VOL. 21, NO. 18. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, OCTOBER 25, 1889. WHOLE NO. 1059.

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PLANS FOR IRRIGATION.

THE UNITED STATES PURPOSES A GRAND SYSTEM FOR THE WEST.

Irrigation Extremely Ancient—Great Variety of Methods—Moses Compares Egypt and the Holy Land—American Experience—New Mexico, Utah and Colorado.

IRRIGATION antedates civilization.

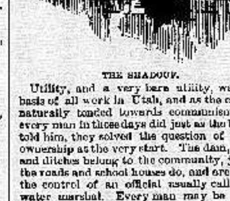
The oldest written records refer to it as a thing of course, and among the oldest drawings are those representing the Egyptian raising water for his fields. It is scarcely possible to imagine any system which has not been practiced in one or more countries, from the use of the rudest vessel to simply dip up the water, up through all the grades of common hand labor to the Egyptian "Shadouf," or from the simple bamboo wheel of the East Indian to the elaborate system of dams, flumes, canals and acequias which once made Babylonia as the very garden of the Lord for abundance, and have lately been paralleled by the British in India and the Americans in Utah and Colorado. Equally difficult would it be to find any new feature as to water supply and its value, for in the United States alone is found every grade, from the rocky little troughs of the Moquis of Arizona, by whom the tiniest rill is husbanded as if water were golden, to the mammoth flume of Boulder, Colo., where a river is anchored to a mountain side and made to feed hundreds of artificial lakes, fish ponds and fountains.

Still further, it may be said that since the beginning of history little or nothing has been added to man's knowledge of the principle. The rudest savage could not fail to observe that his favorite plants withered in time of drought, and that the tree by the river remained green while that on the plain died, and thence to infer that water was the needed thing. In the oldest poetry the early and the latter rain are referred to as blessings, the dwellers in arid lands are pointed to regions of regular rain as to types of heaven; the very word "paradise" means a place where trees grow, and Moses, exhorting the children of Israel to hasten to the promised land, assures them that there they will not have to raise water with the foot (as they treed whe rtas in Egypt, for the Lord waters that land. The land where "the brook faileth not" is always the land of promise.

In the United States the area of arid and sub-arid lands includes at least 1,300,000 square miles, "Sub-arid" is the term applied by Maj. Powell to a strip perhaps two hundred miles wide along the eastern border of the arid region—a strip including much of Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian territory, and a very large proportion of Texas—a strip in which rain enough for good farming cannot be relied upon more than one year in three. Public interest in irrigation, however, has been of very slow growth, and it was only after twenty years' local agitation of the matter that congress appropriated money for a thorough inquiry. In America as in Asia there is no record of the beginning of irrigation, and the traveler through the far southwest sees many painful reminders of the struggles the semi-civilized Indians (Aztec or Toltec) made to hold their homes. In many valleys he will see that, when compelled to abandon their lowest and broadest fields, they retreated further up the valley, built more elaborate dams, and even "puddled" the bottoms of their reservoirs to prevent seepage. Still the increasing drought prevailed over them, and they died out or abandoned the country.

In Mexico the conquering Spaniards necessarily adopted the methods of the Indian farmers, and continued them in their settlements in New Mexico and southern California. Nevertheless, Americans generally knew nothing of irrigation until the Mormons located in Great Salt Lake valley. Their method was and still remains extremely simple. After many experiments they made an estimate of a water "duty"—the amount that would run through a foot square orifice in a given time at a given pressure—and roughly estimated the cost of securing it. The church engineer surveyed a valley and reported the number of families it was sufficient for, the church selected them, named all their officials and sent them to settle the valley.

Where the stream issued from the mountain a simple dam was made, and from it the main canal was carried along the base of the hills inclosing the valley; from it small canals or acequias crossed back to the original creek bed every quarter of a mile or so, and from these smaller ditches traversed the upper side of each little farm. From them in turn tiny rills flowed down between the rows of corn or potatoes, among the orchard trees or in shallow furrows through the wheat and grass. The Mormons never attempted to redeem the vast terraces of the larger valleys; they contented themselves with the simplest system, and to this day there are no great engineering triumphs in Utah to compare with those in Colorado, and few, if any, artificial lakes, fish ponds or fountains.



THE SHADOUF.

