FOREST GROVE'S 93-YEAR OLD YOUNG MAN

JAMES LUCK, IN FULL POSSESSION OF HIS FACULTIES, AND STILL IN LOVE WITH LIFE.

BY MRS. S. C. SANFORD.

"WHAT have you done with the 20 years that lie between your real and your apparent age, and how do you account for your health, vigor and enjoyment of life?" were the questions recently put to James Luck of Forest Grove.

"Luck has always attended me," was the laughing rejoinder of this sturdy, well-groomed gentleman of 93, who, without walking stick or spectacles, was spending a Spring afternoon making social calls.

Born in 1815, in Suffolk County, England, just three months before the battle of Waterloo, he remembers that the mothers held up Napoleon's soldiers as the bogie-men to keep their children near home.

He was 5 years old when George IV was crowned king. Robert Peel and the Iron Duke were making history while he played among the odorous hedgerows of that rural land, whose rustic loveliness and charm of splendid antiquity never lose their hold upon the hearts of her children. He attended the coronation ceremonies of William IV when he was 15. At the time of Victoria's accession he was engaged in the milling business, a young man of 22. When he emigrated to this country in 1859 there was just one railroad in all England, which ran between Manchester and London. He was eight weeks crossing the Atlantic.

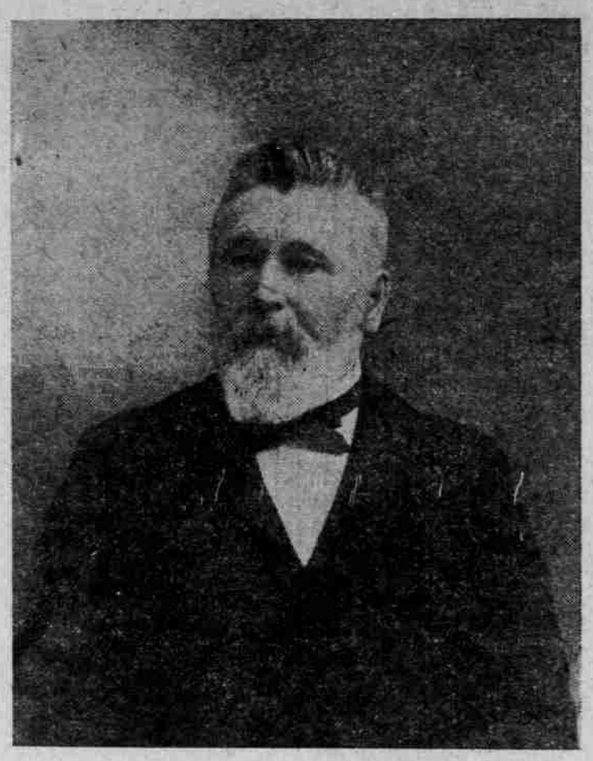
Martin Van Buren was wrestling with the financial problem, bequeathed to him by Jackson, when the young man reached these shores, and his English conservatism took him into the Whig party. He cast his first ballot for Zachary Taylor in 1848. Ten years' residence here before exercising the franchise made him a valuable citizen. At the breaking up of the Whig party he cast his lot with the Democrats. He greatly admires President Roosevelt, however.

He married a New England girl and resided a short time in New York, but, being seized with the Western fever, he moved to Oconomowoc, Wis., where he purchased a farm, intending to till the soil, but when his neighbors found that he was a miller, they induced him to go into the milling business, which he followed 40 years. At the age of 75 he retired from active business. When his only child married John E. Bailey, a leading merchant of Forest Grove, he came West and now resides with them. At 90 years of age he, with a party of friends, made the ascent of Mount Hood to a point some distance below the summit.

He is a reader; takes five papers and carries on quite an extensive correspondence; is conversant with the poets, Tennyson being his favorite.

