

The SPIRIT of the WEST

Wonderful Development Since Dawn of Irrigation

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The spirit of the west is optimism and progress. It is the spirit that fired the hearts of our forefathers who erected in the primeval forests of New England the superstructure of the greatest nation on earth. It is the optimism and faith which imbued their descendants who carved an agricultural empire of unparalleled richness from the Mississippi valley.

Once a wilderness so unpromising that it evoked derision in the halls of congress, the west has become today the land of fortune and opportunity. In this land of boundless distances the altitude is stimulating, the air is a tonic, giving health to the infirm and courage to those who have faltered elsewhere. Its constant sunshine encourages optimism and cheerfulness. The glories of its coal-tinted days, the indescribable beauty of its sunsets and the nameless witchery of its twilight softly melting into night are the work of a divine painter.

There is a mental and spiritual uplift in its mountains, whose summits are in regions of perpetual snow. Its sapphire lakes, excelling in beauty those of Switzerland, open up a wondrous field of interest and pleasure to the sightseer and those in search of rest and recreation. The monarchs of its forests cast their shadows on the earth before the coming of the gentle Nazarene. Its canons, sculptured during uncounted centuries by wind and wave, are unrivaled in their wonderful and varied coloring and in their awe-inspiring depths. Its deserts, in vastness of area, in potential wealth of soil and climate, and in rivers of constant supply, are sleeping empires awaiting exploitation and development. Here nature offers to every man his birthright—a wide sky, the sunshine, the wind, and a sure reward for intelligent effort. Here things are writ in characters too vast for human pen.

The late Gov. John A. Johnson well said the west symbolizes "homes for the homeless, food for the hungry, work for the unemployed, land for the landless, gold for the penniless, freedom for the enslaved, adventure for the restless, dangers for the brave, an unknown world to conquer, and room for all."

Irrigation has wrought its miracle and 18,000,000 acres reclaimed are annually producing harvests valued at more than \$250,000,000 and supporting in homes of their own more than 300,000 families. The wealth of that portion of the country which great statesmen in Webster's day were wont to declare worthless is greater now than that of the entire nation in 1860.

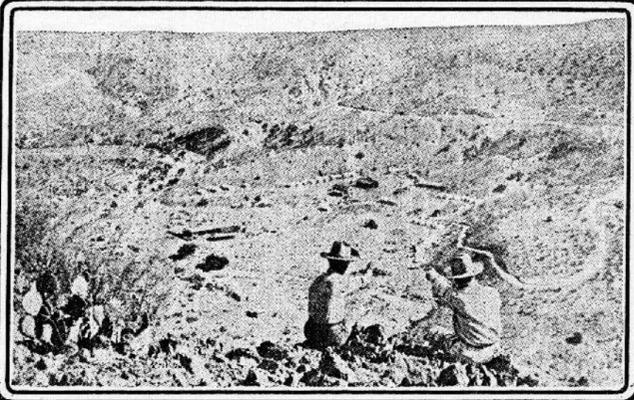
In the swift march of national events during the past decade, the development of the west has focused the attention of the world. It furnishes one of the most inspiring pages in the annals of our commonwealth. It is a story of progress and human achievement—a battle with nature in her sternest and most forbidding aspect.

Future writers will record the irrigation movement as an epoch in our history the far-reaching influence of which overshadowed in importance any other progressive movement since the opening of settlement of the Mississippi valley. The reclamation of vast areas of our arid and semi-arid regions, which is being promoted by the federal government and by large corporations working in conjunction with several states, is of profound economic importance to the nation.

The additional opportunities thus created for home makers are already serving to check the undesirable exodus of the country people to the city. Millions of acres of desert, unleased by rain and storing in its bosom the fertility gathered there by centuries of washings from hills and mountains, are being quickened by life-giving water.

Cities, populous and great, have sprung up; rural communities, attractive and prosperous, broad vistas of fertile fields and blossoming orchards whose yields are prolific beyond comparison, replace the wastes of sand and sage brush.

