

THE GREATEST IRRIGATED FARM.

Princely California Estate That Belongs to Two Families—Land is Fertile Beyond all Belief and it is Practically all Under Cultivation.

(Written for the Deseret News.)

Among the very big things in California is the greatest irrigated farm in the world. It consists of 400,000 acres, nearly all of which is under actual cultivation.

This princely estate is the property of a single firm, or close corporation, practically composed of only two persons or families.

Flowing through the heart of this vast property is a splendid river—one of the best in California—which takes of rise in the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Without the use of this stream the estate would be a desert. With it, the property is converted into a paradise.

The land is fertile almost beyond belief, for it is a delta which the stream has been building for ages. Here are wonderful fields of alfalfa, yielding five or six crops every season and furnishing rich pasturage beside. Here are vineyards bearing the famous raisins and wine-grapes of the San Joaquin valley. And here are orchards laden each year with luscious peaches, nectarines and plums. Other orchards of almonds and walnuts. Oranges are not produced in commercial quantities, but the rich offerings of the semi-tropical climate. It is literally a land "flowing with milk and honey."

And this greatest irrigated farm in the world is now a private estate? It is.

Shall we have on the remainder of the public domain the land monopolist or the multitude of small proprietors? Shall we have the two families or the 4,000? Shall we give the public domain away, or shall we put it into the hands of those who claim it as a birthright—of those who will build their homes upon it for the support of their children.

These burning questions can be evaded no longer. When Congress meets again they must be answered once and for all. While we are talking about it the lands are being absorbed by those who know their value only too well and who propose to sell them at enormous profit to the real homesteaders. It is to hold them as great private estates.

In his last message the president urges the repeal of the desert land law, of the commutation clause of the homestead law, and of the timber and stone act. But this great measure of reform did not even get out of the committee room of the house of representatives. And it will never pass except at the behest of an imperious and irresistible public opinion. Every patriotic American should lend his voice and influence to the making of a public opinion before Congress meets again.

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

A JUST REBUTT.

"I am afraid we can't let you in." The head functionary who guarded

BISMARCK'S FOE COMING.



the COUNTESS von WALDERSEE

Countess von Walderssee, formerly Miss Esther Lee, daughter of a pioneer wholesale grocer in New York, returns to pay her family a visit. She came of an old Connecticut family of farmers and land-owners. She married Prince Frederick von Schleswig Holstein in 1857. The prince gave up his titles to her rather than consummate a morganic marriage. Through her close confidences with the present kaiser she is said to have consummated Bismarck's downfall.

yet only a few years ago every acre of this opulent soil, together with the precious stream which waters it, belonged to the people of the United States. The soil, the water, the mountains, the forests and the melting snows which lie in their embrace—all these formed a part of the heritage of your children and mine.

CARVED FROM PUBLIC DOMAIN.

How, then, did all this land and water pass into private ownership? The thing was done by means of the preposterous land laws of the United States. It is strange that these laws were ever placed upon the statute book—stranger yet that thus far they defy all efforts to effect their repeal. No one ever dared to go before Congress and respectfully request the passage of a bill entitled, "An Act to Enable Rich Men and Corporations to Acquire Lordly Estates from the Public Domain." Of course, no one would think of proceeding in precisely that way.

What is actually done is to ask Congress to assist them in making "homes for the homeless and in furnishing land to the landless." And the method proposed is the notorious desert land law. This was a fraud and a humbug from its inception. It is a sort of anaesthetic administered to the people to put them to sleep while some millions of acres are painlessly amputated from the public domain.

This stupid and wicked law originally invited every man and woman in the United States, over 21 years of age, to take up 640 acres as a homestead. They were required to pay \$1.25 per acre and to swear that they had provided a money for irrigating a certain portion of the land. The law was loosely administered and frequently evaded in its most essential details. A few years ago the amount of land which one individual could acquire under this statute was reduced to 320 acres.

As a rule, the desert lands lie in large bodies and are only to be reclaimed by costly works of irrigation. In the case of the great farm under discussion, the works are said to have cost \$4,000,000.

