better than Gilmartin, and Baldwin, who never thought of business in or out of the office-all told him how good he had been and how sorry they were he would no longer be with them, but how he was going to do so much better by himself, and they hoped he would not "cut" them when he met them after he had become great millionaire. And Gilmartin felt his heart grow soft, and feelings not all of happiness came over him.

Gilmartin had been eager to go to Wall street. But this leavetaking made him ead. The old Gilmartin who had worked with these men was no more and the new Gilmartin felt sorry. He told them very simply he did not expect ever again to spend such pleasant years anywhere as at the old office. If he had his life to live over again he would try really to deserve all that they had said of him on this evening. And he was very, very sorry to leave them. "Very sorry, boys; very sorry; very sorry!" he finished lamely, with a wistful smile. He shook hands with each man-a strong grip as though he were about to go on a journey from which he might never return-and in doubt of the wisdom of going to Wall street. But it was too late to draw back.

Everybody in the drug trade seemed to think that Gilmartin was on the high road to fortune. Those old business ac-quaintances and former competitors whom he happened to meet in the streetcars or in theater lobbies always spoke to him as to a millionaire-to-be, in what they imagined was correct Wall-street jargon. Their efforts made him smile with a sense of superiority, at the same time that their admiration for his cleverness made his soul thrill joyously, Among his new friends in Wall street also he oajoled him into trading often-every 100 shares he bought or sold meant \$12.50 to them—and when he won they praised his unerring discernment. When he lost they cothed him by scolding him for his reck-

From 10 to 3 they stood before the que tation board and watched a quick-witted boy chalk the price changes, which one or another of the customers read aloud ous the customers became. All were winning, for all were buying stocks in a bull market. Life to all of them was full of joy. The very ticker sounded mirthful. And Glimartin and the other customers laughed heartly at the mildest of stories without even waiting for the point of the joke. They were all neophytes at the

without even were all neophyses.

Fraging agame.

When the slump came all were heavily committed to the buil side. It was a bad slump. It was so unexpected—by the lambe—that all of them said, very grave—by, it came like a thunderciap out of a clear sky. While it lasted it was very uncomfortable. Those same Joyous, winning stock gamblers, with beaming faces, of the week before, were fear-clutched, losing stock gamblers, with livid faces, on what they afterward called the day of the panic. It really was only a slump; rather sharper than usual. Too many lambs had been over-speculating. The the had been over-speculating. The hands all of their own little of their own.

When he returned to the broker's office the next day he began to speculate in the only way he could—vicarlously. Smith, for instance, who was long of 560 St. Paul at 125, took less interest in the deal Paul at 125, took less interest blina:

Any, Thus, The the broker's go to defrand.

The sharper than usual Too many lambs had been over-speculating. The wholesale dealers in securities—and inscrutities—held very little of their own was long of 500 St. wares, having sold them to the lambs, and wanted them back now—cheaper. And so the fast horses some had all but bought joined the steam yachts others almost had chartered. And the demoitable of dreams and dwelling was the stock, suffering keenly when the returned to the broker's office the next day he began to speculate again, in said Gilmartin. "Til tell you what said Gilmartin. "Til tell you what the office of Freeman's brokers. At the end of the second month he had lost not only the \$1200 he had deposited with the firm, but an additional \$250 he had given his wife and had been obliged to "borrow" back from her, despite her assurances he would not have known who was before him of the second fortune did not reflect on Gilmartin's ability as a "Gilmartin did not perceive any resem-"

fice, saw Brown, and said, with sickly ravado: "I held out as long as I could. But

"I held out as long as I could. But they got my ducats. A sporting life comes high, I tell you!"

But Brown did not heed him, and Gilmartin pushed the elevator button impatiently and cursed at the delay. He not only had lost the "paper" profits he had accumulated during the bull market, but all his savings of years had crumbled away beneath the strokes of the ticker that day.

