

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

CO-OPERATIVE IRRIGATION.

Baker County Farmers Don't Need Outside Capital.

Baker City—Baker county has more co-operative irrigation projects than any other county in Oregon. There are no large ditch systems, the farmers being banded together in small groups, and co-operating in building of inexpensive ditches and in the division of the water therefrom. Very much the same conditions as to the ease with which water is utilized for irrigation prevail in Eagle and Pine valleys where a superabundance of water flows from the mountain gorges which has in it power enough to run the machinery of a small empire. The Lower Powder has several systems which have been expensive, built by private farmers and corporations, and which irrigate tracts of alfalfa land. In Burnt River valley are a number of private ditch companies irrigating bottom and foothill land, which produce good results but which are comparatively inexpensive.

The largest irrigation system in Baker county is that which covers the bench lands on the east side of Baker valley, beginning about eight miles above Baker City and extending in a northerly direction and terminating at present about five miles northeast of the city with the probability of its being extended later and covering the whole east side of the valley. This canal has been built at a large expense, having been cut of solid rock for a considerable distance along the mountain side. In a distance of 28 miles of canal there has been used only about 400 feet of flume, and the work is of a much more substantial nature than is ordinarily used in private irrigation works.

FAIR TO BE BETTER.

Gresham Makes Improvements in Buildings for Coming Display.

Gresham—Multnomah county's fair promises to be the equal this year of the two preceding ones. About \$2,000 worth of the treasury stock has been sold since the last fair, which has created an ample fund for making improvements. The sum of \$500 is available out of the state appropriation for premiums on exhibits this year, which sum will be increased by the gate receipts and the money from sale of concessions.

A large force of men are at work on the new stock buildings and out-of-doors pavilion. It is intended to use the main exhibit building for no other purpose after this than to house the displays of agriculture, horticulture and art, together with exhibits of business houses. The new building will be used as an auditorium and dance hall and other public functions. The new stock pens will be ample and commodious and permanent, those of last year having been torn down. A new fence will be built around the grounds and suitable booths will be erected for small concessions.

Phones to Sound Fire Alarm.

McMinnville—This city is installing the latest standard fire alarm system. The apparatus, purchased from a New York firm, is being placed in position and the city council will be asked to district the city into eight fire wards, or districts, to conform to the requirements of the new system. An electric bell striking machine will be connected with the automatic transmitter, which will be installed in the office of the McMinnville Local & Long Distance Telephone company, and thus, for the present, each public or private telephone belonging to that company in the city will serve to transmit an alarm of fire instead of the regular automatic fire alarm boxes.

Building Santiam Bridge.

Lebanon—Preparations for the construction of the bridge over the Santiam river at this place are being made as rapidly as possible, for the new line between Lebanon and Crabtree of the Oregon & California railroad company. A gang of nearly 100 men are now at work on the new structure. The bridge is going to be one of the longest bridges in the country, being nearly 400 feet crossing the river, with a trestle of some 2,000 feet on the west approach to the bridge. The bridge will cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

Paper Railroad Is Formed.

Salem—Articles of incorporation were filed today for the Albany, Lebanon & Bend railway company. The incorporators are J. C. Mayer, Ed. Kellenberger and George B. Whitcomb, and the capital stock \$10,000. It is proposed to build a road from Albany to Bend by way of Lebanon. Articles were filed today by the Oregon-Washington Railway and Timber company, capital stock, \$1,000,000. Incorporators are T. H. Ward, Ralph E. Moody.

Income Tax Is Fought.

Salem—Arguments were heard before Judge Burnett in Circuit court in the case of the State vs. the Wells-Fargo Express company. The express company is resisting the payments of the income tax, and the defendant's demurrer will be taken under advisement by the court.

Hunting Makes Revenue.

Albany—Linn county has contributed \$1,863 to the state game fund already this year, 997 hunters' licenses and 866 anglers' licenses having been issued from the county clerk's office here.

FARM CENSUS ECONOMY.

Director Durand Hopes to Save Several Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Washington, Oct. 11.—U. S. Census Director Dana E. Durand hopes to save several hundred thousand dollars in taking the census of agriculture and also to increase the accuracy of the statistics.