But he is at his best when he is describing rural England. He has always been a lover of birds; spent much of his childhood watching and protecting them. As he described the flight of the skylark, rising from "where the earth is kissed with the sweet perfumes of nature and the air caressed with song," one could understand, somewhat, Shelley's perfect sonnet. This climate of Western Oregon is so similar to that of England that Mr. Luck felt at home here from the first, enjoying the roses and the outdoor life.

Reared an Episcopalian, he remains staunch to that church; but as his daughter has embraced Christian Science, he has built a pretty cottage in the residence portion of the little town and thrown the lower floor into an audience room, which is cozily furnished. Here Sunday mornings assembles a congregation. The genial loving spirit of home seems to pervade the room, especially when this hale 93-year young man is present. He who has provided this quiet peaceful spot, where the weary and the faint may bide an hour, with no thought of unpaid salaries or church debt to disturb the peace and serenity, may feel that his presence has the beneficent influence of a benediction.



JAMES LUCK AS HE LOOKS AT THE AGE OF 93 YEARS.

What greater success could one wish? To have been a good citizen, a producer, doing his share in the work-a-day world; to have lived so simply that at his advanced age he possesses a good digestion, good eyesight, strength of limb, and beyond all else, good memory and interest in the affairs of life; to have so loved his children that they are constant in their love for and devotion to him; to be so agreeable that he is ever an interesting companion, to have been and to have done all this is to have attained success indeed!

The following lines seem especially apt to close this sketch, for they will appeal to many who are spending the evening of their lives in this equable climate:

Growing Old Gracefully.

Softly, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee;
Sorrow and care did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling;
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that moved thee unwilling,
Far from the port of the land of the blest.
Growing old peacefully,
Peacefully and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,
Where the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from their youth would'st thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween!

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a fate that has grown in thy years;
Rich in the love that grew from and above it;
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Forest Grove, Or., May 27.

born. Some say the Italians have reels inside—and there may be something in this, for they eat as though feeding a machine by machinery.

No one has ever dared to measure the length of a single strip of macaroni; like the population and circumference of the world, it has to be estimated. Estimates differ, but all admit that it is long enough—except the dyed-in-the-wool Italians.

A dish of macaroni, Italian style, consists of one of these strings festooned in imitation of the Gordian knot. Some cut the Gordian knot, others absorb it. The absorption process may not be the most elegant, but it surely is the most general.

Gentle reader, if you are ever led up to a platter of macaroni, Italian style, and find all the exits closed, grit your teeth and go at the thing with firm determination and a timber fork. Gently decoy the left end of the string on your fork and begin to wind. Rotate the fork vigorously for some four minutes in the right hand and then transfer to the left. Then when the wad has assumed the size of a 10-cent spool of darning cotton, open your mouth with your fingers and punch it in.

A convenient way for the amateur to consume the dish it to get some kind friend to find the end of the string. Once having discovered this, distinguish it with a bit of red silk ribbon. Then look for the other end. If not found within 15 minutes, ask the waiter's assistance.

When the end is reached your pace of engulfing the string will have increased so that probably the end will slip into you unnoticed. But do not let this worry you. You have found the end even if you have lost it. Look at your plate! It is empty! Aha! at last you have accomplished the gentle art of absorbing macaroni.

Finally the Worm Turned.

A muscular Irishman strolled into the Civil Service examination room, where candidates for the police force are put to a physical test.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"What's that?" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman disrobed and permitted the doctor to measure his chest and legs and to pound his back.

"Hop over this bar," ordered the doctor.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Now, double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He sprawled, face downward, on the floor. He was indignant but silent.

"Jump under this cold shower," ordered the doctor.

"Sure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant.

"Now, run around the room 10 times to test your heart and wind," directed the doctor.

The candidate rebelled. "I'll not; I'll sthay single."

"Single?" asked the doctor, surprised.

"Sure," said the Irishman; "what's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong office. —Illustrated Bits.

A Little Bit o'Scotch.

New York Sun.

