Christ's Teaching to His Disciples Is the Privilege of Every Child of God to Offer,

A large congregation assembled at the First Baptist Church last evening to hear Rev. A. J. Frost, of Los Angeles. He is a man of gigantic stature and most apressive appearance. In early life he to preached in New York State, and after-Church, in Chicago. For 25 years he has been on the Pacific Coast, where he known as preacher and lecturer. He is here to fulfill engagements in the Chau-tauqua assembly as Bible teacher and lecturer on "The Grand Canyon of the Colo-

Dr. Frost's theme was "The Lord's Prayer," and the sermon was a fine speci-men of the expository style of preaching. After saying that this is not the Lord's prayer at all, but the prayer Christ taught his disciples. Dr. Frost gave his

analysis of the whole:
"First, 'Our Father.' This is the filial spirit which can only belong to a true dis, ciple. The common expression, The Fatherhood of God, is not Scriptural in the highest sense. God is more than Creator. His fatherhood carries wit it oneness of nature, and this no unregenerate sout can have. The true filial spirit means a great deal ond, the reverential spirit. 'Hallowed

be thy name.' He who truly prays must come to God in reverence.
"Third, the mission spirit. 'Thy kingdom This includes the fullness of the

kingdom of God. "Fourth, the submissive spirit. Thy will be done.' All prayer is made in submission to the will of God. Anything less than this lacks an essential element of real prayer. It is blessed to submit to the

will of our Father in heaven. "Fifth, the dependent spirit. 'Give us this day our daily bread.' We literally We literally depend on God for our daily food. chemist has ever made a grain of bread or food. If production of food should cease for 18 months, the inhabitants of the

whole earth would starve.
"Sixth, the forgiving spirit, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." He who does not forgive cannot expect to be forgiven. Yet this does not remove moral We are only required to forgive as God forgives; that is, when

en repent.
"Seventh, the cautious spirit. 'Lead us not into temptation.' No one can expect to rash needlessly into temptation and receive God's hotp. The only safe course is to keep as far away as possible, 'De

"Eighth, the sanctifying spirit, 'De-liver us from evil.' God does deliver his children when they call upon him in sincerity, and in this is strength.
"Ninth, the adoring spirit. Thine is the

kingdom and the power and the glory This is to be fulfilled in the world to come, "This wonderful prayer it is the priv-llege of every child of God to offer, and

if we do then the richest of blessings will Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Minneapolis, was present, and made the closing prayer.

### THE NEW STONE CHURCH.

Command for Common Worship Is From Divine Authority.

At St. David's Episcopal Church, East Twelfth and Morrison streets, yesterday morning Rev. George B. Van Waters, D. D., spoke from the text in Exedus, xxxv:21: "And they came, everyone whose heart stirred him up, and everyone whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the taber-nacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments." He applied the text to the subject, "The New Stone Church," saying in part:

The direct command for common worship is from Divine authority. Also, comes the command for the public building for this common worship from the same source. Along with this question s the one of the style of structure for God's house of worship. An everlasting answer to this question of God's regard for the character of the building is found in the description of the tabernacle to which reference is made in the text. From this we know that it should be built and furnished intelligently by the best architect and workmen. It is right to employ the best materials in the construction and as splendld as means will allow. This does not mean that we sho extravagant and careless, but that we should adapt ourselves to our circumstances and build the best that we can The objection some people offer ting God's house beautiful, because of the expense, springs primarily from es, and unfits one for acceptable

The obligation for worship did not cease with the Mosaic dispensation. It is a necessity for us because of the spiritual nature God has endowed us with, Furthermore, our Lord in his great wis-dom made us love the beautiful, and it is good then for us to admire the beauti. ful in structures of wood and stone, as well as in nature. By meeting together we draw a common benefit from the diervice. There is an inspiration spiritual delight and benefit to derived from congregational singing and worshiping. We cannot be as good Christians if we neglect this public wor-

"In the case of the tabernacle the worship was freed of debt, and let us take a lesson from this wise example set for us by the Jews. They did not pretend to offer unto God what was not theirs. Men, women and children contributed something, however small, to the building of the tabernacle and received a great blessing for their sacrifice. This, too, is a valuable lesson for Christians to learn, and if they are true to their vows they will emulate the example of those people. Truly, it is said that God loves a cheerful giver."

## FIRST THINGS.

If Man Was Slowly Made, He Was Given a Soul.