After the slump most of the customers returned to their legitimate business. Gil-martin, after the first numbing shock, tried to learn of fresh opportunities in the drug business. But his heart was not in fessing defeat in Wall street so soon after leaving Maiden Lane; but far stronger than this was the effect of the poison of gumbling. A few lucky weeks in the stock market would win him back all he

He saw it now very clearly. Every one of his mistakes had been due to inexperience. He had imagined he knew the narket. But it was only now that he really knew it, and therefore it was only now that he could reasonably hope to succeed. Properly applied, this wisdom ought to mean much to him. In a few weeks he was again spending his days before the quotation board, goestping with those cus-tomers who had survived, giving and receiving advice. And as time passed the grip of Wall street on his soul grew stronger until it strangied all other aspira-tions. He could talk, think, dream of nothing but stocks. He could not read the newspapers without thinking how the market would "take" the news contained The atmosphere of the street, the odor

of speculation surrounded him on all sides, enveloped him like a fog from which the things of the outside world appeared as though seen through a vell. He lived is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say is treated him as a "good fellow." They called him into trading of the lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is though seen through a vill. He lived in the district where men do not say it is the distr asks, "How do you feel?" receives for an answer, "Builish" or "Bearish," instead of a reply regarding the state of health. At first, after the fatal slump, Gilmartin importuned his brokers to let him speculate on credit in a small way. They did. They were kindly enough men and sincerely wished to help him. But luck ran against him. With the obstinacy of unsuperetitious gamblers, he insisted on fighting Fate. He was a bull in a bear market; and the more he lost the more he thought the inevitable "rally" in prices unsuperstitious gamblers, he insisted on fighting Fate. He was a bull in a bear market; and the more he lost the more he thought the inevitable "rally" in prices was due. He bought in expectation of it, and lost again and again until he owed the brokers a greater sum than he could the brokers a greater sum than he could blank him credit for suches cent disrethe brokers a greater sum used to give him credit for another cent, discongarding his welcoment entreaties to buy a last hundred, just one more chance, the last, because he would be sure to win. And, of course, the long-expected happened, and the murket went up with a rapidity that made the street blink; and Gibmartin figured that, had not the brokers refused his last order, he would have ers refused his last order, he would have have left in addition \$2500, for he have left in addition \$2500, for he would have left in addition \$2500, for he way up.

THE cierks gave him a farewell dinner. All were there, even the head office boy, to whom the two-dollar subscription was no light matter. The man who probably would succeed Gilmartin, the sam anager, Jenkins, acted as toestimaster. He made a witty speech. Moreover, he seemed sincerely sorry to bid good-bye to the man who seemed sincerely sorry to the meant pronofion—which was the nicest compliment of all. And the other cierks and young Hardy, bitten carclesis by it, and middle-aged Jameson, who had the could run be usiness much by it, and middle-aged Jameson, who knew he could run the business much here to the seeme of the could run the business much head of points in the customers were not trading actively.

In the cierks gave him a farewell dinner, and show there, even the head of move chief the quotations moved upward, the quotations moved upward, the quotations moved upward, the could run the prospects, the could run the sun the could run the sun the sun that the could run the prospects, and the sun the could run the sun the sun that the could run the sun the could run the the customers were not trading actively. The amounts he borrowed diminished by reason of the increasing frequency of their refusels. Finally he was asked to stay away from the office where he once had been an honored and pampered customer. He became a Wall street "has been," and could be seen daily on New street, back of the Consolidated Exchange, where the "put" and "call" brokers congregate. The tickers in the saloons near by fed his gambler's appetite. From time to time luckier men took him into the same beticked saloons, where he ate at the free lunch counters and drank beer and talked stocks and ilstened to the lucky narrative

with lips tremulous with readiness to smile grimace, One day, in New street, he overheard a very well-known broker tell another that Mr. Sharpe was "going to move up Penn-sylvania Central right away." The overhearing of the conversation was a bit of hearing of the conversation was a bit of rare good luck that raised Gilmartin from his sodden apathy and made him hasten to his brother-in-jaw, who kept a grocery store in Brooklyn. He implored Griggs to go to a broker and buy as much Pennsylvania Central as he could— that is, if he wished to live in luxury the rest of his life. Sam Sharpe was going to put it up. Also, he borrowed is

to put it up. Also, he borrowed \$10.
Griggs was tempted. He debated with himself many hours, and at length yielded with misgivings. He took his savings and bought 100 shares of Pennsylvania. Central at 64 and began to neglect his business in order to study the financial pages of the newspapers. Finally he had a telephone put in his little shop to be able to talk to his brokers.

able to talk to his brokers.

Gilmartin, with the \$10 he had borrowed, promptly bought ten shares in a bucket shop at 63%; the stock promptly went to 62%; he was promptly "wiped," and the 62%; he was promptly "wiped," and the stock promptly went back to 64%. On the next day a fellow-customer of the Gilmartin of old days invited him to

have a drink. Gilmartin resented the man's evident prosperity. He felt indig-nant at the ability of the other to buy hundreds of shares. But the liquor soothed him and in a burst of mild remorse he told Smithers, after an appre-hensive look about him, as if he feared one might overhear: something on the dead q. t. for your own benefit."