At a dinner in New York Dr. Charles F. Aked, of the Fifth-avenue Baptist Church, illustrated with a story the harm of church controversies. "There was an Argyleshire elder," said Dr. Aked, "whom I asked one day in London how his kirk was getting along. 'Aweel,' said he, 'we had 400 members. Then we had a division and there were only 200 left. Then came a disruption and only ten remained. Then we had a heresy trial and now there's only me and my brither Dugald left, and I have great doots of Dugald's orthodoxy."

It has now been decided that the Prince of Wales and his entourage will not remain on board ship in the St. Lawrence during their visit to Quebec, but will stay at the citadel, the residence of the Governor-General, where Earl Grey and his staff will also reside.

Object of the Fields and Workshops' Society

Shall the Poor in Cities Be Aided by Opportunity to Earn a Livelihood or by Charity?

BY E. P. ROSENTHAL.

THE object of the Fields and Workshops Society is: To select families from the congested districts of our cities, and to help hardy immigrants who flock to our shores to locate on farms. Every reader of current literature or the daily press faces constant public recognition of the fact that the conditions now festering in our political, industrial and social life threaten every republican institution and put civilization itself upon trial.

Every propaganda of social disorder finds its converts among those to whom the gates of opportunity seem forever closed, or who are buried in abject poverty.

There can be no morality to conquer the cravings of a hungry stomach. To legislate against nature is more than folly. To do that is to bark at justice. Like a beast, he who is hungry will steal, rob, and even your life is at the mercy against his hunger. And although the question is being daily asked as to what is to be done, no one is offering any solution that is in any way commensurate with the need; yet an adequate solution must soon be offered if free men and free institutions are to endure. These people must be led out of social darkness into the sunlight of physical comfort and well-being. Human sympathy must have something to offer. The hungry stomach must be filled.

There are two ways by which it can be done—the right way and the wrong way. There is no alternative; one of these two ways you must take. Choose, then, for choose you must. Support him or let him support himself—which? Build almshouses, feed him there; build prisons, feed him there, or give him the opportunity and his own labor will provide for his needs. Cast your vote—which? Right or wrong—which? Happiness or misery—which? Charity or justice—which? Blessings or curses—which?

Opportunity and not charity is the remedy for the present crisis. To permanently solve the problem of the unemployed, it will have to be opportunity. By charity, never. Charity disintegrates everything it touches. The giver and the receiver are demoralized. We humiliate our neighbors by making them the recipients of charity, and thus destroy the very foundation of all religious belief, for who is there who does not dread to become a public charge? To love our neighbor as ourself means not to do unto others that which we would not like to have done unto us. How a church can conscientiously engage in missionary work when it does not fulfill this commandment is incomprehensible. Opportunity and not charity is to love our neighbor as ourself. With the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread is a scientific principle, which is in the world. Opportunity, not alms, is given us, so should we give opportunity to our brothers in need.

The opportunity consists in the members of our organization loaning us their credit as far as they are able and willing. Say an amount equivalent to that which they now spend in charity, thus: Mr. A. gives annually $1000 to charity; in seven years he would have given $7000; so instead of giving his money away as heretofore, he now keeps his money for his own use, but loans this society his credit (not actual money) for $7000. That is to say, he gives his note for $7000, payable at the end of seven years. Those notes will be deposited with a trust company, and low-interest-bearing bonds will be issued, using the credit notes as basis for that issue. These bonds will pay for the land and everything necessary to give complete opportunity.

And before the bonds mature, it is to be hoped the people to whom the opportunity has been given will have paid back the interest and the capital loaned them. The outstanding bonds are cancelled, and your note returned unused.

To our brothers we have given opportunity, which was their due. Justice has been done. Our peace of mind is not disturbed. We have done him only the kindness to enable him to work out his own destiny with his own labor. He is self-supporting. Now he will be able to help give opportunity to others. He has been taught the meaning of mutual aid; above all, you have helped develop a man's character. Had you kept on giving him charity, you would have assisted in destroying his character.

