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TELLING THE EVENTS. The Journal desires, en passant, to call attention to the fact that it is telling the news to the people without restriction or favor to anyone.

Publicity is the best means of setting things right. Often the mere statement that some plan is on foot will suffice to spoil the plan.

The sunlight is a purifier. It is the ideal sanitary agent. It cleanses the air and eliminates the impurities.

The sunlight of publicity does this for social and political conditions, hence the newspaper that tells the happenings of a community without fear or favor is doing a signal service to the people.

If certain candidates, for instance, are to ask the suffrages of the people, or to secure support for elected representatives in a legislature, it is right that the public should know it.

If they be proper men to be elevated to high office, then their appearance before the public as candidates will not injure their chances.

Why should not the people know who are probably to be their representatives in legislative or administrative offices? Is it not their right?

And, these things being true, is it not the duty of newspapers to keep the people informed upon these subjects?

The Journal has endeavored to print the news fearlessly and without regard for the consequences, excepting to conserve the interests of right and justice.

NEED OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT. Bishop Potter, who has contributed so many pertinent thoughts to the discussion of current issues, recently said:

I tell you, my brethren, that it does not make a copper's difference whom you put in or whom you put out. No one man can create a force loyal to duty, unless behind that man of compromise are the pressing forces of a common sense which makes him feel that his position would be intolerable unless he did what was right.

Bishop Potter was talking of the matter of enforcement of law. He certainly hit the nail squarely upon the head when he uttered the foregoing remark in New York.

It is deplorable yet true that the average citizen has little courage in standing by his convictions. Privately, he will wish certain abuses to be cured, yet it is also true that he will refuse to stand for what he believes and as a consequence virtually becomes an ally of vice and sometimes of crime.

There is a disposition to inveigh against officials who do not enforce the laws. Yet, when they inaugurate movements for that end, they find cowardly shrinking by business men, and not infrequently prominent exponents of righteousness and morality evade duty and stand not squarely behind the public official.

Public sentiment—that must be educated to the proper conception of civic purity before there will be any considerable progress towards higher standards. And then, with public sentiment educated as it should be, there must be the introduction of courage

into the makeup of the citizen, and he must not hesitate to support the official who wants to do his duty, but who is powerless without something more than formal authority upon which to base his action. When men who violate the law are socially ostracized, when only law-abiding persons are recognized, when the great body of public sentiment comes to the point when it is necessary to obey law in order to be classed among representative citizens—then will officials be enabled to accomplish something substantial for the betterment of civic conditions. Public sentiment is the best law in the world. It will do more than statutes, ordinances or even than constitutions.

SPEECHES IN CONVENTIONS. A reporter telling the story of the irrigation convention for The Journal indulged in a bit of unconscious humor when he said:

"In spite of many long speeches, the convention got through its business and accomplished something substantial."

The usual convention speech is merely an opportunity for the speaker to get himself before the people, and display his ability as an orator, or, as often is the case, demonstrate that he has no ability. The average speech in the average convention is about three times as long as it need be. There is a wearisome multiplication of words, constant repetitions, and few succeed in accomplishing that prime essential of oratory—succinctness and brevity.

Words are to convey thought. Hence, to use more words than are necessary is to cloud thought, and tend to confuse the listener.

Turn back into the past, and read the addresses given at the battlefield of Gettysburg, when Edward Everett delivered the oration of the day, expanded it into an elaborate, involving affair, presumed to be a model of scholarly perfection, rhetorical construction and electionary excellence. Yet, how many of the people of the United States have read the speech of Everett, and who has not read the classic of Abraham Lincoln, who said:

"The world will soon forget what we say here, but cannot forget what you did here." That celebrated address that fills but a page of ordinary print is included in all volumes of American classics and deserves so to be regarded.

Brevity, succinctness, directness, clear cut phrases, simple diction—these are the requisites of oratory, and so many speakers fail to appreciate this truth that the average person is looked upon by the average person as something that must necessarily carry a heavy load of personal content and unnecessary stringing out of words.