Rev. B. J. Hoadley, D. D., began a Rev. B. J. Hondley, D. D., began a series of Sunday evening sermons on "First Things" at the Clarke Methodist Episcopal Church last evening, The text was Genesis, 1:1, "In the beginning od," Dr. Hoadley said:
"The book of Genesis tells the history

of creation in fewer words than a mod-ern writer uses in portraying the visit of a President to San Francisco. The account given by the author of Genesis does not reveal to us the method of creation, but simply the fact, and the explanation of the fact is found in the sub-lime statement, 'In the beginning God.'
"In the first chapter of Genesis the mat.

ter and form of historical utterance are within a paralleliam worthy of study, opening and closing words correspond, and the whole is presented in two halves, each half having three days, and each day of the first three being parallel with the corresponding day of the sec-ond three. Our Bibles in English would seem to speak of natural days in the creation, but the original e-the Hebrew-permits more lati-Notice creation is spoken of 'In the beginning, an indefinitely remote period of hoary past. The earth's surface goes on with a gradual advance from rocks to vegetation, the lower forms of animals, to birds, and lastly man last

The study of the earth speaks of ma. rine plants, two marine animals, three land plants and four land animals, while in Genesis we have one plant, two ma-rine animals, three land animals. Here 1832 onward).

IN PORTLAND CHURCHES is a difference of account which does not rise into a contradiction of statement.

"Was man directly created, or was he developed? Man could be made by a long-advancing process. The objection to this view is rather from science than the Bible. The explorers of nature have the Bible. not yet proved that all species came out of species less perfect. Indeed, all sci-entists know that new and remarkable forms have appeared, with no hints of their coming. Look at instinct. Profes-sor Darwin, in the 'Origin of Species,' one of the few great books of the pre-ceding century, did not attempt to ex-plain why the parents of the working bee are neither builders nor makers of

honey. "Look at civilization. Civilization is to be taken to the Philippines from without. It is a long way from Aguinaldo to Washington. Barbarous people look back to more civilized conditions. The ward was paster of the University Place
Church, in Chicago. For Z years he
has been on the Pacific Coast, where he animal, and it becomes more powerful; but if man goes back to a wild man, he becomes more feeble and dies. If man was slowly made, there was a time in the making when a soul was given him, for only soul can be developed into soul."

#### Twenty-Eight New Members.

The services at the First Congregational Church yesterday morning were of un-usual interest. A large audience assem-bled to welcome new members and cele-brate the Lord's Supper. It was the last communion season before the pastor's va-cation, which will be longer than usual this year. Twenty-eight new members were received, 14 by letter from other churches and 14 on confession of faith. This is the result of faithful and earnest work on the part of the members and is work on the part of the members, and is considered to be a fitting climax to the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the

#### PLUCKY BOY SCOUTS.

Two Arizona Lads Who Have Helped Their Father Capture Bandits.

Chicago Inter Ocean. Phoenix Ariz.—Two young heroes have been developed in Arizona. The "boy scouts"—Dick and Alfred Boscha, 14 and 15 years of age, diminutive of stature and with simple and childlike faces and manners—have accompanied their father, Pete Boscha, Deputy Sheriff at Congress Ariz., on the most perlious expeditions and criminal hunts, never flinching in their duties and braving leaden missiles from ambushes with the impunity of two boys engaged in snowballing.

They started their crusade against san-

guinary Indians and desperadoes more than two years ago, when they had scarcely ceased lisping their numbers, but they began the practice of pistols and rifles at an age when the ordinary lad mounts his first hobby horse. The early predilection of Dick and Alfred for fire-arms delighted the father, and before his wife could offer remonstrance, he had purchased for his two sons two brilliant purchased for his two sons two bilinan-nickel-plated pistols that were the envy of the older boys of the ancient pueblo. For marksmanship the two Boscha boys outrivaled everything in the community.

"I can't remember when I didn't want to kill Indians and bad men," said young Dick Boscha. "When I got my pistols I used to shoot at tin cans and beer bottles. Then I would hunt jack rabbits, and then my father took me and my brother with him when we trailed three Indians that had murdered some squaws. We could ride horses as well as the men, and we helped them to trail because our eyes were better. We were never afraid. My mother wants us to stay at home, but my father says he trailed outlaws for 25 years and never was even wounded by a bullet. Alfred and me want to be Sher-

iffs some day."