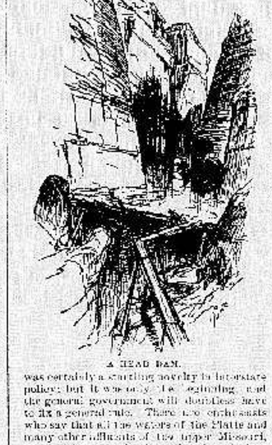
Utility, and a very bare utility, was the basis of all work in Utah, and as the church naturally tended towards communism, and every man in those days did just as the bishop told him, they solved the question of water ownership at the very start. The dam, canal and ditches belong to the community, just as the roads and school houses do, and are under the control of an official usually called the water marshal. Every man may be called on to work the ditches, just as in the states he may be called upon to "work the roads" or pay a commutation. Ordinarily every man uses as much water as he pleases and at any time, but in very dry seasons, and in some settlements every season, the water marshal takes control and directs the water by raising and lowering the head gate for a few hours to this section and then a few hours to that, and there have been times when this had to go on day and night. In Salt Lake City there is usually such abundance of water that it flows down both sides of every street, lacing all the squares with crystal borders, and this feature it was which so charmed the early emigrants to California and caused them to write those glowing letters about the city's beauty. But there have been seasons when all those ditches were dry, as all the water was absorbed in the gardens and orchards.

When Salt Lake City was the only settlement between the Missouri and California its crystal streams and fruitful gardens made it seem a paradise to those who had toiled across 1,100 miles of arid plains and mountains; but now settlements are numerous almost all the way, and Colorado has vastly outdone Utah in irrigation works. It is estimated that by their present system 3,000,000 acres in Colorado can be irrigated, but not more than 800,000 acres are yet reclaimed, while canals in course of construction will reach all the rest. The San Luis park canal waters, or is capable of watering, 400,000 acres; the State Land canal, 140,000 acres; the Citizens' canal, 100,000 acres, and the Del Norte and Saguache canal about 250,000 acres; and three of these get their water from the Rio Grande.

In Colorado two irrigations in ordinary seasons and three in dry are thought enough for most crops, but roots of all kinds require from three to ten times as much water as things which grow above ground. Of course experience has taught the Colorado farmer many points which might be of no value elsewhere—such as to soak his land before plowing or not, as the indications may direct; to seed at the proper time after soaking, and to judge when and how much water is needed by the growing grain. It is claimed that with their extensive system the cost does not exceed $2 per acre, and is often as low as sixty cents per acre yearly, and that the crops average twice as great as in a country where rain is relied on. Forty bushels of wheat, 300 of potatoes, fifty of oats, two tons of wild hay and four tons of alfalfa are spoken of as common, but the official figures of the state shrink these figures somewhat for the total average. The hard wheat of Colorado is noted, and Boulder flour already has a world wide reputation.

A ditch ten feet wide and two or three feet deep (and it has proved best to have them wide and shallow) costs an average of $1,000 a mile, and the first water companies in Colorado realized 24 per cent. on their investment, supplying water to cultivators at so much per "duty." The investments in that line soon increased, and many ditches in Wyoming were constructed by Colorado capitalists, but it is evidently only a question of time when all main ditches will be owned by the state. It was not long, of course, till a great many puzzling questions arose as to the ownership of running water, and now the courts and legislators are fast building up a body of common law on the subject.

When the governor of Nebraska sent a message to the governor of Colorado protesting against the taking of any more water out of the South Platte in Colorado, because it was drying up the Platte in Nebraska, it



A HEAD DAM.

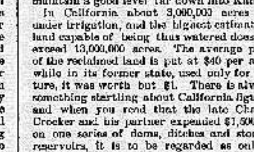
was certainly a startling novelty in interstate policy; but it was only the beginning, and the general government will doubtless have to fix a general rule. There are enthusiasts who say that all the waters of the Platte and many other affluents of the upper Missouri, will in a few years be shut off and soaked up by the arid lands; that they will in consequence roll no more mud and sand into the Missouri, and so it will contribute no more to the Mississippi, and hence that stream will have a uniform channel in the far south and cease to do damage. "For every acre reclaimed on the Platte, Arkansas and Yellowstone," says one enthusiastic prophet of irrigation, "another acre will be reclaimed in Louisiana."

President Grant was earnestly besought to begin his administration with a request of congress to enter on the preliminary work for a comprehensive system of irrigation; but he unfortunately went a little too far and recommended a plan which elicited a feeble smile from far western men. There was enough good land still in the rainy regions, and so the matter rested near nineteen years, when the congressmen of the far west combined and secured an appropriation late in September, 1888—$100,000 to pay for surveying and locating "storage reservoirs at the head waters of streams west of the 100th meridian" for the purposes of irrigation. It was a trifle, but it committed the government to the policy, and Maj. Powell, director of the geological survey, soon entered on the work.