Economic forces are at work today in the country, and particularly in the arid west, which are gradually but surely shaping our agricultural development along new lines. In many parts of the irrigated country agriculture now occupies a position of greater dignity among the vocations than ever before. Its place among the scientific professions is now recognized and it is calling more strongly every day for the best talent and brains the nation affords.



ALFALFA IS THE FARMER'S BANK ACCOUNT IN THE ARID COUNTRY

ous sales, water rentals, etc., \$1,694,844.77 collections on water rights, \$814,145.34. This does not include any of the monies collected for the water rights which were due and payable April 1, 1910.

Among the several large projects, one of especial interest is located in northern Wyoming. When the springtime showers and sunshine fall upon the snowy peaks of the lofty mountains on the eastern rim of Yellowstone park a thousand streams will rush downward to fill to brimming the swift-flowing Shoshone river. An important physical change will occur at that time. The flood that once, unchecked and uncontrolled, swept madly through the rock-walled gorge will beat itself to stillness against a massive wall of concrete with which man has blocked the canon. A beautiful lake, 100 feet deep and covering ten square miles, will appear.

In this wonderful gash in the mountains, with perpendicular walls a thousand feet high, the government has erected the highest dam in the world. It is a wedge of concrete 328 feet from base to top. Its height can only be appreciated when compared with that of some well-known structure. New York's famous Flatiron building would not reach within 47 feet of the top of the dam, and the tip-top of the dome of the United States capitol would fall short 21 feet of the parapet.

In the summer, when the crops are thirsty, the big gates will be opened and the pent-up floods will be released into the river below.

Another dam, a low structure of concrete, will divert the waters through a tunnel 3 1/2 miles long into a canal which for 40 miles passes along the upper edge of a broad and fertile valley containing 150,000 acres.

Two years ago it was a desolate waste. Today it contains more than 200 farm houses and three thriving towns. Ten thousand acres produced crops last year on this project. With 16 farm houses along each mile of the main highways, the valley already has a suburban appearance.

More than 250 farm units of 40 to 80 acres each are now available to enter and offer exceptional opportunities for men of moderate means to secure homes in a prosperous and growing country.

Close to the Black Hills, in South Dakota, lies the beautiful valley of Belle Fourche, containing 100,000 acres of grass-covered prairie. Many miles of canals have been laid across its level surface, and what was only a short time ago the finest free cattle range in this country is rapidly becoming a compactly settled agricultural community.

An impressive engineering feature of this project is the Owl Creek dam, one of the longest and highest earthen embankments in the world. This structure, now nearing completion, is 6,200 feet long, has a maximum height of 115 feet and contains 1,600,000 cubic yards of material.

The Roosevelt dam, which is about completed as you read the story today, is in many respects the most remarkable structure of its kind in the world. Its towering height, 280 feet, its length on top, 1,080 feet, the inspiring scenery in which it is located and the enormous capacity of the reservoir created by it combine to make it one of the most stupendous engineering works of modern times.

Conceive, if you can, two valleys—one 12 miles, the other 15 miles in length, and each from one to three miles wide—transformed into a lake 200 feet deep in places and containing enough water to cover Delaware a foot deep.

The Salt River reservoir, when full, has a capacity sufficient to fill a canal 300 feet wide and 19 feet deep extending from Chicago to San Francisco.

My one regret is that the space allotted me is too little to permit me to describe the charms and advantages of other projects of the government. I should like to tell you of the opportunities on the Klamath project, located in southern Oregon, in a region of unrivaled scenic beauty; of the wonderful progress made in the Boise valley, in Idaho, and the promise of even greater advance as the work of the government nears completion; of the Orland project, in the Sacramento valley, the land of fruits and flowers; of the Rio Grande valley, where there will one day be erected the most stupendous dam in the west—a region in which irrigation began before the Spanish invasion, which will become fruitful and prosperous.

The beacon of hope shines brightly in the west. It beckons the landless man to the manless land.