The boys are both very much under sized. Although their swarthy complex-ions indicate a liberal flow of Latin blood in their veins, they speak the English language with more fluency than French or Mexican, and frequently they are found entertaining American visitors with their experiences and tales of hair-breadth es capes. President McKinley, in his trip to the Congress mine, recently heard of the wonderful achievements of the youths, and called to Dick, who was pointed out as one of the lads, assiduously following the President and his Cabinet officers along the trail leading over the Congress Mountains to the workings. The President placed his hand on the lad's shaggy head and complimented his early brav-ery. A few moments later the boy was posing at Secretary Cortelyou's suggestion, with the President and several dis-tinguished members of the party, before an array of artists on the rock-ribbed side of the mountains. He modestly took the extended hands of statesmen as they filed by him and retired to his mountain home He had ridden over the mountain to see the Chief Magistrate, of whom he heard but meager mention during his life of iso-

Alfred Boscha first distinguished himself two years ago by the capture of Sinovia Garcia, a notorious Mexican desperado. Garcia made love to a pretty young bride and alienated her affection from her husband. Manuel Valdez. Garcia and wronged man fought a sensational duel in the mountains near Congress by a prearrangement which contemplated survival of the fittest. Both were wound-ed, but the wronged husband fell a fatal victim to the bullets of his hated enemy, and the latter made for his moun tain rendezvous to join his companion and plan for the capture of the young widow. Sheriff John Munds, of Gavapat County, Deputy Sheriff Pete Boscha and his two sons started in pursuit of the bandit, and, after following the trail for some distance, separated. Several days later Alfred encountered the duelist in a lonely canyon and succeeded in getting the "drop" on him.

lation.

Garcia surveyed the dwarfed and youth-ful figure before him with considerable amusement, and laughed at the boy's as-sertion that he was under arrest. He reached for his gun, when young Boscha opened fire, chipping off one of Garcia's ears and sending two bullets through his hat. This was convincing proof of Al-fred's aim, and the bandit surrendered

himself unconditionally.

A few months later Dick Boscha was the hero of a capture that was equally as remarkable. Vicente Ortego and two others cut the throat of an Italian and cobbed him of considerable gold dust. The lad trailed the murderer over precipitous mountains, and, after several days, returned with him triumphantly. Ortego is Yuma for his misdeeds.

The Weaver district, where the Boschas live, is the heart of what once constituted the bad lands of Arizona.

Policeman Was the Iceman

Policeman Shanahan, of the Chicago force, agrees with dog fauciers that not one dog in 500 is afflicted with rables when accused of being mad, but is suffering from some other d'sorder, says the New York Sun. So when he was called yesterday to kill a "mad dog," the pet of Mrs. Charles Edwards, Instead of bringing his revolver to play, he ordered some ice brought. "That dog is no more mad than I am," said Shanahan. "It is simply suffering from heat, and I'll try a different remedy than bullets." Ice was brought and the policeman cracked it into small pieces, and bound it on the animal's head. Then he led the dog into the shade of a tree, where he tied it with a rope. In a few minutes the dog's blood began to cool and it wagged its thil as if to show its gratitude for what had been done to alleviate its suffering. Later in the day Mrs. Edwards splied up the police station to inform Shanahan that her

was as well as ever, and to thank him for the common sense he displayed, It is a curious fact that all the three cou It is a curious fact tast an the three country houses of Sir Waker Scott in Scotland are at present to bet—Lasswade Cottage (occupied from 1798 to 1894), Ashiestiel (occupied from 1894 to 1812) and Abbourford (his house from 1894 and Abbourford (his house from 1894 and Abbourford (his house from 1894 and 1895).

# FOUGHT IN A NORTHER

WIPING OUT OF VALDE'S GANG OF CATTLE THIEVES.

Cowboys Met and Gave Them Battle in One of the Terrible Texas Storms.

Half a dozen cowboys, with old Major Lewis, the boss, and black Sam, cook of the outfit, were camped for the night in Wild Rose Pass, 20 miles north of the Limpia River, after having gone through a flerce norther, which had driven the big bunch of cattle which they were herding into the woods and canyons for refuge, says a writer in the Brooklyn

After the boys had swallowed their

knowed he was rite, fur human natur couldn't stan' it much longer. I scarcely know how I got to the cabin, but I did somehow, an' so did all the rest of our fellers, ceptin' three what had gone un-der, an' half of the rest was wounded,

"But we wasn't done with the greasers yet. They'd hed the same idee at the same time, an' thar we was all mixed up, afitin' rite roun' the door of the shanty. Et was mity lucky that the boss had or-dered three of our fellers to take posses-sion of the shanty when he did, fur them fellers wan't froze so bad—like the rest feliers wan't froze so bad—like the rest of us—that they couldn't cock their pistols, for they were pertected from the wind a good deal by the walls. Red Sam an' Bill an' Jack, seein' our perdicment, rushed in an' soon cleaned out the greasers or driv 'em back, fur they, like our crowd, was friz so stiff thet they couldn't han'le their knives or guns.