General Grant was, of course, no orator, yet he never failed to hold attention when he arose to express his thoughts. He simply said what he had to say with just as few words as could convey the ideas of the occasion, and then sat down. When he finished, no one had failed to catch his meaning.

It was, indeed, a bit of unconscious humor that was dealt out by the reporter in telling the story of the irrigation convention. While some excellent addresses were delivered, there was, as always in public assemblages, some multiplication of words that was not necessary, and therefore, wearisome.

A SAMPLE OREGON COUNTY. Emblazoned upon bright badges, the following device was conspicuously worn by the members of the Umatilla county delegation in the late irrigation convention:

UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON. We Raise 6,000,000 bushels of wheat annually without irrigation. We have 100,000 acres susceptible of irrigation. Annual productions—Cereals, \$3,500,000; hay, fruit, wool and dairy products, \$1,000,000; livestock, \$1,000,000. Good markets. Fine climate. Pretty women. Smart men. Fine children.

These figures are more nearly correct than those usually given out to advertise a region. Umatilla county has really attained closely to these remarkable productions, and yet has only begun to develop the possibilities.

Vast areas remain arid, awaiting merely the water that runs down the rivers to the sea, to add so immensely to the sum total of annual products, that the present enormous contribution to the wealth of the state will be small, indeed, in comparison.

Easterners are invited to study Umatilla county as a sample of Oregon counties. But a few years ago, it was presumed to be fit only for livestock grazing. Cattle, sheep and horses ranged the hills and wintered in the pleasant valleys. There was no thought of agriculture, excepting in the minds of a very few far-seeing persons, who peered into the future and there saw a stream of golden grain, trainloads of luscious fruits, and other pastoral products to add to the already large output of livestock and wool.

The developments have justified their then apparently correct prescience, and today Umatilla county gives to Oregon millions of wealth annually to sell to the world at large. Instead of being only one enormous pasture, it is also a granary and a beehive of industry, the country teeming with prosperous, progressive homes, the United States and Europe sending yearly to secure of its rich production.

So recent has been this development, that there is not one man in that county who has a quarter of a million dollars of wealth. The wealth is distributed among all of the people, an ideal condition, indeed, for any community.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Alan Mason, who was arrested in Boston, being suspected of the murder of several women, but who was discharged for lack of evidence, has become quite a social lion. From the way the women flock around him, observing people will again begin to think him the guilty man. Waterson is acquiring the ground hog habit, with slight variations. If he comes out of his hole and doesn't see Cleveland's shadow, he goes back. The only way to catch a street-car in these days of betterments is to meet it.

The testimony in the gambling case is like that of the Irishman called to testify in a case in which Pat Duffy had been arrested for selling whisky. He was asked if Duffy had not drawn whisky from the barrel. "Sure I don't know what it was," said he. "I saw him draw something." "Was not the barrel marked?" he was asked. "Sure it was; it had whisky on one end and Pat Duffy on the other, and I couldn't say on my oath which of 'em was in it."

The coal miners at Washington, Indiana, struck recently, in sympathy with the mules which they claimed were ill-treated. They won their fight in a few hours. It seems strange that they should stand up for the mule and sit down on the Baer, but still, the mule at the worst could only kick them.

Volcanic outbreaks are reported from Utah, but the story is probably untrue. It was not an outbreak but Apostle Smoot trying to break into the United States Senate.

If you want to get your enemy over a barrel take him a walk up Morrison street.

The burning of the log cabin eating house at Meachem is to the traveling public simply a calamity. The famous meals and splendid service under the direction of Jolly Grandma Munrawell, if you've eaten there, you will understand, and if you haven't, nobody can tell you so you will.

When Bob Kernan was about to be taken from the Harvard football team, on account of his father's demands, the team got President Roosevelt to request the father to let him remain, and the intervention was a success. Bob will continue to kick.