All the property of the Society is to be held by trustees, selected for their high public character and known probity, and all moneys received from sale of bonds is to be used exclusively in the purchase of lands, tools and things essential to the actual work of settlement. Accurate books of account will be kept by skilled bookkeepers, which books will be open for inspection at all times.

The Fields and Workshops Society undertakes its labor in no spirit of boastfulness, nor misconception of all the difficulties that lie in the path of all such great and comprehensive efforts; but believing in the wisdom of its undertaking, it appeals to all men and women who are capable of appreciating the value of such initiative, to consecrate their resources and their leisure to a cause that shall insure happiness and comfort to countless fellow human beings, which shall not degrade them by alms-giving or the disintegrating forms of charity, and which shall act with salutary effect upon the most serious and baffling problems of American National and civic life.

This is an invitation to the churches in general, and to their preachers in particular, to join with us in God's work to give the people an opportunity to love their neighbors as themselves. Pitch your tent in the camp of Justice. Put yourself on record that you love Truth.

The most prominent men of this country are interested in the Fields and Workshops Society. The advisory board includes Mrs. Fairbanks and Secretary Cortelyou, Washington, D. C.; Senator Cullom and Senator Hopkins, from Illinois; Ex-Governor Francis, of Missouri; Senator Perkins, of California, and Senator Fulton, of Oregon. The organizer in a 10-minute talk explained the object and aims before the Episcopal Conference, in the presence of many bishops and priests, who expressed a willingness to help the movement. A preliminary meeting for the organization of the work in Oregon will be held in the near future. In the meantime, correspondence is solicited by E. P. Rosenthal, organizer, Chamber of Commerce.

The Old and the New Politics

This Writer Has Sampled Both Brands, With Trimmings.

DRYAD, Wash., May 24.—(To the Editor.)—Some people never appear to enjoy a dish without a whole lot of trimmings which add nothing to the taste but only to the appearance of the food in question.

This reminds me of the Old Kentucky Colonel who had survived to a ripe old age on plain whisky, until a chance acquaintance came along and introduced to him a mint julip and the art of making the same. Well, the Colonel stuck to the new beverage so faithfully that in less than a year he "passed in his checks." His son, a bright youth by the way, remarked that "dad should never have learned to take grass in his whisky." This also reminds me that the Republicans of Oregon should never have learned to take to politics with trimmings. The thing works against the majority party, every time.

Let me see how plain politics works in Missouri, a Democratic state with primary law, frizzles, etc. The campaign opens, say, in May with about six candidates for each office, riding about the county canvasing for votes, eating free dinners, and getting free horse feed; each sure of the election and getting a promise of support from every voter. Primaries come off. Result, five out of six beaten, five soreheads and a whole lot of friends whose heads are sore in spots.

And now the fellows who believe in plain politics have their innings. Although in the minority by a large set of figures, some day agreed on they all ride over the hills and down the hollows to the county seat and hold a convention of delegates. Judge B. is put in as chairman. The Judge makes a short speech telling the assembly that they have come there to put up a ticket to be voted for. The Judge weighs 300 pounds and means what he says too. So the ticket is named without frizzles. Everybody gives a shout for the ticket and goes home.

Now comes some good plain politics of the kind which our fathers played. The voters are nearly all farmers, so, [illegible] every sorehead is sliced up like a [illegible] and planted, hoed and cultivated [illegible] system of intensive farming such as [illegible] agriculturalist ever yet excelled. A [illegible] crop of sorehead votes is cast, the [illegible] jority loses its grip and the outs are [illegible] "Vit et armis," which is "Hebrew" [illegible] "get out of your holes," at the Cou[illegible] houses.

This Government was formed by del[illegible] gates and was founded as a purely rep[illegible] resentative Democracy. But Oregon has been putting grass in hers and politic[illegible] are having a sure case of tremors. [illegible] some of the primary law states. Th[illegible] same thing happens in Oregon.

THERON LANDON.

New British Patent Act.

Indianapolis News.