"As soon as we could git off our bases."

"As soon as we could git off our hosses we crowded into the cabin and led our hosses after us. Then we managed some-ho wto shet the door an' fasten it. We After the boys had swallowed their coffee and ash cakes—for there wasn't a man on the frontier who could make such ash cakes as old Sam—Hod Jackson dry bark off'n the logs, somehow, an'

REV. A. J. FROST, D. D., OF LOS ANGELES.

WHO PREACHED AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH LAST EVENING.

struck a match, lit his pipe, raised up on Red Sam tuk a box o' matches an' lit 'em

Let's have the story."

"Wal, I don't mind tellin' it, seein' thet
yer cu'rosity's excited. It was late in the three froze hard as rocks. We didn't pay

fall of '88 thet a gang o' Juan Valde's no 'tention to the greasers. rustlers an' hoss thieves raided Sunset "That thar norther lasted two days,

in' like livin".

said the

a lot o' dry sticks and litter, an' we soon

more, afore we begin to git thawed out, but soon as our fingers begun ter limber up a little, the boss called for volunteers

to go out an' fetch in our three fellers. We managed ter fin' 'em, somehow, though the snow an' sleet an' wind was

an' we hed 'bout tore up an' burnt the hull floor—it was made of heavy punch-eons—afore it quit. Of co'se we was on short rations, an' our hosses didn't hev

nothin', but thet was a heap better'n bein' froze to death, an' when the storm

let up we rid out mighty weak, but feel

"What became of the greasers?" inter-

"We foun' 11 of 'em whar we'd fit 'em

an' we foun' three more less'n a hunderd yard further up the valley. The rest of

"I forgot to tell you how we caught Juan Valde, the boss of the greaser out-fit. He was a slick one, I tell you! 'Bout

a mile up the valley thar is a little gle

or gap, an' as we was passin' it one of the boys yelled out: "'Fellers, thar a b'ar or suthin' in that

holler log up in that gap. I saw suthin' crawl inter it jes now. S'pose we go over thar an' git it; b'ar meat'd go mighty

good jest 'bout this time.'
"An' over half a dozen of us went, an'

what ye s'pose we foun'? 'Twan't b'ar,

an' twa'nt a coon ner a possum; et was a pa'r of Mexican boots that we seed

about three foot up that holler log. Them boots cum out mighty quick when one of the boys got hol' of 'em, an' they was

"Say," yelled one of the boys, when the greaser was pulled out an' stood up, 'ef it ain't that devil Valde I'm a liar!' An' it was. The greaser Cap'n knowed of that holler log, an' when he saw that

thar was a mighty good chanst of freezin'

er gittin' wiped out, he deserted his crowd an' broke fer it. An' how'd you

s'pose the cuss kep' warm? Why, he had foun' a couple o' young b'ar cubs in the holler when he crawled in, an' he knifed 'em both an' pulled 'em out; then

he crawled back an' fastened up the mouth of the hole with their bodies. It was a slick scheme. The cubs war thar

Tod Jackson.
"Took him 'long with us till we go

back, an' then we struck his mortal coil down by the crick whar a big sycamore

Will Not Work Anywhere,

New York Tribune.

Labor is so much in demand in some of

the Western States that the wandering tramp is pressed into service and com-

pelled to do a yeoman's part in gathering the crops. It is well that the "hobo" way-farer should be compelled to earn his

bread in the sweat of his brow when he

can be caught and sent out upon the farms. But the scheme of shipping troops

of the idle seekers of aims in New York to the Western wheat fields at the ex-pense of the city is visionary and im-

practicable. Transporting Weary Willies from Cherry Hill to Wichita is not a bur-

What Sickles Is Doing,

Philadelphia Ledger.
General Sickles is doing his best to bring the Grand Army of the Republic into discredit. He now says that organi-

who has had Army experience, who can sympathize with the old soldiers, and who will "construe the statutes liberally." His

zation wants a Pension Commiss

municipal tressury.

should be imposed upon the

'What did you do with Juan?" inquired

ylt, an' we eat 'em fur our dinn

tree hol's its umbreller over the c ter keep 'em from gittin' freckled,

a Mexican's feet in 'em.

em must a took ter the bresh, an'

human bein' could stan' that cold,

his elbow and said:

lo years' experience."