The director stated today that at the census of 1900 the agricultural data were handled by means of punched cards. For each farm a large number of cards had to be punched, as the number of facts recorded regarding a farm was far greater than the number of facts required regarding an individual in the population census.

Director Durand said the statistics of population and of agriculture are collected by a different force from that employed in gathering the statistics of manufactures. The population and agricultural data are secured by enumerators of whom there will be about 65,000 at the present census, they in turn being appointed by the supervisors, of whom there are about 330. The difficulty of securing competent and faithful enumerators is very great. The length of service is very short, 15 days in the cities and 30 days in the country districts. The pay is small, averaging perhaps three dollars per day in the country districts and a trifle more in the cities, practically the pay of ordinary mechanics. Not only, therefore, are most of those who seek to be enumerators able to command only moderate pay in their occupations, but many of them are men who can not command regular employment and who are looking for odd jobs.

The director hopes that a considerable number of the colleges and universities of the country may see fit to give leave of absence to their students for the short time required to do this work of enumeration. The college student is a very useful enumerator in some cases, but it is exceedingly desirable that enumerators should actually live in the districts where they work, and there are multitudes of districts where no college students reside or where such students are in institutions hundreds or thousands of miles from their homes. Another class who can render good service as enumerators are school teachers, but, with the enumeration taking place in April and May instead of June as formerly, few school teachers can be spared from their duties to take the census.

DRY FARMING CONGRESS.

Great Interest Is Shown From All Parts of the Country.

Billings, Montana, Oct. 11.—An interesting example of the widespread interest in the dry farming movement was given in the morning mail received by the secretary the other day when fourteen states and Canada were represented in the memberships recorded. These ranged from the Pacific coast on the West to Pennsylvania on the East and from Canada to New Mexico. There were several memberships from Canada. The states from which the applications came were California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin.

Memberships are being received at such rate that the edition of the Handbook of Information, which contains the report of the third session of the congress, has been exhausted and the secretary has been compelled to announce to new members that there are no more of these valuable books available. All persons joining the congress from this time on will receive the second annual Handbook which will contain the proceedings of the Fourth Dry Farming congress which will meet at Billings, Montana, October 26-28, and a resume of the contents of the first edition.

The officers of the congress set out after the close of the Cheyenne meeting with the ambition of making the membership of the congress total 10,000 before the Billings meeting and the indications are that they will come very near that goal. In one day recently the secretary received 180 memberships coming from all parts of this country and from several foreign lands. Every mail brings more.

Wins Riches in Old Age.

Los Angeles, Oct. 11.—By a decision of the United States circuit court of appeals today, Timothy Carroll, a pioneer of Southern California, wins his fight to compel the Los Alamos Sugar Company to pay him royalty on his patent beet dump. The decision crowns with victory the struggle of Carroll, who is 70 years old, against poverty and hardship. It will make him independently rich before the expiration of his patents six years hence. It will put an end to litigation that commenced 12 years ago, when the sugar company refused to recognize Carroll's rights.

Improve Immigrant Station.

El Portal, Cal., Oct. 11.—One direct result of President Taft's trip to the West has been the immediate improvement of immigration conditions at San Francisco. By the president's direction Secretary Nagel ordered that the new immigrant station on Angel island, San Francisco harbor, be opened at once. The opening of this station had been held up for a long time for want of an appropriation for furniture and supplies.

Riches Fall on Old Man.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 11.—James Fagan, an aged switchman here, received official word today that a Carnegie pension of \$40,000 was awaiting his disposal. Fagan worked on the Pennsylvania railway when Mr. Carnegie was his division superintendent, and the \$40,000 is accumulation of a snug pension put aside some years ago for the switchman.

The Main Chance

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

John Saxton sat in the office of the Traction Company on a hot night in July. Fenton had just left him. The transfer to the Margrave syndicate had been effected and John would no more sign himself "John Saxton, Receiver." His work in Clarkston was at an end. The Neponset Trust Company had called him to Boston for a conference, which meant, he knew, a termination of his service with them. He had lately sold the Poindexter ranch, and so little property remained on the Neponset's books that it could be cared for from the home office. He had not opened the afternoon mail. He picked up a letter from the top of the pile, dated from San Francisco, and read:

"San Francisco.