"Fire away!"

"Pa. Cent. is going 'way up."

"Yes?" said Smithers, calmiy.

"Yes; it will cross par, sure.'

"Umph!" between munches of a pretzel.

of the young man at all.

"Are you a Deputy Sheriff?"

"No." A slight pause, for oratorical effect. "I had a long talk with Sam today."

"What Sam?"

"What Sam?"

"Sharpe. The old boy sent for me. He was in mighty good humor, too. Tickled to death. He might well be—he's got 60,000 shares of Pennsylvania Central. And there's going to be from 50 to 60 points profit in it."

"H'm!" sniffed Freeman, skeptically, yet impressed by the change in Gilmartin's attitude from the money-borrowing humility of the previous week to the confident tone of a man with a straight tip. Sharpe was notoriously kind to his

tip. Sharpe was notoriously kind to his old friends-rich or poor. "I was there when the papers were signed," Glimartin said, hotly. "I was going to leave the room, but Sam told me I needn't. I can't tell you what it is about; really I can't. But he's simply going to put the stock above par. Let me know who is manipulating a stock, and to h-l with dividends and earnings. Them's my sentiments," with a final hammering nod, as if driving in a pro-

"Same here," assented Freeman, cor-dially. He was attacked on his vulner-

Strange things happen in Wall street. Sometimes tips come true. It so proved in this case. Sharpe started the stock upward brilliantly—the movement became historic in the street—and Pa. Cent. soared dizzily and all the newspapers talked of it, and the public went mad over it, and it touched 80 and 85 and 88 and higher, and then Gilmartin made his brother-in-law sell out, and Smithers and Freeman. Their profits were: Griggs, 1900; Smithers, 15,100; Freeman, 2570. Gilmartin made them give him a good percentage. He had no trouble with his brother-in-law. Glimartin told him it was an inviolable Wall-street custom, and so Griggs paid with an air of much experi-Griggs paid with an air of much experi-ence in such matters. Freeman was more or less grateful. But Smithers met Gil-martin, and, full of his good luck, re-peated what he had told a dozen men

"I did a dandy stroke the other day. Pa. Cent. looked to me like higher prices, and I bought a wad of it. I've cleaned up a tidy sum," and he looked proud of his own penetration. He really had for-gotten that it was Gilmartin who had given him the tip. But not so Gilmartin, who retorted, witheringly: "Well, I've often heard of folk that

you put into good things and they make money, and afterward they come to you and tell you how darned smart they were to hit it right. But you can't work that on me. I've got witnesses."
"Witnesses?" echoed Smithers, looking

witnesses: echoed Smithers, looking cheap. He remembered.

"Yes, wit-ness-es," mimicked Gilmartin, sconfully. "I all but had to get on my kness to make you buy it. And I told you when to sell it. too. The information came to me straight from headquarters, and you got the use of it, and now the and you got the use of it, and now the

least you can do is to give me \$2500."

In the end he accepted \$600.

It seemed as though the regeneration of Gilmartin had been achieved when he changed his shabby raiment for expensive of the state sive clothes. He paid his tradesmen's bills and moved into better quarters. He spent his money as though he had made millions. One week after he had closed out the deal his friends would have sworn Gilmartin had always been pros-perous. He began to speculate again, in the office of Freeman's brokers. At the end of the second month he had

in time to call them clients—to sell Steel Rod preferred, each man 100 shares, and to a second ten he urged the purchase of the same quantity of the same stock. To all he advised taking four points' profit. Not all followed his advice, but the seven clients who sold it made between them nearly \$1000 ever night. His percentage amounted to \$287.50. Six bought, and when they lost he told them confidentially how the treachery of a leading member of the pool had obliged the pool managers to withdraw their support from the stock temporartly, whence the decline. They grumbled, but he assured them that he grumbled, but he assured them that he himself had lost nearly \$1600 of his own. For some months Glimartin made a fair living, but business became very dull. People learned to fight shy of his tips. People learned to fight shy of his tips. Had he been able to make his customers alternate their winnings and losses he might have kept his trade. But, for example, "Dave" Rossiter, in Stuart & Stern's office, stupidly received the wrong tip six times in succession. It wasn't Gilmartin's fault, but Rossiter's bad luck. At length, failing to get enough clients in the ticker district itself, Gilmartin was forced to advertise in an afternoon paper.

in the ticker district have a fermion paper, forced to advertise in an afternoon paper, six times a week, and in the Sunday tion of one of the leading morning dai The advertisements ran like this:

WE MAKE MONEY.
for our investors by the best system ever
devised. Deal with graulne experts. Two
methods of operating—one speculative, the
other insures absolute safety.
NOW

the tingures absolute safety.