"That was a lively old whistler, boys, and I don't remember a worse one in my

the strongest man in Texas, "That must have been the norther that struck the panhandle in '88," said the

"That was the yeer, Major," replied

Bill. "Thet norther wiped out more cat-tle on the frontier in 24 hours than the hull of any Winter since '79, but et did some good 'long with the bad."

"How was that, Bill? If a norther ever did any good, we'd like to hear of it.

ranche an' got away with nearly a thou-

san' head o' steers afore we know's et. Ole Colonel Vanceburg, the boss, c'lect-

ed 20 of the boys soon as he heerd of the

raid an' took up the trail. I was one o' thet crowd, an' it was a good one, too.

We follered 'em up as fast as hoseflesh

'd stand it an' struck their rear guard on Reboso Crik, They was 'bout 30 of them

greasers in thet crowd, an' they was

fighters, but they couldn't stan' us long, an' in less'n a hour we drove 'em back

a-kitin' with the loss of six men-four

killed an' two wounded. 'Course we didn't hev no amb-lance long, an' as we couldn't

sen' 'em back comfit'ble like, we p'roled 'em— What you laffin' at, Tod?" "Paroled them! Ha, ha!" laughed

r'member k'rec'ly. Wal, as I was goin' ter say, 'bout the time we had driv the greasers back, Jeff Rogers, one of our

fellers, hel' up his han' an' said: 'Boys, thar's a norther cummin' shore, an' et's

goin' ter be a whooper, too. Smell the ar?' As soon as I smelt that hot puff o' win' I know'd an' everybody else know'd

thet thar was goin' ter be a mity change

in the climate o' Texas befo' many min-its, an', as all o' our crowd was ole,

and for a hole ter crawl into.

Boys, yelled the ole man-boss Vance

-thar's a little ole log cabin on the crik crost that divide rite in front. If we kin reach it we're safe. Ride straight ahead,

every man of you, for if we're caught out in this norther we're goners.' An' ride we did, but 'bout the time we struck

the top of the divide we could see a big, lead colored cloud reachin' 'way up inter the firm'ment rite ahead of us an' not

five miles off; an' even then we could feel chunks of cold like icicles jabbin' us in

the face an' cuttin' thro' our duds like bullets a hittin half inch bo'rds. 'Great Scott,' yelled the boss, 'she's comin' like

a race hoss, an' we've got a mile ter go

persprashun runnin' down our backs, fur the cold was fast drivin' all the heat out

o' our bodies. We struck the foot of the

from the ole log hut, when one o' the

men yelled: 'Dummy hide, ef thar ain't a crowd o' greasers cummin' down the

valley.' Shore nuff, jest about as fur

plumb 40 greasers a puttin' in ther best

licks. They'd seen the norther comin' an' some of 'em had heard or knowed of the

old shanty an' they was a ridin' full gal-

yelled the boss. 'Don't let the blamed greasers reach the cabin before we do or

"Say, but that was a ride! The cold

wind cut like knives, but we didn't hev time to freeze, then. It was a tight race,

an' for a time I thought ther greasers would git thar ahead of us, but they didn't, fer ef they had this hoss wouldn't

be heer now. We didn't beat them, nuther, but we struck them less'n a

hundred yards in front of the old cabin

'Jack,' yelled the boss, just as we struck the crowd, an' as the pistole began to crack, 'you an' Bill an' Red Sam break

fur the cabin an' hol' it. Shoot to kill!' An' off went the boys, leavin' the rest of

'Just then the breast of the norther struck the crowd. Say! But it was cold. The sand pelted us like needles; the

we're goners. Come on.'

us to fite the greasers.

Pistols, boys; it's a fight or a freeze,

away up the valley from the cabin as was down the valley, of thar was

an' turned up about ha'f mile

vit. Ride!' An' we did, but thar was

frontiersmen.

we looked

Jackson.

"That was the worst one I ever

# THE GAMBLING INSTINCT

HARPER PROFESSOR SAYS IT IS ALMOST UNIVERSAL.

Effort Seems to Be to Acquire Gain Without the Usual Necessary Drudgery.

I have always been o fthe epinion of Dr Johnson that the worst that can be said of gambling is, that it is a waste of time, and this, of course, can only apply to a person who, if he were not gambling, would devote his time to some more useful purpose, can be said of very few gamblers.—Labouc in the Look Out.