How could any poor settler, or any number of poor settlers who could be brought together under ordinary circumstances, avoid themselves of the privilege of getting homes by using this law in good faith? They could not do so. They did not do so. The law was designed as an instrument to rob the people of their lands. And, with rare exceptions, it has been used strictly in accord with that design.

ROOM FOR FORTY THOUSAND.

Ten acres of good irrigated soil in the semi-tropical valleys of California will support an average family in comfort. Four hundred thousand acres would, then, support 40,000 families, or 160,000 persons if the families consisted of four each. This is the number of landless proprietors who might now be in possession of the greatest irrigated farm in the world if the national irrigation law had been passed 25 years ago and if the land had been reserved for the people under a genuine homestead law.

The great issue of the hour is this:

GIRL AND WOMAN.

CARE NEEDED AT THE TRANSITION FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

Many a Life Spent in Suffering Because Troubles Were Allowed to Develop At This Time.

Every mother of a growing girl should remember that there will come a time when her daughter will be a girl no longer but will share with her the blessings of womanhood. Unless nourishment keeps pace with growth the foundations of a life of suffering are laid at that time. Chlorosis, commonly called green sickness, may develop unless the blood is kept rich and pure; incipient consumption and nervous and constitutional troubles that have been dormant in the blood, will surely appear unless the system is kept toned up until the danger line is passed. Mrs. John MacKinney, of No. 473 Thirteenth street, Detroit, Mich., writes a timely word on the subject. She says:

"I did not get proper care at the first critical time in my life and for 17 years I suffered as a result. I had dizzy spells, felt a constant fear that something dreadful was about to happen, and was afraid to go out alone. My breathing was very short and I had palpitation of the heart so badly that I could not get upstairs nor walk even moderately fast. I was so nervous that I could not sit still. A different time for years I was under the care of the best physicians in Detroit and I tried a number of advertised medicines. Nothing helped me until, on the advice of a neighbor, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I felt relieved before the first box was finished and I kept on taking them until I was cured."

"Last winter my little girl had rheumatism and I gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she got well right away. My sister's daughter was thought to be going into consumption and, upon my advice, she tried the pills. They cured her cough and she is now well and strong. You can readily see that my entire family is enthusiastic over Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and we cannot say enough in their praise."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are always successful because they go to the root of the disease. Other remedies act on the symptoms—these marvelous vegetable pills remove the cause of the trouble. They have proven themselves to be an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood and weakened nerves—two fruitful causes of nearly all the ills to which human kind is heir. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

"People are not so anxious to get in here. You seem to be an exception. The mere fact that you want to enter makes me suspicious of you. Tell me your tale."

The applicant shivered, even in the reflected heat. "I am that perverted individual," he replied, "whose chief pleasure in life consisted in taking out parties in a small boat, which I didn't know how to sail. Filled with confidence, I insisted on filling my boat with innocent women and children, and of course the first squall that struck us capsized the frail craft, and we were all drowned. Overcome with remorse, I have come here to suffer."

But the head functionary, not even trying to conceal his disgust, was obdurate. "I suspected as much," he observed. "You can't get in here, hell is too good for you."—Life.

The Pleasure of Eating.

