

The Rich Man's Opportunity

Common People's Want of Enthusiasm for Some Multimillionaires By Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

When all other forms of enthusiasm wane, the enthusiasm for the hero will wax and grow more and more.

Property is the shield above the soul that protects it from the cruelty of rain and snow and storm.

Wherever the man of unique financial genius has used his ten talents to serve the thousands of his workmen who have only one talent; wherever he has been a shepherd to them, has given them their just wage, told them no lies, given them brotherhood instead of exploiting them, and applied the law of truth and justice, that rich man today is loved and revered, because of his service.

The common people know their friends. When the rich man gives to a little reputation, when he goes into politics to promote his own interest, when he puts his name to head a subscription list in order to call away the attention of the people from some act of industrial injustice, the people see through the device. They know when a man rings true.

The time has come for every patriot who loves his country and believes in the republic, in the sanctity of property, to speak out and condemn anarchy and lawlessness toward man and God, whether that lawlessness be found among the ignorant or wise, the poor or rich.

Text: "He (Christ), being rich, for our sakes made himself poor."

"We unto those who made themselves down with thick clay."

MAN'S earliest and latest enthusiasm is his enthusiasm for heroes, and his hero worship. The rude clansman asks for a noble chief. Young aristocrats long for a great master. Joyfully the soldiers die for the great General. Once the true hero stands forth, the common people rise up with an abandon of gratitude for Kosuth, the patriot, for Garibaldi, the deliverer of Italy; for Lincoln, the emancipator and martyr. Nor do the people forget their benefactors. The years may come and the years may go, but each year wears more deeply the pathway to the hero's tomb, while persons take their little ones to his grave, that they may kindle their torch from the sacred flame that burns forever, on this altar of love and remembrance. Sometimes this enthusiasm for the rich man takes on pathetic forms. Tolstoy is a man of much gold, vast estates, Tolstoy has been gold to the common people, indeed, but what is much more important, he has been wisdom to the people, virtue to the people, to them an example, a guide, a shepherd, a savior. He knew that the life was more than meat, and that the least of his gifts was the gift of bread, that the real gift was himself, expressed in acts of love and service. The other day, the old man Tolstoy went with an American guest to another city, in Russia. When the people in the street recognized him, they rushed together, one vast tumultuous multitude. Workmen kissed Tolstoy's hands, mothers lifted their little children to touch the hem of his garment, peasants waved hats, shopkeepers forgot their goods, and the people lifted the old man in their arms, to carry him into the town. What did it mean? It means that for generations to come, fathers and mothers will rise up early and sit up late to kindle virtue, the love of truth and the devotion to duty in the minds of their children by rehearsing the story of Tolstoy, who was born to gold, lands, office and honors, a man who, being rich, made his gold to shine for the peasant and the common people. When all other forms of enthusiasm wane, the enthusiasm for the hero will wax and grow more and more.

Why No Enthusiasm for the Rich?

Nothing is more certain than the popularity of our merchants, our bankers, our manufacturers, in man average town and city. These have, through industry, honor and justice, earned their position and the esteem that is given to them. And we would naturally expect, therefore, that the men who have achieved many, many millions would be similarly honored by the Nation. But, with sorrow and shame, we must confess that the common people of the republic exhibit no enthusiasm for the excessively rich, save in one or two instances. Some explain the fact by emphasizing envy, that is the vice of mean souls. It is said that incompetence and failure are always jealous of success. Criticism is the penalty that greatness and gold must pay. Doubtless pre-eminence is open to the attacks of the envious. The man who climbs to the top of the ladder becomes a target for those who tried to climb and could not reach the top. It has been said that even the President "pays dearly for his White House." It would seem to follow that popularity and enthusiasm are lost when a man achieves many, many millions. But this statement is as superficial as it is unjust. History is a wise teacher, and history teaches anything it tells us that in all generations if one rich man has been hated by reason of his cruelty, and so lost leadership, that the great man of that generation has nearly always been a rich man who has been the savior and the idol of his people, because of his justice and his truth and pity for the sheep that looked to him as shepherd. If any man thinks that the common people are always envious of the rich man in his palace, let him recall Lord Shaftesbury, whose monument has been erected by the poor in London. Shaftesbury lived in a magnificent country house, owned wide estates, had a palace in the most exclusive street in London, yet when he died 250,000 people, of the common people and the poor, lined the streets. Whole troupes attended in a body. An organization of working women carried a banner, "I was unhungry, and ye fed me." A thousand boys stood in one block, representing newsboys, bootblackers, costermongers. They lifted on a flag these words, "I was sick and in prison and ye ministered unto me." Nothing would be easier than to match the enthusiasm of the people for Shaftesbury with a thousand similar names during the past 500 years. The common people are not envious of all rich men. The Croesus who wants the enthusiasm of the common people can be idolized and almost worshipped by them. Nothing is risked in the statement that many multimillionaires in this country are throwing away the greatest opportunity vouchsafed to any man of their era.