He now estimates the arid area at 1,400,000 square miles, or four-tenths of the United States, excluding Alaska. Of this area he regards one-fifth as too rocky and rugged for cultivation, but nearly all other observers make the rugged area much larger, including in it, of course, those mountain top plateaus which are too elevated to produce grain. His estimate of 1,300,000 square miles of land "needing only water to make it productive" is nearer the fact, but probably still too large. In 1880 less than 1 per cent. of this vast area had been redeemed, and with the most expensive and elaborate works not more than 20 per cent. can ever be redeemed by any process now known to man, says Director Powell. Nevertheless, if but 15 per cent. be redeemed, or 150,000 square miles, this increases the cultivated lands of the United States by nearly one-half, and at $30 per acre adds $2,880,000,000 to the national wealth.

Meanwhile the committee presided over by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has completed a two months' tour, traveling some 14,000 miles, examining witnesses and viewing the sites for proposed canals and storage reservoirs, and 2,500 square miles of alleged irrigable land have been carefully surveyed by the engineers and the line of proposed canals plotted. So the work has become truly national at last, and must continue for many years to become a matter of increasing governmental concern, and of course a fruitful source of political agitation, charges and counter charges. North Platte, Neb., is set down by the committee as the most eastern point at which any irrigation enterprise is now under way. California, Colorado and Utah are the fields in which most has been done, and the two former present the greatest schemes of engineering. Among these is the plan for a grand canal to follow out the so called "divide," and maintain a good level far down into Kansas.

In California about 3,000,000 acres are under irrigation, and the biggest estimate of land capable of being thus watered does not exceed 13,000,000 acres. The average price of the reclaimed land is put at $40 per acre, while in its former state, used only for pasture, it was worth but $1. There is always something startling about California figures, and when you read that the late Charles Crocker and his partner expended $1,500,000 on one series of dams, ditches and storage reservoirs, it is to be regarded as only a commonplace "private enterprise" for that state. But there, as elsewhere, the community will find a way to compel united action and the ownership of all irrigation works by the state.



IRRIGATING A FARM.

As a summary of the reports thus far filed, and comparison with the great irrigating works of other lands, it may with confidence be said that the United States has now entered upon the work as a part of its permanent policy; that while the reclamation of waste lands will proceed slowly it will continue till a vast work is done. That Americans will improve upon all former methods and that the result will be to add at least 60,000 square miles to the nation's farming land and some billions in dollar values to the national wealth.

BARNARD'S SUCCESSOR.

Hon. Seth Low, Columbia College's New President.

Columbia college, the far famed New York city university, enters on its 136th year with the Hon. Seth Low for president. After being twice mayor of Brooklyn and a prospective candidate for governor, he takes instead the presidency of a great college, for which he is peculiarly well fitted. With youth, health and an established reputation for good works, it may be his good fortune to raise the college for a very long period and impress his individuality strongly upon the intellect of the country.

Seth Low was born in the city of Brooklyn, Jan. 18, 1850, his father, Abiel A. Low, being a prominent merchant in Burling slip. He first took an educational course at the Brooklyn Polytechnic institute and then entered Columbia college, from which he was graduated in 1870, standing at the head of his class and dividing the second Greek prize of the year. After extensive foreign travel he went into business with his father, becoming a full partner in 1875. He was soon active in politics and a promoter of the various reform movements of those years. While a member of the Chamber of Commerce he delivered a series of addresses on the trade of New York and vicinity which attracted much attention among commercial men all over the country.

In 1880 he took a very prominent and active part in politics, organizing the Young Men's Republican club of Brooklyn, and gaining a high reputation as an impressive public speaker. Brooklyn being a Democratic city, the chances for a Republican were slender, but in 1881 Mr. Low was nominated for mayor as a reform candidate, and won by a handsome majority. It is admitted by men of all parties that his administration was "clean and able," displaying great executive abilities. In 1883 he was reelected, and gained such reputation as the "young civil service reform mayor" that his enthusiastic friends confidently predicted that he would soon be governor of the state and a formidable candidate for the Republican presidential nomination as soon as he reached the legal age.

SETH LOW.

In 1884, however, there were complications. Brooklyn's young Republicans were not enthusiastic in support of the presidential candidate and Mr. Low's party standing was somewhat impaired. He declined further political honors, traveled abroad some time and in 1888 succeeded in getting completely outside of politics. Through all this, though, there was some harsh criticism; there was no imputation on his candor. During all the years since his graduation Mr. Low has maintained a lively interest in the affairs of Columbia college. In 1881 he was chosen one of its trustees, and it was soon admitted that he was an authority on all matters connected with its business and financial management. In April last President F. A. P. Barnard died and on the opening of the new college year Mr. Low was chosen to succeed him.

The appointment gives universal satisfaction to officials, professors, students and alumni. Among the trustees are Hamilton Fish, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Rev. Morgan Dix, Dr. George L. Peabody and others of national fame. Columbia is the old and original college of New York, the alma mater of Alexander Hamilton and others of Revolutionary fame, and down to the days of Hamilton it was called King's college. Its president at that time and some of its officials got "on the wrong side" of the great controversy, and so the name was changed, anything labeled "Kings" being unpopular. President Low enters on his office at an era when Columbia is ceasing to be a college and becoming a real university, and has before him a career to satisfy the ambition of any educator.

