

much drainage as they are irrigation projects. In the Klamath project, 136,000 acres, or more than half of the area of the total project, is rich tulle land covered by eight or ten feet of water, and is to be drained and converted into over a thousand farms. The topographic branch of the Geological Survey, of which the Reclamation Service is also a branch has already run its lines over many of the great swamp areas of the eastern states and as soon as the Steenserson bill becomes a law the Geological Survey engineers will be ready to launch out into immediate activity in drainage projects.

**Would Start with a Million Dollars.**  
The fund provided by the bill would be small as compared with the irrigation fund—it would approximate half a million dollars a year and would start off with about \$1,000,000, the receipts from the sales for the fiscal year 1905 being included—but on the other hand the cost of drainage would not be so great as that of irrigation. The importance of this work of wholesale drainage, in order to provide homes for the increased popula-

tion, is scarcely second in importance to the irrigation work. It means that tens of millions of acres of the most fertile land imaginable, which has lain idle for ages, may be converted from dismal and pestilential swamps and useless bogs into highly prosperous homes, to become the garden spots of the nation.

The Dutch have reclaimed vast areas in Holland from the encroachments of the ocean. Thousands of families live and farm below sea level, gaining their security by magnificent foats of engineering and persistence. They now contemplate the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, reclaiming some 1,473,000 additional acres of meadow land. American drainage in most cases would be far more simple and less expensive; it is simply a question as to whether the nation will see the wisdom of setting its hand to this work.

**Another Inland Empire.**  
In Florida the everglades alone—almost solid muck beds—would afford an empire of some 7 million acres; in New Jersey and Virginia are vast swamps, among them the famous Dismal Swamp. In Illinois which is generally regarded as a well settled agricultural state, there are 4 million acres of swamp land; in Michigan there are nearly 6 million acres. Fertile Iowa has about 2 million acres of swamp land. In Minnesota there are almost 5 million acres of rich surveyed swamp lands and huge swamp areas not yet surveyed. Arkansas has tremendous swamp areas which could be drained and made habitable, and in all there is a swamp area in the eastern half of the United States which is equal in extent to the great agricultural states of Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, with three or four smaller eastern states thrown in.

If the Steenserson bill demonstrates that the government can transform

swamps into fertile farm land and that the settler or owner will pay back to the government the relatively small cost of the improvement, there seems to be no reason why this work of creation of value out of worthless waste, should not go on indefinitely and provide homes for millions more of rural population.

**The Single Woman.**  
"There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion toward love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, does, naturally spread itself toward many," said Lord Bacon, three centuries ago. The remark might be applied with good reason to the unmarried women, who within the last half century has become a moving power in the world, as such names as Florence Nightingale, Susan B. Anthony, Francis Willard, Clara Barton, Harriet Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, Mary Lyon and Jane Adams, to quote but a few, will show.

## THE CAMERON ELM.

FAMOUS TREE OF THE CAPITOL SUBJECT OF A GREAT SENATORIAL ORATION.

"Don" Cameron's Eloquence Overcame Demands of Architects and Big Elm Blocks the South Entrance to Nation's Capitol.

One of the famous trees of Washington is the Cameron elm, and a romantic little story attaches to it. The tale is interesting in itself, but is peculiarly so in view of the country's long ruthless and wanton disregard of trees and the apparent present awakening of a recognition of the economic worth, of sentimental devotion to them. It should be borne in mind that Washington City is an arboretum of historic trees. Most of these are known as "memorial trees" because they were planted by distinguished soldiers, statesmen and artists now dead. The Capitol grounds, the National Botanic Garden, the White House grounds and the park of the Department of Agri-



Reclaimed Swamp Land When Ticked by the Farmer, Produces Abundant Crops.

culture are literally shaded with historic trees. The Cameron elm stands so close to the south entrance of the Capitol that it nearly blocks the way, and really has nullified the importance of that passage as a means of ingress and egress to and from the Capitol. But it is not likely that an ax will ever be laid to this tree as long as it retains vigor enough to put on green in spring.

When the architects and builders were constructing the marble terrace to the Capitol this elm was found to be in the way of the plans and the work. The ax was whetted to chop it down. But this proceeding was stayed by Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, who in the Senate Chamber made an impassioned appeal for the life of the tree.

Senator Cameron made one of the best speeches of his career, enlivened by the length of years which this old elm had stood at the south end of the Capitol and the men famous in American annals who had passed and chatted beneath its branches. He quoted much poetry that had been inspired by reverence for trees, and closed with a splendid recitation of the familiar poem, "Woodman Spare That Tree."

**Cameron Won the Day.**  
The matter took up considerable space in the Congressional record, the Committee on the Library, having the Capitol improvements under its control, canvassed the question, and the tree was allowed to stand, despite the fact that it would block for all the days of its life one of the great marble approaches to the Capitol.