NOW

Is the time to invest in a certain stock for ten points sure profit. Three points margin will carry it. Remember how correct we have been on other stocks. Take advantage of this move.

Big movement coming in this stock. It's very near at hand, am waiting daily for word. Will get it in time. Splendid opportunity to make hig money. It costs only a two-cent stamp to write to me.

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.

Private secretary of banker and stock operator of world-wide reputation has valuable information I don't wish your money. Use your own broker. All I want is a share of what you will surely make if you tollow my advice.

WILL ADVANCE \$40 PER SHARE. A forture to be made in a raifroid stock. Deal pending which will advance same \$40 per share within three months. Am in position to keep informed as to developments and the operations of a pool. Parties who will carry for me 100 shares with a New York Stock Exchange house will receive the full benefit of information investment safe and sure. Highest references given.

He prospered amazingly. Answers came him from furniture dealers on Fourth avenue and dairymen up the state and fruitgrowers in Delaware and factory workers in Massachusetts and electricians in New Jersey and coalminers in Pennsylvania and shopkeepers and physicians and plumbers and undertakers in towns and cities near and far. Every morning Gli-martin telegraphed to scores of people —at their expense, to sell, and to scores of others to buy the same stocks. he claimed his con

with them grew his desire to spe his own account.

He met Freeman one day in one of his dissatisfied moods. Out of politeness he asked the young cynic the universal query of the street:
"What de you think of 'em?" He meant stocks.
"What difference does it make what I

think?" sneered Freeman, with proud hu-mility. "I'm nobody." But he looked as if he did not agree with himself. "What do you know?" pursued Gilmar-

tin, mollifyingly.
"I know enough to be long on Gotham
Gas. I just bought 1000 shares at 180," He
really had bought 100 only.
"What on?"
"The information. I got it straight from

be it known, students as a rule do not

travel first-class. We were two days and

one night on the train going direct to

did we all have to tug out and have our

luggage examined and then was another

wild fight for places. Our greatest disap-

pointment was at Rome, where we ar-

rived dead tired to find the station de-

serted. Not a solitary cab, not a tram-

way in sight. We said, "This is not Rome.

this must be a side station," and we all

wanted to make for the train again, but

alas, after much yelling and much bad

carried by some Italian boys at the sta-tion. Streets were lined everywhere with

soldiers on foot and on horse trying to

keep order. For three days no flacres,

no cars, and even the bakers and the

Rome is a city of churches, one more

gorgeous than the other and many of

them possess the rarest art treasures. We

saw everything from the Forum and Palatine Hill to the Vatican and the pope.

Yes, your Oregon representative actually saw the pope. He has not been in very excellent health, but even then desired

OREGON GIRL SEES THE POPE

TO ROME # THE COLOSSEUM

LILLIAN MYERS WRITES OF A STUDENTS' EXCURSION

per cent. Gotham Gas broke 17 points in ten short minutes. Gilmartin lost all he had. He found it impossible to pay for his advertisements. The telegraph com-panies refused to accept any more "col-lect" messages. This deprived Gilmartin of his income as a tipeter. Griggs had kept on speculating and had lost all his money and his wife's in a little deal in Iowa Midland. All that Glimartin could hope to get from him was an occasional invitation to dinner. Mrs. Gilmartin, after they were dispossessed for nonpayment of rent, left her husband and went

to live with a sister in Newark.

His clothes became shabby and his meals irregular. But always in his heart, as abiding as an inventor's faith in himself, there dwelt the hope that some iny, somehow, he would strike it rich in

he stock market. One day he borrowed five dollars from a man who had made five thousand in a man who had made live thousand in Cosmopolitan Traction. The stock, the man said, had only begun to go up, and Gilmartin believed it and bought five shares in "Percy's," his favorite bucket shop. The stock began to rise slowly but steadily. The next afternoon "Percy's" was raided.

