Shakespeare, in another one of Milton, in a third, one of Emerson, and in a fourth, one of Thoreau. On one side was a shelf containing the 26 volumes which made up the catalogue.

Mr. Hefferly inspected all this with due care. He held his glasses to his eyes, and looked scrutinizingly, here and there. He tried hard to assume the air of one well able to judge in these matters, an attempt which caused Hurst to laugh inwardly, though his bearing was grave and respectful.

"I think you have done capitally, Mr. Hurst," said Hefferly, using a newly acquired word. "I have placed considerable responsibility in your hands and you have done very well. I should delight to do these things myself, if I had the time."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hefferly had nothing to do, but to follow the bent of his own sweet will. At this point Hurst's restraint was admirable. The look he gave Hefferly seemed full of sympathy for the latter's enforced self-sacrifice.

"Now," said Hefferly, "let us see how the library looks."

Hurst held the curtains aside for his employer to pass, at the same time touching a button that threw a flood of light into the room.

Mr. Hurst's efforts had certainly been crowned with success. It was a splendid library. It was fully 25 feet square. The book shelves were protected by glass doors, which slid up and then back when one wanted them out of the way. Each shelf was illuminated by an electric light in the center, under the glass, which made it possible to locate a book without pushing back the door.

In the center of the room was a long, narrow table with chairs around it. It could easily be seen that all the furniture was of a very expensive kind. In one corner of the room was a Morris chair, placed there for those who would read at ease.

"This suits me, all right," said Mr. Hefferly, seating himself, with a long-drawn sigh of languid ease. "But," he observed, "we haven't filled more than a quarter of those shelves."

"I know we haven't, Mr. Hefferly, and I intend to set right to work to remedy that condition. I want to explain to you. Now, this section I have reserved for fiction—novels, you know, this one for poetry, this one for works of travel, and so on. That section in the corner I have reserved for books published in limited editions, and signed copies."

"'Signed copies!' demanded Mr. Hefferly. 'Who signs 'em?'"

"Why, the authors, of course."

"Oh, to be sure," said Hefferly. "I didn't think of that. By the way, Hurst, I've heard quite a good many people talking about a book. The name is the Ruby of Omar somebody."

"Oh, yes. 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' Here is a copy."

"To be sure. What does that first word mean?"

"It means stanzas or verses, just the same as when we say Longfellow's Poems."

"Oh, I see. Well, I tell you, Hurst, I've heard a good deal about the book. I want you to get me a signed copy."

"A signed copy of 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam!' exclaimed Hurst.

"Certainly. Several men I know have limited editions, and I must have a signed copy."

"Are you willing to meet the expense of securing one, Mr. Hefferly?"

An impatient look crossed Hefferly's face.

"See here, Hurst," he said, "I told you I wanted the best library in the United States, regardless of cost. My days of economizing have gone by. I used to have to wear a collar four days to save laundry bills, but now I intend to have some of the good things."

"Very well, Mr. Hefferly, I shall leave for New York in a few days to buy books, and I will then start on my search for the signed copy of the Rubiayat. I will send quite a number of boxes and packages of books. I think it would be better to leave them as they come until I return, and then I can arrange them properly. You will honor my drafts, I presume? I will render an expense and purchase account at the end of each week."

"That's all right. Send in your statements and I will honor them. I will give you $200 to start with."

On the second day following Mr. Hurst left for New York. When he had been there a week he telegraphed to Mr. Hefferly as follows:

"Jacob Hefferly, Baldwin, Ohio.—Send $1,247.50 for books purchased and $200 for expenses. Have got trace of signed copy of Omar. Must go to London, Eng. HURST."

Mr. Hefferly sent the cash at once and a few days latter received a dispatch announcing that Hurst had had a case and four packages of books shipped, and was to take the steamer for London that same day.

Mr. Hurst's purchases in London must have been pretty heavy, for when he had been there 10 days he cabled for $900.03 to pay for books, and $200 more for personal expenses. He wound up by saying: "See letter about Omar."

In his letter he said: "I have trace of a signed copy of Omar. It has been in the possession of a London dealer, but he sold it about a year ago to a collector in India, for $5,000. I am going to Paris and Berlin, thence to India. I will write amounts needed from each of these places. I am shipping a case of books by freight via Montreal."

