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Literary Section.--Tillamook, Oregon, January 4, 1906.

LIKE A PIRATE OF OLD.

ALEXANDER MACLEAN ROAMED THE SEA IN SWIFT SCHOONER.

Accompanied by Thirty Reckless Buccaneers He Defied Governments and Gunboats—Now in Toils of the Law.

There's never a law of God or man Runs north of fifty-three. Captain Alexander MacLean, as bold a rover as ever lived during the privateering days when pirate ships lay waiting in the pathway of Spanish galleons, will roam the sea no more. That is, he will not sail the deep in that free-handed manner which made him the object of search by United States and British authorities. A few weeks ago, under an indictment for conspi-

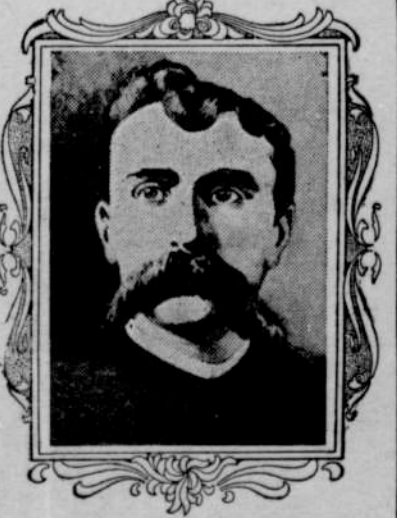


THE PIRATE'S SCHOONER

racy in fitting his schooner Carmencita in violation of the sealing laws, he was arrested at Victoria, British Columbia. The Department of State received a telegram announcing the arrest of a crew made up of men said to be

"As choice a band of pirates and cutthroats as ever manned a pirate craft since the days of Captain Kidd." MacLean's home has ever been on the sea; he knows no life but that on the deep blue and he finds no enjoyment on shore. He has been a rover and not a freight carrier, and any dave-devil enterprise at sea that needed a strong arm could find an adherent in Captain MacLean, whether in search of pirate treasure, running a contraband cargo or illegally poaching for seals found him the man; he has had experience in all. MacLean's ship, the Carmencita, was formerly the Jenny Thelin, built in 1869, when speed and not carrying capacity was desired.

What the rakish looking schooner did prior to 1894 had nothing to do with MacLean's operations, but it was alleged in April, 1904, that the schooner was chartered and outfitted for a poaching cruise among the rookeries of the far north. The Russo-Japanese war being then uppermost in the minds of the two nations concerned, it was considered by the poachers that they would



CAPT. ALEX. MACLEAN.

not be in a position to guard their interests, and a raid on the Russian sealing islands was the real object of the cruise. Great Britain, Canada and the United States have an agreement to prevent pelagic sealing, so that apparently to protect the ship's owner from prosecution under either United States or British laws, the ship's name was changed to Carmencita and registry papers taken out in Mexico.

Thirty Devils at Beck and Call. On May 5 she headed for the northern islands, MacLean sitting aft, thirty reckless dare-devils forward and cases of repeating rifles and ammunition in the captain's cabin. She had cleared for Victoria for a cargo, but instead sailed for the little islands in the Bering Sea, where it was understood a new rookery was discovered.

Captain MacLean has had a varied experience with the authorities, not only on the Carme eta, but on other vessels of which he was master. At one time a revenue cutter annoyed him by demanding that his papers be sent on board for examination. Upon his refusal the revenue officers threatened to open fire on him.

Invoked the Stars and Stripes. MacLean hearing this, ordered one

of his men to "run up the flag." The Stars and Stripes were hoisted and "Big Alec," as he is known, yelled out, "Now fire and be damned to you!" The revenue cutter dipped its flag thrice and turned away. Several times this bold navigator has had set-toes with government authorities, but a short time ago the Carmencita made a raid on the copper islands and had a brush with the revenue patrol, one of the crew being wounded and sent to Seattle, Wash., for treatment.

