"THE CHRIST OF CHRISTMAS"

Sermon Preached From the Pulpit of White Temple by Rev. W. B. Hinson.

BY REV. W. B. HINSON.

GREAT is the mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh. 1 Timothy iii:16.

Great is the mystery of anything! Take the world of Nature in which we live, as an example. Is there anything more common than a sea shell? But is there aught more mysterious?

See what a lovely shell,
Small, and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot;
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well,
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design.

And one of our singers, in "The Chambered Nautilus," draws a moral from the shell that touches God, the soul, and the eternities, as he says:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Letting each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Or is there anything more common than a flower? Yet when Jesus walked Palestine and had the weight of the world's salvation upon him, he found time to stop in his journeyings and pick up the fair little lily, and say to men who were to be commissioned to take the gospel to the ends of the earth, "Halt long enough to consider the lilies how they grow." For well he knew that if they considered the marvelous shaping and coloring and fragrance of the lily they would soon have God suggested to their souls. The long centuries passed away, and one day an English poet pulled a plant out of the crevice of a wall, and looking at it with his clear gaze, exclaimed:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Jesus Christ was once talking with a ruler of the Jews about the supreme things of the soul. And as he talked, the night wind went moaning and sighing around the city buildings; and the great teacher paused in his lesson, and with finger uplifted and listening ear, he gently said: "Nicodemus, hear the wind." And he taught how the mystery of the wind was illustrative of the mysterious movements of the Holy Ghost.

Heard is the sound, but mortal minds
Are impotent to tell,
The mystery of the rushing winds
Alternate fall and swell.
What knowest thou of the sights it has seen
As the world it goes rushing around,
Where it is going or where it has been
Only thou hearest the sound.

Jesus loved to contemplate the seeds, and he talked one day about a field where a man was scattering seed, and he said: "I saw some seeds on the hard path where they had no chance for life, and some I saw on the rocks where the fowls of the air would speedily pick them up; and some I noticed on the shallow soil where they would quickly sprout and as quickly die; and some fell among the brambles to be speedily choked by the weeds; and some were rightly adjusted in the good soil, and they produced the harvest." And then another day he took a mustard seed, and holding it on the palm of his hand, said: "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, small when sown, but so wonderful is its growth that upon the branches of the mustard tree birds of the air rest and sing." And so mysterious is the seed that if you put a thousand different seeds together, the one sure method of separating them is to plant them. For God makes no mistake, and the pansy seed will produce the pansy, and the poppy seed will produce the poppy. So that we see how the great mystery of Nature is such that if only we opened our eyes and unstopped our ears we should be lifted up from Nature to Nature's God.

Great Is Mystery.

Great is the mystery of anything! Take human nature! Men are thinking all the world over today about the birth of a child. A child! One little year ago it was not; but now it will live when the stars grow old, and the sun grows cold, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold; and it will survive mountains, and seas, and constellations, and Time itself. It is no wonder that at the birth of his child, Tennyson solemnly chanted:

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was
Whirled for a million aeons through the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light!
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep.

The mystery of human nature! The mystery of an appearing life; of another creative act of God. For not in utter nakedness; nor in complete forgetfulness; but trailing clouds of glory do we come, from God who is our home. And as Wordsworth said, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." And that mystery attends us even as we move along the pilgrimage of life. And escape from it we may not, we cannot.

Strange the world about me lies—
Never yet familiar grown;
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

Our Exit From the World.

And then the mystery of our exit from the world! Who has sounded that? "To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. To die, to sleep, no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub! For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause." O the mystery of human nature! The mysteriousness of the great fact that I can say to memory concerning aught I place in its keeping, "Do you hold that ready for my use." And the long years go by till I say, "Memory, produce for my use that fact I gave you a score of years ago." And memory obeys. And then the faculty of judgment immediately gives balance and adjustment to that fact, and imagination moves in to give color and emotional life. Verily, the mystery that every one of

Rev. W. B. Hinson.

us is carrying about with him is such that were it only rightly considered, it would be sufficient to lead us to God. This wonderful mortal we call man, who can sweep the sky and reduce its shining orbs to a science; who can dig in the earth and lay bare the secrets of the primal world; who can look up into the face of the omnipotent God until a system of theology is formed and classified; and who in imagination can walk the golden streets, and who can picture hell and hear the awful moan of those for whom no sun will evermore rise; O the massive and mysterious heights of this human nature; how they suggest relationship to the Eternal God.