LOOKING DOWN INTO TETON CANYON, YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON



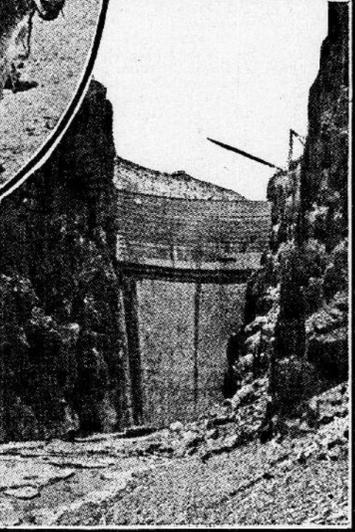
A FAMILIAR TYPE: THE OPTIMISTIC PROSPECTOR

This is the most critical period in the history of national irrigation since the passage of the reclamation act, in 1902. By public notices of the secretary of the interior, issued last year, hundreds of water-right installments, involving approximately \$1,900,000, became due on April 1, 1910. That date is a memorable one, not only to the settlers, whose entries are liable to cancellation for failure to make the payments due, but also to the reclamation service, which is concerned in securing the return of its investment in the engineering works. It is also a matter of interest to citizens of the number of sections containing feasible projects, the construction of which cannot be undertaken without additional funds. As the repayments are made through the local land offices and not directly to the service, some time must elapse before the actual amounts collected are known. On a number of the projects, like Sun River, Shoshone and Huntley, the settlers have already made their initial payments and will not be delinquent on the second installment until April, 1911, which enables them to market two crops between payments. On several other projects, such as the Minidoka, Klamath, Lower Yellowstone, Belle Fourche, Carlsbad, Truckee-Carson, North Platte and others, the first settlers have had the use of water for two crops, and it is probable that a majority will be able to meet their obligations without difficulty.

Detailed reports from various sources on each of the projects have been received at Washington. The conditions as a whole are described as favorable for a large return to the reclamation fund. On several of the projects there will be no delinquents. On a number of projects the engineering work is not fully completed, but water is ready for large areas and is being supplied on a rental basis pending the announcement of the actual cost of water right. The reclamation service has derived considerable revenue from these sources and at the same time the farmers have been enabled to increase the areas in cultivation. The following financial statement is interesting as showing the status of the reclamation fund and the amounts which thus far have been credited to it through the operations of the reclamation service:

Total moneys received and transferred to the reclamation fund from sales of public lands under reclamation act to February 23, 1910, \$58,342,617.02. Approximately \$4,500,000 are still in the treasury of the United States, but not yet available.

Moneys received under operations of reclamation act from all sources in cash and credits, for work done, \$2,379,475.04, divided as follows: Town-plot sales, \$103,673.31; miscellane-



HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD, THE SHOSONG DAM, WYOMING

Anne Gage's Beau

By CORA A. N. SORNSEN

"Girls, look quick!" Gail sprang from her chair and ran to the window. "Isn't that Anne Gage going by? It is, as I live. Anne! Anne!" she called, thumping upon the window with all her might. Then she flew to the front door and flung it wide open. Anne turned and her absorbed face brightened with a smile. She had not before been aware that her attention was being demanded. And Anne was always so quick to hear and see!

"Oh, is that you, Gail?" she exclaimed. She came slowly up the steps, hold out her hand. There was a gentle abstraction in her manner, a dreaminess in her face, a conscious reserve in her voice that Gail noticed without being able to define, and which was new to her. Certainly, Anne's three months of absence had changed her perceptibly.

"I'm so glad to see you," Gail said, kissing her a little breathlessly. "I did not look for you so soon. When did you come?"

"Oh, we came yesterday, father and I. But it is no sooner than we expected to come." She followed Gail into the parlor, where Fanny Leal, who was always cold, and Hilda Mains, who could never be happy at any distance from Fanny, were hovering over the radiator and eagerly awaiting her entrance.

"Oh, Anne!" They both kissed her rapturously.