By the patent act, which recently passed the British Parliament, and has already gone into effect, it becomes necessary for foreign holders of patents under British authority to erect and operate works in Great Britain for the production of articles thus patented. Foreign patentees under the old act were protected against competition by their patent rights, but did not have to produce in the country which protected their patents.

Red-Hot Poker in Art.

New York Sun.

John Hassall, the English artist, is unconventional in his methods and says that he shudders to think what would happen if some of his friends knew how he got certain effects. If he thinks burning will help him to get the right shade of brown he drops his brush and uses the red-hot poker. Once, when he found difficulty in getting the dirty gray he wanted, he used a little damp earth from the garden with very satisfactory results.

Real Meaning of Sign of the Cross

It Symbolizes Principles That Are Fundamentals in Society.

BY J. L. JONES.

THERE are only four primary principles in the universe. A knowledge of this fact would go far to simplify science, to facilitate investigation, and restrain the misuse of words. These principles are the foundations of the true civilization yet to be created. True social science, as yet unwritten, is based on these. They are the principles of religion as well as of law. They are the secrets of hygiene and medicine. They constitute the tree of life, and their leaves are for the healing of the nations.

These four principles are Truth, Justice, Love and Wisdom, symbolized by the Sign of the Cross. Justice is at the top, Truth at the bottom, and the arms are Love and Wisdom. The cross is the skeleton form of a tree, as well as of a man. It is the sign of alchemy or transmutation. It is the Key of St. Peter that opens the secrets of heaven and earth.

Peter means rock. Foundation means that which is poured. Rocks are poured like water. They are largely composed of gas. Concrete or cement foundations are made as human bodies are made by pouring things solid and liquid together. The foundations of wisdom are discovered by poring over the secrets of nature.

Each of these principles has its opposite, and there are all degrees of perversion and corruption in reaching the opposite extremity. Degree means a step down. It is degradation through division and descent. The absolute truth and life is above degrees. Absolute is the opposite of dissolute, which means broken up or dissolved. Absolute means indivisible and inseparable. It is unity.

The cross is the sign of peace; but inverted, point upwards, it becomes the sword, the sign of war. The perversion of the principles of truth, justice, love and wisdom causes war, dissension, division, disorder, disease and death. Their application in uprightness is the cure for all evils and the absolution from all sin. The mystic virtue attributed in the Middle Ages to the sign of the cross and the sprinkling of holy water are not without foundation in facts that are literal beyond the dreams of the most extravagant idealist.

In the mortal humanity, the principle of love is perverted. The first commandment forbids this perversion. The highest love is the love of truth, justice and wisdom. This is the path to perfection and immortality. The inferior loves are for sensual pleasures and material possessions. Of course, people should have material possessions, and God is not too beggarly to provide. There is abundance for all, but they turn the banquet into a fight, like dogs over bones. They injure and destroy. They prevent one another.

The commandments of God, which are the laws of social order and economy, are all violated. Till the people get to understand these primary principles and till they keep the commandments, there can be only disorder and consequent punishment. The way of the transgressor is hard. Transgress means to run across. To run across these laws is like running into a buzz-saw. They are vibrations of ether and they cut, consume and destroy.

The unity of truth, justice, love and wisdom constitute good in the absolute. This is a scientific religion. God alone is good. Alone means in oneness or unity. There is only one God and one God in the absolute, as there is only one form for a circle or sphere or square. And there cannot be any absolute good or perfection short of the unity of these four principles, for the lack of any one of them would be imperfection.

But there are gods innumerable in the inferior degrees, in the dissolution and division of the one. The mortal humanity comes through this dissolution and division. This is the fall of man. Man descends from the gods through degeneration. Man could not descend from a monkey unless the monkey was originally superior to a man.

God is not a fool. He is a great scientist. Mortal men cannot fool him. They are fools and he knows it. He is loving and wise. He is true and just. He does not run after sinners personally to punish them like a mother after her disorderly offspring. The laws of nature are fixed intelligently and act automatically so that they catch the offenders 'a-goin 'and a-coming'. The fool killer will surely find his own and the devil get his due. Divine justice is perfectly perfect. It is quite constitutional. It is fixed in the nature of things and rooted in the heart of the universe. It is different from the laws made by men.