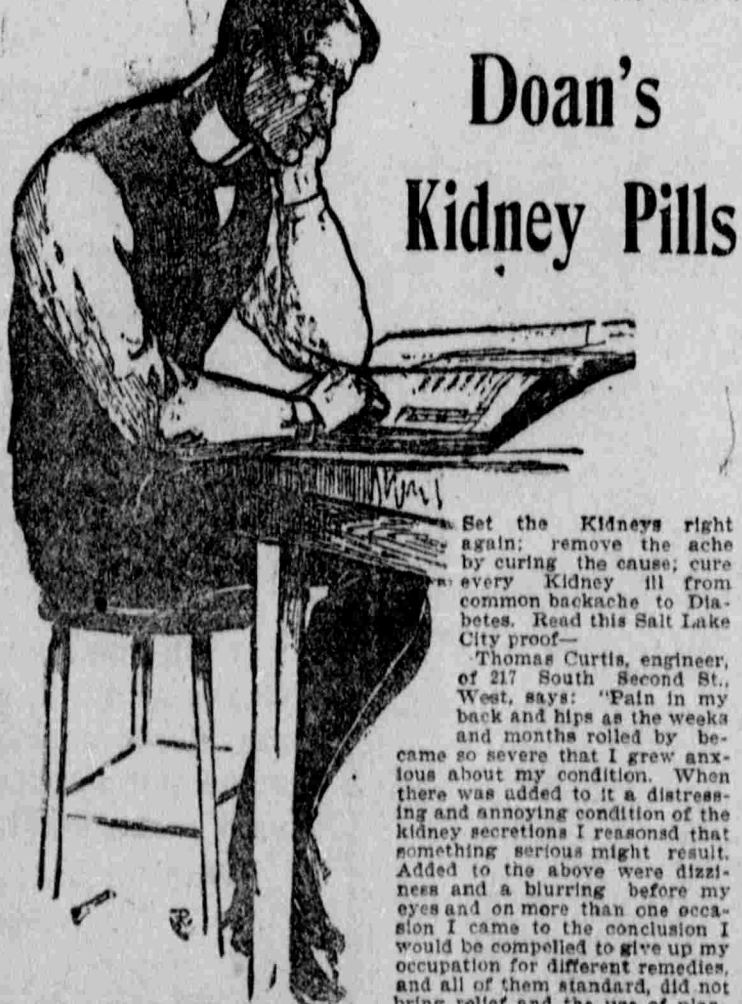
Persons suffering from Indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach troubles will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. This remedy is a never failing cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia and restores the normal action of the membranes of the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by all druggists.

HIS VEST STRAPS.

One of the cleverest merchants in this community is a trifle absent minded at times. Recently when his family was in the country he undertook to do a little tailoring for himself. The straps of his vest are connected by a button instead of a buckle. That is one of his sanctities. The button broke off. It took him about an hour to sew on another, and he felt proud of the job. But for a month he wondered why he could never make the button find the buttonhole. When his amiable better three-quarters was appealed to, she said: "Why, you old grand old man, you have sewed the button on the end of the same strap that has the buttonhole."—New York Press.

Overworked Backs!

You say it's from overwork, when you're all tired out from sitting at your desk all day long from sticking right to it, no matter what your daily task may be. You go home with a tortuous ache in the small of the back, with sharp pains in the loins. The kidneys rebel at overwork and the many aches and pains tell you they are sick.



Doan's Kidney Pills

Set the kidneys right again; remove the ache by curing the cause; cure every kidney ail from common backache to Diabetes. Read this Salt Lake City proof.

Thomas Curtis, engineer, of 217 South Second St., West, says: "Pain in my back and hips as the weeks and months rolled by became so severe that I grew anxious about my condition. When there was added to it a distressing and annoying condition of the kidney secretions I reasoned that something serious might result. Added to the above were dizzy spells and a blurring before my eyes and on more than one occasion I came to the conclusion I would be compelled to give up my occupation for different remedies, and all of them failed. I knew that my health is better and my back is considerably stronger. I have every confidence in this remedy and am more than pleased to publicly recommend it."

ALL DRUGGISTS, 60c. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BIGELOW CARPETS

The Carpets made by this Company have received the highest award wherever exhibited, including Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition, 1878, and at the Centennial, 1876.

Their deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, novelty and beauty of design, has led to frequent infringements, and inferior goods have often been palmed off in their stead. For the protection of the public the Company has adopted as a trade-mark the word "BIGELOW," which will be woven (at every repeat of the pattern) in white capitals into the back of the fabric. Customers will therefore have merely to examine the back of a carpet to be certain that they are getting the genuine Bigelow Carpets.

These Goods can be obtained from all first-class dealers. BIGELOW CARPET COMPANY. NEW YORK.

LAGOON.

The Last Day

Of Lagoon is Monday, September 7th, LABOR DAY. The Utah Federation of Labor will close the season with the Biggest Labor Celebration ever known in Utah.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, 50 cents.