"And you wrote me only two letters in all those three months," Fanny reminded her reproachfully.

"You wrote me only once, Anne," Hilda took up the complaint. "And Gail says you treated her almost as badly. Such snippy letters too! Nothing to them but beginning and ending."

"Well, now! By the beginning you knew I was alive and well, and by the ending you knew I loved you in

the same old way. What more would you have?" Anne parried laughingly, sitting down comfortably and loosening her furs.

"Lots more," Hilda grumbled. "We wanted to know about your good times and your beaux for surely you must have had both. No girl could spend three months at a Georgia winter resort without them."

Anne was slowly pulling off her gloves while she studied a water color upon the opposite wall. Yet she did not seem to see the picture so much as something far beyond it.

"Oh, beaux and good times," she said. "Yes, I suppose I had as many of both as were good for me." She was fumbling at her left glove. It yielded suddenly and slipped from her hand.

"Anne!" the three girls cried in one breath, starting. Anne looked down at her gleaming new ring with a flush and smile.

"And you never told us!"

"It happened just before I came away," she explained shyly.

"And you came away to get ready to be married? Girls, our Anne!" Fanny turned and awestruck, faced one and then the other. There was a moment's tense silence, then they fell upon her and kissed her.

"I am sorry—I mean I'm so happy," Gail stammered. "But, Anne, you! I never dreamed of such a thing, after you'd been about so much and had so many chances you wouldn't take, right here in this town, too. Oh, Anne!"

"Well?" Anne turned the ring upon her finger lovingly.

"Well, I should say!" Hilda said. Then the three sat down and stared at her as if she suddenly had been transformed into a new being.

"Is your father pleased?" demanded Gail firmly.

"Is he nice?" asked Fannie.

"Is he as good looking as John Wilbur?" Hilda's tone was wistful. She had always wanted John Wilbur herself.

"Girls, wait! Three questions at once! How can I answer them?" Anne defended.

"He is coming up here in a month or so and you will all have a chance to see him and judge for yourself whether he is nice or not. I think he is."

"If he can suit you, Anne, he must be a marvel," Hilda sighed. "Your taste in men is so fastidious. Mother has always said you would never marry, because you would never find anyone who even approached your ideal."

"Is he tall and blonde, Anne? And handsome? But, of course, he is!" Gail cried excitedly.

"What does he do?" inquired Fanny.

"Is he a lawyer or a clergyman or—?" She paused, trying to recall the profession Anne had always shown most preference for.

"Oh, he is a business man," Anne said, still turning her ring proudly.

"Then he is rich, of course. Oh,

"What is his name?" questioned Hilda.

"His name is Theodore Rivington Reese," Anne announced the name slowly and with becoming reverence. "What a beautiful name!" Gail breathed. "Do you call him Teddy for short?"

"Oh, no!" Anne looked startled. "No, indeed! Teddy would be horribly out of place—with him."

"Theodore Rivington Reese," Hilda repeated. "Why, that name might have come out of a novel!" Mrs. Theodore Rivington Reese! Doesn't it sound grand?"

"Makes John Wilbur sound pretty shabby, doesn't it?" Gail queried mischievously.

"Poor John!" Anne pulled on her gloves while the girls watched her with mingled feelings of envy and interest and regret.

"Well, I must go," she rose. "Come and see me and we'll talk it all over. You haven't said a word about yourselves."

"How could we when we were so interested in you?" Gail asked. "You are forgiven for your long neglect of us, we understand everything, now."

"I knew you would," Anne said.

"And you are happy? But of course you are!" Fanny hung upon her anxiously.

"Happy?" Anne's voice had the hush of exceeding joy. "My dears, you will never know how happy until you each find the one man for yourself."

"I suppose not," the girls said. They followed her to the door. When she had gone they returned solemnly to the radiator.

"I knew no ordinary man would get her," Gail reflected at length.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Fanny mused. "Fate does indeed lurk in unexpected places. Anne herself never dreamed of this when she went south for her father's health. Tall and blonde and handsome and rich! Such a lucky girl!"