God punishes transgressors by permitting them to make laws to govern one another and so they torture one another and make life as burdensome as possible. They become unconsciously the agents for punishing themselves for their own greed and dishonesty.

The word principle should not be used carelessly. It is a name that should not be taken in vain. For instance, we hear people speak of the principle of protection. Protection is not a principle at all. It is a policy. Liberty is not a principle. It is a condition. The word principle is derived from princeps, prince, and that from primus, first. A principle is a primary creative impulse emanating from the source of being.

But, as trees divide into branches, similarly a great many properties, qualities, states and conditions may be spoken of as principles in a derivative or subordinate sense, but we should not forget to relate them back to their origin in these four primary ones so as to preserve the conception of unity.

Corresponding to these four principles, there is another set of laws in the physical world which constitutes the framework or skeleton of all physical sciences, and these are so related together that no science can be understood perfectly without knowing its relation to all others, just as we cannot understand the geography of any country without knowing the place of that country on the map of the world.

The Creator reveals himself through his works, and these can only be understood in the light of those laws of correspondence that radiate from unity of person, of design and of purpose. The body social corresponds to the personal body and on the operation of the functions of the natural body are based the activities of mind and spirit. There is a relation between physiology and psychology and political economy of such intimacy that no one of these can be understood if isolated from the others.

The word economy is a Greek compound that means the law of the household. Church is a corruption of Greek words that mean the house of the Lord. There is a house involved in each word. The body of a man is a visible house or temple walking round on legs. The body of society is easier to imagine than to describe. Is has many heads and many arms and is represented by innumerable symbols.

We cannot separate religion from politics and understand either intelligently, for there are not two kinds of religion, one for Sunday and another for week days. Justice is a Latin word and righteousness a Saxon word, and both mean the same thing. Personal righteousness is not different from civic righteousness. Justice is not variable. It is absolute.

The Sign of the Cross is a combination of four squares radiating from a center. The Cross is the golden rule in morals and business, just as the square is the mechanics and masonry. A square is not a square unless it is absolute. A pair of scales is not correct unless it is absolute. And in the scales (the symbol of justice) we have the sign of the cross again. When the beam hangs absolutely at right angles to the upright, then the balance is true and the judgment just.

Christ was the great carpenter and the head of the order of Masons. He knew the rules of the cross and the square. He knew the meaning of a square deal. He could build the temple of his own immortal body and on the same model and by the same rules and laws he is yet to build the temple of humanity. The laws of ethics are as absolute as the laws of mechanics, and these laws are formulated in the ten commandments.

Christ did not come to abolish the Ten Commandments, but to fulfill them and make it possible for men to keep them in the spirit as well as in the letter. He did come to abolish the ceremonies and mummeries and sacrifices, that only symbolized and dimly indicated the true laws, but did not reveal their actual meaning.

No wonder that Catholics honor the cross. If they understood it better, they would honor it more. If we all understood the principles symbolized by the sign of the cross, we would all be good Catholics and good citizens. Catholic means universal. These principles are universal. They are the laws of cosmic order in humanity, corresponding to similar laws in the physical world. "In hoc signo vinces" is the statement of an absolute truth, for by that sign we shall conquer all the ills of life.

The foregoing statements apply only to the square cross, in which each of the angles is a right angle. The cross is so constructed that if any one angle is right they must all be right, and if any one is not right they are all wrong.

The square cross is the sign (plus) which signifies addition or betterment. The other cross is the sag of the balance. It is the sign of the crossing of breeds, of adultery and adulteration, of the multiplication of sects and factions and fads through the division and disintegration of truth. It means dissension, disunity and disorder. It is used in crossing out, marking off, rejecting, culling out. In the form of the crossbones accompanied by the death's head it is the sign of death and destruction. In the latter cross the angles are not square. It is made like the letter "X."