The attention of Mexico having been called to the illegal acts of the Carmencita's crew, that government on November 1, 1904, cancelled the Mexican registry. With this taken away from him, MacLean had the name of the schooner changed to the Acapulco. It is understood that when he dropped into Drake Bay for supplies he had only 100 skins on board taken from the sealing preserves of the Arctic so that government officials have suspect-

ed that the great amount of money displayed on that occasion must have come elsewhere than from the fund derived from the sale of skins. The government agents believe that several men now under indictment in the West in connection with this poaching trip furnished the funds.

Always Eluded the Law. MacLean's movements were conducted so cleverly that he could never be held until now; he always made the technicalities of the law cover his operations, but the Department of Justice has been gathering evidence through the personal direction of Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service and it was this evidence that led to his indictment in San Francisco a short time ago. So now the piratical course of Captain Alexander MacLean seems at an end and the stern hand of the law holds him in its grip. It remains to be seen whether his luck will again serve him in good stead and enable him to sail away to the "great white silence" where the treasured fur-bearing animals are found, or whether the government's evidence will be strong enough to shackle him.

Japanese Dwarf Trees. In Japan are some very remarkable trees. They are hundreds of years old and not a hundred inches high. The most marvelous collection is in Count Okuma's garden, near Tokio. Here are pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth century are not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, are already outstripped by saplings planted year before last.

In another place is a grove of lilliputian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that are none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often do when in full bloom. More marvelous still, there are other little trees, probably planted in the early "sixties," that are still thriving (it is too much to say "growing") in a tea-cup, while others planted before Cleveland's last term in office have not outgrown a lady's thimble.

The Japanese are past masters in the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree's roots and pinch its limbs and starve it with little soil and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, a mankin vegetable, with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy. Infinite patience and skill and time are given in order to stunt and dwarf into these grotesque growths.

Will Wed for Love Only. Princess Victoria of England, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward, declares that if she marries at all it will be for love. She is thirty-seven years old, and for twenty years has refused to consider every marriage proposal suggested by her father, the King.

"If I marry, it will be to the man of my choice," she is reported to have said. "Father, mother, and government shall not choose for me. I will love the man I marry, if I ever marry."

This bold declaration by the daughter of a king has shocked royal and aristocratic circles all over Europe, but it has been read with delight by the English people, and it appeals equally to Americans.

FREEDOM FOR RUSSIA.

UNDER CZAR'S RECENT MANIFESTO, LAST ABSOLUTE MONARCHY DISAPPEARS.

The New Empire Promises to Be a Regime of Constitutional Liberty and Representation—Victory of the People Widely Celebrated.

As an outcome of the tremendous agitation which has been shaking Russia to the very core, the Czar has surrendered and has granted rights which if consummated, will result in civil liberty. It seemed for a time as though the history of the French revolution would be repeated; that the aristocracy and the bureaucracy driving in their arrogance and self esteem, would fail to recognize the overwhelming force of the volcano of public sentiment surrounding them, and by their refusal to recognize conditions, plunge the whole empire into civil war and anarchy. But the handwriting on the wall was recognized and the Czar compelled to practically capitulate his imperial throne. True, promises are thus, far more in evidence than fulfillment, but Count Witte has apparently been made the real Russian leader and much is hoped and expected in the way of a peaceful reform.

In old Russia, the Russia of last century, of last year, of last week, the Czar was all powerful. Russia was the last remaining absolute monarchy. The policies of the government were created and enforced by the Czar and his Grand Dukes.

Popular representation was a fragile promise. Free speech was under the ban; freedom of the press was unknown. Even all private mail was subject to censorship. The prisons were filled with political offenders. Imagine casting a man into a United States prison because his political acts were not relished by the government! A system of public espionage followed every man's move.

Old Russia was divided into two classes, the nobility and practical slaves. Education of the masses was worse than a farce. What is promised for Russia? The abolition of the rule of the Romanoff House.

Freedom of speech guaranteed and freedom of person inviolable. A limited monarchy similar to that of England with a guarantee of popular government, with a cabinet responsible to the people, and with suffrage made almost universal, and with provision for a representative parliament and for a general educational system.

