# VALUE OF WATER TO OREGON

## Great Power Generated *and* Thousands of Acres Irrigated by Splendid Streams--Possibilities in the Future Development *of* This Resource

By Randall R. Howard.

AN EARNEST group of men had strayed from their political discussion and were talking about the resources and wonders and possibilities of the Pacific coast states, when one of them put, point blank, to the spokesman this question: "And what do you consider Oregon's greatest resource?" There was a perceptible moment of hesitation before his lips could flip back to us the single word, "Water." The several pairs of eyes that were focused on him betrayed that they had, every one, expected anything else in answer, and from most of them there shot out a tinge of scepticism, almost rebuke.

"Yes, water is not only Oregon's most valuable resource," he firmly continued, "but the one that she most carelessly neglects. The day will come when water will mean more to Oregon than her forests and minerals and livestock combined, yet at the present time we are treating water as if it were as inexhaustible as air and of as little importance as our last year's grasshopper crop."

The thought is worth meditating. And surely there must be a kernel in the fact that the initial bulletin sent out by the national conservation commission, recently appointed by the president as a result of the late conference of governors at Washington, D. C., devoted more pages to water than to any other topic. Water is so common—so awfully common—that only the harsh grating of privation or the cold reflection of the study arouses us to our dependence on it and its intrinsic value. In these days of umbrellas our only thought is in getting away from water, dry-skinned and good tempered; we have rubbered ourselves underfoot, mackintoshed ourselves about, and umbrellaed ourself across half the sidewalk—all that we may escape water—yet the serious man says that water is the salvation of our state and that its neglect is a mark of public lassitude.

### A Few of the Big Facts About Water.

But here are a few facts. Three-fourths of Oregon is classed as arid or semi-arid, and the use and development of arid land is supremely limited by only one thing—water. When the eastern home-seeker inquires about vacant land he is pointed to the arid districts—and practically all the open land in America today is arid; and while there are possibilities in dry farming and stock raising yet the first choice of land will always be where irrigation is possible, at least hopeful. It is well known that in an arid section water makes the difference between the acre worth $2 for grazing and from $100 to $1,000, even $5,000 as intensive farming or fruit land. The irrigated land is the highest priced agricultural land of our state today. Without water for irrigation there could be no world-famed Hood river or Rogue river or eastern Oregon orchards. And the time seems almost here when the Willamette valley will put aside its conservatism and insure immensely better crops through irrigation, since it is proved that the rainfall here is less by half, during the growing season, than in many sections commonly known and classified as arid. If the little trickle of water—three-fourths of a pint per second—running for a hundred days during the summer, will make an acre orchard out of a lizardy desert and create $200 worth of wealth, what is the value of a rushing creek or a deep river? Surely in the arid section it is the water and not the land that returns prosperity and insures independence. Surely, even the child would say, we must be considering water one of our most valuable resources and are carefully guarding it by law and public opinion.

But the humiliating fact is that in our state where water means so much we have only childish and antiquated laws which can do scarcely anything toward justly distributing and conserving this element which alone can render habitable and productive the larger part of our state. We have modern land laws and forestry laws and mining laws, but our water laws are borrowed from a past and indifferent age and as changeable as the whims of the court. There is, we must admit, the drama of bluff and rasping lawyers and the occasional dynamite and gun play in the efforts of water users to maintain their rights, but legally water is the most buffeted and beaten and misunderstood and unappreciated living thing of our proud state. The water situation is very simple. In Oregon—and in many other western states—there is no such thing as a definite title to water. The state and government give definite title to land, but for the water that renders the land productive and that nature and common sense and the experience of older civilizations than our own teaches should be attached perpetually to the land, there is no security of title and only a hazy court decreed recognition in law.

IRRIGATED HAY RANCH. COLORADO.

