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Magazine Section.--Tillamook, Oregon, February 22, 1906.

JOB PRINTING.
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GUEST OF KING EDWARD.

MRS. POTTER PALMER, SOCIETY LEADER, SPENDS SEASON IN LONDON.

Leased "Egypt House," Isle of Wight—Polished Floors of Famous Mansion Persian Carpets to Please Royal Whim.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, social censor for the great world of society in Chicago, is numbered among the few American women who have really and truly penetrated to the inner circles of exclusive society in England.

One hears every day of L. L. C. This or Mrs. That who has set the social world of London agog, but few of this vast number ever do more than receive an invitation or two to affairs which are by no means the entertainments of the smart set.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, however, is a woman whose social position is assured and has been for a number of years. To know her is the open sesame to the most exclusive houses in America, and so when she went abroad last summer and announced her intention of staying for the re-



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

gatta season at Cowes, it meant one more distinction to the American woman to be admitted to the King's circle.

Mrs. Potter Palmer never does things by halves, and this was never more thoroughly demonstrated than when she arranged the marriage between her niece, Miss Julia Dent Grant, and the Russian Prince Camille. It was one of the most brilliant matrimonial achievements of the social world has ever known, and, unlike so many similar affairs, the union has turned out to be a supremely happy one.

When Mrs. Potter Palmer determined to join the social colony at Cowes last year she leased the historic Egypt House in England's famous beauty spot, the Isle of Wight. Everybody who is anybody in English society goes down for the regatta season, for the King is sure to be there, and society docks at the royal beach.

This recalls that the interior of Egypt House is a splendid example of the simple luxury which prevails in so many old English houses. Several years ago it was leased by Consuelo, Dowager Duchess of Manchester. The Duchess is one of the oldest friends of King Edward, and during the season that she was mistress of Egypt House she was the King's hostess on more than one occasion.

The Duchess had the old place done over in anticipation of the King's coming and all the floors were highly polished and covered with expensive rugs. His Majesty was escorting the Duchess into dinner one evening when he slipped on the polished floor and narrowly escaped getting a bad fall. For the instant the King was angry and reminded the Duchess that he detested polished floors and would never again enter a house where they prevailed.

Merchants of London received orders the following day to take measurements of all the floors in Egypt House, and when the King again visited the Duchess there he found every room and corridor carpeted in fine Persian efforts. The King laughed and partly apologized for his bad temper on the previous occasion by saying, "You are very good, Duchess. You see, I am not as young as I used to be." Since that time polished floors have been tabooed by the English smart set.

In Sunless Dungeons.

A victim of Russian severity who was at one time immured in the grim fortress of Peter and Paul, in St. Petersburg, describes it as resembling a house of the dead.

"Its dungeons, utterly sunless, are abodes of gloom and silence. Not a word is spoken among the hapless prisoners, intercourse being carried on mainly by gestures. Prisoners communicate with each other by knocking on the walls of their cells, so many times for each letter. But even this is sternly repressed by the authorities, and captives detected in the practice are liable to severe punishment.

"In short, the prison reproduces all the horrors of the dungeons of romance, with mildewed walls, cold silence and despair. The fortress, indeed, is never spoken of in Russia without a shudder, for imprisonment there is little better than being buried alive."

Noah was a Wise One.

A little girl was asked by her Sunday school teacher, "who was the wisest man?" "Noah," she answered. "He was the only one who knew enough to go in out of the rain."

FITZHUGH LEE'S VIEWS.

Once Told General Howard Southern Defeat Would Work for Good.

In March, 1896, I had the pleasure, recently remarked an official of the Indian Department, of traveling in company with the "Indian party" from Washington City on its way to Carlisle, Pa., to attend the annual commencement exercises of the Indian school there.

With the party, which included some members of both houses of Congress and a few officials of the Indian service, were the fearless, forcible Fitzhugh Lee, and that knightly Christian soldier, Major-General O. O. Howard.

Naturally the two old veterans, serving on opposite sides of our country's most desperate war, found much in common to talk over and discuss; and were together during the entire trip.

I had the good luck to be included in their conversation from time to time, and heard much that was instructive and entertaining.