The right of habeas corpus recognized and the freedom of the press assured. Following the Czar's imperial manifesto outlining the proposed regime of liberty, all Russia celebrated. In St. Petersburg and Moscow the day was one such as the Russians never before had seen. The Slav people, who during the long war just closed and the anxious period preceding the announcement of the new era of constitutionalism, seemed self restrained, gloomy and apathetic, gave themselves fully to the exuberance of the moment and spent the entire day in parades and assemblies which for the first time in the history of Russia were freely permitted.

It was stated as a significant omen that after a fortnight of gloomy and depressing weather, symbolic of the days of the great strike, the sun shone out brightly on the date of the Czar's manifesto, a bright and radiant Indian-summer day.

The Aromatic Havana.

Apropos of the real enjoyment of a cigar Cauthorne, the newspaper correspondent, in that most fascinating story of "The Tallahassee Girl": "If you will permit me, I will smoke," said he, taking out a curious cigar case of very fine workmanship. "It does not even amount to a kindness on my part," she answered; "for I enjoy the fragrant sweet of a good cigar." "Thank you, I can never fully appreciate an open air chat without the company of this Indian luxury. But really I am no great smoker. Two or three a day are all I take." "You must be an exception. Papa smokes twenty pipes full a day, and most gentlemen are always indulging." "Yes, they lose sight of the exquisite part of the thing which is a subtle pleasure coming only to those who use tobacco of the finest quality and sparingly." "Sometimes I abstain for several days in order to get the full benefit of a slow burning Havana."

Huge Precious Stones.

Prior to the discovery of the South African diamond a few months ago, weighing in the neighborhood of a pound and a half, the largest perfect diamond in the world was that which was exhibited in Paris, having a value of one million dollars. This was the most valuable stone in the world; the largest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at \$50,000. It has no parallel, even in the Crown Jewels, and it is related that it was once carried all the way to St. Petersburg for the Czar to have a look at. The largest and most beautiful cat's-eye in existence weighs one hundred and seventy carats and is insured for 30,000 rupees. The biggest emerald in the world weighs 2,980 carats and is in the Imperial Jewel Office in Vienna.

The most costly church of its size, in America, is in the quaint old town of St. Augustine, Fla.

DRESS REFORM FOR WOMEN.

Advocate of Practical Walking and Working Garb—Relief From Heavy Skirts.

Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, of Minneapolis, Minn., believes that many of the aches and ills from which women suffer are the direct result of the clothes they wear. She says that in her professional capacity she tries to impress upon her women patrons the need of dress reform. "Not the old time hideous bloomer costume of years ago," laughed the doctor, "but a rational, sensible and beautiful adaptation of our clothes to our needs."

"And what are our needs," was asked. "Normal, unrestricted movement; a



DR. CORA SMITH EATON.

freedom from confining bands; and relief from heavy skirts." Dr. Eaton puts to practical test her ideas on the subject. The weight of all garments she wears is from the shoulders. Her gowns are made in one piece—a little on the Princess

Shoshone Canyon Scenes. Capt. Jeremiah Ahern.



order, though really a modification of the Empire.

It is a delight to watch the doctor move about in her brisk, energetic way. Her body, sensibly clothed, and beautifully poised, with that fine, straight line beloved of physical culturists, from the head to the heels, is responsive to the many demands of her busy life. It would be impossible for her to accomplish her work, she says, hampered by the usual style of dress.

Favorite Among Cigar Markets.

Bismarck used to boast that in his fifty years he had smoked over 100,000 cigars. In later years he was seldom without his immense meerschaum.

HUGE IRRIGATION DAM.

ROCK BARRAGE ACROSS NARROW CANYON IN MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING.

Government Works Will Store Flood Waters For Fertilization of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Desert Acres.

A quarter of a century ago the home of the buffalo, and later a cattle and sheep pasture, with an occasional ranch house, the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming is now the scene of a great activity incident to the building of one of the largest of the government irrigation works. Some years ago Colonel Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, made a survey of the Shoshone canyon, and in connection with General Miles, projected a dam with a watershed of 5,000 acres, with a watershed of 1,250 square miles, and storing enough water to irrigate 150,000 acres through seven miles of 14-foot tunnels bored in the solid rock.