Why Unique Commercial Genius?

Why is it that God gives some men unique financial genius? The true answer is based upon the old division of society into the six classes of men. God raises up the soldier to keep the state, the physician, the teacher to keep the state in health, the jurist to keep the state in justice, while the manufacturer or merchant has been raised up to feed the state and clothe the state. The soldier, named Garibaldi or Pinchon or Cromwell, dies to keep the state liberty. The poet named Homer or Dante or Emerson, breeds bread and lives in a simple cottage. His reward is in the consciousness that he has inspired the people. Lincoln is raised up to emancipate the weak. He makes no charge for his unique wisdom, gives his golden sentences freely, pays the price for the common people's adoration, and dies for the state without commercial reward. In times of cholera or yellow fever, the physicians go South, and freely risk life to keep the people in health. Did the discoverer of ether take out a patent on his anaesthetic? Merchants urged him to do so; they said that he could die worth a million dollars. Their argument was that the merchant, in the hour of physical agony, would give his store or factory in exchange for the wisdom that destroys pain for wife or child. Did he hold the people up, taking advantage of the genius God had given him? What if Paul had refused to give his genius, manifest in the Ode to Love and the argument of Immortality, in the book of Corinthians, and declined to yield the fruit of his genius unto the people, would he have died in a river of gold? Emerson talked for the people of this country on an income of \$300 a year. And why does God give to a manufacturer his genius or to a merchant his talent and strength? It is that he may feed the state and clothe the state, laboring as Homer sang, as Dante dreamed, as Milton wrote, as Emerson prayed, as nurse physicians do and die, with the self-abnegation of Lincoln, and the self-sacrifice of Kosuth and Tolstoy. And wherever the man of unique financial genius has used his ten talents to serve the thousands

What Wealth Can Do.

The importance of this subject becomes the more apparent when we consider the

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of his workmen who have only one talent; wherever he has been a shepherd to them, has given them their just wage, told them no lies, given them brotherhood instead of exploiting them, and applied the law of truth and justice, that rich man today is loved and revered, because of his service. Meanwhile, capital and the employers have suffered by exploiting the people. In our country also there are men who are adopting the same method. I know a great manufacturer of instruments, who runs his factory for ten months in the year. He shuts the shop always at a time when the working people are needed. By doing this he breaks up the union of hunger and under the scourge of want in winter, and then forces them to accept, not a living, but a starving. He is said to be worth \$15,000,000. He has just given a large sum to educate young men and women in his own town. God put him in relation with his workmen. His nexus was a flesh and blood nexus through their hands. Out of his hundreds and hundreds of workmen the vast majority hate him. In the winter they waken to curse his name; at night they sleep, praying God for vengeance on him. Meanwhile, knowing that the nexus between himself and those whom God gave to him as sheep, to be guided by his shepherding, is a nexus of hate, he is trying to establish a nexus with students, because that appeals to his pride, and gains public approbation. An act of justice or kindness to his own workmen would bring no praise for generosity, because the public know that that would be simple truth and deserves no praise. The real crime, however, is his doing the thing, and not mentioning it. The time has come for every patriot, who loves his country, and believes in the Republic, in the sanctity of property, to speak out and condemn anarchy and lawlessness toward man and God, whether that lawlessness be found among the ignorant or wise, the poor or rich. His path that leads to peace is the path of justice and obedience to the laws of the Republic and the laws of God. On the other hand, the path that leads to honor and love and immortal remembrance is the path of service, justice and brotherhood. The common people know their enemies and never forget their friends. Remember, that man who, being rich, for the people's sake makes himself poor. (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