From present events their conversation drifted back to the heroic days of the civil war, and they fought over again many of its battles. Then they recalled old days at West Point, when Howard was an instructor and had "Fitz" as his pupil.

"Do you remember," said General Howard, "the time at the Point that I induced you to attend chapel services?"

"Yes," answered General Lee, "but I didn't go for the services, I went for you."

Again their conversation was about the war, and its decisive battles, and to the wonderful changes since those tragic days of '61-5.

They had discussed the industrial conditions of the country, and General Lee seemed unusually well informed as to the needs and opportunities of the South.

"Do you know," he said, "the next decade will witness an industrial renaissance for us. We are just beginning to get an influx of Northern capital and push; and we are learning that we can get along without the niggers."

"Yes," assented Howard, whose thoughts seemed still to cling round past events, "it's all the result of that fight at Gettysburg."

"I don't know as to that," responded General Lee, "but I wish you would tell me how 'you'ens' came to win that battle."

"Well," said the gentle Howard, "I didn't win it, Fitz, God did."

"Yes, General," Lee answered, "I know you went up into the steeple of that old church at Gettysburg for some purpose, but I didn't know it was for that."

Lee gazed for some time out of the

NEW SHERIDAN STATUE.

OHIO ERECTS MONUMENT AT A COST OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Striking Figure of the Cavalry Leader as He Appeared in the Later Years of His Life, But Not as He Looked During the War.

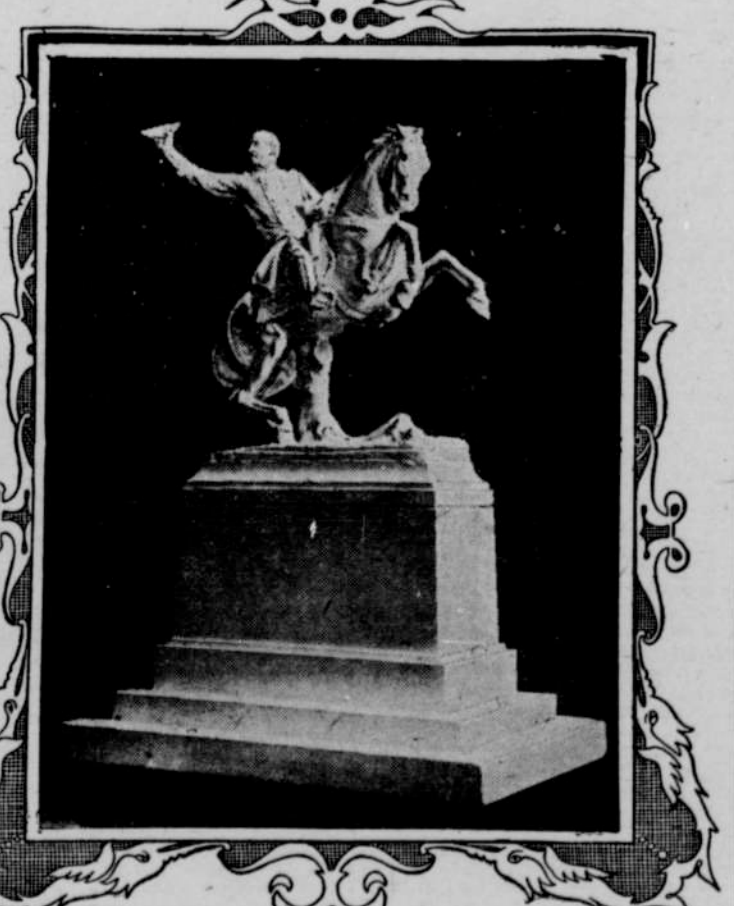
The dedication of a statue of General Phil Sheridan at Somerset, Ohio, on Nov. 2nd, revives interest in the career of the great cavalry leader of the Union armies. The state of Ohio erected the statue, an equestrian one and there his birth was recorded, which will stand in the public square of the quaint old village in which Sheridan lived as a boy. It was always believed prior to his death, that Sheridan was born in the village. He and his family allowed the impression to remain as there was some hope that he might be nominated for President. Sheridan himself was always proud to call himself an Ohio man.