Great is the mystery of anything! Of the divine nature! The uncaused cause of everything! For every effect moves backward to its cause forever, until you touch God, but God is not an effect; He is the causeless cause of all that is. What a mystery! The uncreated creator of everything! For if we go back far enough, we can fix a date for the appearance of anything and for the appearance of every one until we touch God, and then we say:

The throne eternal ages stood
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

The everlasting One! We can imagine when Portland was not; and when Oregon was not; and when America was not; and when the world was not; and when the stars were not; and when angels were not; but God is the ever-living One. We can bound the greatness of the things we see; and we can define the limits of every kind of strength we know; and we can compute the square miles of the mighty sea; and we can tell how far away is the orb of day; and we can weigh the moon; and we can tell when the disappearing comet will reappear, when the millenniums have passed away; and we can imagine the wreck of the universe. But up above and beyond all human computation stands God the Eternal. The mystery of the Divine nature.

God! God! God!
Like flames in skies
That soar and rise,
And lose themselves in these
Years on years
And naught appears
Save God to be.

Manifestation of Divinity.

Great is the mystery of anything—even the manifestation of the divine nature. God at sundry times, and in diverse manner, spake in old time to the world; and for the men of the long ago, as for us, there was a strange significance in the murmuring of the wind in the pine tops at the twilight hour; and for these men long centuries dead, as for us, there was solemn significance in the rhythmic beat of the advancing waves of the tide; and men looked at the migrating bird thousands of years ago, and wondered if when the soul migrated there awaited it a home in some distant clime; and men read the heavens and hoped there was a place for them beyond the starry sky; and so they slowly discovered the great facts of the eternal power and godhead of the One who made this universe. But their hearts ached, and were empty, for the manifestation was insufficient. And God manifested himself through great and good man in the olden time as he does still. And Abraham moved across the desert places with a calm dignity that made men think of God; and Moses appeared as the man of massive silent strength, and as men studied Moses they marvelled us to what Jehovah must be like, whose creatures and subject Moses was; and David sang sweet strains of melody that refreshed the hearts of men until they thought of the angelic choirs; and John the Baptist stormed and thundered, until men shudderingly asked what would the great judgment be like. But still the revelation was insufficient. And though ten thousand altars reeked with blood; and the death cries of a million victims of sacrifice went out on the air; yet was the manifestation insufficient. But then there came a night; an ever memorable night, when the Mother of Sorrows in her hour of anguish sought the stable; a night when the ancient heaven could no longer contain its holy ecstasy of joy, but over the far battlements of the golden city the sweetest music went rippling like murmuring waves of light, until the shepherds listening, forgot their flocks as they heard the angels singing, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." And the mystery of the incarnation, and the great manifestation of the mystery became a glad fact. And so divinely instructed men sought the God who had come down within the poor confines of human flesh. And in the little town of Bethlehem, where the sweet-breathed oxen were resting, was found the woman whose eyes were wells of adoring worship; Joseph, the silent man of justice and rectitude; And the Holy Child peacefully breathing in His quiet sleep within the poor boards of a manger. And that was the revelation: the manifestation of the Divine mystery. For when they tell you He was born as others are born, they lie, or else the Book lies; for the Book says, "This holy thing that shall be born of thee, was begotten of the Holy Ghost." O He breaks the history of the race in twain; for he alone of all since Adam was born of but one human parent; and whoso denies the incarnation is a perjurer to the revelation that God has given in the Scripture, be he cowled priest or be he scientist; call he himself infidel, or call he himself Christian.

But what is it, this wondrous revelation? Why, it is the divine come down into the human. That is the mystery, and that is the manifestation of the mystery. And when that child grows up, he shall pick the flowers and hurry home with them and give them to Mary his mother, and receive for them her loving kiss; and yet he shall say one day: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And that man shall lie all worn out and soundly sleeping on the tossing deck of a storm-driven boat on Galilee's Lake; but when they arouse him, he shall stand up and say: "Be quiet, O wind"; and "Lie down, O turbulent wave." He shall stand in Bethany by the little cave in the rock, and he shall weep human tears and sigh and sob; and then he shall say "Lazarus come forth," and the dead shall live. It is the union of the divine and the human. That is the solution of the age-long mystery. And so he shall become flesh, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; and he shall walk the earth, and be hungry, and thirsty, and weary, and misrepresented, and slandered, and struck, and thorn-crowned, and nailed to wood; and he shall hang up there against the horizon like some awful blurr on God's blue; and he shall say "I thirst"; but then he shall say "It is finished," and move grandly and godlike into his eternal triumph, having consummated the union of the divine with the human. O this is the grand glad meaning of Christmas; that God in Christ has come down to men proclaiming that all reasons for despair are removed, and all approaches of good will have been opened by the nail-pierced hand, and henceforth there is peace on earth and good will to men.