A New York paper wants to know how you would spend a million dollars if you had it? If the paper will furnish the money, we will put its owners in the grand stand and request them all to think they are Missourians.

It is said Molinoux wrote a play while under sentence of death, and is now preparing to stage it. It is hoped this is untrue, for the public is disposed to be lenient with him and does not want to mourn his acquittal.

Some of the Eastern papers say that Hill is the Democratic party's Jonah. Now, if they would explain whether the whale is in the condition of "before" or "after" taken, it would add clearness to the statement.

No wonder Teddy is out after bear. Lady Curzon, formerly Miss Leiter, of Chicago, and at present the first lady of India, has just killed a monstrous tiger, and she shot it from the back of a big elephant.

John W. Gates, since his recent Wall street experience, cannot understand why the President or anyone else should go bear hunting, but still thinks if preferable to being hunted by them.

When Lady Curzon shot the tiger, it is presumed she did not wear a buckskin fringed suit. Will the President please make a note of it?

A Kansas judge has decided that a hypnotist has the right to bury his wife alive. Maybe the hypnotist got his work in on the judge.

The reason the hop market keeps jumping is because it depends, for getting there, on its hops.

The St. Louis man, who lost his mind in a poker game, must have been in a jack pot.

AN EXPERT FROM WASHINGTON. If the occasion had been opportune "Ned" Hay, the hand-writing expert from Washington, could have given Justice Lambert, Jerome, Frank Black, and the rest of the savants in the Molinoux case a lesson in oratory. In law, in stagecraft, in dialect recitations, in singing, in political haranguing, in sermonizing, in pleading, in post-prandial speaking, in anecdote narration, in facial delineation and in concrete epigram. He is the best known man in the National Capital, and the most versatile and brilliant. An expert in hand-writing? Why, that is a mere sideshow, an incidental. He is said to know more about sciences, arts, professions, trades, and religions than any other living man, and if all his knowledge were brought together under one head, as it is in one head, his equal would not walk the earth.—New York Press.

EXTREME COLD WHOLESOME. Commander Robert E. Parry, the arctic explorer, who has arrived home on his way to the Navy Department for duty, says it is his belief that the arctic region is one of the best places on earth for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. In proof of the health-giving conditions there, he said that nearly everybody who went up there came back weighing more and in a much better state of health generally. He did not bring any Eskimos south for the reason that those he brought several years ago had a hard time, many of them having succumbed to pulmonary diseases.—Wichita Eagle.

FAVOR STATE RECLAMATION.

The most emphatic sentiment manifested by the Eastern Oregon delegates to the irrigation convention is that in favor of the method of state reclamation. The contracts let by Oregon, under the provisions of the Carey law, are now in effect. They promise some immediate results and some practical demonstration of the work as laid out by the State of Oregon. The large irrigation companies want government irrigation, because they have the inside track, and the authorities in charge of surveys and location of experimental works and will get extensive government work, which will enable them to hold out contracts for years to come. Oregon don't want to be outbid by any one method. She must be free to receive immediate returns, from whatsoever source. We will not throttle the small contractors working under direction of the state, nor will we bar out the private plan of government supervision.

The more hands at work, the quicker will the harvest spring from our arid domain. Judge Hartman, chairman of the Senate of Eastern Oregon, has said: "Oregon should encourage the private as well as the government enterprise. We should go after the money coming to us under the national act, but we should also secure the rights of companies working under the Carey law."

O. L. Miller, chairman of the Baker County delegation, says, in support of Judge Hartman's idea: "We get more irrigation under two systems than we do under one. Eastern Oregon is all of this opinion."

Refreshing, indeed, this splendid sentiment in favor of local enterprise, in sympathy with the State of Oregon, in sympathy with the common people, who are awaiting the fruits of this tedious and far-reaching movement.

Oregon has had her quota of land and timber transactions, that have a shady appearance. She wants no entangling contracts with a government, which will be manipulated by corporations looking to their own private ends. Recommend more state irrigation. It will bear fruit, while the present generation is yet alive to enjoy it.—East Oregonian.