When he died his relatives admitted that he was not even born in this country, but on a ship when his parents were en route from Ireland. They settled first at Albany, N. Y., and there his birth was recorded. However it was in Somerset that he grew up, a quick alert little Irish lad whose greatest delight in youth was to await the coming of the stage that he might ride the horses to water.

His old mother used to tell in her declining years of Phillips great love for horses and how hard his father used to whip him for riding every horse he could find to mount.

Early Cavalry Training.

That early love of horses stood Phil in good stead when he entered the cavalry arm of the service and fitted him for the famous "Sheridan's Ride" to the battle of Winchester. Sheridan began as a clerk in the village store and was sent to West Point by a congressman who hoped to catch the Irish Catholic vote. Alas, the congressman was beaten, but he gave the nation a great soldier and in later years when the man was in trouble, Sheridan came to his relief in a grateful manner. The mother of Sheridan almost outlived him and died at the age of 90 retaining her faculties to the last. He visited her often and she was never so happy as when she told all her neighbors "My Phillip is coming." He gave her a nice little home on the edge of the village, and under a great tree that stands in the yard, speeches have been made by the first President Harrison, by Sherman, Tom Corwin, Garfield, Hayes and McKinley. The father of Sheridan lived



THE SHERIDAN STATUE.

to see his son win fame in the war, but died from the kick of a vicious horse.

Took Care of Relatives.

The General did much for all his relatives and his memory is blessed in the old town of his boyhood. His younger brother "Mike" is a retired army officer. Another brother, John, died some years ago and his daughter Ellen is now postmistress of the village. Mrs. Sheridan, the widow, was present at the unveiling with her children, one of them being an officer in the army. The sculptor, Carl Heber, endeavored to represent Sheridan as he may have appeared when making his famous ride, except that he has pictured Sheridan as he looked in the later years of his life. The Sheridan of the battle of Winchester wore a full beard as pictures taken then give proof. The Statue cost ten thousand dollars and the dedication was attended by Corporal Tanner, commander of the G. A. R., who made a speech. Adjutant Tweedale recited "Sheridan's Ride."

THE YOUNGEST SENATOR.

Burkett, of Nebraska, Who Defeated Wm. J. Bryan for the Seat.

From the farm furrow to the Senate is the somewhat remarkable record of the youngest member of that body, Elmer J. Burkett, of Nebraska.

To be elected a Senator is considered a distinction worthy the ambition of any American youth; to be the "baby" member of the greatest of legislative bodies is a higher distinction, and especially in the case of Mr. Burkett, where the race was a hot one, and his opponent an able and renowned antagonist, no other man than William J. Bryan.

Out in Nebraska, says Edgar C. Snyder, of the Omaha Bee, who is familiar with state politics, there has been in the past a number of long drawn out senatorial deadlocks. The people were not only dissatisfied with conditions, but they were determined to stop it. They concluded to direct the action of the legislature.

Nomination by the People.

The newspapers took up the matter of a popular nomination very energetically, and the plan was suggested of having a state convention nominate a candidate for United States Senator, and instruct their legislative nominees to vote for him when the legislature met. Of course, there was opposition to the plan in certain quarters, for it materially interfered with the desires of the "bosses" who had controlled Nebraska politics for many years, and Burkett was not exactly to their liking.

The opposition, however, did not develop any great amount of strength, and Mr. Burkett was unanimously declared the choice of the Republicans of the state for Senator, to succeed Sena-

tor Dietrich, and, of course, Republican nominees for the legislature were pledged to carry out the action of the state convention.

Hot Contest With Bryan.

William Jennings Bryan was the universally accepted candidate against Burkett, supported by the Democrats, Populists and Free-Silver Republicans. The fight was thus narrowed down to one between Mr. Burkett and Mr. Bryan for control of the legislature.

Which one would be senator was dependent upon the political complexion of that body. The campaign, extending over a period of about five months, was exceedingly virile, and there was plenty of uncertainty to make it interesting, and at times almost bitter.

Mr. Burkett, like his distinguished opponent, is of even temperament, slow to anger and plenteous in that brand of good nature that never wears off; and so whatever may have disturbed others, it can be said that nothing harsh or bitter ever passed between them personally.