FIGHT ON IMPURE TEXTILE FABRICS URGED IN PLACE OF TARIFF STUDY

Mrs. Sarah A. Evans Discusses Doings of Women's Clubs, Calls Attention to Issue of Year Book and Approaching Time for Payment of Federation Dues.

BY SARAH A. EVANS.
President Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs.

WOMEN would be a little more than human and a little less than divine if they could solve the problems of the new tariff regulations—or the old ones, for that matter. They are as complilcated as single tax and as intricate as the currency bill. They are so local in their significance that to one section of the country they bring joy, to another sorrow, and not even the wisest lawmaker knows, though they all pretend to, just what the effects will be upon the economic conditions of the country. But one thing is certain, and that is the effect upon the individual family will be too insignificant to be worth the serious study of a busy woman. This is a question she can safely leave to the lawmakers in high places—at least for a while, for big business will assume the responsibility, whether she wills it or not, and she is not equipped to contend with them, no matter how well read or how well she may think she understands the subject.

But being a buyer of 90 per cent of the clothing worn, she does know and has a right to assert herself when it comes to having these things genuine and what they pretend to be.

Some years ago the women of the country were aroused against the purveyors of colored and adulterated foods. With a protest that swept from ocean to ocean and deluged Congress, they forced through, against one of the strongest lobbies ever sent to Congress, a pure food bill.

The same resentment that was aroused against impure foods is now brewing against impure fabrics, and if Representative Lindquist's bill fails to pass at this session of Congress history will repeat itself, for club women do not intend, much longer, to stand the impositions of adulterated fabrics. It is one of the measures now being taken up actively by the General Federation and much literature is being circulated with the intention of educating the club women of the country to the necessity for action in the matter.

A few weeks ago Charles Coopey, one of the most active men in the country for the promotion of a pure textiles law, gave an able address before the Portland Woman's Club on the subject. Among other things he said:

"The whole wool clip of the world would provide each person, outside of those living in the tropics, with about 13 ounces of woolen cloth, or about one yard of 54-inch-wide lightweight cloth. As it takes four or five yards to make a suit for one of you ladies, you can get an idea as to what many of you get when you buy some of those all-wool suitings, or suits, as well as other woolen clothing, both outer and under garments.

"We are informed that all the wool goods made in the United States and sold as wool about 25 to 30 per cent is virgin or sheep's wool. The other 70 to 75 per cent is composed of shoddies, mungoes and cottons. These shoddies and mungoes are made from the old rags gathered chiefly from the ash barrels and gutters of large cities, but modern ingenuity has given this stuff a new name—they call it 'wool extract,' to give it somewhat of a respectable appearance."

Throughout the paper was so instructive and illuminating that Mr. Coopey was induced to place a copy of it in the hands of the state president, that any club which is interested in the subject and can find time on the programme may have it. Already several clubs have asked for it and others can have it by applying to the president.

Pure textiles is one of the most important subjects clubwomen have encountered for some time and as there will be a contest over it, in which clubwomen will play an important part, it behooves them to inform themselves on the subject.

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A competent index to the growth of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs may be found in the year book, which left the printer's hands a few days ago.

It is, by a dozen pages at least, larger than any of its predecessors, which the growth of the club directory, the increased number of committees and the enlargement of committee work made necessary.

The book contains the names of the officers of the National and state federations, necessary dates for reference or information, the president's address and the reports of all the officers, with the full report from all the committees, including the report of the trustees of the scholarship loan fund.

These committee reports, no doubt, will be carefully read, as they should be, at a meeting of every club in the state. They are most interesting and instructive and should be a wonderful source of inspiration to the clubs.