### Supports Over Twenty Lawyers.

Take an example of the working of our water laws. There is a little district of eight sections in the Walla Walla valley of Umatilla county which is supporting over 20 lawyers by its continuous water litigation. The present suit has been in the courts for three years and following the usual course, it will probably be as many more years before a decision is reached. Half a thousand persons have been made parties to the suit, and its outcome is a vital matter to the 50,000 residents of the valley, for with water much of the land is worth $1,000 per acre, and without it there is no assurance and little possibility of any crops at all. Perhaps justice in the regulation and distribution of the life giving water of this valley would not be too costly even at this price, if such a suit could definitely settle anything, but it can not. It will decide the present relative rights of all the persons who have been made parties to the suit, but there is nobody to enforce the court decree, and a newcomer may upset the whole court-made system by a new diversion of water, and then the entire matter must be fought through again, with a painful repetition of the fees for the score of lawyers, and the anxiety and community turmoil. Even nature, when she naturally shifts the channel of the stream, can cause untold trouble for, under the law, nobody has a right to reshift it.

AN EVIDENCE OF WASTED WATER SUPPLY.

### Waiting for New Laws.

In some sections of the state water users' associations have been formed, and peace and justice is seemingly maintained by the exercise of common sense and the majority rule. But as the community becomes more thickly settled and water more valuable, persuasion and argument go to the winds and open strife is sure to follow in time. Such an example may be taken from Crook county. There is a fine mountain creek which has already recovered from the desert thousands of acres of land. Under proper utilization it is capable of recovering as many more acres. But who is to say what is proper utilization? Our state law is silent on the point. One man may take enough water (and this is an actual case) to flood his entire farm six inches deep every 24 hours and dynamite the headgates of other water users who object to the waste, while scores of other water users and prospective water users will not have enough to save their crops from the hot winds or water their stock. This particular community, typical of many others, is worrying along, hoping for a new water law. And if they don't get the law there is only one thing to do—take the whole matter of the intricate water regulation before a court and lawyers that perhaps never saw an irrigated farm, who will go quibbling on perhaps for years with a lighter or a minus bank balance as the only permanent gain to the water user. All through eastern Oregon, as I traveled last summer there was the same waiting and hedging and retardation in the irrigated districts. "As soon as we get this water matter settled," they would say, "we intend to fix up the ranch." There is the deserted shack of the man who was sold a useless water right by an irrigation company operating under state laws; there is the dry ditch that is empty because somebody is willfully wasting or hoarding the water that God surely meant for the common and general good of man; and there is the anxious settler and capitalist waiting, he knows not how long, until he has some assurance of the stability of his investment before he will build dams or ditches and improve his land.

### Only Half of the Story Told.

And only half of the story has been told when we talk about the immense value of water for irrigation to the arid land of Oregon. Even more valuable, some day, promises to be our great state wealth of water power. A single example will catch the point. It is estimated that the lower 36 miles of the Deschutes river if harnessed today, would yield an annual income of 5,000,000, and the school boy knows that this bit of water power can be duplicated many times in our state. The commercial value of a single horsepower is from 30 to 75 gallons per day, and a theoretical horse power is produced by 7½ gallons of water falling through 8.8 feet per second. With a mental picture of such a horse power trickle, can we estimate the commercial value of the thousands of falls and rapids of our rivers?

The signs all point to an approaching electrical age for our nation and the world. The coal beds are limited; our last stick of wood will be put into the furnace in little more than a generation at our present rate of consumption. No one has measured the ingenuity of man, but the only present substitute in sight for all this consumed coal and wood is the heat and power resulting from electrical energy. And the scheme is thoroughly practicable, granting cheap water power—and we have the water power.

### Getting a "Hand-Out."

There are little straws of evidence flying everywhere, all telling us that there are men of money who are reading the times and building themselves a warm nest for the future. They are even now at our open pantry window picking up the free "hand-outs" and not saying a word. Not that capital should not be encouraged to develop natural resources, but the public should at least realize the value of their gifts and give them with strings attached if such a method should be for the good of future generations. They should at least not kick their wealth to the gutter and allow it to be picked up by whoever will. Under present law it is absurdly easy to acquire the fullest guarantee that our law can give to water, whether used for irrigation or for power. Supposing I, either as a capitalist or the agent of a capitalist, saw a waterfall or a creek that I could use or knew would be valuable later. I would merely stick up a notice of my purpose and intention to acquire such, on a bush or tree—anywhere near—then file this notice with the county clerk of that county—and presto, it is done. If I can guard my interest and bluff others off I am sole owner of a river. I am supposed to begin work on my claim within six months and "pursue it diligently," but there is no such necessity providing my intentions are speculative; I can merely refile on it every six months.