A large mound of earth is heaped around the roots of the big elm, and this is kept carefully sodded that the tree's health may be conserved. Not long ago it became necessary to saw off a large limb, and at the point of amputation, paint, cement and tin have been applied that the tree may not suffer from the surgery.

The savior of this tree was a big man in the councils of the nation and of the Republican party. Though generally known simply as "Don" Cameron, his name was James Donald Cameron. He was the son of Simon Cameron, Lincoln's secretary of War when the war of 1861 broke out, and who was a Senator from Pennsylvania for four terms. He resigned in 1877 and was succeeded by his son, "Don," who was born at Middletown, Pa., May 14, 1833, and had never served in any legislative body up to the time of his election to the Senate, but he had had enough experience in worldly affairs, having been prominent in banking and railroad circles.

"Don" Cameron was for a short time Secretary of War in Grant's Cabinet; that changing Cabinet in which so many famous men were called to serve. In that Cabinet were Elija B. Washburn, Hamilton Fish, George S. Boutwell, Wm. A. Richardson, Benjamin H. Bristol, Lot M. Morrill, John A. Rawlins, Wm. W. Belknap, Alphonso Taft, Adolph E. Borie, George M. Robeson, John A. J. Creswell, James W. Marshall, Marshall Jewell, James N. Tynor, E. Rockwood Hoar, Amos T. Akerman, George H. Williams, Edward Pierpont, Jacob D. Cox, Columbus Delano and Zachariah Chandler.

"Don" Cameron was a striking figure in the National Republican conventions which nominated Hayes and Wheeler and Garfield and Arthur, and he was thrice elected to the Senate.

The new Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., is nearly completed and has cost \$4,550,000.

## HIS WIFE WAS A WONDER.

When the news of the death of the Hon. Yonks Van Dolsen reached Winghamton it fell like a wet pall over the place. Richard Van Dolsen was in the wild Missouri Mountains looking up timber tracts that had been offered at tempting prices, and Mrs. Van Dolsen had to bear her sorrow alone. She shut herself in her house and would see no one but Miss Arsdale. When she appeared again she was in deep mourning and fled East with her sorrow.

There was no one in Winghamton who could boast of such distinguished ancestry as the Van Dolsens, except Hetty Arsdale, and she, poor girl, was the last of her line. Poor in purse, but rich in pride, Miss Arsdale was a source of considerable worry to her many friends in Winghamton. Being an Arsdale, she could not stoop to work, nor could she accept indiscriminate charity. She was, however, grateful for opportunities to relieve her good friends of the regrettable necessity of destroying such things, as they no longer could conveniently keep. In doing this she thought she was doing a favor and her friends respected her pride, but found it extremely difficult to keep her alive and clothed.

Everyone said that it was really too bad that the death of Yonks Van Dolsen should occur at just the time it did, three weeks before Miss Hetty's wedding. Miss Hetty had long been looked upon as a confirmed spinster, but, after having passed the forty mark some distance, had met one Hec Garrick walking by the side of his old friend suddenly said, "Dick, I suppose you know Mrs. Van Dolsen has gone East?" "Well, no," said Van Dolsen easily, but she rather expected to leave before I got back." He looked at Garrick curiously. "Why do you look at me that way, Tom, there's nothing wrong with Elizabeth, is there?"

"No, not with Mrs. Van, Dick, but Yonks Van Dolsen is dead." "Well, I should say he was, Tom; it's certainly time he was." "But what is the joke?" "I guess you don't understand me, Dick, I said Yonks Van Dolsen was dead. Your wife felt his death deeply and when she left for the East was in heavy mourning for him."

Van Dolsen dropped the heavy valise he was carrying and laughed until he was completely out of breath, and the tears were streaming down his face. "Elizabeth in mourning for that old rhinoceros-hided reprobate," he cried. "Tom, you will kill me with your talk."

They had reached his office, and Van Dolsen found the letter which he felt

clothes for her wedding outfit and no way of getting any." "Elizabeth is a corker, Tom; what does she do?" "Why, she resurrects old Yonks, who died in 1879, long enough to go into mourning for him, so that poor Hetty Arsdale could do her the favor of relieving her of her unamorous clothes, of which she had laid in a large stock, both for outside and inside wear."

Van Dolsen paused and his friend said, "Van, I agree with you, your wife is a wonder."—Washington Star.

**Both Lucky and Odd.**  
Midway between sentiment and superstition lies a feminine trait which cherishes odd little trinkets that seem to bring luck. That any jeweled bauble can possibly change the capricious whims of Dame Fortune remains as always, a shadowy possibility. That a small ornament can be constantly recalled by the treasured trinket is without a doubt. So with divided affection women still cling to the savage luck charms as closely in 1905 as did their barbaric sisters whose calendar was the setting sun.