Two reminders are inserted in flaming red, namely, that the last Wednesday of January is scholarship loan fund day and that the dues are payable January 1 and should be sent to the recording secretary, Mrs. H. F. Davidson, Hood River.

Much annoyance and some expense is always incurred when the dues are sent to the wrong officer. The secretary requests in her report that when possible a draft or check be sent. Through misdirections last year several money orders were lost and while the Government is a safe custodian, its red tape supply seems never to be exhausted when it comes to recovering a lost postoffice order.

The red-letter pages of the year book should impress themselves upon every club officer. Two copies of the book have been sent to the president of each club for herself and her secretary and one to each committee member and several to each chairman. Last year the supply of books was exhausted before the year was well along, but this year more have been ordered and may be had by applying to the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Dunbar. To partially cover the expense those who want extra copies are requested to inclose 15 cents with the order, as that is just about half their cost to the federation.

There are still a number of copies of the last report of the San Francisco convention in the hands of the state president, which should be disposed of during the Winter. These reports contain all the proceedings of that wonderful convention and all the addresses of that notable gathering of distinguished men and women. Every address is given by someone who is an expert upon that particular line and every branch of club work or club activity is represented. New clubs or those engaged in other club activities than study would derive special benefit from the report, though the splendid literary work of Mrs. Potter and others will be found in it. These reports are 50 cents and are sold, as the state year book, at a price that only partially covers the cost.

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Mrs. H. F. Davidson, of Hood River, recording secretary of the Oregon Federation, who is in New York for several months, has written the following interesting letter to the state president, who feels she must share with the clubwomen of the state the pleasure she had in reading it. Mrs. Davidson is a keen observer and it will be noted that her observations of New York cover many fields, from home economics to politics.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson are comfortably ensconced in a cozy little apartment at 165 West Third street. She says:

"New York, Dec. 13.—I received a copy of The Oregonian of Sunday today. This is the second I have had since I left home. Of course, I went right to the woman's page for club items, and I tell you it seemed good to see some familiar names. I see you are having monthly meetings, which I think is a fine thing, for it will bring out a good many things for the good of the federation as well as for the individual club. I do not know whether I will be home for the one in February or not. Miss Davidson is taking care of my mail for me, so anything of a club nature will be forwarded to me at once. I have not received any dues yet, but they seldom begin to come before January 1. I am ready for them, as I have my receipt books and ledger with me, and will take care of them as I did last Winter, which was done without any trouble.

"I notice at the meeting the moving pictures were mentioned as being shown outside of Portland after the censors had passed on them. If you remember, the one Mr. Winstock showed us at Portland when the federation met there, which he said was bad, was shown at Hood River soon afterward. It was the one which had a kidnaping scene, then the woman, who was a cigarette-smoker and the keeper of a dive, killed the kidnaper and then committed suicide.

"I have failed to see Miss Mary Hay yet. I went there several times, but she was either out or too busy, and then she set an hour just before she left for Washington, but I was moving and I could not go. I will go as soon as she gets back, for I think she is still over there. I just missed Mrs. Pankhurst by about an hour. I went down to see Mrs. Hughes, who has charge of the woman's floor at the Hotel McAlpin, and is the lady mentioned in the Federation Bulletin on the little card sent out by it this Fall. Mrs. Waters, the editor of the Bulletin, lives on this floor at the hotel, but I failed to see her. I am going to look Miss Boswell up soon and try to get to some club meetings.

"So far I have had a very pleasant time. Several evenings we have been out to dinner and had some auto rides and have another one promised for tomorrow night, with a supper at the end of it. We were to go last Sunday, but it rained hard all day, just like Portland. I went to church in the morning at First Church, and heard that beautiful echo organ.

"It seems so hopeless here for suffrage. The way the women work at it. I went down to the office to meet Mr. Davidson yesterday and something came up about suffrage, and I told them I voted in Oregon, and they looked at me perfectly amazed. I told them I found instead of it degrading the women, it elevated the men. I told them of our election at Hood River, when the men put bouquets of flowers on the table and took off their hats and left their cigars outside, and furthermore I had found the men in Portland more gentlemanly in regard to their treatment of women than I had found in New York or places where women did not vote. I told them I went to church with the men, I walked down the street with them, I went into the stores where they were, and to the postoffice, and went up and paid my taxes, and why should I not go to the booth and vote. They did not see why either, when I got through with them. I told them that I believed I had a higher opinion of the men than they had, for I had always found them very nice to me, and especially so at the polls. Mr. Davidson then gave them a broadside. They contend we will vote as our husbands do, and then I told them how I had changed my husband's vote on two questions last Fall at our called election. I told them he was usually so busy he did not take the time to read the questions, and I did, and then when we got into an argument I would get the little pamphlet and read to him. I think they had a little better idea of suffrage when I got through with them.