"Business-like, business-like," commented Mr. Hefferly, as he read Hurst's letter. He felt satisfied. He knew that he was paying a good price, but he felt that he was receiving a sufficient return for his money. So he sent Mr. Hurst exactly what he asked for, as the succeeding cablegrams came in.

Hurst bought a good many books in Paris, and a few in Berlin, and from each of these cities he cabled a request for the necessary funds. After this, he reported to Mr. Hefferly every week, but it was quite two months before the latter received any word of real importance. Then this message came:

"Am hot on the trail. Signed Omar in possession of a Japanese merchant in Tokio. Send $2,000 for books purchased and expenses. Statement goes forward by mail."

Two weeks later Mr. Hefferly received a message from Hurst announcing his arrival in Tokio. Hurst also stated that he had seen the signed copy of Omar, that it was in perfect condition and that $6,000 would buy it. Hurst went on to say that it was the only signed copy in existence, and further that only the dire poverty of its present owner, who had met heavy reverse, enabled him to secure the book at the price mentioned. Hurst said that he had loaned that unfortunate merchant $100 to hold the book pending Mr. Hefferly's decision.

Hefferly made all haste to send the money, which was to make him the possessor of so rare a volume, the only one of the kind in the world. Hurst arrived about two months later with the book.

"Take a look at it," he said.

Mr. Hefferly examined it with keen interest.

"What makes the writing look so funny?" he asked. "I can hardly make it out."

"Why, Omar was a Persian, you know."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Hefferly. "I forgot for the moment." That evening Mr. Hefferly was showing a friend through the library. "Here," he said, "is a signed copy of ——," and he handed the book to his friend, in lieu of attempting to pronounce the title.

"Signed!" said the visitor, as he looked at it. "Why, Omar has been dead a thousand years or more. I don't believe a book was bound like that in his day, and certainly they didn't use the English language."

Mr. Hurst was in the "vestibule." Noiselessly he glided out.

"Hurst," called Mr. Hefferly, but Hurst was gone, to be seen no more in Baldwin.

On the following day Mr. Hefferly took his signed copy of Omar to Mr. Boggerly, the local bookseller, as we have seen.

"Well, Mr. Boggerly, what do you think of it?" asked the erstwhile book lover.

"I am very much afraid, Mr. Hefferly, that the edition you have is one printed about five years ago. The title page has been cut out."

"But the signature?" said Hefferly.

The bookseller looked up significantly.

"Hurst!" said he.

THE ALSEA COUNTRY AS A PLEASURE RESORT--A Paradise for the Hunter *and* Fisherman

By Professor J. B. Horner, O. A. C.

THERE are no venomous snakes in Ireland, nor in the Alsea; for when Saint Patrick killed the last snake in the Emerald Isle, some one did not overlook the little emerald valley in the Oregon coast range. Accordingly that class of man-hunters who are afraid of mice have always regarded the Alsea as a summer resort with great favor. Somewhat drier than the coast, considerably cooler than the Willamette, and more abundant in fish, venison and berries than either, the Alsea country has been inviting as a camping resort to the more ambitious hunter as well as to families.

So healthful is the Alsea country that not a few of the earlier settlers have lived to feel pretty gay at 80. That this is no boast may be inferred from the fact that the Alsea valley which supports a large country store, blacksmith shop, gristmill, postoffice, two sawmills, also agricultural, fruit and dairy industries, besides many other enterprises, has always been too healthful to maintain a physician.

At the close of a busy year's work, when the muscles, nerves and five senses require recuperation, it is a splendid change—almost a religious service—to retire to some healthful resort for a brief rest, to take a long breath as it were for the arduous work of another year. It is like selecting one day out of the seven for rest, that more work of a superior quality may be accomplished during the remaining six. And what can be more restful than this coming away from the busy, active, sedentary pursuits of the city up into the mountains where the atmosphere is so rarified that the hunter feels as if he were lightly walking on the clouds. Thousands upon thousands of these little lung cells which have been starving for the year—possibly were never used at all—are now filled, fed, expanded and invigorated with the breeze from the sea, the turpentine from the pines and the balsam from the fir. I am one of those who enjoy the upland where it is innocent to ascend higher than the Tower of Babel that man may survey valleys and canyons and mountain spurs until he becomes imbued with their grandeur. I believe the ascent of a mountain is praiseworthy. Moses, David and the Savior ascended the mountains. O, the thoughts, the inspiration and the rest as a man may get up in the mountain of the ideal that may be helpful to him down in the valley of the real!