Archbishop Thomas L. Grace.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace, recently appointed archbishop by the pope, was born in Charleston, S. C., Nov. 6, 1814. At the age of 15 he began the preparatory studies to taking the holy order at the seminary at Cincinnati. One year later he entered the Dominican order at the Monastery of St. Rose, in Kentucky. He then went to Rome to pursue his studies, entering the College of the Minerva. Dec. 21, 1839, he was ordained a priest at Rome. In 1844 he returned to America and immediately began work in Kentucky. For over thirteen years he had charge of a parish in Memphis, Tenn.

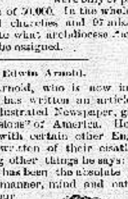
July 24, 1859, he was consecrated bishop of St. Paul. The ceremony of consecration took place at St. Louis, Archbishop Kenrick being the consecrator.

ARCHBISHOP GRACE.

When Father Grace became bishop the diocese included Minnesota and Dakota, and there were only two Catholic churches in St. Paul—the cathedral and the Church of the Assumption. There were only 27 priests and a population of 50,000. In the whole diocese were only 31 churches and 97 missions. It is not known to what archdiocese the new archbishop will be assigned.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who is now in the United States, has written an article for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, giving his "first impressions" of America. He does not quite agree with certain other Englishmen who have written of their cisatlantic cousins. Among other things he says: "My chief impression has been the absolute practical identity of manner, mind and national life between our two countries. I have found myself everywhere in a transatlantic England. Half an American as I am, by marriage and by sympathies, I must confess that it has been wholly delightful to observe this unmistakable and minute identification of the races, and it fills me with hope that, whatever other nations may quarrel and come into armed conflict, America and England—vainly divided by the ocean—will by and by establish an international tribunal composed of the worthiest and best trusted men on either side, and will refer to their judgment under the laws of right and reason—without appeal—every question which threatens to disturb the natural alliance that, in my opinion, furnishes the very best hope of mankind."



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Not Watched.

"I'm a jeweler's clerk."
"Ah, that's a fine diamond you've got."
"First water."
"And a lovely ring!"
"Worth a cool hundred."
"What time is it?"
"I don't carry a watch."
"Don't! Why, it strikes me you'd ought to be watched!"—Chicago Ledger.

DAVID DIXON PORTER.

HE FIRST WENT TO SEA WHEN HE WAS 11 YEARS OLD.

Some Account of the Porter Family and Their Achievements on Water—David Was the Early Companion of Farragut. The Story of His Life.

Admiral David Dixon Porter ranks in history as the last of a long and honorable line of heroes. For five generations the Porters have served their country well by sea and land; his father and grandfather and great-grandfather, his brothers, cousins and other near relatives have won distinction, and in any complete history of the United States navy there shines conspicuously on almost every page the name of Porter.

It is believed that the family was originally Irish, and among the earliest of those exiles who left Ireland in consequence of the wrongs that followed the violated treaty of Limerick. The first of the line to win distinction was Alexander Porter, who commanded a Boston merchant vessel, and in old age showed great daring in bringing aid to the Americans at the beginning of the revolution. His sons David and Samuel were commissioned by Gen. Washington to capture ships bringing supplies to the British army, and acted with such bravery and success that they were regularly commissioned in the continental navy. They fought through the war, succeeding in many daring exploits, and David served long as sailing master after the war.

His son John entered the navy in 1801 and rose to the rank of commander. Another son, David, began his career as midshipman in 1798 and fought through the Barbary war with distinguished gallantry. In the war of 1812 he commanded the noted "Essex" through her long career of glory till she was destroyed in the harbor of Valparaiso by a British fleet, March 28, 1814. After long and faithful service he died in Pera, near Constantinople, March 3, 1843. But he had lived to train two youths for brilliant careers in the last war: for David Dixon was his son and, though it is a fact not generally known, David G. Farragut was adopted by him in 1810—both the boys were trained by him and both fought their first battle under his command and under his very eye.

ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER.

Although the fame of David Dixon Porter somewhat overshadowed the other sons, they did enough to keep the name famous. William David Porter, brother of the admiral, also rose by good service through all the ranks to that of commodore, took part in the bombardment of Fort Donelson and in the capture of New Orleans and Vicksburg. He died in 1864. Another brother, Theodoric Henry, entered the army, and was the first American killed in the Mexican war. And still another, Henry Ogden, fought in Central America, under Walker, then became a lieutenant in the United States navy and got his fatal wound while fighting in the Hatteras when she was sunk by the Alabama. The late admiral's cousin, David, was the Porter who won high honors during the Mexican war, and another cousin, son of the commander, John Porter, first mentioned, is the Gen. Fitz John Porter whose case was long a matter of military and political discussion. Truly a brilliant family record.