"The weather has been very pleasant here with the exception of one or two days. Yesterday was very cold, but today is nice and warm again. It changes so fast I cannot keep up changing clothes to suit the weather. We are on the fourth floor of the house, so get all the sunshine there is to be had. Our little apartment is very comfortable and cozy. I have gas and electric lights, and it is fun to go shopping. I went out the other day to buy some spinach and the man said 10 cents a quart. I smiled and said I would take a quart, and I know it amounted to nearer a half bushel. Apples by the quart and sweet potatoes by the quart. I am getting good fresh eggs for 35 cents a dozen, but the fresh New York state eggs are 57 cents. These I am buying are shipped from Michigan and are very fine. I find things even more reasonable here than in Portland and I believe we are living a great deal cheaper than in Hood River. Where I went to buy my vegetables this morning I found a lot of big flies sitting in the sun on them. I immediately went to the other side of the street. It might be as bad there some other time in the day, but I did not see it. They are not very careful here, and I have had quite a time looking around for the best place to trade."

A Few Definitions.

Trial marriage—Any marriage.

Chauffeur—A man who takes life easily.

Bachelor maid—A spinster who has given up hope.

Heroine—A woman who can talk back, but doesn't.

Pull—The resource of those who have no push.

Salad days—Those in which the long green is plentiful.

An Early Christmas Carol

By BEN H. LAMPMAN in Gold Hill [Or.] News

God rest you, Merry Gentlemen!—
For Christmas draws anigh,
The very stars its portent fling
Across the happy sky.

The wind, that's whirled around the world.
Bears mumbled bits of prayer
From girls and boys who ask for toys,
Here, there and everywhere.

In every Christian land that lies
Beneath the star-strewn night
There are a million childish eyes
Aglow with wistful light.

And there are many little lips
That whisper gentle pleas
For dolls and drums and sugar-plums
And candled Christmas trees.

I guess, at such an hour as this,
Within this very town,
A score or more of little knees
Beside their beds are down.

That, ere the coverlets are smooth,
When darkness comes with dreams,
The Keeper of the Scroll has smiled
Above his written reams.

For Christmas time is very near,
And very dear, to them,
And they are very like, indeed,
The Boy of Bethlehem!

God rest you, Merry Gentlemen!—
I would not break your peace,
But that you are the stewards of
The happiness of these.

For well you know, that high or low,
Upon the Christmas morn,
'Tis meet that childish joy should greet
The day when Christ was born.

Sure, there is not a one of you
Has grown so bald and dour,
But that he does not call to mind
The Christmas morning hour.

I guess that every one of you
Would rather sponsor joy
Than mock the faith and merriment
Of any girl or boy;

Than hear one lone, unanswered plea
Go down to childish grief;
Than know the wise old world had grown
Another disbelief.

For Christmas time is very near
And very dear, to them,
And they are very like, indeed,
The Boy of Bethlehem!

CALIFORNIA CITRUS GROWERS RAISE $3,500,000 FUND TO FIGHT FROSTS

Mammoth Sum Is Paid Up in Cash and Is Indication That Fruit Raisers Are Not Suffering From "Hard Times"—Los Angeles Investment Company Weathering Storm—Highway System Seems to Be Dying.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 20.—(Special.)—Under its new management of directors, the Los Angeles Investment Company, which last month was investigated by the Government and its officials indicted, seems to be slowly weathering the storm. Judge Wellborn, in the United States District Court, has refused a petition to appoint a receiver, believing that the present board of directors are capable of directing its affairs and again putting the company upon a sound financial basis.

The future of the company will depend to a great extent on the outcome of the annual election, which will take place at the stockholders' meeting to be held January 10, 1914.

Those now in control cannot plan ahead with surety until the personnel of the board, after the election, is assured.

A committee selected at a meeting of a portion of the stockholders held on November 22 to investigate existing conditions, have sent a letter to the stockholders asking for proxies to retain the present board of directors in power. The board is now composed of D. A. Hamburger, Stoddard Jess, R. A. Rowan, W. H. O'Melveny, J. E. Fishburn, W. H. Allen, Jr., and Harry Chandler.