STORIES ABOUT POETS.

Something Man, Civilized or Uncivilized, a Sure to Keep.

A particular poet of a country lady of whom we have heard many a time, and whom we have known for apples has more than once got him into difficulties. On a recent occasion this fruit-loving sage was turned out to graze in an orchard, and to prevent the rabble from coming head to the trees, his halter was fastened to his forehead. In spite of this precaution, however, he contrived to reach the fruit. His ingenious scheme was to back against the trees and kick at them earnestly, until a collector of apples, who had been desired descended all around him. On the occasion referred to he was chased to kick just a trifle too high, and no got one of his hind hoofs firmly fixed in the fork of a low-hanging branch. In his ludicrous position Neddy had to pose for more than four hours, until one of the family discovered his trouble and released him.

A merchant known to a friend of the writer brought home a small monkey, which he called a general pet. His favorite friend, however, was the family cat, which he appeared to think it was his duty to protect, as well as her family of kittens. One day a malicious mischief-maker, who had lived together caught fire, and the astute monkey—who evidently feared for the safety of his charges—went into the shed and brought out two of the kittens in his arms. On another occasion this curious pet saved its owner from death by facing a subtle enemy who stole in at night to take his life in revenge for some fenced injury. The snake was afterwards killed by a mongrel dog.

A gentleman residing in Scotland has a superb collie dog and a small Persian kitten of which the dog is very fond. The two will play together for hours. One day a member of the family openly petted the kitten, and the dog became very jealous. Shortly afterward he went into the garden, made a hole in the mold with his paw, put the kitten into it, covered it with soil, and then he and the cat walked indoors. The gardener, who had witnessed this peculiar premature interment, went and released the unhappy kitten, and told the tale to the astonished family.

An English photographer has arranged a unique device by which birds and animals are made to take their own photographs. For instance, it is desired to obtain a picture of some timid bird, a camera is placed in a nest or in a camera is requested by the bird and concealed with the exception of the lens with twigs and leaves. A wire is run from the camera to the nest or to the bird, which is attached to a small pulley which the bird and in doing so pulls the wire and releases the shutter, thereby making her own picture. In cases of birds or animals with nocturnal habits a flash light is released by connecting the two wires as indicated. A skilled naturalist, ought to be able to obtain by this method some excellent photographs, which could not be otherwise secured.—Golden Penny.

OFF WITH THE OLD.

A story is told of a Pennsylvania farmer who wore his old suit until every one was tired of it, and it was so old that it was almost unrecognizable. One day he went to town to sell his produce, and while there he determined to buy a new suit and—happy thought—surprise Eliza. So he bought a neat suit into the wagon and drove homeward. It was after night as he hurried homeward, and at a bridge over a river he stood up on the wagon and "peeled" and threw it into the water. Then he reached for the new clothes—they were gone—had folded out of the wagon. The night was cold and his teeth chattered as he hurried home. He surprised Eliza with more than he anticipated.—Kansas City Star.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

The Arid Lands Meeting. The arid men of Oregon came down the other day.

To hold a big convention in the good old-fashioned way. And, if it was not, of course, to chew the local rag. And give the inland Empire on big governmental jag.

The gentlemen from Malheur had an hysterical zone. That was prior than a Malheur, or a prehistoric bono. A wealth of bank absorbent soil that needed but a dram. The only place in Oregon worth a department dam.

The delegation down from Crook had still a bigger scheme. An embryo in its vast extent, in wealth a miser's dream. And Barnes a gorgeous picture drew, be-riding to the eyes. The Valley of Paradise for soil, for verdure, Paradise.

And Miller, he of Baker, talked about the golden grains. That glistened on the bedrock, or that widened upon the plain. And water! you could fairly see its pools so deep and still. Until he almost dreamed you saw "Shoom's shady rill."