David Dixon Porter was born in Chester, Delaware county, Pa., June 8, 1813, and when but 11 years old went with his father in the John Adams to aid in suppressing piracy in the West Indies. Soon after he was made a midshipman in the Mexican navy, serving under his cousin, David H. Porter, who aided that republic in her last struggle with Spain and was killed in battle with La Lealtad, a Spanish frigate. David Dixon entered the United States navy as midshipman in 1829 and cruised long and far, but these were peaceful times, and he did not become a lieutenant till 1841. During all these years he was often with his father, and sometimes in close companionship with his early associate, Farragut, and a lively imagination must conceive of many an hour when the boys walked the deck together, or the young men talked of their past and speculated on their future, no doubt dreaming, as boys will, of possible greatness, but never in their wildest fancies thinking it was to come in a civil war.

As a lieutenant he served four years, chiefly in the Mediterranean and on the coast of Brazil, and in 1845 was appointed to the naval observatory at Washington, but almost immediately was sent on a secret service to Hayti. He served during the Mexican war, but won comparatively little distinction, though he for a short time commanded the Spitfire. His next command was of the California mail steamers between New York and Panama, and his first command in the civil war was of the steam frigate Powhatan, in the gulf blockading squadron. April 22, 1861, he was appointed commander, and soon after took charge of the mortar fleet. From April 18 to 24, 1862, his fleet bombarded Forts Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, using 20,000 bombs. His old companion, Farragut, then went up the river, and the forts surrendered April 28. For the details the curious may consult many histories; for criticism it will be sufficient to read Gen. B. F. Butler.

In all the early operations on the lower Mississippi he served as second to Commodore Farragut, and in September, 1862, was advanced to the rank of acting rear admiral. A humorous episode in this part of his life was the invention of the "turreted monster"—an old scow fitted up to look in the darkness like one of his turtle backed gunboats and sent down by the Confederate batteries with no one on board. She was literally "knocked to pieces" by the Confederate gunners, to the great amusement of the Federals. He next co-operated with Gen. Sherman in capturing Arkansas Post, and received a full commission as rear admiral July 4, 1863. This was by direct order of Congress, which accompanied it with a vote of thanks.

He had charge of the running past the batteries at Vicksburg, captured the forts at Grand Gulf, aided the passage of Gen. Grant's army, and in the bombardment of Vicksburg and during the rest of the year was employed in keeping the river open. Early in 1864 he co-operated with Banks in the unfortunate Red River expedition, and a little later with Butler in the attack on Fort Fisher. In January, 1865, he again attacked Fort Fisher, this time in co-operation with Gen. Alfred H. Terry, and the fort was taken. The war soon ended. July 25, 1866, he was made vice admiral, and on Aug. 15, 1870, full admiral of the United States navy.

Some Other Game.

A man with his left arm in a sling was telling a passenger on a Fort street car what ailed him and how it happened. Said he:

"My boy Henry likes to go hunting, und so last Soonday I takes my gun und goes oudt by der Norris road mit him to kill some squirrels. Pooty soon we vhas separated, und I goes along by a thicket und Henry shoots me mid his shotgun."

"Accidentally, of course?"

"Of course. He sees me creeping along, und takes me for a wolf."

"A wolf! Why, there isn't a wolf within five hundred miles of Detroit."

"Dot vhas so, but Henry doan' know it until we comes back home. He feels werry bad aboudt it. Henry vhas a good boy, und next time he doan' make sooch a mistake—he shoots me for a woodchuck."—Detroit Free Press.

Joseph's Pants.

My little 2-year-old has added something new to the story of Joseph and his brethren. I told him the Bible version of the story, and he seemed much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When I had finished he said: "Papa, tell me about his pants."—Home Maker.

A. OAKEY HALL'S CAREER.

It Has Been an Exceptional One—His Suit Against James Bryce.

The Honorable A. Oakey Hall, who is the plaintiff in a libel suit against Mr. James Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," has been lawyer, local politician, mayor, actor, editor, and, lawyer again, this time in London; and now he asks a British jury to vindicate him with a verdict for £10,000 damages because Mr. Bryce had "stigmatized him as a member of the Tweed ring."