Roosevelt's great popularity made the state surely Republican, so far as the electoral ticket was concerned, but Mr. Bryan's popularity and his force as a campaigner made the outcome as to the complexion of the legislature one of doubt and uncertainty. Then, too, there were local conditions that were not advantageous to the Republicans.

These were the conditions confronting Mr. Burkett when the campaign of 1904 opened. Mr. Bryan, brilliant, shrewd and resourceful as he is, took advantage of every mistake of the Republicans, and he went into the campaign determined to elect a Democratic legislature. He strove mightily; he held meetings in almost every district; he completely covered the state with a special train, and made from five to eight rear-platform speeches a day, arousing as he always does, great enthusiasm. But Mr. Burkett was also over the state. He made as many speeches as did his opponent, and he is a convincer, and he visited every portion of the Commonwealth.

Genius for Organization.

Probably one of Burkett's chief attributes in his genius for organization. As a result of the marshaling of his forces, a legislature was elected with every one of the thirty-three members in the Senate a Republican and only nine Fusionists out of one hundred members of the House. The legislature met and in just six minutes elected Mr. Burkett a Senator.

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IN TROPICAL ARIZONA.

DESERT SANDS BEING TRANSFORMED INTO VERDANT FIELDS AND ORCHARDS.

Country Was Once Inhabited by an Ancient People—Only Ruins Left to Indicate a Teeming and Prosperous Population.

Swinging gently in one's hammock beneath wide spreading fig trees loaded with luscious fruit, and breathing into the nostrils the fragrance of a field of Peruvian clover mingling with the almost tropical bloom about me, it is indeed hard to believe that this very spot, only a few years ago, boasted naught save the horned toad, the Gila monster and the rattlesnake. A suspicion of a scent of desert sage wafted on a summer morning's zephyr awakes in one a realization that, just beyond this fair oasis, gaunt desolation, weird and mysterious, stalks wide under relentless skies of brass.

All these thoughts and others are yours when you drop into Phoenix or Mesa, or any of the little oases in the Salt River Valley, after the long hot ride across the burning sands which intervene between it and El Paso, Texas. You are glad to feast your eyes on the green verdure which seems to spring suddenly from out the sere desert.

An Almost Tropical Climate.

Phoenix, beautiful in a garb of tropical luxuriance, with wide avenues shaded by magnificent palms or shapely umbrella trees, with pleasant homes almost hidden by vines and flowers, bids you welcome.

Many of her pioneers and her best citizens came here to fight a last battle with that dreaded scourge, the White Plague—tuberculosis—and the welcome they received from the desert brought the bloom of health to their cheeks and new hope to their hearts, and is reflected in the welcome which greets the stranger at their gates to-day.

Ours is usually termed a new country, yet in Arizona one views the remains of a civilization that flourished as long ago as the eighth or ninth century, and mayhaps as ancient as that of the first. There is an irrigation canal, deep and wide, cut from the solid rock by a race which lived in the Salt River valley ere man had learned the use of metals. On the bank one finds a broken stone axe, mute evidence of the wonderful patience of a people of whom history records nothing save this sign of skill in engineering and irrigation. Vanished are they into the misty past so long ago that the

storage necessitated an expenditure beyond the means of the people.

Once Lair of Geronimo's Apaches. Far up in the San Francisco Mountains, once the rendezvous of the Apaches outlaw Geronimo, and his band of murderers, Salt River and Tonto Creek come together in Tonto Basin and flow into a deep and narrow canyon. Near the entrance to this gorge the Engineers of the Reclamation Service are building the Roosevelt dam, one of the highest in the world. From bedrock to top it will be 275 feet high, or about half the height of Washington monument. It will be of rubble masonry, and in its construction will require 22,000 bbls. of cement. When completed it will store 1,400,000 acre feet of water, or sufficient water to cover that many acres one foot deep. Once full, it will insure sufficient water to cover 200,000 acres in the valley with five feet of water, the amount needed to produce a full crop. The people are pledged to pay \$3,600,000 in ten years for this work. To-day only 100,000 acres are irrigated under present sys-

tem. The Roosevelt dam will double the acreage. It will also furnish 10,000 horse power, which can be used for pumping water from underground sources where the supply is known to be large. Some of the power will be conveyed electrically to the San Carlos Indian Reservation, and water pumped from wells may restore to the Pima and Papago Indians the lands which are now worthless, and change a tribe now almost wholly nomadic into their former condition of prosperous agriculturists.