Then Halley, Umatilla, drew (we wish his words were true). And wiped the sugarbush all away and dressed the plain with flowers. From under the "Shoom" of the hills the Umatilla mocks. With ditches built a hundred miles without a sign of—rocks.

Then Williamson, our Congressman, he talked his little way. And he sat on the floor and he talked the other way. Then Chairman Devers sat on him, and he pulled the strings tight. To practice what they all had preached, and not to irrigate.

But laying idle jest aside, we wish you all God speed. With water all that heart could wish, and other if you need. We know ten thousand happy homes your acts have made today. And the more you leave with us is that you will not stray.—J. H. CRADLEBAUGH.

The Man From No Where. He's only a man from No Where. A With nothing at all to do. A With no other all gales. To no other compass true. No harbor, haven nor anchor. A Freak of the waves and tide. No lighthouse beacon to prompt him. No sign nor coast to guide!

A lost, lone, aimless, nothing—Just clay in the hands of chance; No form of soul or action—No motive to make advance! No business, but of the business—No thought, but of today! No goal but a frenzied phantom. That meets with his dreams away!

Ah, Heless man from No Where, Where's your home? Where's your goal? Go back to the living Somewhere. And search till you find your soul! Take up the thread of the tangled skein, And weave their flashing fabrics. In a chart for hand and brain!

And down on the coast of Action, Where the sea of Truth rolls wide, Make the waves and the anchor, Defy the waves and the tide! And there by the Human Compass, Map out tomorrow's voyage. By the gleaming light afar.

Choose something for a cargo—Be worthy of your art! Though the Fates be strong and the voy-Don't carry an empty heart! But like a fair ship, sailing Toward some good intent—Toward some Good Intent.—Bert Hoffman in East Oregonian.

Sweetest of all, thou fairest one, I bow my soul to thee. Thy being who brighter than the sun, More beautiful than when day is done, Upon the far horizon fair, Thy eyes and tendrils of the air. Beneath his rays turn clouds to pearls. Thou art the queen of all the girls.—The one that's loved by me.

I ask for naught, thy trusting heart Is all I want in life. With every rest may have my part If I each day may see the start Of love-light spring into thine eyes. Let me be with thee, let me be with thee. To one who would, that joy withdrawn, Be like a night without a dawn— I speak of love.—EDWIN R. COLLINS.

Silent Boarder's Lament. The life at any boarding house. Is a life of silent hours. No matter who the boarders are, No matter how the feed; The things be thick and thin, and pie And fourteen kinds of cake. There may be bread and biscuits And your mother's best of cake. There may be tea and milk and spice, There may be many a thing that's nice.

But it may be waters by the board— But it's always "that place where we board."

When one sits down to eat his meal He always has to stop. As if he were a stray or casual boarder. The outlook of the crop. Or, if the farming expert's out, As if he were a stray or casual boarder. The outlook of the crop. Or, if the farming expert's out, As if he were a stray or casual boarder. The outlook of the crop.

There's always men and women, too. They never grow old or get through. Or, over their tales they've poured. Their eager ears "down where we board."

Your mind it can't get settled on The grub you want to eat. For there always comes that fellow with His story to repeat. His yarn would vary the finest soup Into the vilest wash.

He fills you with his heated air Till you can't eat your fill. You wonder if they pay him cash To tell you reminiscence trash. So you'll get a kindly word toward "That fellow that offered "where you board."—EDWIN R. COLLINS.

SPEED OF RACING CAMELS.

The racing camel is very carefully bred and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer. I have seen the start of a race and it reminded me, in a far-off sort of way, of a horse race. The camel sees all arranged in line and they sniffed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have seen the final end of several races, and it reminded me of the first motor car promenade between London and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and bedraggled, but they came in at the intervals of several hours, and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.—Pearson's Magazine.

IN THE PAST.

Miss Sereno told me what I had intended to do on my thirtieth birthday? Miss Jere—No, but I suppose you did it.—Philadelphia Press.

"He says that he is a self-made man." "Couldn't get any else to assume the responsibility, I suppose."—Brooklyn Life.