How Best to Secure Clean Markets

Message From the New Inspector Asking Co-Operation of Every Portland Buyer. At the request of The Oregonian, Miss Lillian E. Tingle, director of the Portland School of Domestic Science, has written the following article, which appears, or should appear, in all the papers, and they must all be paid some day, but she seldom dates them, and never gives an itemized account. We are beginning, however, to understand some of her methods, and it behooves us to live up to our knowledge and to try to gain more. But the housewife who cares, what can she do? First, she must inform herself as to what precautions ought to be taken in the handling of food and how much can be reasonably expected, and then she can use that strongest of arguments—the pocket argument—with her dealer. She should give her custom only to those who show themselves willing to comply with the demands of modern cleanliness. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized. She should require at least as much care and neatness in the handling of material that is to be put into, and in, part, will be her body, as she does in the handling of material which is to adorn her body. It will no doubt be sometimes troublesome and disagreeable to notice and to speak about these things, but it is the only way in which she can discharge her duty to her family and to herself. Let her take the trouble for the honor of her calling—the greatest in the world. Now for a few practical details as to what she should require. Cleanliness is, after all, a vague word, and very variously interpreted. Careful housekeeper, what follows is addressed to you personally: You must demand: Personal cleanliness on the part of the salespeople; clean aprons and overalls that can be frequently washed, instead of the wadded clothes, stiff with ancient grease and dirt, that we so often find in our investigations. Provision for frequent washing, and the use of such provi-

Historical Gavel

Part of the Wood Is From Oregon Territory. THE Oregon Historical Society is preparing an interesting souvenir which it will shortly present to the Iowa Historical Society. It is a gavel consisting of four pieces of wood, each piece taken from a historic tree grown in this state. Moreover, three of the pieces have a connection in some way with the State of Iowa. The handle of the gavel is made of the wood of a service berry shrub which grew upon the donation claim of Morton M. McCarver about two miles above Oregon City. Mr. Carver came from Iowa to this state in 1847, the first year of emigration. He was a pioneer of restless and intrepid character, and is credited with being the founder of Burlington, Ia., Linton, Or., and Tacoma, Wash. McCarver's donation claim above Oregon City has been, since 1855, the property of Mr. Warner. The service berry

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Royal Ann tree, the acorn of which was brought across the plains from Iowa in 1847. So it is going back to the land of its nativity. One Henderson, residing in North Carolina by birth, who emigrated to Iowa, became much interested in the Oregon country through reading the journals of Lewis and Clark. In 1848 he began preparations to emigrate to the Coast. Having learned the nurseryman's craft, he conceived the idea of bringing out a number of fruit trees of different kinds. He grew the best kinds of fruit on to seedling stocks and in 1847 had from 800 to 1000 scions. These he planted in two long boxes in earth about a foot each year its snow blossoms and hungry cattle by frames built up around the sides. Then Lucelling set off across the plains with his traveling nursery, drawn by stone horses. Most of the scions lived, and when he arrived at the present town of Milwaukie he halted and transplanted them into the soil of Oregon. Thus came the first nursery here. One of the most notable trees from these scions is one now growing on the David Chambers estate near Olympia. Chambers came all the way from Puget Sound to buy a fruit tree of Lucelling. He secured a large cherry tree, which he carried down the Columbia in a boat. At the mouth of the river he loaded the tree on horseback and rode homeward over the trail. He was rewarded the second year by a small crop of cherries. Every year his snow blossoms and ripens its harvest of luscious cherries. The cherry wood in the gavel being made is, however, from a tree that grew to the mouth of Lowell's place, where it was first set out.

Modern Wives. Truth. "Algy, dear," a well-known woman asked across the table at a recent dinner, "have we any children? I forget." Another glanced her husband at luncheon by saying: "Husbands are made to be kept, not to be heard."