Macaroni Eating as a Fine Art

DIDST ever eat macaroni, Italian style? Say, it's great! They serve it on a platter that would be two feet square if it wasn't round. It greatly resembles Medusa's head on a platter. It looks like snakes, but it isn't. You eat it with fork, spoon, knife, fingers, face, chopsticks or scissors, as you prefer.

In the real Italian style it comes in strings. Macaroni originally was invented to be fed through a keyhole. The strings are of indeterminate length. Any good Italian could start masticating a piece (the other end of which was on top of the Masonic Temple) and finish within 73 seconds. A boa constrictor could eat a string of macaroni—if he were long enough.

It's an art. That's all there is to it. But that isn't all there is to it. Some people say it is an acquired art—others insist that you must be to the manner born. Some say the Italians have reels inside—and there may be something in this, for they eat as though feeding a machine by machinery.

No one has ever dared to measure the length of a single strip of macaroni; like the population and circumference of the world, it has to be estimated. Estimates differ, but all admit that it is long enough—except the dyed-in-the-wool Italians.

A dish of macaroni, Italian style, consists of one of these strings festooned in imitation of the Gordian knot. Some cut the Gordian knot, others absorb it. The absorption process may not be the most elegant, but it surely is the most general.

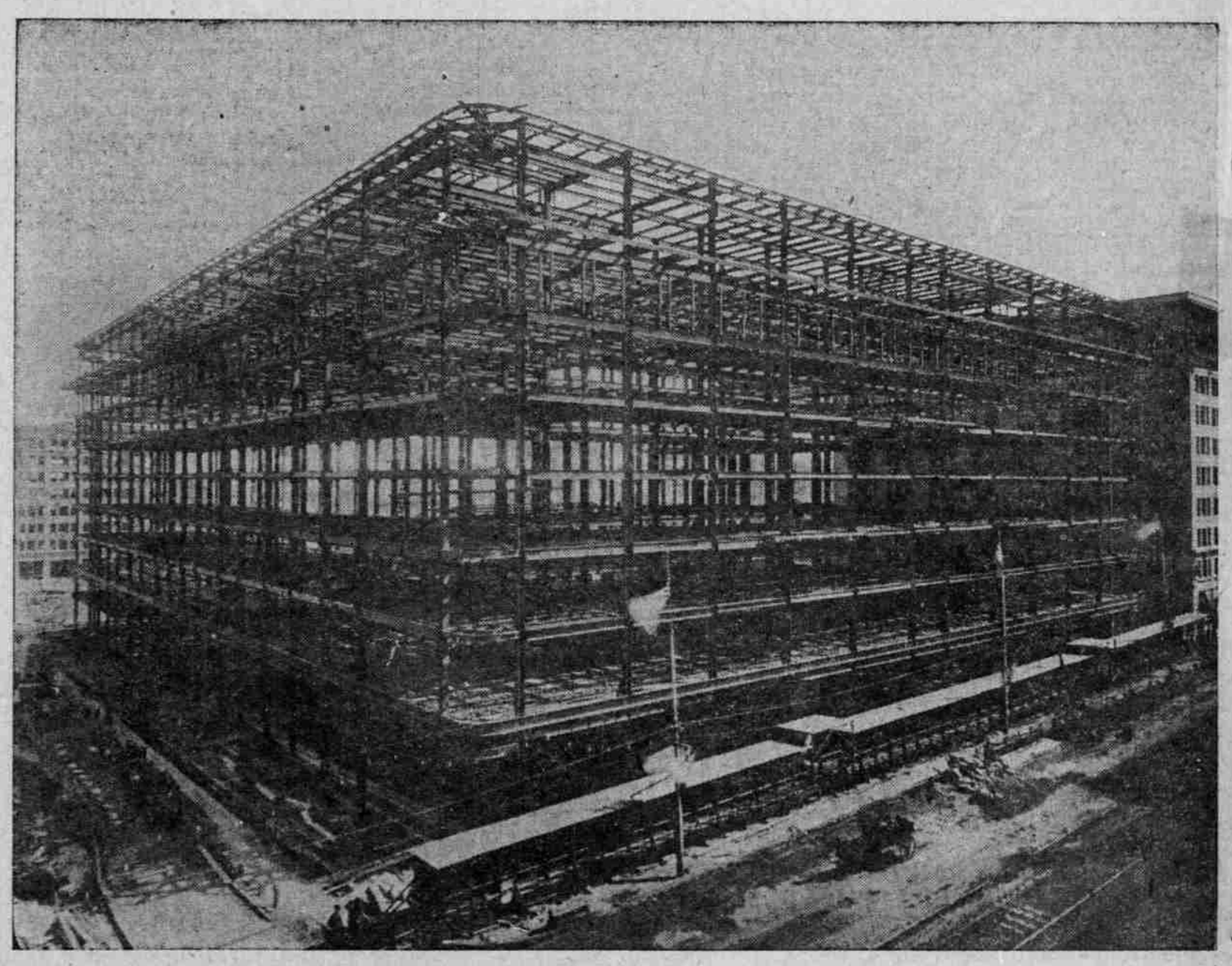
Gentle reader, if you are ever led up to a platter of macaroni, Italian style, and find all the exits closed, grit your teeth and go at the thing with firm determination and a timber fork. Gently decoy the left end of the string on your fork and begin to wind. Rotate the fork vigorously for some four minutes in the right hand and then transfer to the left. Then when the wad has assumed the size of a 10-cent spool of darning cotton, open your mouth with your fingers and punch it in.