Thirty miles of wagon road up the rugged Salt River canyon have been completed, a cement mill at the dam site is turning out hundreds of barrels of fine cement daily, saw mills are cutting big timbers, brick yards are in full blast; thirty miles of power canal now furnishes 4000 horse power for all constructive purposes, telephone lines, electric lights and water works are completed, a city of 1,000

oldest legends of the oldest Indian tribes convey to us no word of an industrious race of husbandmen who carried the waters of the Salt River out upon the desert and made it to blossom. What dreadful catastrophe overwhelmed them? What cruel fate overtook them and swept them from the face of the earth? Ask of the desert, which quickly returned to claim its own and obliterated under its drifting sands the long lines of canals and ditches and the wide spaces of green. It answers not. Centuries passed, and then the Anglo-Saxon came to battle with the desert. As his great steam shovels swept aside the sands, behold he found his canal lines crossed and recrossed by the ancient ditches or following them.

So great were the returns from irrigation in the valley, it was but natural that the old canals should be widened and lengthened and new

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There came a day when the supply ceased to suffice. Periods of unusual and protracted drought followed each other for a number of

years. Thousands of acres of vines and orchards perished miserably and the desert once more began to encroach upon the cultivated fields. With a courage born of experience with arid conditions, a sublime faith in their chosen field, the people bravely tried to meet misfortunes and to overcome them. It was a hopeless struggle. Salvation, though near, was just out of reach. The great floods which came each year, sweeping away bridges and tearing out canals and ditches, could not be utilized because



GIANT CACTUS OF THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

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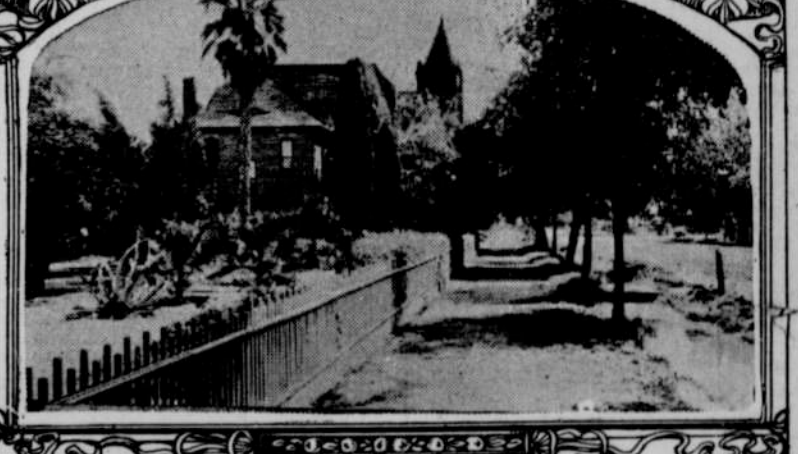
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SCENE IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA. An Irrigation Ditch Runs Through the Town.

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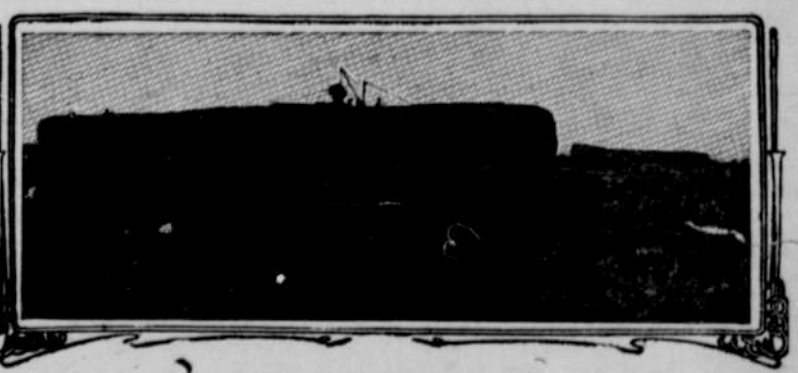
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HUGE ALFALFA STACKS.

Inhabit