Gilmartin lingered about New street, talking with other customers of the raid-ed bucket shop, discussing whether or not It was a "put up job" of old Percy him-self, who, it was known, had been losing money to the crowd for weeks past. One by one the victims went away and at length Glimartin left the ticker dis-trict. He walked slowly down Wall street, then turned up William street. thinking of his luck.

He had not even his carfare. Then he remembered that he had not eaten since. breakfast. It did him no good to remember it now. He would have to get his dinner from Griggs in Brooklyn. "Why." Gilmartin told himself, with a

burst of curious self-contempt, "I can't even buy a cup of coffee!"

He raised his head and looked about him to find how insignificant a restaurant it was in which he could not buy even a cup of coffee. He had reached Maiden Lane. As his glance ran up and down the north side of that street, it was ar-

MAXWELL & KIP.

rested by the sign:

At first he felt vaguely what it meant. It had grown unfamiliar with absence. The clerks were coming out. Jameson, looking crustler than ever; Danny, some inches taller, no longer an office boy, but spick and span in a blue serge suit and a necktie of the latest style, exhaling health and correctness; Williamson, grown very gray and showing on his face 30 years of routine; Baldwin, happy as of yore at the ending of the day's work, and smiling at the words of Jenkins-Gilmartin's successor, who were an air of au-thority, of the habit of command which he had not known in the old days.

Of a sudden Gilmartin was in the midst of his old life. He saw all that he had been, all that he might still be. And he was overwhelmed. He longed to rush to his old associates, to speak to them, to shake hands with them, to be the old Gilmartin. He was about to step toward Jenkins; but stopped abruptly. His clothes were shabby and he felt ashamed. He turned on his heel with a sudden impulse and waiked away from Maiden Lane quickly. All he thought now was that he would not have them see him in his plight. As he walked a great sense of loneliness came over him. He was back in Wall Street.

"If I could only buy some Cosmopoli-tan Traction!" he said. Then he walked forlornly northward to the great bridge on his way to Brooklyn to eat with Griggs, the ruined grocery man,—(Copy-

WE TREAT MEN ONLY

rollef is a part of a permanent cure. That is the only kind of relief we That is the only kind of router we treat for. We, of course, do everything that should be done to ease pain or remove distressing symptoms, but our treatment proper is always directed toward the accomplishment of a thorough and lasting cure. It is one thing to relieve and mother thing to cure. Sometimes another thing to cure. Sometimes relief appears to be a cure—for a lit-tie while. Then sometimes the pa-tient is sorry he was relieved, for there are cases in which treatment that seems to benefit wonderfully brings ultimate injury. Our methods are beyond a doubt the most speedy, permanent and safe—methods which cannot possibly produce undestrable



Dr. W. Norton Davis

Contracted Disorders

De sure your cure is thorough. Not one of our patients has ever had a relapse after being dis-charged as cured, and we cure in less time than the ordinary forms

Stricture

less, and perfect results can be depended upon in every instance. We do no dilating or cutting what-

Positive Cure for Weakness

Our success in curing those derangements commonly termed "weakness" has done more to extend our reputation as specialists in men's diseases than any one other thing. We were the first to dis-cover the fact that "weakness" is cover the fact that "weakness" is merely a symptom resulting from a chronically inflamed prostate gland. and that to remove this inflamma-tion is the only method of perma-nently restoring lost vigor. To this day our system of local treatment is the only successful one in use. In years we have not falled to ef-fect a complete cure, which is a statement that cannot truthfully apply to any other treatment being employed in these cases. Of course, there are occasional cases that have passed into the incurable stage, and these we do not treat at all. Our long experience enables us to recognize them and to select only such cases as we can cure perma-

Reflex Ailments

Often the condition appearing to be the chief disorder is only a reflex ailment, resulting from some other disease. Weakness some-times comes from varicoccie or other disease. Weakness times comes from variou urethral obstruction; skin and bone diseases result from blood poison taint, and physical and men-tal decline follow long-standing functional disorder. Our long experience in treating men enables us to determine the exact conditions that exist, and to treat accordingly, thus removing every damaging cause and its effect.

Varicocele

Varicoccie is a relaxation, knotsystem. It stagnates the local circulation of waste and repair. Neglect brings derangement of funchealth. Most physicians resort to surgical operations and hospital treatment. We cure varicocele without operation, pain or deten-tion from business. Our cures are absolutely permanent, and no ill effects whatever can follow our

Piles

Oulek Cures Certain Cures

We cure the worst cases of piles permanently without the use of cintments, without pain, cutting or detention from business, in from two to three treatments. Our treatment is entirely new and peculiar to ourselves. Remember, no mat-ter who has failed before in your case, we will cure you with mild methods, and without danger, or else make no charge whatever for our services.
Should you live at a distance, we can treat you successfully at he

WE ARE ALWAYS WILL-ING TO WAIT FOR OUR PEE UNTIL A CURE IS EFFECTED.