"My Dear Sir:
"I hesitate about writing you, but there are some things which I should like you to understand before I go away. I had fully expected to remain with you and Bishop DeLafeld and to return to Clarkston that last morning at Poindexter's. I cannot defend myself for having run away; it must have seemed a strange thing to you that I did so. I had fully intended acting on the bishop's advice, which I knew then, and know now, was good. But when the west-bound train came, my courage left me; I could not go back and face the people I had known, after what had happened. I told you the truth there in the ranch house that night; every word of it was true. Maybe I did not make it clear enough how weak I am. Things came too easy for me, I guess; at any rate I was never worthy of the good fortune that befell me. It seemed to me that for two years everything I did was a mistake. I suppose if I had been a real criminal, and not merely a coward, I should not have entangled myself as I did and brought calamity upon other people.

When I reached here I found employment with a shipping house. I have told my story to one of the firm, who has been kind to me. He seems to understand my case, and is giving me a good chance to begin over again. I suppose the worst possible things have been said about me, and I do not care, except that I hope the people in Clarkston will not think I was guilty of any wrong-doing at the bank. I read in the newspapers that I had stolen the bank's money, and I hope that was corrected. The books must have proved what I say. I understand now that what I did was worse than stealing, but I should like you and Mr. Porter to know that I not only did not take other people's money, but that in my foolish relations with Margrave I did not receive a cent for the shares of stock which he took from me—neither for my own nor for those of Miss Porter. I don't blame Margrave; if I had not been a coward he could not have played with me as he did.

"The company is sending me to one of its South American houses. I go by steamer to-morrow, and you will not hear from me again. I should like you to know that I have neither seen nor heard anything of my brother since that night. With best wishes for your own happiness and prosperity, yours sincerely,

"JAMES WHEATON."

On his way home to the club Saxton stopped at Bishop DeLafeld's rooms, and found the bishop, as usual, preparing for flight. Time did not change Bishop DeLafeld. He was one of those men who reach 60, and never, apparently, pass it. He and Saxton were fast friends now. The bishop missed Warry out of his life; Warry was always so accessible and so cheerful. John was not so accessible and he had not Warry's lightness. But the bishop of Clarkston liked John Saxton. The bishop sat with his inevitable hand-baggage by his side and read Wheaton's letter through.

"How ignorant we are!" he said, folding it. "I sometimes think that we who try to minister to the needs of the poor in spirit do not even know the rudiments of our trade. We are pretty helpless with men like Wheaton. They are apparently strong; they yield to no temptations, so far as any man knows; they are exemplary characters. I suppose that they are living little tragedies all the time. The moral toward is more to be pitied than the open criminal. You know where to find the criminal; but the moral toward is an unknown quantity. Life is a strange business, John, and the older I get the less I think I know of it." He sighed and handed back the letter.

"But he's doing better than we might have expected him to," said Saxton. "A man's entitled to happiness if he can find it. He undoubtedly chose the easier part in running away. I can't imagine him coming back here to face the community after all that had happened."

"I don't know that I can either. Preaching is easier than practicing, and I'm not sure that I gave him the best advice at the ranch house that morning."

"Well, it was the only thing to do," Saxton answered. "I suppose neither you nor I was sure he told the truth; it was a situation that was calculated to make one skeptical. It isn't clear from his letter that the whole thing has impressed him in any great way. He's anxious to have as thing well of him—a kind of retrospective vanity."

"But his punishment is great. It's not for us to pass on its adequacy. I must be going, John," and Saxton gathered up the battered cases and went out to the car with him.