Oakey Hall is of good old Knickerbocker stock, and was born in New York in 1826, but has not favored the public with the particulars of his early life. He first figured as an unusually active young lawyer, with a peculiar talent for getting at the secrets of the other side and reserving his own. Such a man was too useful in New York city politics to remain in obscurity, and he soon became an active political worker, whose help was much to be desired. As such he was elected district attorney. His career in this office made him the famous Oakey Hall. He made a record for good works that stood him in good stead through all his subsequent troubles, and is still pointed to with pride by his friends and supporters. His worst enemies admit that his action as district attorney was of great benefit to the city and his record without a flaw. He was next elected mayor of New York, and in that capacity so has ever since been studied.

A. OAKEY HALL.

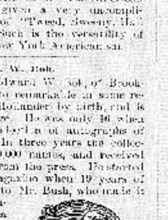
It is, perhaps, too soon to give an impartial judgment on the affairs of 1869-71, or of national affairs for the ten years following the war. It was, all men admit, the era of waste and corruption. Many an honored name was blackened forever; the reputation of many a brave soldier and many a man high in the national councils was sunk in irredeemable blackness. The cities grew faster than lawmakers could pass reform charters to suit. All city governments were admittedly reckless and many corrupt; that of New York, as it was the biggest city, was confessedly the worst.

This could not last. In 1871 the explosion came, and for months the papers were full of the doings of "Tweed, Sweeny, Hall and Connolly." Their pictures adorned all the illustrated papers, Nast and other caricaturists made millions merry with their exaggerated lineaments. During the era of corruption Hall was mayor, Sweeny city chamberlain or treasurer, Connolly city comptroller and Tweed at the head of the street department, besides being supreme in the matter of public works, and, more than all, in the political organization which elected all the city government. In due time the "ring" got control of the judiciary, and in 1869 they secured of the state legislature the celebrated "new charter," which practically gave them control of the city. Their doings gave occasion for the so called "explosion of 1871," but need not be recounted here.

Suffice it to state that a clerk revealed the fact that "general fund" and "city liabilities" were terms which covered enormous stealings, estimated at from $9,000,000 to $15,000,000. A citizen's committee of seventy, with Samuel J. Tilden at their head, investigated and prosecuted. Connolly fled and died in exile. Sweeny, after a long absence, returned, and lives in obscurity. Tweed died in jail. Hall was tried and acquitted. He next tried his hand as a lecturer and actor; then for a few years as editorial writer on The World and afterward on Truth. He then disappeared so completely from New York life that most people are surprised to learn that he is a successful lawyer in London, where he has taken the oath of allegiance to the British government. He now brings suit against Mr. Bryce for libel, and puts his damages at £10,000, because the latter has, in chapter 88 of "The American Commonwealth," given a very uncomplimentary history of "Tweed, Sweeny, Hall and Connolly." Such is the versatility of one specimen of New York American son.

E. W. Bok.

The career of Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn, has been quite remarkable in some respects. He is a Hollander by birth, and is now 25 years of age. He was only 16 when he conceived a collection of autographs of famous persons. In three years the collection numbered 10,000 names, and received favorable notice from the press. He started The Brooklyn Magazine when 19 years of age, and sold it to Mr. Bush, who made it The American Magazine. He was a personal friend of Henry Ward Beecher, and after Beecher's death compiled a "Beecher Memorial" for the family. He was assisted in this work by such men as Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Talmage and others. Its publication attracted considerable attention. With the aid of Mr. Beecher he conceived "The Bok Syndicate Press," a powerful literary influence of New York.



EDWARD W. BOK.

During all these ventures young Bok was occupying a position with the Scribners. He has lately resigned the position, which is an important one, accepting the editorship of The Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia, at a salary, it is said, of $10,000 a year. This periodical has a circulation equal to any magazine in the world.

Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Pulitzer building for the accommodation of the offices of The New York World the other day was a notable event in the history of American journalism, no matter how The World newspaper be regarded. The structure is to be thirteen stories high, and, it is claimed, will be the finest and best appointed newspaper building in the world. The addresses by Chauncey M. Depew and Governor Hill, of New York, were exceptional features of the corner stone laying of a private building, but not more so than the fact that the actual laying of the stone was performed by Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., son of the proprietor, aged but 4 years. A cut of the young gentleman is here given.

JOSEPH PULITZER, JR.

How He Won a Breakfast.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, will you give a poor man a bite to eat?

Matron—Not a bite; I don't encourage idleness. Get out, or I'll set the dog on you.

Tramp (continuing)—Please, ma'am, a friend of mine told me you gave him a piece of cake once, and 'twas the best cake he ever ate, and he thinks you're the best cook he ever——

Matron—Come right in, poor man. Mary Jane, get a good breakfast ready for this poor creature.—Yankee Blade.

Appropriately Named.

"Pa, what is a 'blanket mortgage?'" asked Johnny Cumso.

"It is one which keeps a man warm working to pay it," replied Cumso.—New York Sun.

WASHINGTON VETERANS.