That a stubborn fight over the selection of the board of directors will be waged in the stockholders' meeting is indicated by the fact that a number of the complaining stockholders met Friday night and organized "The Los Angeles Investment Company Stockholders' Protective Association."

The purpose of this organization is announced as being "To conduct a carefully planned campaign to secure proxies to make a fight on the floor of the stockholders' meeting to put in a board of directors who are interested financially in the company and who will give all their time to the affairs of the company."

Final Tunnel Measure Passes.

The final ordinance for the lowering of the grade of the North Broadway tunnel, to cost about $150,000, which will increase property values surrounding the tunnel hundreds of thousands of dollars, was passed by the City Council last week with the dissenting vote only of Councilman Betkouske. Adoption of the ordinance was urged by scores of prominent Broadway merchants and hundreds of property owners in the assessment district, who will be called on to pay for the work.

The general scheme for the lowering of the tunnel grade contemplates the first step to be taken by the city for the entire rearrangement of traffic conditions north of First street.

John Wolfskill, owner of the famous Wolfskill ranch, lying west of the city and one of the last of the argonauts, died at his beautiful home in Pasadena from infirmities incident to old age, the possessor of an estate which probably will total $2,000,000. He was 77 years old and had lived in Southern California for 63 years.

Mr. Wolfskill early became convinced that the way to wealth lay in the pastoral resources of the state rather than in the gold diggings and came to Southern California. In 1868, in partnership with the late Edward McGary, of San Francisco, he bought the Escondido ranch, near San Diego, and ran sheep and cattle on its 13,000 acres. He sold his holding for $100,000 and bought the Los Angeles County ranch.

Only once venturing into politics, he represented San Diego and San Bernardino County in the State Senate during the term of Governor Stoneman.

Much of the Wolfskill ranch land is now under lease for oil development.

Jack Frost to Be Fought.

Three and one-half millions of dollars to fight frost! This, according to Manager Hutchens, of the Fruitgrowers' Supply Company, is the expenditure California's citrus growers have made to date on the premise that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. As the value of the citrus crop is estimated conservatively at $28,000,000, the expenditures made to extract the sting from old Jack Frost are comparatively small—particularly as $3,000,000 of the total represents permanent, not ephemeral, expenditures in the frost-prevention line.

Figures furnished by Hutchens show that all told the citrus growers have spent $2,500,000 this year in precautionary measures against the frost. Incidentally this outlay is spot cash, evidence that last year's freeze did not by one whit decrease the growers' confidence that the future of the citrus interests in the state is embellished with assured dividends. It also shows, which is more to the point, that the pessimists' howl of "tight money" in the citrus belt is mere vaporing, nothing more.

Another evidence of confidence is adduced by Secretary Wallschlaeger, of the Citrus Protective League. He has been busy lately collecting data on the new citrus plantings in the state. So far Ventura County is the only one to furnish him with up-to-date information. In Ventura County there was an increase in lemon acreage from 2738 in 1912 to 5580 acres this year, with the orange plantings in the same time increased by 528 acres. Though Wallschlaeger frankly admits that Ventura County will probably show the greatest percentage of increase, preliminary reports from other counties show that many trees have been planted, adding up a large total for increased plantings this year.

Relief of traffic congestion in the business district of this city was forecast recently when the Los Angeles Railway Corporation and the City Railway of Los Angeles filed articles of incorporation here and with the Secretary of State at Sacramento providing for consolidation under the name of the Los Angeles Railway.

Under the reorganization, with W. E. Dunn, C. A. Henderson, G. E. Ward, S. M. Haskins, J. E. Brown, Frank Griffith and Albert Crutcher as incorporators, the $5,000,000 of the stock of the two former companies will be wiped out and the capital of the new company set at $20,000,000, fully subscribed.

According to Dunn, who returned last week from a conference in New York with H. E. Huntington, the new company will issue bonds to cover the $23,500,000 indebtedness of the two old companies and will authorize an additional issue of $26,500,000 in bonds to build tunnels and otherwise care for such improvements as are necessitated by the growth of the city.

The issue of these bonds will be subject, however, to the sanction of the State Railroad Commission.