A convenient way for the amateur to consume the dish it to get some kind friend to find the end of the string. Once having discovered this, distinguish it with a bit of red silk ribbon. Then look for the other end. If not found within 15 minutes, ask the waiter's assistance.

When the end is reached your pace of engulfing the string will have increased so that probably the end will slip into you unnoticed. But do not let this worry you. You have found the end even if you have lost it. Look at your plate! It is empty! Aha! at last you have accomplished the gentle art of absorbing macaroni.

WILL BE FINEST HOTEL IN WORLD WHEN COMPLETED

San Francisco to Make a Notable World's Event of the Opening of the New Palace Two Years Henc.



FINISHED FRAMEWORK OF THE PALACE HOTEL TO BE FINISHED APRIL 18, 1910.

SAN FRANCISCANS, and all Californians, for that matter, look upon the rebuilding of the Palace Hotel as being the ocular demonstration of the rebuilding of San Francisco. The historic hostelry is so interwoven with the life of the old San Francisco that it seemed really an integral part of the municipality. So well was the old Palace Hotel built that it required six months' time and the expenditure of $50,000 in cash to remove the ruined walls so that the site could be ready for the new building. The removal accomplished, the work of rebuilding began, and today the final piece of steel has been placed in the gigantic framework of the new edifice.

It is expected that the hotel will be complete and ready for occupancy by the time the fourth anniversary of the disaster which wrecked the old one rolls around. The event will be memorable in more ways than one. It will be taken by the people as the recrudescence of San Francisco, and to celebrate the completion of the work of rebuilding there will be given such a dinner as has never before been seen in all the great West, if not the whole Nation. The California promotion committee, which has the matter in hand, intends to mark the occasion with a feast that shall be remembered and spoken of as long as those who participate shall be on earth.

It is to be distinctly a California banquet, with everything on the table from napery to the most minute item of the menu, of California production. Already the wines are being vinted, labeled and laid away for that event. The cloth on which the service will be laid is to be woven from California flax; the room is to be decorated with California fruits, flowers and foliage; the table will groan with California viands.

The notables of the world are to be invited and statesmen will sit with rulers, financiers with merchants and professional men and the whole will serve to show the world, not alone the fact that San Francisco is rebuilded, but the wonderful resourcefulness of the State of California.

The accompanying photograph shows the present condition of the Palace Hotel, and by the time the $4,000,000 is expended it will be the most magnificent hotel structure in the world.