MAIMED EX-SOLDIERS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

They Are In All Positions from the Senate and House of Representatives Down to All Sorts of Minor Places—Two-fifths of the National Legislators Veterans.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—While walking through the Capitol the other day I saw fully a dozen maimed ex-soldiers engaged in performance of their duties as watchmen and laborers in the huge building. On that day the papers were filled with discussions of the Milwaukee Grand Army encampment, of Senator Manderson's pension, of pensions in general, and with reports of the organization of the United Confederate Veterans of the South. The thought naturally occurred to me that the further we get from that war in time the greater it appears. Young men and women who do not remember the civil war will be able to appreciate its magnitude and its importance only when its survivors are all dead, and it has wholly passed from the memory of the living into the pages of history.

SENATOR BERRY'S FAVORITE GAME.

It remains with us as an issue, an epoch, the source and subject of much of our national sentiment. But how could it be otherwise when so many men who participated in it still live to talk of the most stirring scenes of their existence? Why, the other day I was in the office of The National Tribune, the soldiers' paper, and the editor told me he printed every week an edition of 157,000 copies, and that he had in his office the names and addresses of 800,000 survivors of the war who fought on the Federal side. These men who are guarding the Capitol of the nation, who are now engaged in tearing up and repairing the seats in which statesmen sit, were all soldiers.

While I was walking about the dismantled senate chamber, thinking of the war, a superintendent of laborers, a man with one leg of flesh and one of cork, called out to his assistants:

"Handle that seat carefully, boys. The man that sits in it lost a leg in the same battle that I lost mine, and though he was on the other side I feel a sort of softness toward that seat of his. Take it away, and see that it is fixed up nicely."

"And whose seat is it?" I asked.

"Senator Berry's, of Arkansas. He lost his leg at Corinth, Miss., where a ball fired by some of his men took off mine. The senator and I have often talked about it, and he has even asked me to his house to play billiards with him. Senator Berry plays a pretty good game of billiards for a man with one leg. And so do I, for that matter."

"Are there any other members of congress who lost a leg in the war?"

"Oh, yes. Senator Berry lost his at Corinth; Senator Butler, of South Carolina, lost his at Brandy Station, and over in the house there are three one legged men, or were during the last congress. Representative Henderson, of Iowa, is one of them, though you'd never suspect it to see him moving about. He is as spry as a boy with his cork leg. Congressmen Brown and Boothman, of Ohio, used to say they were in hard luck because each had lost a left leg. If one had lost a right they could make one pair of shoes do for both. Senator Wade Hampton had hard luck, too. He fought like a tiger on the Confederate side and came out without a scratch, only to be thrown from a mule a few years after the war and have a leg so badly hurt that it had to be amputated. A mule! Wasn't that hard luck? The only one armed men in the last congress, I believe, were Gen. Hooker, of Mississippi, and Congressman Oates, of Alabama. They were both mighty brave men in battle, but I've heard they never shook hands but once, refusing to do so again because it is the hoodoo or left handed shake."

SENATOR BUTLER'S SENATORIAL POSE.

"How many men do you suppose there were in the last congress who served in the civil war on one side or the other?"

"Probably fifty."

Fifty was not a very good guess, for, my interest in the matter thus roused, I searched the biographies for accurate figures. It proved a very interesting inquiry, too.

I was surprised to learn that notwithstanding almost a quarter of a century had elapsed since the close of the civil war, there were in the last congress no fewer than 169 men who had served in one capacity or another in that war, or more than two-fifths of the whole number of members. These congressional honors being as a rule such as are won by genius, ability, perseverance and strength of character, and not given out of the gratitude of the people, it follows that the presence in the national legislature of such an extraordinary number of survivors of a war that closed twenty-five years ago must be explainable only on some broad grounds of human nature and conditions of society.

It seems to me the explanation is that the young men of ambition, of courage, of lively spirit and strong bodies, were the men that largely made up the rolls of the armies. Their military experience was of immense advantage to them, adding to their courage and self confidence, broadening their views and giving them greater strength for the race of life. If they went into the army through patriotism, they came out of it fired by ambition. By services in the field, too, they had won titles—general, colonel, major, captain—and these gave them prestige at home. The men who went to the war were the virile, pushing, indomitable men of the country; the boys who staid at home adding to their store of wealth and learning while their brothers were neglecting private fortune in their country's service still found themselves outdone and overmatched as soon as the latter returned to the activities and rivalries of peace.

In looking at these now upturned and newly varnished desks occupied by statesmen in their season, we are reminded most strikingly of the fact that there was a Confederate army. Surprising as is the statement that of 401 national legislators 169 fought in the war between the states, it does not excite our amazement nearly so much as does this fact, that of the 169 surviving warriors almost one-half hail from the south.

