

SINNOTT BEGS FOR MORE RECLAMATION FUNDS

Congressman N. J. Sinnott of Oregon, member of the Public Lands, Irrigation and Water Power Committees in a speech on the floor of the House sharply touched up the administration for its failure to increase the reclamation fund in these days when the largest possible food production was called for on every hand. He lamented the fact that the yearly recommendations of Secretary Lane, "with his broad vision and knowledge of the West" were pigeonholed by Congress and his advice seemingly ignored. Sinnott's remarks were made during the discussion by the House of the Reclamation Sections of the Sundry Civil Bill. He deplored the circumstances that the Appropriations Committee had only recommended the expenditure of some \$9,000,000 this year and that this was confined to existing projects, saying in part:

"It does seem to me that this administration ought to profit by the success theretofore had in the reclamation of arid lands and the operation of that act as conducted by the Reclamation Service. Last year there were raised over \$50,000,000 worth of crops upon Government Reclamation projects, \$50 to each acre under cultivation, \$30 an acre more than the average raised on all the farms in the country, as shown by the last census report. It does seem to me that this administration ought to adventure upon some comprehensive plan of either increasing the Reclamation fund or adopting some legislation, such as the Smith-Chamberlain bill, which is designated to put the Government behind some of these bond issues in the Western States, and thereby put in cultivation some of the 17,000,000 acres of arid lands of the West that can be made to produce from 30 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, or other food equivalents. The people of my state, in my district are doing the best they can with limited means, but on account of war conditions they are able to finance but few of these projects.

Brave Spirit of Oregon People
"They have actually gone out this year in Malheur county and sold irrigation bonds in the same way that the Government has gone out and sold its Liberty Bonds,—by appealing to the patriotism of the community to increase food production. On the Warm Springs project in Malheur County, Oregon, in that manner they expected to sell this summer some \$500,000 worth of bonds and have under irrigation next year some 20,000 acres of land that will produce from 30 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, or its equivalent in other food products. In the Jordan Valley, in Malheur County, we have inaugurated a project this year that will require an expenditure of \$2,000,000 and which will irrigate 40,000 acres. Last year on the Ochoco project, near Prineville in Crook County, Oregon, they raised \$900,000 by a bond issue. They will have under irrigation this fall on the Ochoco project over 20,000 acres of land which will produce from 30 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, or its equivalent in other food products.

We are financing these three projects to the extent of \$3,400,000 or within \$900,000 of the total received by Oregon from the Reclamation Fund to the end of last fiscal year, June 30, 1917, while up to the same time Oregon has paid in the Reclamation Fund nearly \$11,000,000.

During the course of Representative Sinnott's remarks Representative Mondell stated that there were two items of \$100,000 providing for investigation of new projects in this bill to which the Oregon member replied:

"We want something more than investigations. I would like to see Congress and I would like to see the president give some attention to the repeated letters and recommendations of Secretary Lane. The Secretary is conversant with the matter, but his voice is the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness'. His advice comes here and is repeatedly ignored and pigeonholed!"

Reclaimed lands for returning Soldiers

Mr. Sinnott has read to the house a letter from Jay H. Upton, President of the Oregon Irrigation Congress setting out a plan for reclaiming arid lands for the returning soldiers, to make homes for them. In commenting on the merits of Mr. Upton's plan Sinnott called attention to a similar letter sent by Secretary Lane to members of Congress a few days ago. When Representative Cooper of Wisconsin stated that he had caused the secretary's letter to be placed in the Record Mr. Sinnott replied: "Yes, and it will sleep in the Record so far as this administration is concerned, if the record of the past is a criterion. You will see that no activities will be had with regard to the matter, and we will still be

confined to the limited moneys in the Reclamation Fund for future development unless more attention is paid to Secretary Lane's yearly recommendations than has been paid in the past."

MAKING CLEAR A BASE BALL GAME

Baseball reporters who understand French appear to be badly needed in France these days, declares The Chicago Daily News, and if Christy Mathewson goes over he might take a few along with him with profit. Below will be found an account of a game recently played somewhere in France between two teams of Yankee Soldier Boys.