One of the greatest attractions that California might offer to the millions of her guests in 1915 is seriously threatened with failure, and that is the state highway along the coast. Long ago far-sighted men with the interests of the state at heart were convinced that one of the most impressive showings during exposition year would be the two great state highway trunk lines extending from San Francisco down the coast to San Diego, one near the coast and the other farther inland.

Now because the people most interested, county officers, chambers of commerce, boosting clubs and other organizations have shown an apathetic lack of interest there appears practically no hope that even one of the lines can be built.

When the people of the state voted to spend $18,000,000 on a system of state highways they did so with the realization that the roads would be a tremendously valuable asset to California and a good investment. Counties at once undertook plans for lateral or connecting highways aggregating even more. A great plan for a $40,000,000 highway system to supplement the good roads already constructed was auspiciously launched with an able board of State Highway Commissioners to direct it.

The Commission then adopted a policy of building highway sections in those counties or communities that were able and willing to float some of the bonds. This policy has been maintained and the amount derived from the sale of each block of bonds has been apportioned according to the desires of the communities buying or arranging for the purchase of those bonds.

Of the $18,000,000 issue about $5,000,000 has been sold. Most of this, including the amount on hand, has been apportioned according to the Commission's rule. All unpledged funds were used long ago.

Public spirited bankers of this city arranged for the purchase of $670,000 worth of bonds and pocketed the loss, the market value being 95 or a trifle less, although a recent bid by one of the leading bond houses on the Coast was only 93. The state law prohibits the sale of any of the bonds at less than par.

The problem, therefore, is to arrange for the sale of the bonds at the loss of the difference between par and market and find some practicable method in which the loss can be absorbed without working undue hardship.

It is possible, the Commissioners say, to complete both lines, even at this late date, so they can be used early in 1915, provided the funds can be secured. But there is no more time to be lost.

DEATH OF W. W. FINLEY BREAKS "12 GREATEST"

Late President of Southern Railroad Belonged to Modern School and Public Was Well Informed of Development Going Ahead.

BY THE death a few days ago of W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, the combination of "the 12 greatest railroad men in the United States" is broken up.

Mr. Finley was the first of the group of 12 which was selected by experts, including bankers, engineers and railroad directors in all parts of the country—to die. Whether another vote will be taken to fill his place is problematical. The combination of the "12 greatest" exists only in fancy anyhow, but it represents the composite opinion of the men who probably are the best judges of railroad men in the country.

One of the men who received complimentary votes when the original list was made up probably would be named, C. E. Schaff, of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, doubtless would be a favorite, as would B. F. Bush, of the reorganized Gould system, although he has yet to prove his capability in holding the lines under him together.

Nixon Is Mentioned.

There is a chance now for W. C. Nixon, the new president of the Frisco system, to make himself one of the "dozen." If he can get the road out of the receivership and make it a useful agency for the development of the territory that it serves he will be counted among the near-great, if not the really great.

The late Mr. Finley was one of that modern school of railroad presidents who believed in acquainting the public with what the corporations are doing. He succeeded Samuel Spencer, who was killed in an accident on his own road. Contrary to Spencer's methods, which provided for expansion and extensive development, he adopted a more conservative course. Under his direction the Southern has become a powerful factor in the rejuvenation of the South.

Like nearly all present-day railroad heads, he began work at the foot of the proverbial ladder. His first job was that of stenographer and he advanced gradually.

Death Comes at 60.

A few months ago rumor connected him with a proposed reorganization of the Harriman lines and it was reported for a time that his energy and his knowledge of transportation affairs would be given to the further development of the Coast, but he denied having designs on any position other than his own, saying that there was so much work to do in the South that he wanted to pass the remainder of his active days there. He was not an old man—only 60.

Those in the group of the "12 greatest" besides Mr. Finley are: James J. Hill, "the Empire Builder," who was unanimously selected to head the list; Marvin Hughitt, of the Chicago & Northwestern; Frederick D. Underwood, of the Erie; Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific; E. P. Ripley, of the Santa Fe; Howard Elliott, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford; Frank Trumbull, of the Chesapeake & Ohio; W. C. Brown, who has just retired as president of the New York Central system; Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania; Milton H. Smith, of the Louisville & Nashville, and Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio.

W. W. Finley, President of the Southern Railway, Whose Death Breaks Up Group of "Twelve Greatest" Railroad Men.