Hours-9 to 12, 1:30 to 5, and 7 to 8: Sundays and holldays, 10 to 12.

DOCTOR W. Norton Davis & CO.

145% Sixth St., Cor. Alder Portland, Or.

and had a very satisfied expression of face. Cries of "Long live the King" heard everywhere. The crowds chwildly. The street Faubourg St. H is continually crowded with people, a

OREGON'S DUTY TO IMMIGRANTS

WALLIS NASH POINTS OUT WHAT PLEASES AND WHAT DISPLEASES EASTERN FARMERS

discontent with existing conditions of life leading to unrest and so to determination to make a thorough change. Chief among these causes are the strifes in the labor market affecting not only the wageearner, but bearing with cruel force on the wife, children and dependent relatives of the worker. Noticeable also is the marvelous growth of organization in the factory. Machines of almost human skill, frequently displaced by still later developments, and bringing in their train the treatment of their human attendants as part of the same huge mechanical power, to be likewise thrown aside as the period of highest activity and consequent usefulness passed by.

Many of the workers having not many years before been drawn from country into city life-attracted by high wages, and the busy stir of great communitiesthe revulsion most naturally prompting a return to open air, the play of light, sunshine and cloud, the tilling of the soil, the care of the animal life of the farm, the culture of the garden and orchard, the beautifying of the home, but above all the sense of ownership and freedom, the regulation of life otherwise than by the screech of the factory whistle, the the taking a man's part in the citizenship of a young and growing state, where a man counts for something more than a unit among 10,000 tollers, and his home a better thing than a rooming and sleeping place in a dark and dingy street.

Given the working of this great ferment it was pointed out that there were many claimants to be the goal and settling place of so great an impending migra-tion. The lands of the easy living and fertile South; the broad plains and newly opened rice ficids of Texas; the wide prairie lands of Canada beneath the Brit-ish fas; the wheat lands of the Dakotas; life on the homelike farms, the safe catand strawberry and hop gardens of our

N THE first article of this series we set forth shortly the social conditions in Eastern cities and towns tending to incontent with existing conditions of life seding to unrest and so to deterministic to make a thorough change. Chief among these causes are the strifes in the ances and meet the difficulties flowing from the journey of 2000 miles to the Pa cific Coast.

> To many of our readers this may be twice told tale. Others may think that all that is needed is being done when we in Oregon have thrown in our mite owards the cost of printing attractive bookiets and engraving pretty pictures of our orchards, farms and homes. Wiser counsels have prevailed. It is useless and wrong to deny the attractions of these other states; and these attractions are being brought home to the intending settler, not only by book and illustration widely scattered, but by enlisting an array of workers, traveling and resident, who seek out the individual, in his clubof the South and West, inform him as to land values, as to cost of journeys and times of trains, as to special farms in such and such counties for sale, as to markets for products of farm, range and orchard, as to church and school privi-leges, and, in general, on all such topics as suggest themselves to determine the choice of state and home. In many in-stances the magic lantern and stereopticon are called into service. Meetings are held over the Middle states, in church or schoolhouse; lovely pictures pass in rapid succession, appealing to old and young while the fluent and trained talker explains and enforces the lesson the pic

Until a year or 18 months ago, Oregon was silent and unrepresented in all this skilled and costly advertising. A great change has been wrought by the Bureau of Immigration, established in Chicago by the group of railroads known as the Harflag; the wheat lands of the Dakotas; of carriers and olive groves of Callina, and last but not least the healthy so on the homelike farms, the safe catand sheep ranges, the apple orchards of strawberry and hop gardens of our of Oregon. Spacious offices on Dearborn street, perhaps the most densely througed street of the great city, are decorated with a good selection of Oregon grains, fruit and