Outdoor Life.

The whole system has been hungering for this invigorating outdoor life. Two or three days after the muscles have begun to recuperate, the nerves have been aroused and the five senses have grown more responsive, the tired man of sedentary pursuits finds himself whistling again like a boy, and the whistle echoing back from the trees starts him singing for he is resting on a grand scale. He feels like taking on new activities. Great logs are piled high for a bonfire and the evening torch is applied. Stories are told and songs are sung by the cheery light of the leaping tongues of flame which are as changing as the dashing waves upon the restless sea.

If the princely entertainer is a native of the valley he may tell you some pretty stories like the following taken from the folk lore of the Alseans to illustrate the high character of the early settlers:

"Jerry and Abe were two lads who lived in the same forest, studied the same old spelling book and were both finally charmed with the same pair of sparkling eyes. Early their roads forked. Abe sought his fortune in Illinois, becoming storekeeper, postmaster, congressman and president in time to strike the shackles from four million slaves. Jerry came to Oregon, settled in the Alsea, raised a family and contributed to society whenever and wherever he might. A cruel bullet struck down dear old Abe and he was laid away at Springfield, where a fine marble monument surmounts his remains. While Time finally laid Jerry low, neighbors buried him in an unfrequented cemetery of Alsea, and God planted and nourished a little fir tree near the grave of Jerry Clark to mark the last resting place of another schoolboy friend of Abraham Lincoln."

Then the party is entertained with the following which is told to illustrate the poverty of some of the earliest Alseans who had come from homes of plenty to cast their lot in the new country:

An Early Romance.

"A young couple, with whom Cupid had come from Iowa, were tormented by the welcome intruder until they were absolutely miserable. Everybody knows that when a fellow is dead in love he has something that is mighty pleasant in his system and yet mighty hard to get out. For this reason the young couple realized the seriousness of their condition. He looked into her pretty eyes and said: 'Wilt thou marry?' Under such circumstances a woman usually puts on a pretence of complete surprise, but she responded, 'Thy will be done.' Thus they yielded to the situation so easily that the affair was tame, but there was no preacher near, and the worst of it was they had no money to pay a preacher. So the would-be groom went down to the Alsea river, caught a couple of salmon, swung them to his saddle, and with his fiancee crossed the mountain to meet the nearest clergyman. In Pleasant valley they found him, explained their situation, were married and gave him the two salmon as compensation for his services. Receiving the minister's blessing the happy pair departed for their home in the Alsea where their descendants to this day regard with favor the salmon, which once passed for currency, like dollars of gold."

Thus the stories continue until a late hour, when all retire. As the tune of the murmuring brook grows monotonous, a few pebbles are moved along the ripples, and the song has been changed into some grand opera that "lullabies" all to sleep. Thus ends the day of genuine worship and rest in one of God's beautiful academies walled in by the templed hills of the Alsea.

A young man who fishes in the Alsea river needs three legs, while an old man requires four. The rocks are as hard as steel, as mooth as glass, and as slippery as slime. I have known business men of pronounced dignity to scramble about for a foothold when it was too late, and tumble down as unceremoniously as a tripod chasing a centipede.

Average Fisherman.

But this sudden coming down of the proud is richly compensated by the fine basket of trout the average fisherman catches before night. Yes, it is more than compensated by the capture of one fine beauty. The noble fellow may be but a few feet away. You see his pretty speckled or rainbow side gracefully moving through the water like a poem. You admire him. It is more than you could see among the masterpieces in the great art galleries of Europe. Thus far you have been moved by the aesthetic training received in the halls of culture. But there is so much of the savage instinct left in the average fisherman that poetry and culture are too tame for him. He wants to be a savage again, just for a moment. He casts his hook, and lets it dance like a fly on the water. The unsuspecting fish makes a last mistake with a final strike, then helplessly flounces on the green behind the successful angler. Victory, victory crowns the fisherman's efforts, while a timid conscience says: "Ah, how cruel." Then the fisherman replies in defence: "Daniel Webster was an angler. He was unable to commence his immortal welcome to Lafayette. He worked in his office, then in his library, and finally went for his morning walk; but with no avail. In despair he gave up the oration and took up his fishing pole. In the brook he spied a speckled beauty; he cast his hook, and as the trout was landed ashore, the delighted angler exclaimed, 'Hail thou visitor from a foreign shore,' and thus began his immortal oration. The fisherman's art is inspirational, therefore it is innocent."