Imagine the confusion. The Deschutes river at a single point, Bend, is over appropriated by 40 times its summer flow; the records of filings on the whole river are in seven counties, and to visit their county seats would require 1,000 miles of travel, one half by stage; and even with these records we would know nothing about our relative rights, for the whole matter of the relative value of water rights is one for the courts to interpret. It is not strange then that many of the ditches of California under jurisdiction of a very similar law are now owned by the old lawyers who used to defend them; that two million dollars have been spent in water litigation in one county; that 14 people have been killed over one ditch squabble.

Oregon has grandmotherish water laws for, perhaps, two reasons. First, our water laws, such as we now have, were framed in an early day by eastern people who did not know, nor could they know, anything about the problem of irrigation nor the possibilities of water for power. Further than this the situation is due to the apathy of the irrigationists and voters and the opposition of those whose business future does not demand modern water laws. Strange to say, a modern water law has never been made a political issue and few voters and fewer legislators have an intelligent opinion on the subject. However, the matter has been agitated for several years by many state departments including the land board, the state attorney and the state engineer. Several western states have good water laws, notably Idaho and Wyoming—also Canada. The mainspring of these laws is that "beneficial use" shall be the basis of all rights to the use of water and that water for irrigation shall be appurtenent to the land irrigated. They provide for definite water titles, reliable water records and necessary policing; some of them also say that power franchises should not be perpetual, but limited to a fixed period of years.

# CENTURIES OF BALKAN WOE

## Tangle *of* Races, Tongues *and* Religious Beliefs Which Dates Back to the Barbarian Invasion of Europe--Centuries *of* Struggles Against the Turks

THE Balkan region may be called above all things the land of confusion. It is the land of war, the land of rapine, of cruelty, of treachery, of tyranny, of almost all that's evil, but above all it is the land of confusion. It has been so for 1,500 years.

The New York Sun says: The confusion began with that invasion of barbarians which overthrew the Roman empire. The wild tribes which swept down over the Carpathians or in from the steppes of Russia found it in the enjoyment of the Greek and Roman civilizations. Some of them swept on, some settled down in the region between the Adriatic and the Black sea. They tangled up the civilization they found with their own barbaric customs. They created a racial confusion which is still at the bottom of all the other confusions that make up the Balkan problem.

In a territory not much bigger than France there are to be found today the distinct survivals of three races going back to primitive times. The Albanian, Rumanian and Greek peoples are lineal descendants of peoples who have held the country since immemorial times.

The Albanians are of the old Illyrian stock. Every one knows who the Greeks are. The Rumanians are nobody quite knows who, but most likely the Thracians of old days with a strong Roman modification, not to speak of various subsequent admixtures.

Mixture indeed is the racial law of the Balkans. Only the Illyrian blood is approximately pure. Even the Greeks of today have a large percentage of Slavic blood in them.

The original Bulgars were a Finno-Tartar people, akin to the Magyars. But the race has been so nearly assimilated by the Slavic people whom they found in the regions where they settled that the present Bulgarians, despite the name, are far more Slav than Turanian in their characteristics.

Next after the Illyrians, or Albanians, the Serbs are the purest blooded Balkan people. But they are a comparatively recent arrival. They are probably 90 per cent Slavic. The race has been only slightly modified by the peoples whom they overthrew and intermarried with when they took possession of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novibazar and Montenegro, where they now make up a majority of the population.

### Tangle of Population.

But the racial confusion is not in the blood alone. It is still more remarkable in the matter of location.