Little Chance For Land Grabbing. This will cost about \$25 an acre to be paid back to the government by settlers, under the business-like provisions of the irrigation law. The land flood and then boiling over great rocks itself is free under the homestead act, and has been reserved by Secretary Hitchcock from entry under the Desert and other land laws not requiring actual residence and home-building.

Few such picturesque and wildly beautiful scenes can be found as this Shoshone canyon. The river is a succession of foaming, rushing rapids, the water coursing along in a deep green flood, and then boiling over great rocks and boulders in a white surge. Only for a few hours each day can the sun find its way to the bottom of this deeply-cut gorge, the mountain sides towering into the clouds two and three thousand feet. From above the dam site as one looks down at the engineers working on the foundations, directly underneath, they appear like mimic men.

Giant Forces of Nature. This Shoshone canyon and its surrounding mountains, are one of

prosperous homes for themselves and families, and raise an annual product of a couple or three million dollars.

In the canyon proper the great forces of nature have wrought wonderfully. Enormous granite boulders have detached themselves from the mountains and rolled down thousands of feet, crashing their hundreds and thousands of tons into the rocky gorge. Here the river continually plays upon them, searching out the seams and splitting them up, and wearing them away and polishing them smooth.

The Rock Pile of the World.

In the canyon's middle, below the dam site, the jungle of rocks in the narrow river bed appears as though a thousand blasts of giant powder had rent the mountain sides and tumbled every rugged projection into the depths below. There is no dirt or sand in this river bed; everything is rock. The imperishable granite, gray, pink, and vari-colored, oldest of the geological formations, made by the welding of various substances when the globe was a molten mass; the later limestones and black volcanic rocks, conglomerates also melted by great heat, the hard red sandstone and its white and brown contemporaries, formed from the grindings of other rocks subjected to enormous pressure, and lastly the geyserites and sulphur rocks, soft and honeycombed, the result of ceaseless spoutings of steam and hot water from the earth's bowels—all are found in wonderful profusion.

Below the canyon where the river runs more peacefully, all these formations are represented in the huge beds of cobble stones and smaller boulders over which the water plays. The cobblestones were themselves once jagged rocks, detached by wind, water, frost and sun from their mountain bases, and rolled and ground by river force



MAKING A CANYON ROADWAY.

until all their sharp corners have been worn and polished away.

A Giant Fire Cracker.

Watching the government engineers cutting a road along the side of the canyon for the transportation of supplies to build the dam—80,000 barrels of cement alone will be needed—the writer observed the explosion of a big charge of dynamite, which burst with a roar, echoing up and down the canyon with deafening reverberations. Immediately an oblong granite rock of some 150 tons weight was torn from its base and hurled down into the river a hundred feet below. Shatters of rock flew in all directions, and a great splash of water rose like a geyser out of the black depths of the canyon.

Yet this huge block of granite was but a baby addition to the family of boulders which had been detached by more giant forces of nature, and thrown into the river bed. A few hours before we had crawled directly under this rock in our canyon "exploration." Returning, we were fain to accept the assistance of one of the road builders in getting across this place, looking down the while into the river boiling below among the rocks.

The engineering credit for this great project with its great dam, its enormous spillways, its mountain road building and its miles of canals and huge tunnels bored through the solid rock is due to Jeremiah Ahern, a government district engineer who, almost cut off from the outside world, has taken his residence for several years in this wild canyon, once a fastness of the Shoshone Indians.

The Government Irrigation Program.

What does all this great irrigation work of the government throughout the west signify? Simply that the nation has decided to use the money derived from the sale of western public lands to make its desert soil of value, and furnish many home-building opportunities. It means that many men will find employment in the construction of dams and canals in every western community, and that finally, as the works are completed, one by one, new farm homes will be established, adding to the nation's wealth and balancing our population now inclined cityward.

For a thousand years longer this splendid dam site would likely stand idle before private capital would develop it to its magnificent full capacity, for the difficulties in the way of the engineers are many and unknown; but the government will meet all obstacles and overcome them, and finally turn over to a thousand farmers a perfect job of engineering, comparable to the great works of the Peruvian Incas, the Egyptian Ramesses or the British engineers of India—an enduring monument for all time to the wisdom of the present generation of America.



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