Nor is hunting deer less exciting and restful as a fine sport. You walk a mile or so out of camp. Presently you hear a blue jay tell the other jays, "There is some wild animal near," for the bluejay speaks about 20 sentences that the average hunter understands quite well, and he usually speaks the truth. Then a chipmunk tells you the same thing. You have heard the evidence from the mouths of two reliable witnesses, so you cannot help placing confidence in what was told you. The jay again speaks in confirmation of what he first said. Soon there is a snort, and you know it is a deer. You look from your covert to some highland where the deer will probably come to make a survey.

On the Watch.

Here he comes. By the time he is stationed, a rifle bullet pierces his body—possibly a little too low or too far back. The deer may disappear in the brush, and you follow him slowly for you do not want him to go too far. Soon more tracks and blood; and so on until you see your game either dead or ready to be finished. Your heart is beating unconsciously faster while you entrail your game. You throw the heavy prize upon your back and thus you become a beast of burden. You now volunteer to work, and you thoroughly enjoy labor 10 times as hard as you would perform for your wife at home, much as you respect her wishes. But the solution of it is in placing yourself under conditions such that you enjoy violent exercise. This is the great secret of an outing, whether it be in the mountains or by the shore of the sea. An hour or so, and you are in camp—the admiration of all your party. Joy! Joy! Joy! I challenge you to admit that you once thought of your vocation during the morning hunt. You have been living in another world, so to speak; and this is rest.

With an abundance of fish and game ahead for a day or two, camp life is thoroughly enjoyable. And it is in camp that you can study a man, and learn his tendencies better than anywhere else, for you come up closer to him. He is not posing for a bargain, nor is he dramatizing some statement in order to get your influence at the next election. In fact some men in camp throw off restraint until they become careless. I have known men of culture to cast off formalities of home life and to become so neglectful of their personal appearance as to leave their razors at home. I have observed good churchmen to omit the formalities of grace at meals, saying it is unnecessary in a clime so healthful; for they say they know the food will be blessed to the nourishment of their bodies. Others have taken large quantities of antidote for snake poison into the Alsea valley where everybody knows venomous snakes never come. I have also observed good men, who occupy the front pews with their families at church at home, forget their calendars, get mixed on their dates and actually go fishing on Sunday. Therefore, if a man after long indoor training forgets his tendencies until he is deluded into the notion that he is just right, let him go camping for a few weeks, and he will find to his satisfaction what round in the ladder of civilization he has actually gained.

How to Reach the Place.

The Alsea hunting and fishing grounds may be reached from the nearest railway station by a road that winds up and down a mountain so gently that it is the delight of drivers and chauffeurs. The driveway which is under construction will ultimately cost not less than $30,000. The ambitious nimrod may think it is building rather slowly. Not necessarily so, when we are reminded that not until five years ago was there any road from Jerusalem to Jericho by which vehicles might be taken. For if the ancient road in Palestine was used three milleniums or more as a mere pathway for camels, sheep, cattle, asses and footmen, modern Oregon roads are coming with the wisdom of Joye and the swiftness of the wingfooted Hermes.

HUNTERS IN CAMP

THE POET IN CAMP

A LITTLE LAND AND AN IDEAL LIFE--Continued From the First Page *of* This Section

vital to the existence of the community, held it always closely together.

These were the principles upon which life in these sections came into being. It left its imprint upon other phases of the rural development.

A further aid to the community life was found in the fact that the fertile irrigated sections are denser in population than are most farming communities. Fruit and produce, which must be shipped quickly to market, were the chief products. In order to handle them without delay or damage it was necessary that villages, as shipping points, be close together.

Closer organization was found necessary in marketing the produce of the small farm. It was not found advisable that the individual with the five-acre tract should be forced to secure his market in a distant city for himself. Through cooperation, arrangements, varying in form in different communities, were made which provided the organizations to look out for markets for all.

Labor troubles have had an added tendency toward emphasizing the manner of life that leads to the ideal community form of government. Hired help on the farms has long been difficult to obtain; its absence at a critical time in this intensive farming might mean the loss of an entire crop. The natural result has been that each man farmed only such lands as he could care for through his own labors. That land he owned, and he was independent of all outside interests. In these communities the individuals have a greater per capita wealth than under any other conditions of life in the world.