For instance, of the 4,000,000 Bulgars who live in the Balkans only about 2,700,000 live in Bulgaria itself, while the rest inhabit Russia, Rumania, Austria-Hungary and the Turkish provinces, especially Macedonia. On the other hand the balance of the 4,000,000 population of Bulgaria is made up of Turks, Rumanians, Greeks, Gypsies (52,000 of them), Spanish Jews (27,500), Tatars and samples of all the other nationalities of Europe.

There are today 8,000,000 Serbs, but only 2,500,000 of them live in Servia. The rest are scattered over Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzgovina, Novibazar, Croatia, Slavonia, south Hungary, Istria and Dalmatia. In Rumania 92 per cent of the people are Wallachs—that is, Rumanians—but only half of the Rumanian race inhabits that kingdom, the other half being found in Transylvania, which is Austrian; in Bessarabia, now under Russian rule; in Servia, and in Bulgaria.

The Albanians, or Arnauts—they call themselves Shkipetars, by the way—have kept their territory pretty free of strangers. They are perhaps the wildest people in the world, and it is said that only Pyrrhus the Great ever conquered them; but besides the 2,000,000 of them inhabiting Albania, the western shore of the Adriatic south of Montenegro, there are 200,000 of them in Greece and 100,000 in southern Italy.

As for Macedonia, to describe the confusion of races is almost impossible. The characteristic fact is the tendency of all the races to flock by themselves. There is mixture in the towns and there are a few villages in which Turks, Bulgars and Greeks live together; but for the most part each of these three peoples has its own settlements.

You will find a Bulgarian village more Bulgarian than any in Prince Ferdinand's dominions, and a few miles from it there will be a Greek village as Greek as any in the Peloponnesus. Making a triangle with the other two, a Turkish village will be found where every man wears a fez and every woman goes veiled.

### Confusion of Tongues.

Along with the confusion of races comes the confusion of tongues. Babel was nothing to it. The Bulgarians have a language of their own, or rather they have innumerable languages, for there is no pan-Bulgarian tongue.

Every district, almost every village, has a dialect of its own, all fundamentally Slavic but influenced in different degrees by Turkish, Albanian, Servian, Rumanian and old Bulgar influences. Out of these the Danubian dialect now shows a tendency to emerge as the literary standard for a national language. As a medium for it the Cyrillic alphabet, invented by St. Cyril perhaps about 1,200 years ago when he first translated the Gospels and the Greek liturgy into Servian, has been adopted. There are newspapers and some books printed in it.

The Servian language is a more settled thing. It is spoken all over the regions inhabited by the Servian people, and thanks to St. Cyril it has a settled form, in fact it has a copious literature, divided into three periods.

In the earliest age religious works predominate; a Dalmatian period extending from the 14th to the 18th century possesses much poetry, both epic and lyric, and historic and legendary chronicles. The modern period has adopted the forms of western Europe and abounds in good writers.

The Rumanian language is a Romance tongue preserving the Latin forms, though the vocabulary is largely Thracian and Slavic. It also is broken up into dialects, especially in the outlying colonies such as the Zinzars, who live in the mountains in Macedonia. But it has had for centuries a fixed standard and there is an extensive Rumanian literature both ancient and modern.

Add to these tongues the Albanian, which has no literature and hardly an alphabet, the Greek and the Turkish, and the linguistic confusion is complete.

### The Religious War.

The tangle of religions is almost equally remarkable. There are the Mohammedans and there are the Christians, but there are Christians of the Orthodox Greek church, whom the Roman Catholics call schismatic, and there are Christians of the other Greek church, whom the Roman Catholics call orthodox and who are allied to Rome through the hierarchy of the Grecian kingdom.

It may fairly be said that the hatred between the two sects of Christians is often more bitter than that between Christian and Turk. It is a leading if not the leading factor in the Macedonian troubles of today, and the unspeakable atrocities which make Macedonia the most distressful country in the world are just as frequently perpetrated by Greek Catholics upon Bulgarian orthodox churchmen or by Bulgarians upon Greek Catholics as by the Mohammedans upon either.