In the second article we dealt with the Abundant stores of handbooks, maps attractions of our own state to the trained Abundant stores of handbooks, maps and successful farmers and stockmen of the Middle West—led to the sale of their high-priced farms by the offer of prices which would enable them to treble and Quadruple their holdings in the Pacific Northwest—so offering scope and opportunity for enlarged possessions to themselves and a wider heritage to the coming generation and driven to the change by the growing competition of the West and the increasing difficulty of obtaining that skilled labor which is necessary to the improved culture of their valuable farms. For these reasons we claimed that the movement to the Pacific Slope and to their journeys to the West. Of course, and mended his period of his state and her people, make? The only one that occurred to the writer was this: "My friend, if the owner of that farm had laid out a couple of hundred dollars and fixed up large was period over all the Middle States. An organization of local correspondents in every town has been made whose duty it is not only to distribute all this literature locally, but to represent Oregon and its advantages in the places where they live and are known. To this is added the work of traveling agents in these states, who, each in his offer man observed thus to his neighbor: "Have you ever seen a country here where God has done so much and man so little?"

By the growing competition of the West and the improved culture of their valuable farms. For these reasons we claimed that the movement to the Pacific Slope and to

erally existing ignorance on Oregon and her resources, but it is the specialized in-dividual work that tells and brings results. Thus, and thus only, the charmers for the other states are met with their own weapons on their own ground.

It remains to inquire how we in Oregon are to grasp the present chance of receiving the advance guard of the army that may and should come, and of so welcoming them that their reports home shall encourage and not check their friends and neighbors from following their

First-What impression does Western

Eastern Oregon has this to contend with: Its chief giories and attractions are not all visible from the train. One has to enforce on the visitor that its wide wheat lands, with their prosperous farmers are hidden behind the hills bounding the vision from the track. That progresive and successful communities are yet sigh-ing for the thin line of steel to tie them to the outside world to gain a far wider

The sight of the Willamette Valley, contrariwise, is a revelation to the new-comer. Last week we had experience of this with a group straight from Wiscon-sin. Every mile south from Portland led to wide and wider prospects of the mag-nificent expanse. Eager questions fol-

"How soon do we come to the end of this? Is there much more of it?
"Only about 120 miles."
"Goodness, and all like this?" "Certainly, no worse the farther South

we go."
"Is it all cultivated?" "Probably not over one-half in crop."
"What is land like this worth?" "From \$5 to \$5 an acre."
"Where are the stones?"
"There are none. Just a little gravel

in old stream beds, but you can see as we go the depth of the soil."
"Does the clearing of all this woodland 'Not much. In our state after we have

got eid of the wood and stumps we have got to go to work to clear off the stones, and that is never done, and such soil as this we never saw." Then comes the reverse of the picture "What's the reason that, with a soil like this, the improvements are so poor? Look at that house. Not worth \$200, and has had no paint on it for ten years. See that barn. Why, one man in a day could nail up those loose boards, and anyway keep the rain out. Look at those fences, half

And so on. What answer can an Ore gonian, who is proud of his state and her people, make? The only one that occurred to the writer was this. "My friend, if the owner of that farm had laid out a

the books, maps and pamphlets open the comer that in the least is fair to the are essential to overcome gen-sting ignorance on Oregon and ces, but it is the specialized in-core, but it is the specialized in-core, but it is the specialized in-core. The table and below a like a maiden expecting her beau, do spruce up and put at any rate a clean dress on"

Another observation often made in the East comes from a man who has seen list after list of Oregon farms for sale. "Why, everybody must be wanting to sell out. Can't they get on in Oregon?"

Now, in nine cases out of ten the Ore-gon farmer is simply tempted by a rise in value of land over what he has been con sidering the worth of his farm. He not stop to think that the same rise has affected all other land in his neighboraffected all other land in his neighbor-hood, and that if he sells out he will want to buy in somewhere else, and very possibly will not get any place that suits him and his family as well as the old homestead, and if he does find a place he wants, he will have to pay the same high price for that. Most of us know, in our inmost souls, that we have to make in proportion to the stock and other propin proportion to the stock and other prop-erty on it from which we have to make our living. We think the remedy is to sell out. Why don't we instead sell off half our 230 acres at the new price, and with the price improve the other 180 acres? Get better houses, better barns, better implements and, above all, better stock? Then the 160 acres we keep will be in reality the "home place." The boys and girls can do better with it after we have gone, and there is a growing inheritance for them. Then we can tell the newcomer we are selling off a part because we value the rest. This answer our Eastern friends can appreciate, and be contented to setcan appreciate, and tie down by our side.

This paper is already too long. We had butchers joined the strikers, and the Italintended to set out some of the things ian bread, which is never too good, was that deter and scare off the Eastern buyer not improved by change of bakers, as the when he comes to a Western Oregon military baked the bread, and slaughtered when he comes to a Western Oregon town. Space forbids. And these obthe cattle. stacles perhaps the outcome of the newness of our conditions will pass away with the growth of a better feeling and less bitter rivalry among those interested in the sale of our lands.