The ownership of land comes naturally to the ideal under this development of the community life. It reaches such value that it is unprofitable to own it unless it is farmed at great profit. The manner of farming is such that it is not generally profitable on a large scale with hired labor. As a result, the owners of large tracts have been forced, as a matter of business economy, to subdivide them and sell them to the small farmers, and there have always been plenty of takers.

In this way, without any preconcerted plan, communities have grown up that consist of dense settlements, where the population is generally such as to maintain a village every five or six miles.

The village, as a center, has brought added opportunity to work out the community system. In the first place, it is the center of a school district, and the population within a radius of three miles is sufficient to allow the maintenance of a good graded school and, possibly, a high school.

The educational advantages of the whole community have, as a result, been greatly bettered. Many of the farmers living two or three miles from town, found it advisable to put up a residence there and travel to and from the farm, instead of sending the children the long distance to school. The homes have come to be largely located in the village, while the farm is still the source of maintenance.

The social life in these communities has assumed an aspect which partakes not at all of the old-time monotony of the farm life. The opportunity for social intercourse and amusement has come to be such as is to be found in the most progressive of the eastern villages, and it has been extended to all the people of the farms. The man who hoes the ground has opportunity to shine in the drawing-room, as does the bank clerk, and the country bumpkin has become a thing of romance and of the eastern, isolated farm.

The conditions that have been found to exist in communities which spring up of themselves are being carefully studied by the reclamation service in connection with the extensive tracts it promises to open up for settlement in the near future. There are projects in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming which, well under way, will offer opportunities for ideal community life that will be far ahead of anything that has unsystematically worked itself out without guidance.

The great majority of the sections to be opened up will be in the trackless desert. The government will plot the town sites and decide upon their location with relation to one another. Roads will not follow the old buffalo trails in accordance with ancient custom, but section lines and direct diagonals that will make the villages most accessible to all the people.

The reclamation service has planned and plotted an ideal community center, which it will make of a given 160-acre tract. It places the schoolhouse in the center of an open square. Eight main roads branch from this center as would the spokes of a wheel. Adjoining the square, on one of them, are placed the stores and buildings necessary for the transaction of the business of the community, and other nearby streets may be used as necessity requires.

The adjacent land is cut into residence lots, the smallest of which contains half an acre, increasing in size to five acres at a distance of half a mile.

These building sites are intended for the business people of the town and further for the farmers themselves who own properties within a radius of a few miles and prefer living here rather than on the farm. So will the farmer come to dwell with his fellows of the village and escape from his isolation. The main roads that lead out of the center continue into the country, where the size of the farms increase, and on into the system of roads that lead from adjoining communities and spider-web the whole of the tract covered by the given work of reclamation.

In building storage reservoirs and irrigation systems the national government but assumes temporary charge of a project that is to the evident advantage of the people. The money is advanced by the government for the construction of the system. When it is completed, the assessment is placed against the land and collected in water dues from the farmers.

At the end of 10 years the farmers will have paid for construction, and the property will be virtually theirs. When that time arrives the prices for the use of water will be placed at a figure that will merely pay the cost of operation.

In connection with this ownership, the element of water power promises to play an important part in the community life. Already such power is used in many communities to generate the electric lights for the whole countryside. It offers unlimited possibilities for a further development, through which it may furnish the power that will operate vast machinery for any line of enterprise that may spring up.

Already, in the construction of the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, water power from a canal built to furnish it is being utilized in the performance of many tasks in connection with the work, notably in the operation of the cement mill.

The opportunity for this ideal manner of life made practical will be offered to some hundreds of thousands of people within the next few years. The projects that are already in course of construction by the reclamation service contemplate the conservation of 1,600,000 acres of virgin soil. This would supply 40,000 40-acre farms.

Statistics show that, on an average, each farm is the home of five people, which means 200,000 settlers will actually dwell on these lands.

For every individual who makes a part in the farm life of the country there exists another dwelling in the town, correlating his industries. This adds an additional 200,000 to the population that may be provided for by the projects already being constructed, all of which will be completed and in operation within three years.

The plans of the service show that the projects now under construction may be enlarged when there becomes a demand for it; they can be made to furnish twice the water for twice the land that is now contemplated. When they are completed the construction of others will take their places and new opportunities will be offered.