The Greek church is the church of the majority of the people and it is the State church in Bulgarian, Servia and Rumania. In Bosnia those of the Greek Orthodox communion are about 43 per cent of the population, the Mohammedans about 35 and the Roman Catholics 21.

In Albania the great majority of the people are Mohammedans, though fiercely hostile to the Turkish government. There are, however, about 200,000 Christians equally divided between the two sects who hate each other. The Mohammedans, Albanians and the Turks, with an impartial hatred.

### Bulgarian Greatness.

All the multiform hatreds which keep the Balkan peoples seething in disorder and bloodshed are centuries old in their origin.

There were the Bulgarians, for instance, who already in the sixth century were at war with the emperors at Constantinople, who, converted to Christianity in the ninth century, reached such power in the tenth that their ruler, Symeon, assumed the title of czar of all the Bulgarias—the title just revived by Prince Ferdinand—and ruled over a territory extending from the Black sea to the Adriatic and almost from the Carpathians south to Adrianople.

This great monarchy was overthrown about the year 1000 A. D., and we find the Byzantine emperor, Basil II, completing its subjection in 1020, when he stormed the palace of Lychnidus, and found in it a treasure of 10,000 pounds weight of gold, equal in value, perhaps, to $20,000,000. His method of signalizing his conquest was characteristic of the age. He caused 15,000 of his captives to be blinded. But to one out of every 100 men he spared a single eye, in order that they might lead the whole lamentable phalanx to their king, a fugitive in some mountain fastness. It is related that he died of horror on beholding them. Is it wonderful that the Bulgar hates the Greek?

### Servia's Heroic Period.

Servia also has its heroic period. In 1050 Michael, its grand shupan, was recognized as an independent sovereign by Pope Gregory VII. Its power reached a climax between 1331 and 1335, when Stephen Dushan called himself the emperor of the Rumelians and ruled over a territory which embraced Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, Thessaly, part of Bulgaria and Greece as far as the Isthmus of Corinth.

Stephen Dushan is the great hero of Servian legend. He lies buried in the Studenitza monastery in Servia and when King Peter was called to the throne he made a pilgrimage thither and kissed the dead emperor's brow.

The remains, wrapped in their ancient winding sheet, are encased in a coffin of black wood and on the breast lies a golden crucifix containing in the center a particle of the true cross. There is an outer coffin also which was presented by the ancestors of King Peter, the Karageorgovitches. It is a massive affair of silver with a crimson velvet top and a great silver cross upon it.

When the Obrenovitches were in power in Servia this gorgeous casement was hidden away in the cellar of the monastery and King Alexander and Queen Draga presented a wonderful set of golden vestments to be used in the great ceremonies of the monastery church. Nowadays the vestments are in hiding in the cellar and the silver coffin is in evidence again. The Servians expect the Emperor Stephen to reappear as a sort of a Messiah.

### Turkish Conquest.

The overthrow of Servia was finally completed by the Sultan Mohammed II., who, having taken Constantinople in 1453, devoted his attention to the Balkan region. From this time until the beginning of the nineteenth century Servia had practically no history, but an offshoot from its people kept up the fight against the Turks unceasingly and without ever being overcome.

After the battle of Kossovo, in 1389, a band of refugees under one Ivo, the black, took possession of the rugged mountain tract just above Cattaro, on the Adriatic shores. The region was named Tzrnagora, or the Black mountain; the Montenegro of today.

Ivo is another of the heroes whom the Serbs expect to come back some day and help drive the Turks out of Europe. The Montenegrins still wear a badge of mourning in their caps for him. His spirit has certainly been continually alive in the little realm that he founded. Under its prince bishops, who succeeded each other for more than three centuries from uncle to nephew, Montenegro has not only resisted Turkish conquest but has frequently sent armies out to Novibasar and Macedonia and inflicted tremendous losses upon the soldiers of the porte.