Well, well, it is a sad thing, no doubt. But we are all going to try and bear up under the affliction, says a writer in the

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sorry are we to see our good friend
Jerome, amiable but misguided chap, in the doleful dumps. But he was bound to get there; he would not take advice from the wise and kind, of whom we are in the front pew. The poor fellow has so convinced himself that he was a sec-ond Theodore Roosevelt, able to mount on the wings of quixotic endeavor to high office and fat salary, that he insisted on climbing his Rosinante and putting spurs to it. We tried to hold him back. In vain. And now that he lies tangled amid vain. And now that he lies tangled amid the debris of the Committee of Fifteen to which he had harnessed his picbald steed, we feel exceedingly sorry for him. But, as I said before, we will endeavor to bear up with that fortitude and phil-osophy which comes from years of hard training along Broadway.

No Fat Office Awaits.

We fear, good Justice Jerome, that neither a Governorship nor a Presidency awaits you as the result of your recent abortive raids on what you are pleased to term the "gambling fraternity" of New York. However, cheer up! You are young yet. Possibly a wiser course may suggest itself to you in the future.

I like Jerome. I have known him ever since he was a lean, earnest, self-opinionated young law student. Even during his apprenticaship in the law he was always striving to knock down windmills in Don Outrote fachlor. But here is not striving to knock down windmills. in Don Quixote fashion. But he was so manly and straightforward about his foolishness that one could not help feeling proud of his courage while laughing at his want of common sense. I knew his father before him—a royal good fellow, one of the gamest gamblers and most lovable men that ever graced Broadway with his sunny presence. He won and lost great fortunes in games of chance, in Wall street, on the racetrack, at the poker table. He was not ashamed of it, either. Why should he be? I wonder what he would think of the ground
and lofty tumbling of his son, if he were
here to see it? However, let us not get
personal. It is bad form, you know.
But for an out-and-out vindication, commend us to the remarks of Preference. mend us to the remarks of Professor W. I. Thomas, sociological and biological ex-pert in the Harper University, who declares-and brings the facts and figures to prove it-that the only children of Adam who are worth while are those who gamble in some form or another.

What the Professor Says.

The love of gain, Professor Thomas by grindin' 'em under his hoof in the ole fireplace. While they was a burnin' other fellers managed to kick tergether says, while it doubtless plays a part in ntensifying the gambling instinct which is alive in all healthy, normal men, is by no means the whole thing. The founda-"I recollect one o' them northers that 'd give this yer zeffir cards an' spades an' then 'd discount it," said Bill Little, a gix and a half foot giant, who, with the exception of Black Sam, was probably shoved 'em into the fire, Pretty soon the fire the state of t tion for the fascination, he says, lies in the fact that "gambling is a means of keeping up the conflict interest and of securing all the pleasure pain sensations of conflict activity with little effort and no fire blazed up lively an' we crowded roun' clost as we could git. The ole cabin hed been built tight, an' though it hedn't bin occupied for years the daubin' in the jints of the logs was yit mos'ly thar.

"It mite a bin a haif hour, mebbe drudgery."

The gambling instinct was born in the first man. It arose from the conflict or competition necessary to enable man to get his food. It has been handed down from that man to the present day by di-rect inheritance, and the man who makes a series of abortive raids in the hope that the gods of chance will turn to his future profit and give him exalted office is but appealing to the same gods of chance that e pretends to condemn.

"In gambling." says Professor Thomas, the risk is imminent, the attention strained, the emotions strong; and even where the element of skill is removed en. tirely and the decision left to chance, an emotional reaction analogous to the feel-ing in the genuine conflict is felt. From this viewpoint our problem is not so much o account for the gambler as to account for the business man.

"The gambling instinct is born in all normal persons. It is one expresses of a powerful reflex fixed far back in animal experience. The instinct is in itself right and indispensable, but we discriminate between its applications.. It is valued in war and business, it expresses itself in a thousand forms in the games of children and in the college athletics; it is approved in such expressions as golf, tennis and billiards, as a recreation for the man of affairs; but society justly condemns the exercise of the instinct aside from activities which create values. The value may be in the increased health and vigor which the business man derives from recreation. or it may be in the creation of wealth by this same man in a competitive business but the gamester pure and simple is not regarded with favor by society, because he creates no values and is therefore para. sitical, and is, besides, a disorganizer of the habits of others."