A SALE WHICH WAS NOT. REAL ESTATE FAIRLY ACTIVE.

"Mr. Doozengans," said the Real Estate Man, as the Clerk came in, "did you hear anything about the Good-nough Building being sold, and if so, why didn't we sell it?" "Nobody sold it," said Mr. Doozengans, "There was a Man named Guineau who was about to buy it on it for hotel purposes, but he Didn't Get It."

"Why?" asked the Real Estate Man. "Well," said Mr. Doozengans, "some time before the Flood Mr. Guineau used to be proprietor of the Imperial Hotel here. Since leaving there he has been Full of Anxiety to break into the business again. He thought the Good-nough Building would make a grand hotel for him, and gathering together a Bunch of Investors who were willing to 'Take a Chance he Commenced Negotiating.' 'Is he still negotiating?'"

"He is, but the people who Own the Building say there is No Prospect of its being sold. One Reason is that it will cost about \$1,000,000 to make the Necessary Alterations in the building. It is owned by two Different Estates, and even if they felt that they would Be Glad to put up the Maazuma, it is not likely that the Courts would Allow Any Estate to Invest in This Way."

As this was About All the Good-nough Mr. Doozengans had On Tap, he withdrew before the Boss could Think Up any Odd Jobs to do, and the Real Estate Man began to sing, "The Good Old Summer Time," as he remembered how the Transfer Record used to look in last July and August.

The real estate dealers say the past week was very satisfactory from their standpoint. The total amount of transfers was somewhat below the average, but, as one veteran dealer said, "Just remember the kind of weather we had." J. Woods Smith, who is going to build a \$7,000 residence for himself in the Holladay Park Addition, has become so well pleased with the advantages of this particular section that he is contemplating erecting two more handsome homes as an investment. The plans for these houses have already been prepared, and it is probable that construction will commence early in the Spring. The city council has also made a new

precedent by entering upon a scheme of wholesale improvement in Holladay Park and in an addition of 25 acres lying to the east of Sunnyside. At its last meeting ordinances were passed providing for the opening and grading of every street in these districts. Cement sidewalks and sewers will be constructed at the same time. The most notable sale of residence property reported during the week was made by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, who sold a handsome house in the Couch Addition to a recent arrival from the East for \$7,000. The scaffolding on the new Waterbury Building at the corner of Fourth and Alder streets has been torn down and the work of finishing the interior of the building is progressing rapidly. It will probably be completed and ready for occupancy by the next year.

ANOTHER INDUSTRY.

Another new industry announced for Portland is a carriage factory to be erected at Eleven and Morrison streets. The United Carriage Company has leased the tract and will put up a substantial building 100x100 feet. The structure will be two stories high, and will contain all the modern facilities of a factory and repository. In speaking of the matter this morning Mr. Diamond, of Rountree & Diamond, said: "I negotiated the lease for the United Carriage Company, and ground is already being broken for the erection of the structure the concern intends to build. 'Is there much demand, or many inquiries from manufacturing firms?' Mr. Diamond was asked. 'I never knew a period when Portland seemed to be so much the objective point as it is now. The country is in a 'peevish' mood,' replied Mr. Diamond. 'There is hardly a day that does not record some negotiation for real estate with parties wishing to locate in this center. Not a day goes by without a fact that shows that the Columbia River country is looked upon by investors as a good proposition.'"

REGARDING MINERAL LANDS.