### The Great Awakening.

It is a singular circumstance that the awakening against the Turkish domination which lasted for nearly 350 years after the conquest showed itself in several regions about the same time. Just at the period when Alexander Ysilante was putting an end to Turkish misrule in the country which is now Rumania, Greeks were starting that heroic struggle for independence in which Lord Byron played a picturesque part. The Servians simultaneously began a bitter and determined fight to throw off Turkish rule.

In 1804 Kara George, who was certainly a peasant and perhaps a brigand, finding that he was down on a list of persons to be massacred, took to the mountains and raised the standard of revolt. He defeated the Turkish force and in 1806 he took possession of Belgrade.

The Russians helped him for awhile, then deserted him, and he was obliged to take refuge in Hungary. The Turks swept over the country in 1814 with murder and pillage. They crucified 300 Christians at Belgrade. But now one of the lieutenants of Kara George began to loom up with new strength. This was Milosch Obrenovitch, also a peasant, a swineherd, who had acted as spy for Kara George in the early part of the struggle. His bands in 1815 made such headway against the Turks that the sultan was forced to make terms with him.

Kara George came back into the country, but Milosch betrayed him to the Turks, who killed him. Rivalry thus removed, Milosch had himself proclaimed in 1817 hereditary prince of Servia.

In 1830 the autonomy of the principality was recognized by the porte and then began its turbulent career as a European state. The descendants of Kara George and of Milosch intrigued and conspired for the throne.

The Obrenovitches were deposed in 1842 and the Karageorgovitches seized the title of prince. A few years later a prince of their line was assassinated and the Obrenovitches came back, and thus it was that Prince Milan, an Obrenovitch, found himself on the throne at the era of the Russo-Turkish war.

Another region in which the standard of revolt was raised in the beginning of the nineteenth century was the southern section of Albania, where the famous or infamous Ali Pasha, the lion of Janina, established for a few brief years a sort of independent power. Those who are interested in his career can gain a good view of it on easy terms from Maurus Jokai's novel "The Lion of Janina."

### Bulgarian Atrocities.

All these struggles in the early part of the nineteenth century brought freedom in one degree or another to the participating states. Another fierce struggle against the Turk began in 1875.

In these matters there seems to be a sort of contagion. It is certain that an epidemic of unrest ran through the Balkan peninsula in that year. Bulgaria, which had been so enslaved as to be called the peasant state, after centuries of submission, showed signs of awakening. The brutalities of Turkish rule seemed to be brought to a head by the establishment of a Circassian colony in the heart of the country.

The peasantry revolted and the Bashi Bazouks, the Turkish irregular soldiery, maintained especially for purposes of atrocity, were sent in to put down the uprising.

The populations of towns and villages were wiped out. The houses were burned, the women outraged or carried off to Turkish harems, children were slaughtered in their mother's arms, and men were burned alive in the churches, hundreds at a time. When the news of these doings was spread through Europe by Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, the famous correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, there was an uncontrollable outburst of horror, and the rule of the Turk in the devastated regions was doomed.

But simultaneous with the Bulgarian insurrection the Servians under Prince Milan had declared war on Turkey. The troops sent against them also wasted their country with murder and pillage. In Bosnia and Herzegovina was also a revolt and also more atrocities.

Montenegro declared war on the sultan and an army of brave mountaineers marched into Macedonia. Wherever the sultan's troops went to oppose them, there also were unspeakable cureities committed on the Christian population.

It was expected that England would take the lead in ending this domination of murder, lust and robbery; but England, under Gladstone, temporized and negotiated; Russia went to war, and with the Roumanians, Servians and Montenegrins as her allies, drove the Turks back past Plevna and Shipka Pass, over the Balkans into Roumania and as far south almost as Adrianople, when the sultan gave way and signed the treaty of San Stefano, by which he surrendered the greater part of his European dominions.