"She didn't say," Hilda said, a little sharply, thinking of plain good John, who had courted Anne unsuccessfully.

"I know she didn't," Gail returned, firmly. "But we all know Anne wouldn't have him if he wasn't all that and more."

Within a week the whole town was agog over Anne's unexpected engagement. And when she began to prepare for her betrothed's visit, her girl friends flocked to offer their loving service with no attempt to conceal their curiosity to see him.

As his visit was only to last three days, on account of his not being able to leave his business for a longer time, Anne had decided to hold a reception for him the evening of his arrival.

Theodore Rivington Reese was met at the station by a closed carriage, it being a rainy day, and of course no one caught a glimpse of him during his rapid passage to the Gabe home.

Fanny, Hilda and Gail, bravely togged in finery fresh for the occasion, went together, flushed and fluttering with excitement. As they entered the large old Gage parlor they beheld Anne standing very tall and stately in all the glory of pale yellow organdy, a fair picture surely, in the sight of all men, with her betrothed beside her.

The girls stumbled through their greetings and retired with precipitate haste to the privacy of the corner behind the winding staircase, where they clung together for some moments speechless.

"He is nearly half a head shorter!" gasped Fanny. Then, jerking her black and blue arm from Gail's unconsciously cruel grip.

"And he wears eye glasses and he is getting fat and bald, and he is every day of forty-five," wailed Hilda.

"And he keeps a hardware store. Oh," moaned Hilda.

"But she loves him!" cried Gail in vindication.

"Yes, she loves him," Fanny agreed.

"Girls, if love can do that it can do anything."

"And she might have had John Wilbur," Hilda said.

Then their solemnity gave way to hysterical giggling, which lasted until John Wilbur, who had been looking everywhere for Hilda, came peeping around the corner and inquired what was the matter.



"IT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE I CAME AWAY"

sets end to public service. It was the example set by Nathaniel Macon, one of the old-time public men of the south, that has influenced Congressman Champ Clark in setting a time for his own retirement. Mr. Macon fixed upon his seventy-fifth birthday, and when it came he immediately resigned his seat in the United States senate, although his term was more than half expired. Mr. Clark proposes to retire likewise at precisely seventy-five.

World's Model Power Plant. The finishing touches have just been placed on the exterior of "the model power plant of the world"—a \$1,500,000 structure erected by the United States government, at a stone's throw from the capitol at Washington, to furnish power to the entire group of immense government buildings on Capitol Hill.

Specialization. Doctor—What can I do for you? Patient—I have cut my index finger. Doctor—Very sorry; but I am a specialist on the middle finger.

IN THE ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

Supply of Ready Money a Matter of Indifference to Rich and Poor Alike.

According to George Cary Eggleston, Virginians of ante-bellum days showed great indifference in money matters. Money in the form of coin was rarely seen; the planters were in the habit of writing checks on a slip of foolscap, instructing the bank to

"please" pay the amount specified. Eggleston says: "This custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworshipful parson of my time that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire ignorance and innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to the drawing of checks. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supplies for his little place—it was too small to be

called a plantation—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check. When the banks threw these out on the ground that their author had no account the poor old parson found the situation a difficult one to understand. He had thought that the very purpose of a bank's being was to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money. 'Why, if I had the money in the bank,' he explained, 'I shouldn't have written the checks and paid; I should have got the money at all the bills.' Fortunately

the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew Parson J., and who happened to be in Richmond at the time. His indorsement made the checks good and saved the unworshipful parson a deal of trouble."

Bride and Groom.

He carries two new grips and two umbrellas. She carries her arm. He offers her nothing but a box of

candy, and invariably wears a small hat, a veil, and a corsage bouquet. He's clean shaven, and wears, besides immaculate linen, a careworn, worried expression. He pulls out his watch, presumably to see how much of the honeymoon is left. When he registers at the hotel the "and wife" is written twice as large as his own name. She never fails to ask how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee. —Judge