The article which follows was written by Adolphe Max, a distinguished war correspondent, and appeared in a recent issue of "Le Mauvais Parisien":

"This game, of which our beloved comrades in arms speak in terms grand, is of a puzzle to the uninitiated and it is this reason that I, who have come at once from one of the combats, should make all clear. Briefly, this game is performed without the houses and a long instrument—she is of wood and is jocularly denominated 'bat'—with which the players, of which there are eighteen, divided in half, make collision with the ball, thereby escaping injuries serious. Stationed where they cannot interfere with the viewpoint of the spectators are the players.

"Now, my dear friends, that you a clear comprehension of this game have gained, I shall proceed as the sportsmen writers American do and apportion the battle into nine phases: "Inning No 1—Alert! Nine of these players have the field traversed. Each of them have with caution protected their hands right and one has had wisdom superb to safeguard his anatomique with a cushion pneumatique. Again, alert! a gentleman in uniform speaks with feeling of the artillery (in the technique of the game it is announced the batteries), a player takes a posture facing him and waves the 'bat'.

"It is possible he conspires to kill his Opponent No. 9—he of the cushion pneumatique, who stands directly to the rear. Ah, yes! that it is—for see Opponent No 1, with thought of magnificence quickness, hurls the ball madly at this would be Apache. Sacre! He has missed! But fast does he of the cushion pneumatique return the ball grenade to his savior. And the player with the great club? "Palermo! he is hardened and plays with his victim, saying, 'I'll get him on the next.'"

"Once more, my friend—alert! See the ball grenade is again in the air in. What rapidity! What certainty of aim—ar, quake thou, Apache rascal of the club! But no! How this is? The villain degraded has cunningly hit the grenade with his club, the spectators by half are wildly indignant (shouting 'Toubagere, toubagere,' meaning, one of them informed me, revenge).

"Their clubber, his dark heart, it is no doubt to me, palpitating, takes to his heels. He runs with splendid quickness direct at a player, who is standing on a mat. It is apparent this player is a confederate, for the vile Apache converses with him amicably and stays there, it is no doubt to me, to form a league for evil further.

It is clear, observes the Chicago newspaper, that here M. Max's attention was diverted to something besides the "Apache" and, incidentally, the game, because he closes "Inning No. 1" by saying, "the players reverse their positions and a sign significant to zero was hung up to an accompaniment of cheers."

Discussing the spectators, Max noted their strained expressions and attributed them to "the practice of drinking flavored water carbonique from bottles." He states that he was these bottles at the "gentleman in surprised to find spectators throwing the uniform of blue," and he finally inquired about it. A very polite Soldier who had just hurled his bottle told Max that the gentleman was suspected of being a Boche.

Concluding his account, the French journalist assures his readers that the hint about the gentleman being a Boche didn't get past him and that he had immediately placed the gentleman as "suspect" with the nearest officer of the Intelligence Service.

Report has it that federal authorities have removed from a safety deposit vault in New York \$350,000 worth of precious stones. It is said that they form a part of the Russian crown jewels and that they were placed in the vault by the wife of a man posing as an American army lieutenant. It sounds like a tale from the Arabian Nights and a Sherlock Holmes story rolled into one.

Exit the school entering the bathing beach and the swimming hole.

THEIR ONLY CHANCE

Squaw Recognized Limitations of "Iron Horse."

At Least Her Advice to Old Chief Was Good, and Probably in the End Runaway Did "Get Out of Breath."

Funny as an Indian?
Sounds queer, but those who heard Dr. Charles Eastman, a real Sioux, speak at a recent dinner of fellow alumni of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, know that an Indian has a true sense of humor.

Immaculate in a dress suit, Doctor Eastman spoke slowly and with evident relish of his own felicitous choice of words. Listening brothers in the bond of the fraternity almost imagined they were braves themselves and were seated around a council fire while the big chief said his say.

Doctor Eastman urged America's soldiers to "rush" the Huns in the trenches and make "buffaloes" of them. The Germans will get out of wind after a while, he said, and told the following story in illustration of the point:

Out on a reservation in the far West a chief and his squaw decided to buy an automobile. So they left the village and went to town, where there was an agency of a certain popular make of automobile.

"Old woman," the chief said to his wife, "let us buy one of the iron horses."

"We are old," reminded his squaw, "and the iron horse is dangerous. See the young bucks—many of them lose their lives riding the iron horses."