### Congress of Berlin.

This instrument might well have ended the troubles of the Balkan peninsula, but it was too much for Europe's jealousies. The congress of Berlin was called in 1878 to revise it, and by the treaty which it framed the greater part of Macedonia was restored to Turkey, and thus it has become the theatre of the fearful series of atrocities of the last 10 years.

Roumania, which had for years been a flourishing independent principality, yielded a province to Russia, and Bulgaria was forced to give her in return the Dobrudscha, a low lying region on the eastern coast of the Black sea. Bulgaria herself was limited to a narrow strip on each side of the Balkan range and Servia was confined to the cramped boundaries which to this day confine her ambitions.

Bosnia and Herzegovnia, inhabited by peoples closely akin to the Servians, were turned over to Austria for administrative control, although the nominal sovereignty was still vested in the sultan. Montenegro had her complete independence acknowledged and guaranteed with a considerable extension of territory. A semi-independent province was established in eastern Rumelia south of Bulgaria, with a Christian governor and its own laws, but paying tribute to the porte.

### The Formative Period.

Not a few changes have taken place since this arrangement was made. In 1881 Roumania raised herself to the rank of a kingdom. Prince Milan of Servia also assumed the regal dignity in 1882.

Bulgaria had chosen as her ruler Prince Alexander of Battenberg, but he enjoyed under the treaty of Berlin only the rank of prince and the sultan remained his suzerain under the treaty of Berlin. Then came a recolt in eastern Rumelia and its annexation to Bulgaria in 1885.

Russia protested, but in vain; Servia declared war on account of this aggrandizement of its next door neighbor, and there ensued that opera bouffe struggle which was ended by a single battle and which has afforded Bernard Shaw the opportunity for his amusing comedy, "Arms and the Man."

Alexander showed powers both as a statesman and a soldier in this crisis. Indeed he was a highly capable ruler; but Russia could not get over the Rumelian annexation and the high ambitions of Bulgaria generally and Alexander became the scapegoat of its rage. His capital became a hotbed of intrigues against him; wires were pulled at all the European courts to his injury; the struggle became too strenuous for him and he abdicated in 1886.

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg was elected in his place. Ferdinand was ambitious and wily and with his great Prime Minister Stambuloff he kept on building up the strength of his state and his own hold upon it in spite of hostile conspiracies.

From that time to this the prince has been laying pipes and pulling wires to make himself king and rid his realm of its nominal subjection to the sultan. He has just succeeded.

### Roumania's Progress.

While all this was going on in Bulgaria Roumania was in the main prospering greatly and civilizing herself. The national exhibition held two years ago at Bucharest in honor of the fortieth anniversary of King Carlos' accession to the rulership was a great demonstration of material and intellectual progress.

Under the genial guidance of Queen Elizabeth, the famous "Carmen Sylva," literature and art have gained new headway; but even the revolt of the peasant farmers last year against the great landed nobility and the money lenders showed that a readjustment of conditions is still necessary in this most favored of the Balkan lands.

### Servia's Dark Story.

The history of Servia since the treaty of Berlin has been one of material progress. The capital, Belgrade, has been practically rebuilt and modernized in the last 30 years; the trade of the country has been greatly increased; its industries and agriculture are flourishing. Its government however, has been a troublesome affair.

King Milan found the debaucheries of Paris and Vienna more to his taste than ruling over the Servians. He abdicated the throne in 1889, turning it over to Alexander, still so young that a council of regency had to be established.

One fine day when he was about 18 Alexander asserted himself. He seized the reins of power and clapped all the regents into prison, and then followed 14 years of capricious rule, such as might be expected of a boy who was half a genius, half an idiot.

The end came in June, 1903. Some say it was an Austrian plot to create chaos which would have justified the Austro-Hungarian kaiser in seizing and annexing Servia in his dominions. Others hold that the endurance of Alexander had reached its limit and that it was to prevent savage despotism and massacre that regicide was decided on.

Anyway, the fact is that on the night of June 10 the regiments quartered in the capital surrounded the royal palace and after a long and fevered search, in the course of which some faithful attendants were struck down, a band of officers found Alexander and Draga hiding in their night robes and killed them both.