To the Editor Oregon Daily Journal—I would like to hear from The Journal and other papers of the country their opinion concerning a resolution that was passed in the last International Mining Congress at Butte, Montana, namely, a resolution petitioning Congress to survey mineral lands free of cost. The resolution provides that when the price—\$5 per acre—of a mineral claim shall have been paid into the land office, that the person making the payment shall receive an order of survey, which shall be of the same character as a resolution that the press of the country will be interested in. It is to be noted that the resolution is to be good and advocate the passage of a bill on line with it. I believe the prospectors and mining men would have a law favorable to their interest in a very short time. I will also suggest that all people interested in mining in different parts of the country write to their respective Representatives in Congress urging them to assist in the passage of such a bill. People interested in mining, Congress will surely do what they can towards the passage of a bill on line with the resolution, which undoubtedly would be very beneficial, especially to the poor prospector. It is well known that mineral lands other than mineral lands are surveyed free of cost to the locator, and I am of the opinion that mineral land is a very essential factor in the world's industry, and that the country will be benefited in many ways by the passage of a bill on line with it. Yours Respectfully, DAN EVANS.

PARKHURST ON THE PREACHERS

Words That Surprised a Good Many Who Listened to Them.

"Wall street and Broad streets are just as near Heaven as a Presbyterian pulpit," said the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in his sermon in Madison Square Presbyterian Church yesterday morning. Dr. Parkhurst made several other statements which he declared were well aware would grate upon the ears of his congregation and seem in conflict with their established views of what constitutes reverence for sacred things. His sermon was intended for young men, and his text was St. Luke's account of how Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age. He said in part:

"There are preachers who should be manufacturers and manufacturers who should be preachers. There are men who are figuring out problems of the world, and men who should be following the plow or cleaning the streets. Christ began and completed His great work in 42 months, a period very brief for the millions of people who are to be saved. He scored and ten without accomplishing any lasting purpose. 'The reason so many men utterly fail to succeed in doing good in the world or even to do good to their fellow-creatures is due to the fact that they set their hearts upon more aims in view. A man cannot give 50 per cent of his time to God and the remaining 50 per cent to his own schemes and expect to reap spiritual success. We cannot do our duty to God and to our fellow-men at the same time, however earnest we may be during the hours set apart for God. 'Jesus might have gone into the real estate business and led just as complete a life as the Son of God. It matters not what a man does, but what he does. The teachings of Christ. It is just the same if he is making money—a banker, or a financier, or a laborer shoveling gravel. He can follow the straight line of God's purpose, if he can conceive Jesus entering Wall street. I mean precisely the same Jesus we worship, the second member of the Trinity. This statement seems bordering upon the profane to those who have been taught narrow views of the sacredness of places, but it is not. Scripture tells us that there should be no spot upon the earth where God's law is not fully obeyed. Observance is not to be confined to temples. 'Christ would have entered Wall street with millions of dollars favoring His success. He would not have been an easy person to compete with. He would have had foresight. He would have known when to buy and when to sell. Business in Wall street is really legitimate. There is no reason why Jesus could not have as properly entered 'the Street' to make money as to enter the temple to preach the Gospel. To some of my hearers it may be offensive to think of the Saviour going into the places where men buy and sell stocks and bonds. It may grate on their moral and religious nerves; yet Jesus would have been just as holy had He been a successful broker and He could have made His first million dollars. The source of so great human blessings as His Sermon on the Mount and other teachings. 'A man who is not enough of a Christian to deal in stocks is a pulpit or be sent forth among the pagans. I recall a case of a mother who had two sons. The good but stupid one, she planned, was to be trained for a minister, but the bright, clever, enterprising one was to be trained for a stockbroker. Yet Wall street and Broad street is just as near Heaven as a Presbyterian pulpit, and there is no reason why the boys should have been trained differently. 'There is no standard of ethics for all mankind. Two standards of ethics are as bad as two standards of money. Nine out of ten persons have varying standards of moral excellence for different walks of life, and are content to exert themselves to reach the lowest estimate. Other persons who have higher ideals and yet spend half their time wholly wrapped up in their own schemes for a fortune. They are not content with the life of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of spiritual security riveted to the ground. They have too much experience of Christ ever to be happy in hell and too little to be comfortable in Heaven. 'Many young men admire the devil for being so terrifically devilish, and reverence Jesus for being so majestically holy. But they reject a mixture of the two. They know truth as truth, and show the guidance of what they know to be true.'—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst in New York Sun.

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