"Old woman," replied the chief, "we are old and must die soon. Let us buy an iron horse, then we can die together."

They went to the agency and were met by a smiling agent.

"I would buy an iron horse," said the old chief, "is it easy to ride?"

The salesman assured the chief that anyone on earth could run one. "It is just as simple as this," he said, explaining what few levers there were to operate.

"Get in with me now," said the salesman, "and I will take you around and show you."

"I will get in the front seat," declared the chief.

"I will get in the back seat," said his old woman. "What you don't see, I will see."

Accordingly the party started. Soon the chief was persuaded to take the wheel. Within an hour the purchaser was persuaded that riding an iron horse was not so difficult, after all.

Soon the agent had the money and the chief had the automobile.

"Now we will return to the village," declared the chief, as he turned the wheel and headed across the prairie. It was easy going. The chief clung to the wheel and the car performed admirably until they came within sight of the Indian village.

When the village saw the old chief and his squaw riding across the landscape it went out to meet them en masse.

Braves jumped on their horses and rode forth whooping. Dogs barked a welcome.

The old chief got rattled.

Describing a great sweep, the Ladybug bore down on the chief's tepee.

"Stop it, stop it!" screamed the squaw.

"How, how?" asked the chief, clutching the steering gear.

"Turn, turn!" yelled his old woman.

The chief turned, and they missed the edge of the tepee by an inch.

Around in a great circle the car continued, with the entire village following after. "Who-ee!" howled the braves. "Row-wow!" went the dogs. The children screamed, the crows cawed, all nature made a noise, but the auto chugged on.

Again the car came around in a circle, headed square for the wigwam.

"What shall I do?" asked the chief, looking back at his old woman.

"Hold to the reins! Hold to the reins!" screamed the squaw. "It will get out of breath soon!"

Lightning Uncovered Crows.

Of stories collected by Mr. Shirley in connection with the present war, says the London News, none is more singular than one having reference to the emancipation of Poland.

When the Prussians took possession of Cracow in 1794, the Polish kingdom ceased to exist. The king of Prussia coveted the traditional diadem of Poland's kings for his own adornment. It had, however, disappeared mysteriously and the Prussian king was balked of his wish.

In January, 1914, seven months before the world war broke out, a severe thunderstorm broke over Cracow and a stately elm close to the city was shattered by lightning. Its fall brought to light a secret treasure which had lain buried at its roots for 123 years, the longest crown of Poland. Some of its jewels were loose, and fell to the ground as it was picked up, but none was missing.

Thoughtful Willie.

Freddie watched mother set the alarm clock ahead one hour so as to bring it to "summer time." On Monday the family discovered that they had been awakened one hour earlier than was necessary. Finally Freddie said: "Well, mother, don't we have to set the clock an hour ahead every night? I fixed it last night to save you the trouble."

What a pity it is that President Wilson made such grievous blunders in picking the men to whom he has entrusted the conduct of the war plans. He could easily have gotten much better timber, and might easily have had the war won long before this. We have men in this town that can discount McAdoo, Baker and the whole lot at Washington—at least that is the conclusion one is inclined to form after hearing them dilate for a few hours on the subject of what should and should not be done in the circumstances. Their stock of knowledge on subjects military is something at which to marvel, and we feel like impeaching the whole bunch at Washington for failure to make use of their valuable services. But it was ever thus. The wrong man is usually chosen and we have to mosh through a crisis in any old shape, when if real geniuses were recognized we could sail through with colors flying.

The cotton stocking is really more patriotic than the silk stocking, although some people think it a little slacker.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Rev. Lyman Brough, Pastor.
A cordial invitation is extended to you to attend our services. The hours of the service on the Sabbath are as follows:
Preaching at 11 A. M.
Sabbath School at 10 A. M.
Young Peoples' meeting at 6:45 P. M.
Song service at 7:30 P. M.
Préaching at 8:00 P. M.
Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

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Services at 11:00 o'clock. Subject of Lesson-Sermon next Sunday: "Adam and Fallen Man."
The Testimonial Meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
The reading room in the church Edifice, is open on Tuesday and Friday from 2 to 4 P. M.
Sunday School meets on Sunday at 10 o'clock.
Pupils may be admitted to its classes up to the age of 20 years.
The public is cordially invited to the Church Services and to the Reading Room.

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