With Alexander died the last of the Karageorgevitch dynasty and King Peter, the head of the exiled Obrenovitch house, who had been living almost in poverty in Switzerland, was called to the throne where he still sits, not over firmly according to Austrian versions of the situation, but firmly enough according to the accounts of many independent English observers.

### Present Day Hopes and Needs.

What all these new countries need is peace and capital to develop their resources. It is believed that they have enormous mineral wealth which England would be glad to develop were it not for the war risk.

Roumania is the most settled down of all, but she still looks upon Bessarabia with an eager longing—hopeless, for Russia never lets go.

Servia had hoped by some turn of fortune to win Bosnia and Herzegovina from Austria, which has just killed these hopes by the act of annexation. The people of these provinces are full blooded Serbs. They have fought the Servians proper and they were incorporated in the old Servian empire.

Perhaps they would rather be part of free Servia than subject to Francis Joseph. Perhaps they would prefer their own independence. Vienna says that they are happy and contented today, but it is certain that they made a bitter resistance when Austria took them over in 1878 and again in 1903, when compulsory military service was imposed on them. The discontented ones among them cried out that they preferred Turkish misrule to Austrian oppression.

Montenegro is a prosperous little region of amazing simplicity. There is a state council, but Prince Nicholas—the prince bishops were dropped in the middle of the last century, but the Danilo Petrovitch line persists—rules with the arbitary and unquestioned authority of a tribal chieftain. What he and his people most like would be to tack on Novibazar to the little realm.

Albania is wild and disorderly beyond imagination. Life is secure in the Yaqui country in comparison with the northern section of Albania. There it is tribe against tribe, all against the Turk, all against the Serb, all against the stranger. The country is wildly mountainous and densely forested. The whole population, outside of a few towns, lives the life of brigands and in the towns it isn't much better.

Finally there is Macedonia. Greece wants it and Bulgaria wants it.

The tangle of race, religion and language in it has been described. The Macedonian bands raid the Bulgarian villages; the Bulgarian bands raid the Macedonian villages. The Turkish soldiers raid both to inflict punishment. The bands escape and the villages are burned the men shot and the women violated.

Both the Macedonians and the Bulgarians freely admit that their purpose is to provoke a repetition of the atrocities of 1876 so that Europe may take the land from the sultan. The Greeks hope they will get it. The Bulgars are confident that they will win it.

Latterly an international police, working for the porte, has been laboring to tranquilize this wretched country. It has had only a qualified success. The Macedonian question will be more than ever the "Balkan war cloud" when the recent changes are ratified and the Bulgarians are in full enjoyment of their independence.

## CONTENTMENT

A little bird sat on a tree,
And sang this song right merrily:
"I'm glad, as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate, who wandered nigh:
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power:
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful summer breeze
Blew o'er the fields and stirred the trees,
And whispered to each one of these:
"Don't you wish you could be a breeze?"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,
With romping dog and rattling toy,
Cried out, with shouts of keenest joy,
"It's jolly fine to be a boy."
—Donald A. Fraser in the Delineator.

### The Sea Hate.

From the London Daily News.

Soft it sings in shining ripples, glad
beneath the golden day,
With a laugh among the due grass, as
it flings its jewel spray;
But I hate its smiles and whispers, for
beneath the white, curled crests
Lies the great black heart of terror and
the wrath that never rests.

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in
its caves it heaves and throbs,
With a dreadful choking gurgle and a
sound of dying sobs;
And the long, dark, trailing seaweed,
lifted on its ebb and flow,
Is like hair of drowned women whelmed
within the undertow.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight, from the rolling mystic line,
Comes a chant of fear and beauty, call-
sweet to me and mine,
But I flee the siren music of the cruel
luring flood,
For 'tis doom is in its message and the
answer in my blood.
—F. O'Neill Gallagher

### The Only Kind.

From the Baltimore American.

"Do you think our favorite has a chance to win in that prize fight?"

"Oh, yes; he has a fighting chance."