Bishop DeLafeld always brought Warry back vividly to John, and as they waited on the corner he remembered his last meeting with the bishop, in Warry's

rooms at The Bachelors'. And that was very long ago!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncertainty and doubt filled John Saxton's mind and heart, and he saw no light ahead. He had seen Evelyn several times before she had left home, on occasions when he went to the house with Fenton for conferences with her father. He had intended saying good-by to her, and he was not sorry; it was easier that way. But Mrs. Whipple, who was exercising a motherly supervision over John, had exacted a promise from him to come to Orchard Lane during the time that she and the general were to be with the Porters in their new cottage. When he went East, Saxton settled down at his club in Boston, and pretended that it was good to be at home again; but he went about with homesickness gnawing his heart. He had reason to be happy and satisfied with himself. He had practically concluded the difficult work which he had been sent to Clarkston to do; he had realized more money from their assets than the officers of the trust company had expected; and they held out to him the promise of employment in their Boston office as a reward. So he walked the familiar streets planning his future anew. He had succeeded in something at last, and he would stay in Boston, having, he told himself, earned the right to live there. The assistant secretaryship of the trust company, which had been mentioned to him, would be a position of dignity and promise. He had never hoped to do so well. Moreover, it would be pleasant to be near his sister, who lived at Worcester. There were only the two of them, and they ought to live near together.

It is, however, an unpleasant habit of the fates never to suffer us to debate simple problems long; they must throw in new elements to puzzle us. While he deferred going to Orchard Lane a new perplexity confronted him. One of Margrave's "people" came from New York as the representative of the syndicate that had purchased the Clarkston Traction Company, and sought an interview. John had met this gentleman at the time the sale was closed; he was a person of consequence in the financial world, who came quickly to the point of his errand. He offered John the position of general manager of the company.

The next day John thought he saw it all more clearly. He went out and walked aimlessly through the hot streets. He realized presently that he had gone into a railway office and asked for a suburban train table. He found that he could run out almost any hour of the day. He slept and woke refreshed, with the time table still grasped in his hand. He had been very foolish, he concluded; it would be a simple matter to go out to Orchard Lane to call on the Porters and Whipples. The next afternoon he went up to Orchard Lane.

It suited his mood that he should find no one at home at Red Gables but Mr. Porter, who played golf all the morning and slept and experimented at landscape gardening all the afternoon. He welcomed John with unwonted cordiality. There were some details connected with the transfer of the Traction Company to Margrave's syndicate which Porter had not fully understood, or which Fenton had purposely kept from him; and he pressed John for new light on these matters. John answered or parried as he thought wisest.

John left his greetings for the rest of the household. There was a train at 6 o'clock; it was now 5 and he loitered along, stopping often to look out upon the sea. A group of people was gathered about a tea table on the sloping lawn in front of one of the houses. The colors of the women's dresses were bright against the dark green. It was a gay company; their laughter floated out to him mockingly. He wondered whether Evelyn was there, as he passed on, beating the rocky path with his stick.

Evelyn was not there; but her destination was that particular lawn and its tea table. Turning a bend in the path he came upon her. He had had no thought of seeing her; yet she was coming down the path toward him, her picture hat framed in the dome of a blue parasol. He had renounced her for all time, and he should meet her guardedly; but the blood was singing in his temples and throbbing in his finger tips at the sight of her.

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed, as they met. "I hope you can come back to the house."

She walked straight up to him and gave him her hand in her quick, frank way.

"I'm sorry, but I must be in to town on this next train," he answered. He turned in the path and walked along beside her.

"This happened to be one of our scattering days, for all except father."

"We had a nice talk, he and I. Your place is charming. Don't let me detain you. I'm sure you were going to join these lotus eaters."

"I don't believe they need me," she answered, evasively. "They seem pretty busy. But if you're hungry—or thirsty, I can get something for you there." They passed the gate, walking slowly along. He knew that he ought to urge her to stop, and that he must hurry on to catch his train; but it was too sweet to be near her; this was the last time and it was his own!

They passed finally and John held open a little gate in a stone wall. He was grave and something of his seriousness communicated itself to her. Clearly, he thought, this was the parting of the ways. "Won't you come in? There are plenty of trains and we'd like you to dine with us."

A great wave of loneliness and yearning swept over her. Her invitation seemed to create new and limitless distances that stretched between them. He spoke incidentally of the offer he had received from the Clarkston Traction Company. "I have refused the offer," he said, quietly. He had not intended to tell her; but it was doubtless just as well; and it would alter nothing. "My work in Clarkston is finished," he went on. "Warry's affairs will make it necessary for me to go back from time to time, but it will not be home again."

"I can't go back—it's too much; I can't do it," he said, wearily.

"I know how it must be—this last year and Warry! It was all so terrible—for all of us." She was looking away.