Give Professor Thomas a man without the gambling instinct and he will show you a drone, a lazy ne'er-do-well, a man without ambition, the solled tramp by the wayside, the husband of the lady who washes, and who lives, unchamed. by her toil. Give him a man of moment, whether he be the proud occupant of a great pulpit, worthy of the place a Pres-icent of the United States, a General, a chieftain, a great captain of commerce, a financier, a great merchant, or editor, or poet—aye, or a politician worth the name success-and you will find a natural-born

Cannot Be Suppressed. "Gambling," says Mr. Crimmins, wisely,

'never has been, and never can be sup-pressed." Why, all the world's a gambling house, and men and women but the players in it, and young Jerome sits at the table, but up to the present time he has shuffled the cards poorly, and played them even worse, poor fellow. In order to show the conflict interest

which is inherent in the human race, Professor Thomas cites the fact that men and women, too, will pause and watch a street fight. They go in floods to see a football contest, a gamble on the baseball green, a handlcap or suburban. And they gamble with heart and soul at any of these grand conflicts of the war of peace. "There are," says Professor Thomas, among the bookmakers, card and con fidence men, professional billiardists and adventurers, men who by every psychological test have a high grade of intelli-gence. They have excellent associative nemories, capacity to see general relaions amid details, to reach judge quickly and surely, and to readjust themselves skillfully to changing situation. \*While there are in this class men of ordi-nary intelligence, there are others who, under the proper conditions, would have taken high rank in the Army, in edu tion, in the ministry, in business and poli-tics, and in literature and art, just as there are men in these professions who, in the absence of normal opportunities and copies for imitation, would have urned out card or confidence men, keep ers of gambling establishments or thugs.

The sand pelted us like needles; the sympathise will "construe the statutes liberally." His in the face an' on the hands, cuttin the hide like a millyun needles; pistols means. He wants a man who will ignore maked knives flashed, men cursed an' the spoilsmen. It is not believed that the spoilsmen. It is not believed that the spoilsmen. Domestic and Foreign Ports. ASTORIA July 7 .- Salled at 4 A. M .-Steamer Columbia, for San Francisco. Sailed at 7:15 A. M.—Steamer Alliance, for hide like a miliyun needles; pistois cracked, knives flashed, men cursed an' yelled, an' every minut a feller'd drap an' freeze stiff afore he hit the groun'. I heerd the boas yell, 'Now, boys, every man of you break for the cabin!' an' I San Francisco, by way of Oregon Coast ports. Condition of the bar at 5 P. M., ports. Condition of the bar at 5 P. M., smooth; wind, northwest; weather, clear, San Francisco, July 7.—Salled at 11 A. M.—Steamer Geo. W. Elder, for Portland.



#### TWO VALUES.

HERE are two values to every purchasewhat it costs and what it pays you costs 8 cents a pound, but if you are drowning half a mile from shore, its value would are for cork, but what cork saves you." When a woman buys soaps she often confuses the two values. She sees only what she pays. She overlooks what she receives. Now a single cake of Ivory Soap pays back from ten to twenty times its cost in the saving it effects. Test it yourself! Vegetable Oil Soap. Ivory white. It floats!

from Knappton.
Hogulam, Wash.—Sailed July Hoqulam, Wash,—Sailed July 5— Schooner Lizzie Vance, from Hoqulam for San Francisco. July 6—Steamer Grace Dollar, from Hoqulam for San Francisco; schooner Oceania Vance, from Aberdeen for San Francisco; schooner Peerless from Aberdeen for San Francisco. Ar rived-Steamer Coquille River, from San Francisco for Aberdeen, Sailed, July 7-Steamer Newberg, from Aberdeen for San

Francisco. San Francisco, July 7.—Arrived—Schoon, er Volante, from Coos Bay; steamer Rival, from Wiliapa Harbor. Salled—Bark Levi G. Burgess, for Tacoma; steamer Fulton for Willapa Harbor; steamer Samoa, for Gray's Harbor. New York, July 7 .- Arrived-Menominee, from London; La Normandie, from Havre; Potsdam, from Rotterdam; Penin-

sula, from Lisbon, via Azores.
Dover, July 7.—Passed.—Grosser Kurturst, from Bremen for Cherbourg and New York.

Antwerp, July 7. — Arrived—Vaderland, from New York.

Moville, July 7.—Arrived—City of Rome, from New York, for Glasgow and proceeded. Gibraltar, July 7.-Sailed-Trave, from

Genoa and Naples, for New York.