The quantity of land to be reclaimed and the amounts of flood waters going to waste are so great that there will practically be no end to the possibilities of reclamation. The service has in sight already 20,000,000 acres of arid land that may be brought under intensive cultivation, which means, eventually, an offer of the Utopia under the reservoirs to 5,000,000 people.

The classes of settlers who go west to take up the lands that are provided when an area of desert is reclaimed are a source of great satisfaction to the government, and furnish material assistance toward the working out of any plan for right living.

The men in all the eastern communities who go west with the idea of bettering their condition are the strongest, most energetic characters of those communities. They are thrifty, or they would never have saved the means to transport their families across a continent and begin life in a new land. They have the courage to break away from old moorings and strike out for better things.

Of a thousand men settled in any reclaimed valley, there will be representatives of all the states of the union and of many foreign countries. Each brings with him the ideas of the community from which he came. The new settlement is a clearing house of methods, working out the best, which eventually come into general usage.

The result of the commingling of many men, with the ideas of many lands, is the most broad-gauged, tolerant, intellectual, progressive citizenship that modern civilization has produced. These people readily grasp such possibilities as are offered under the reservoirs. They are a recommendation to the calling they follow, and they lend to it much of that dignity it deserves but has rarely received.

Yet they are in no way pioneers in this movement in the great west. The aborigines operated irrigation systems and lived the community life long before the days of Columbus. When Coronado pushed his way over the old Santa Fe trail that leads through New Mexico, Arizona and across the desert to San Diego, he found the Pueblo Indians settled along the streams, living in villages and irrigating the lands that gave them sustenance. Their life was that of the perfected community, where each individual worked for the good of the whole.

In many instances the more warlike tribes had driven them into the cliffs and caves, whence they crept stealthily into the fields to do their farming, while sentinels watched from a hilltop to give the alarm when an enemy approached.

The stamp of the new manner of life was upon the west in the centuries that have passed. Perhaps the germ of it has come down as a heritage from the earlier race.

Starting the Day.

When a little bit o' baby waking early
calls her dad,
Calling, "Daddy, get your baby, Daddy, baby's wide awake.
Daddy's baby's waiting for him in her nightie; ain't you glad?
Daddy, baby's waitin' for you in her nightie, come an' take!"
Then the daddy gladly turns him from the partly opened door,
Turns him back before the going to the office in the town,
And he goes and gets the baby—hears her calling him once more—
And all nightie-clad and happy in his arms he brings her down.

And there isn't any hurry like he thought there was at all.
He has lots of time to hold her and to snuggle her to him,
And he's glad for her awakening, and he's glad he heard her call
Waking in the upstairs chamber with its curtains drawn and dim;
And he snuggles her and hugs her and he loves her just a heap,
And he nibbles at the dimple that is snuggling in her chin,
And remembers how he coached her in her "Lay me down to sleep,"
And recalls the bedtime rompings and the pillow fight and din.

And he waits to see her perching in her high chair happy-eyed,
Waiting for the "bresquias" on the little painted plate,
And he waits to cut her batter cakes with sirup on the side,
Then he stoops to leave caresses on the little curly pate;
And then goes his way a-laughing, just as glad as he can be,
That before he left the home-nest for the labor in the town
The tousle-headed baby wake and she called her dad, and he
Romped upstairs to where she waited in her little slumber-gown.

—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

Statue to England's Queen.

The first statue to be erected to Queen Alexandra was recently unveiled in the grounds of the London hospital by the Earl of Crewe. One of two bronze panels represents in bas relief the opening of the Finsen light department at the hospital. Her majesty, who is the president of the hospital, introduced the Finsen light there and gave the first lamp to the institution. On the second panel a tribute is paid to the great interest the queen has taken in the hospital. The statue is the work of George Wade.

John D.'s Family Tree.

From Leslie's Weekly.

The Rockefeller family association, of which, by the way, John D. is not a member, though many of its members claim kinship with him, has traced the history of the name back to the south of France, where there is still a Baron Roquefeuille. The French Rockefellers, being mostly Huguenots, went to southern Germany after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; hence the Teutonic form of the name. The first Rockefeller came to America in 1720.

"Another terrible calamity."

"What's that?"

"Mrs. Giltcoin's directoire gown got wet and shrunk so that it squeezed her to death."