TRAINS EVERY HOUR.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the

DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Last week's winners were: Ida E. Merz, Mount Pleasant; Gladys Rogers, 111 Third street; Marguerite Snow, 276 Canyon Road. These can secure their prizes by calling at the Deseret News Book Store.

SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE OF JACK THE DRAGON-KILLER:

The missing words of this fable are as follows: Chickens, ducks, sheep, children, devil, pick, shovel, trench, horn and crown. With the right side of the picture as base, one of the party who restored Jack to consciousness can be found in the upper right corner, formed in the foliage, another to the left of the devil, formed in the trench, and the dragon in foliage a little to right of the two boys. By using the upper right corner as base, a third one of the party can be found, formed between Jack and the sheep. With the upper part of the picture as base, a fourth can be found, formed between Jack's boots, and the fifth in the upper left corner. By using the lower left corner as base, the last of the party can be found near the center of the picture.

THE ELASTIC ELEPHANT.

Can you supply the missing words from objects illustrating them in the picture? Also, find the six fierce savages who cut off the Elephant's head and legs.



Once upon a time there was an Elephant who had read so much trashy literature that he became dissatisfied with the lot of just a common, everyday sort of an Elephant. He felt that sooner or later he would grow so large and bulky that his size would handicap him in the race of life. He envied the Leopard, Zebra, and others which were so fleet of foot, and the vision of a great, bulky, slow-moving body made him so dissatisfied that nothing could reconcile him to his lot in life.

One day, while reposing beside a stream, he watched the swiftly-moving trout, and they seemed to glide so easily through the water that he envied them and wished that he also had been born a trout. There was one Speckled Trout more beautiful than the other, and as the Elephant sat there entranced with his graceful movements an ugly crocodile came along and swallowed the beautiful

Trout. Then the Elephant realized that perhaps it was just as well that he had not been born a trout. His attention was next drawn to the beautiful plumed peacock flying overhead and moving through space with such wonderful freedom and ease. "Ah," he thought, "that's the very thing. Why wasn't I born a peacock? Just then 'crack' went a gun, and the most beautiful of all the peacocks fell lifeless to the earth. 'Well,' thought the Elephant, 'I guess being a peacock wouldn't do, either.'

Thus he went on from one thing to another, not finding among them all anything he would rather be than an Elephant. Still he was dissatisfied, and would not be content until he had won some advantage over all other living things. Just how to accomplish this was a difficult problem for him to solve, and while musing thus in an absent-minded way he kept nibbling at the leaves of an India Rubber tree

overhead. He nibbled away so long that on looking up he found that he had stripped the tree of all its leaves, and the heat of the sun boiling down upon him was so intense that he sought the shelter of another rubber tree, and went on with his musing and nibbling. Thus he went from tree to tree, musing and nibbling, musing and nibbling, and by the time twilight approached and the moon rose he had stripped the rubber trees for a great distance.

The day of evening falling upon him woke him from his meditations, and he started to go home, when, to his horror, he discovered that something seemed to prevent his moving to any place but where he was. He struggled and struggled, but each time he was drawn back again to his last nibbling place, and he became terrified, for now he realized that the great power and strength which he possessed as an Elephant had departed. Fearing, then, lest some fierce wild beasts, bent on his destruction, should steal upon him, he looked back, and, to his horror, he found that the hind part of his body had not moved from the first tree he nibbled. He had eaten so many rubber leaves that his body had gradually become elastic, and as he moved from tree to tree it stretched as one stretches a rubber band, and no matter how much he struggled to get away, as soon as he ceased his efforts his body would fly back again, just as a stretched rubber band will fly back when one end is released. In this most embarrassing predicament he was discovered by some fierce savages, who, seeing his helpless condition, cut off his head and legs, and pulling the hide from his great, long body, carried it off to their home, where it was used for a fire hose.

His fate was thus a warning to Elephants and all other animals to be contented with their lot, which an all-wise Creator deemed best for their welfare.

W. M. GOODER.