John looked at her. It was natural that she should include herself with him in a common grief for the man who had been his friend and whom she had loved. She had always been kind to him; her kindness stung him now, for he knew that it was because of Warry; and a resolve woke in him suddenly. He would not suffer her kindness under a false pretense; he could at least be honest with her.

"I can't go back because he is not there; and because—because you are not there! You don't know—you should never know, but I was disloyal to Warry from the first. I let him talk to me from day to day of you; I let him tell me that he loved you; I never let him know—I never meant any one to know—" He ceased speaking; she was very still and did not look at him. "It was base of me," he went on. "I would gladly have died for him if he had lived; but now that he is dead I can betray him. I hate myself worse than you can hate me. I know how I must wound and shock you."

"Oh, no!" she moaned.

But he went on; he would spare himself nothing.

"It is hideous—it was cowardly of me to come here." His hands were clenched and his face twitched with pain. "Oh, if he had lived!"

She rose now and looked at him with an infinite pity.

"If he had lived," she said, very softly, looking away through the sun-dappled aisles of the orchard, "if he had lived—it would have been the same, John."

But he did not understand. His name as she spoke it rang in his ears. She walked away through the orchard path, which suddenly became to him a path of gold that stretched into paradise; and he sprang after her with a great fear in his heart lest some barrier might descend and shut her out forever.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!"

It was not a voice that called her; it was a spirit, long held in thrall, that had shaken free and become a name.

(The end.)

SAM SOTHERN NOT SAM AT ALL.

His Alliterative Name a Sample of His Father's Jocularly.

Probably there is not one in twenty of the fellow members of his profession, either here or in England, who knows that the name of Sam Sothern, the actor, is not Sam at all, the New York World says.

Mr. Sothern came back to New York on Friday in response to a hurry call to act with Sir Charles Wyndham in "The Mollusc." He has been absent from this country more than fifteen years, although he made his first theatrical appearance in this country with the late John T. Raymond, a friend of his father, E. A. Sothern, in "The Private Secretary." During the early days of the starring career of his brother, E. H. Sothern, Sam, who is not Sam, acted in his support at the old Lyceum.

If Sam Sothern had registered in New York as George Evelyn Augustus T. Sothern possibly his own brother might not have recognized him. George Evelyn Augustus T. was named to please his mother. His father, who was a comedian off the stage as well as on it, didn't like the long handle. He wanted a name that was short and expressive. He was appearing in "Brother Sam" in London at the time, and, for convenience, tacked the name of the play on to the newly born infant. Brother Sam has kept it ever since.

Another thing that Sam Sothern received from his father—this by inheritance—was the tattered yellow manuscript of "Our American Cousin." It didn't seem like a large inheritance at the time, for the elder Sothern had played the piece to a standstill both in this country and in England. So Sam cast the prompt book into a trunk, where it slumbered twenty years until E. H. Sothern, two years ago, decided to revive the play under the name of "Lord Dundreary."

All these years a small fortune had been lurking in the crumpled bunch of papers. As it was Sam's property E. H. Sothern had to pay a fat royalty on it, and as "Lord Dundreary" has been one of E. H. Sothern's biggest successes in recent years a steady stream of American dollars has flowed into Sam's English pockets.

Caused a Breach.

Askitt—Why are you so down on Walker? You used to be the best of friends.

Eggbert—Yes, I know; but last fall he took my part, and I haven't spoken to him since.

Askitt—That sounds queer.

Eggbert—Not necessarily. You see, he's an actor, too—and I wanted the part for myself.

Her Experience.

Mrs. Brown—Do you believe that marriage is a lottery?

Mrs. Green—No, I consider it more of a faith cure.

Mrs. Brown—Why, how's that?

Mrs. Green—Well, I had implicit faith in my husband when we were first married—and now I haven't.

Deeply Interested.

Said She—Oh, I'm just awfully interested in baseball. I have a cousin who belongs to a college bunch.

Said He—Indeed! And what position does he play?

Said She—Well, I forget just now whether he's a knocker or a stopper.

The Explanation.

Edyth—Why did Clara insist on having a quiet wedding?

Mayme—Oh, I suppose she thought it would make talk.

It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 telephones now in use in the world.