It is with the most up-to-date business women that one finds the most novel trinkets. Actresses particularly wear unusual luck ornaments, and not the least fetching of these is a gold chain which never leaves the neck of a very pretty leading woman in a popular theatrical company. Caught between the delicate links at intervals of two inches are all sorts of semi-precious stones as well as genuine gems.

Each individual stone represents the gift of some good friend who has been associated with her in her stage career, and the chain already holds twenty jewels as well as a souvenir pendant gold and enamel bracelet with diamond eyes. The different stones include a rare yellow diamond and topaz, several oddly shaped water pearls, and clasping the chain at the back a large square garnet of richest hue.

Then there is a very popular teacher in one of the big cities who has been at the head of a shorthand school for a number of years. Her luck souvenir is a coin waist belt made entirely of ten-cent pieces. It was started by her first class of girls, every one of whom was devoted to her. When their term was over, however, their very meagre pocket money would allow the majority of them to give only ten cents apiece. So one of their members conceived the happy idea of having the dimes joined in the form of a bracelet, and each girl's initial was scratched on Liberty's cap.

As class followed class, the idea took root and the ten-link bracelet has grown to a good sized waist belt with four rows of coins. Some are thick and some are thin, and many bear hardly a resemblance to the newly minted dime, but they all carry the initials of some young pupil to whom the cheery teacher was an inspiration, and the coins stand for everything in the world to their owner. In fact so much a part of her has the belt become that she never thinks of going anywhere without it, and she sleeps with it under her pillow at night.

In contrast to this luck charm of

**Stopped the "Fast Flyer."**  
At a recent dinner at the White House, the following story, was told by one of the guests on Secretary Taft, who was present, and who, by the way, rings the scales at beyond the three-hundred-pound mark:  
The Secretary was returning to Washington from Chicago aboard the "Fast Flyer" that only stops at large cities. He had urgent business with an old acquaintance of his who lived at a small station about two hundred miles from Washington, the population of which is about five hundred. He asked the conductor if he could stop the train for him at that place, but he replied that it would be impossible for him to do so—that he certainly would lose his job if he did. Well, after much worrying over his disappointment, Mr. Taft thought of a scheme by which he could gain his end, and when the train next stopped he sent a message to the superintendent of the road, saying:  
"Will you stop your 'Fast Flyer' at Denizen for a large party on way to Washington? If so, instruct conductor to stop today."

About an hour passed, when the conductor, passing through the station, stopped at the Secretary's seat and told him that he had been ordered to stop his train there for a large party going to Washington. The Secretary smiled, with that childlike expression of innocence for which he is famed, thanked him and settled down again behind his paper. Two hours later the porter of the train called "Denizen, Denizen," much to the surprise of the passengers. Mr. Taft gathered up his handbag and started for the platform of the car, where he was standing when the train came to a dead stop. As he stepped off the train there was no one in sight but the surprised-looking station agent.

**Cook Could Use Nickname Too.**  
Hawaiian servants are the best—the best in the world, but they are strangely unsophisticated, strangely naive," said a lady who had lived in the Islands.

"Hawaiian servants insist on calling you by your first name. Ours were always saying to my husband, 'Yes, John, or All right, John,' and to me 'Very well, Ann, or Ann, I am going out.'"

"At last I got tired of this, and I said to John, when we got a new cook: 'Don't ever call me by my first name in the new cook's presence. Then, perhaps, not knowing my name, he'll have to say Mrs. to me.'"

"So John was very careful always to call me as 'Dearie' or 'Sweetheart,' but the new cook—a wonderful chap—at first gave me no title at all. Very soon after, we had some English officers to dinner. I told them how I had overcome in the new cook's case, the native servant's horrid abuse of his employer's Christian names, and I said 'By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Ann.'"

"Just then the new servant entered the room. He bowed to me respectfully and said:  
"Sweetheart, dinner is served."  
"What?" I stammered.  
"Dinner is served, Dearie," answered the new cook."

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**THE CAMERON ELM SUBJECT OF AN ORATION IN THE U. S. SENATE.**  
friendship is the luck trinket of a very attractive young matron of national renown. Five years ago in reply to her wedding invitation came a tiny white kid box from a well-known jeweler. It contained two beautiful fancy gold stock pins, each a perfect imitation of a peacock feather. The card enclosed bore the name of a girl with whom she had the very slightest acquaintance, but whom she knew to have a liking for her future husband.

Undaunted, the bride-to-be immediately pinned one of these unlucky feathers on her dress, and from that day to this she has never been without one of the other of them fastened somewhere about her costume. Not long since when this very happy matron received the wedding invitation of her husband's one-time friend, he suggested that his wife send a handsomely mounted rabbit's foot as a present. She decided, however, that fate had been in the way of this jocular revenge.

**Boxer Troubles.**  
Blessed are the peacemakers, but sometimes the blessing comes in the form of a stiff jar on the lower jaw for interfering.

King George of Greece is an athlete and is said to be the best muscled monarch in Europe.

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