Queenstown, July 7. — Salled—Umbris,
via Liverpool, for New York. Philadelphia, July 7. - Arrived-Waes-land, from Liverpool and Queenstown; Corean, from Glasgow and Liverpool, St. Johns, N. F., and Halifax, N. S.

Law of Mixing Brandy Julep.

Many men, even successful members of the profession, hold that, as a good examination does not necessarily make a good lawyer, it is better to make the con ditions of admission easy and thus allow the fittest of the lot to survive, says the Philadelphia Times. This sentiment has been less since the American Ray Asso. ciation took up vigorously the work of raising the standards of legal education. Many good anecdotes are told of the old tests. An able Southern lawyer still living has a good story about his examinaby Reverdy Johnson, one of the greatest lawyers of the last century. Mr. Johnson knew the young man, but apparently he did not allow his familiarity to influence the case. He asked him on or two questions as easy as the alphabet or the multiplication table, and then very severely demanded:

Young man, can you mix a good bran-"I think I can, sir," was the reply.

"There," pointing to the sideboard, "are the ingredients, sir. Now, let me sea what you can do."

candidate approached and used his finest touch and sense of selection in compounding the tonic. Then, topping it off artistically with a fresh mint, he presented it to his examiner. Mr. Johnson gave

Arrived at 8:40 A. M .- Schooner Repeat, the case his best care and patience, and glass had been reached, he looked at the young man admiringly and announced that he had passed.

> Good Word for Geer. Baker City Republican.

Governor Geer's peroration yesterday was not only patriotic, but it was intensey American. This "tall tamarack of the Waldo Hills" is adding rapidly to his po-licical stature. The Hon. Theodore Thurston has an unknown reserve force to draw

Braemar From Yokohama. TACOMA, July 7. — The steamshig Braemar arrived today from Yokohams with 3000 tons of silk and new tea and

7 steerage passengers. No More Dread

ortho Dental Chair TEETH EXTRACTED AND FILLED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN by our late scientific method applied to gums. No sleep-producing agents or

These are the only dental purlors in Portland having PATENTED APPLIANCES and ingredients to extract, fill and apply gold crowns and procelain crowns undetectable from natural teeth, and warranted for 10 years, WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. All work done by GRADUATED DENTISTS of from 12 to 30 years' experience, and each department in charge of a specialist. Give us a call, and you will find us to do exactly as we advertise. We will tell you in ad-

vance exactly what your work will cost by a FREE EXAMINATION. POPULAR PRICES



New York Dental Parlors

MAIN OFFICE: ourth and Morrison sts., Portland, On. HOURS: \$:20 A. M. to \$ P. M.; Sundays, \$:20 A. M. to 2 P. M. BRANCH OFFICE: 614 First Avenue. Seattle, Washington.



# Men Made Strong! CONSULT THIS OLD DOCTOR

THIRTY YEARS CURING MEN

who are suffering from the effects of youthful errors. among others showing some of the following symptoms: Nervous and Physical Debility, Varicocele, Losses, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Dull and Loss of Brilliancy to the Eye, Aversion to Society, Despondency, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Energy and Frequency of Urinating. A POSITIVE and PERMANENT cure is ALWAYS GUARANTEED by OUR "New Method Treatment." You may be in the first stage, but remember you are fast approaching the last. Do not let false pride and sham modesty deter you from attending to your agonizing aliments, Many a bright and naturally gifted young man, endowed with genius, has permitted his case to run on and on, until remorse racked his intellect, and finally death claimed its victim. Remember that "PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME." The asylum awaits you.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN married or sing e. ture by old as a result of excesses or youthful follies, and who are troubled by too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, deposits of ropy sediment in the urine, and sometimes small particles of albumen, the color first of a thin or milkish hue and again changing to a dark and torpid appearance, causing nervous debility and loss of vitality. Remember, this is the second stage of LOST VITALITY. In all such cases a perfect cure that remains cured is guaranteed.

SYPHILIS! Private Diseases In the First, Second and Third Stages CURED by his "NEW METHOD TREATMENT"

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Consultation at office or by mail free and invited. Hundreds of men have this troublesome condition and don't know it. Dr. K. can refer to hundreds he has cured, and they are well satisfied. No cutting

Call today, or write full particulars. Always enclose 10 2-cent stamps, DR. J. HENRI KESSLER
Corner Second and Yambili Streets. PORTLAND

"USE THE MEANS AND HEAVEN WILL GIVE YOU THE BLESSING." NEVER NEGLECT A

USEFUL ARTICLE LIKE SAPOLIO