We agree heartily in the often heard expression, "What Oregon needs is more people." We have offered reasons for the people." We have offered reasons for the belief that they are oh the way. The ob-ject of these papers will be gained if we Oregonians both recognize the fact and prepare to attract, to welcome and to ob-that especially pilgrims be allowed to have his blessing. One has to go through and much red tape to gain admission. On the eventful day 250 German pilgrims. assimilate the immigrant who dares the long journey from the far distant East.

Portland, May 22, 1900.

With the Dend. Israel Zangwill.
Light shadows fall scross her grave,
A sweet wind silns the flowered grave,
The songgist branches slowly wave,
The solemn moments softly pass.

The afternoon draws quiet breath
At pause between the eve and morn,
And from the sacred place of Death
The boly thoughts of Life are born.

I fret not at the will of doom; Her soul and mine are not apa Dear violets upon her temb, Ye blossom in my heart. A speed of 82 miles an hour for 15 miles has been attained on the Midland railway of Eng-land, with their new compound locomotives with a 550-ton load.

headed by their parish pricets, and my-self, the only American, met in the Vat-ican garden. It was necessary that the women be dressed in black, with black pope was seated and was entirely dressed in white, and had a most saint-like smile on his countenance. It was strictly asked of the pilgrims not to kneel, as this would prolong the interview, for the pope was receiving pilgrims against the wiehes of his physicians, but the pope said that as they had come such a distance to see him, he would be sorry to disappoint them. The cardinal held out the right hand of the none and as the

P ARIS, France, May 2.—(Special correspondence.)—About 250 American students took advantage of the cheap excursion rates to Italy, taking in Rome during holy week, Florence, Venice and Genoa. What a jolly crowd, and what a scramble there was for seats, for by the tenome students as a rule do not are amateur in comparison to this given. are amateur in comparison to this given in Rome. But the Italian artists them-

selves are best in their own operas There was a splendid illumination of the Colosseum by Bengal light. On a platform in the center 80 mandolins and gultars gave a grand concert under the direction of the well-known Roman mandolinist Giulio Tartaglia. The lights were fantastic combinations of violet, yellow and green. The interior of the Colosseum was illuminated with fire-colored lights in a manner to show every detail of the

In Florence we went to see Salvini, where the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother, Prince Eltel Friedrich, were in the audience. Franz Ondricek, the Bo in the audience. Franz Ondrices, the Bo-hemian violinist, also gave two very suc-cessful concerts in this city. As Reme is the city of churches so is Florence the city of art. In the Uffici Gallery are the the city of art. In the Uffici Gallery are the famous pictures of Madame Lebrum, Rubena, Guido Reni, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titlan. The Pitti Gallery, which is much smaller, contains the famous "Madona of the Choir," by Raphael, Giorgione's "Concert," Titian's "Magda-Giorgione's "Concert." Titian's "Magda-lena" and gems from Del Sarto and Cor-regio. From the Pitti Gallery is the entrance to the Boboli Gardens, which com-mands the finest view of Florence with its palaces and churches and the dome and campanile of the cathedral.

After a most instructive and amusing visit during which time Cupid was no laggard, as five couples have agreed to become partners for life, we reached band. His soloists are Miss Estelle Liebling and Miss Maud Powell. Miss Liebling's voice has much improved and she is meeting with wonderful success all over Europe. women be dressed in black, with black gloves and with a black lace scarf pinned gracefully to the head. All the men raised their hats and wore black kid gloves. At 11 o'clock sharp the cardinals formed us in a very long line of two abreast and after mounting many steps we reached the sacred room. The pope was seated and was entirely dressed in white, and had a most saint-like smile on his countenance. It was strictly asked of the pilgrims not to kneel as Powell are re-eneaged for 1994 and Fall 23 years of age and is the youngest singer

Just now Paris is in gay attire, for King Edward is here. He arrived yesterday and is the guest of President Loubet at the Edysee Palace, rue Faubourg St. Honore. The windows on this street sold disappoint them. The cardinal held out the right hand of the pope and as the faithful passed, they kiesed his signet order prevailed and England's King was the continually crowded with people, so the ring.

We saw the last representation of "II either side. He was dressed in yellow visit here. LILLIAN MYERS.