Of 242 senators and representatives from the twenty states of the north in the last congress 75 were in the Union army or navy.

Of 95 senators and representatives from the ten states of the south which joined openly in rebellion, 69 were in the Confederate army or navy.

Of 58 senators and representatives from the six border states of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, 13 were in the Confederate army and 8 in the Federal.

Of 6 senators and representatives from the two states, Colorado and Nebraska, admitted to the Union after the close of the war, 3 were in the Federal army.

Total in Union army	87
Total in Confederate army	82

A LEFT HANDED SHAKE.

In other words, the war comes to an end, nearly a quarter of a century passes, and we then find one national legislator out of three from the north a survivor of that conflict.

But from the former Confederate States three legislators out of four bore arms in behalf of the cause that was lost at Appomattox.

And if the philosophers are fond of explaining the activities and successes of human classes, let them tell us why, with but a million war survivors of a total population of 61,000,000, two-fifths of the members of congress were once wearers of the blue or the gray?

One thing which the philosophers will tell us is that there never was in the history of the world a war in which so many young men bore arms as in the rebellion. The smooth faced boys who shouldered a musket and marched to the front are the statesmen of today.

That this is literally true one may see by glancing at the records. Look anywhere in the pages of biography and you will find the boys at the front, in the days of war and in these piping times of peace. Congressman McKinley, of Ohio, was a stripling of 17 when he enlisted as a private. He was mustered out a brevet major. Representative Boothman, of the same state, was but a year older when he shouldered his musket. Thompson, of Ohio, was the same age, as was Moffitt, of New York; Clark, of Wisconsin; Peters, of Kansas; Goff, of West Virginia; Nelson, of Minnesota, and others. Thomas, of Illinois, went in at 16; Struble, of Iowa, at 17; Conger and Holmes, of the same state, at 19; Laird, of Nebraska, now dead, was one of the youngest soldiers in the war. He put on the blue when he was a lad of 13.

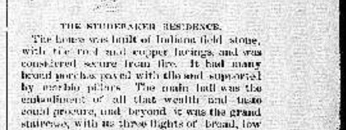
Nearly one-half of the southern soldier statesmen enlisted as mere boys. Catchings and Allen, of Mississippi, were only 14; the two senators from West Virginia, Kenna and Faulkner, were 15; Berry, of Mississippi, was but 16, as were Breckinridge, of Arkansas, Crisp and Grimes, of Georgia, and Lanham, of Texas; Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, went in at 17, and Senator Daniel at 19; Browne, of Virginia, was 17; Hopkins, 18, as were Wilson, of West Virginia, Rowland and Henderson, of North Carolina, Bankhead, of Alabama, Lubboon, of Kentucky, and Anderson, of Mississippi. The stress of battle was so great in the south that even the boys and old men were made soldiers of. The old men are dead. The boys are in congress.

WALTER WELLMAN.

THE STUDEBAKER MANSION.

A Magnificent Indiana Residence Recently Destroyed by Fire.

It seems a pity that the magnificent residence of Clem Studebaker, at South Bend, Ind., should have been destroyed by fire so soon after it was built. It was ready for occupancy only a few months ago, and had it not been destroyed would have been visited by the delegates to the Pan-American congress.



THE STUDEBAKER RESIDENCE.

The house was built of Indiana field stone, with tile roof and copper facings, and was considered secure from fire. It had many broad porches paved with tile and supported by marble pillars. The main hall was the embodiment of all that wealth and taste could procure, and beyond it was the grand staircase, with its three flights of broad, low steps, and landings covered with rugs. The drawing room was done in the colonial style, the wood work being in pure white and gold. The mantel was of Mexican onyx, the chandelier of oxidized silver, and the furniture mahogany, upholstered in leather. The reception room was done in white and blue.

Between the drawing room and reception room was a beautiful little alcove in which stood a group in marble of the three children of Mr. Studebaker. It was highly valued by Mrs. Studebaker, but perished with the other things in the fire. The dining room was situated beneath the drawing room. In the butler's pantry was stored the family china—a beautiful collection of priceless Dresden and Sevres. This unreplaceable collection was destroyed by the fire, as was also the art gallery on the third floor. This gallery was filled with rare works of art, which it will be difficult to replace. A very interesting place was the so called "Den" of Mr. Studebaker, where the fire originated. It was situated back of the main hall, the windows commanding a view of the stables. It contained many comfortable leather chairs, lounges and desks. Over the mantel was a stained glass window of very unique design. It showed a blacksmith shop, embowered in the trees. Upon the front was the inscription, "John Studebaker, Blacksmith." In the foreground were the figures of a man and a horse.

Good Gracious!

The summit of the Eiffel tower is one of the topics of the time.—Washington Capital.