

# Portland's Chief of Police Leader of Prayer Meetings Penitent Kneel at the Mourner's Bench in Officer's Home

## DIRECTS SINNERS TO FOLLOW LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

### E. A. Slover Misses But Six Religious Sessions in Seven Years—When on Beat He Read Testament Five Times

**A Praying Chief.**  
A chief of police who leads a college prayer meeting Tuesday afternoon of every week in the year is no unusual thing probably one could travel the United States over and find but one. That one is Chief E. A. Slover of the Portland police department.

For eight years Chief Slover has been the leader at a prayer meeting each week at his home, at 1475 Dodge street, or the home of a neighbor. In seven years time he missed only six meetings.

**By Will T. Kirk.**  
A well dressed New Yorker emerged from the Union depot with the crowd of new arrivals. Across the street he saw a policeman.

"Hello, there's a friend of mine," he muttered, and crossed over.  
"Hello, cop," was his salutation.  
"I always feel at home with the men in uniform. My father is a sergeant on the New York police force. Let's go have a drink."

"I never drink," was the unexpected reply to the invitation.  
"Well, you smoke and I'll drink."  
"I don't smoke, either."

The son of the New York sergeant plainly showed his surprise. The policeman's eyes twinkled and a faint smile hovered around them when he said:  
"I'll go and pray with you if you want me to."

The New Yorker looked the officer straight in the eyes for a moment. "All right," he said.

**Prayer Is Offered.**  
The officer led the way to a little room nearby. The two men dropped on their knees and the policeman lifted his voice in a fervent prayer. There was no mockery in it. The prayer was from a heart burdened with a desire to lead those about him into a brighter way. Before the prayer was finished tears were streaming down the New Yorker's cheeks.

"I've seen most of the cities of the United States and many in other countries, but I never before met a policeman like you," he told the officer. "I'm glad you didn't go drink with me."

**Work Inspired.**  
It is probable that not another city in the United States has a man at the head of its police department with such a record. It is doubtful, even if there is another city in Portland's class whose chief of police is as much at home in church work as in handling the criminal class with which he has to deal constantly.

"I believe I was as definitely called to be a policeman as ministers are called to preach," said Chief Slover, when asked to tell something into this field of labor. This may sound strange, but he has use for workers in every walk of life.

"I was converted while out in the woods down in Coos county. It was July 1897. I remember the hour and the day as well as if it were yesterday. I came to Portland in September of the same year. For eight months I worked for the Standard Oil company as a warehouse man. Then I worked one month as section hand for the Southern Pacific. I worked for the Troy laundry for \$1 a day.

**Joins Police Force.**  
"It was during the hard times and money was mighty scarce. My health was breaking down and I was hardly able to make a living. My wife and I were at the very bedrock of existence. I didn't have money enough to get away from Portland and I didn't think I could stay here any longer. Finally I decided to write to my nephew at Spokane and ask him for money to pay my railroad fare there so I could get out and work in the harvest fields.



Chief of Police E. A. Slover.

to the police department for employment.  
"This was in the days before civil service rules when it required pull to secure a position. Mr. Files recommended me to Senator Ben Selling. Rev. Fisher began to use his influence for me. District Attorney George Cameron, who was then councilman, favored my appointment. The result was that I was appointed on the force July 13, 1898.

**Pun Poked at Him.**  
"Before taking the appointment I went to Senator Selling and told him if being a policeman would interfere with my being a Christian I didn't want the job."  
"During the 13 years that I have been on the force I was on night duty all but about two years. I've been called the 'palm sining cop,' the 'Bible back,' and have had all sorts of fun poked at me, but it has never loosened my hold on Christianity. But temptations have been terribly strong at times.

"For the first four years I was on night duty we were too poor to hire a spot beat in my job because I had to stay alone. And many a time she has walked the floor for hours at night praying for me when she knew that I was being beset with temptations. There were times when I thought I would have to give up my job because I couldn't stand it any longer. I would go home and my wife and I would pray over it. This would strengthen me and I would feel like renewing the fight.

"I found then that I must pray without ceasing—that I must always be in touch with the God whom I worshipped."  
**Read Testament on Beat.**  
"There is only one place I know where it is harder to live a real Christian life than in the atmosphere of a police department—that is in a dead church. In church work the members go through a form and think they are living Christian lives, but they are not.

"I read the New Testament through five times while on my beat. I would read a chapter every day or night. Many of the sins which they knew nothing of I have stopped under a street light long enough to read a chapter."  
"Because I did not drink or smoke or tell obscene stories I was a stray sheep in the department. I wasn't able to mix much with the other men. Not many of them were fun at me to my face, although some did. Some of the men told stories and said things which they thought would embarrass me. If they had only known I could have told them of sins which they knew nothing of. I was wild before I was converted. I had worked in mining and logging camps and in fishing camps on the Columbia. I knew meanness and sin from top to bottom.

"It is customary for policemen to work in pairs, but I never worked with a partner. I thought I could get along better alone, and I never was in a situation which I could not handle. I never struck a man with a club and never lost a case in court. Neither have I ever been called on the 'carpet.'"  
**Many Attend Meetings.**  
As a prayer meeting center there probably is no other place in the city like Chief Slover's home at 1475 Dodge street. The prayer meetings are not largely attended affairs, although sometimes as many as 50 and 60 men and women are present. The chief's home sometimes resembles a house of confession. Men and women come to him from all parts of the city to tell their troubles and seek encouragement and advice. The chief and Mrs. Slover meet them more than half way and are ready to pray or counsel with them.

Last Tuesday afternoon Chief Slover led a prayer meeting at the United Brethren church, 446 Mechanic street, where revival meetings have been in progress for several weeks. The little church, which was but recently dedicated, was nearly filled with worshippers.  
"I suppose I ought to be more faithful than anybody else," the chief said as he stood before the congregation. "When

God first reached me I was awfully deep in sin. Now I am as sure of heaven as if I were there. We will have battles to fight here, but when we get over there they will seem but insignificant conflicts."  
**"Are You Living Right?"**  
"I wonder how many of you are fruit bearing trees—bearing spiritual fruit. A bearing tree and a winner of souls are one and the same. You can't be a soul winner unless you have had a definite experience of God's invasion of your heart—unless you know that your sins are forgiven. Are you helping your pastor and the evangelist? Are you visiting your neighbors and telling them how easy it is to find God these days? And are you living right between times? That is the question, are you living right?"  
"I want to admonish you about one thing. If you haven't been converted so you can look God in the face and say you know your sins have been forgiven you haven't been converted.

"In the judgment day there will be a lot of disappointed folks. They have been going about doing good works, but have not searched their hearts to see how they stand with God."  
"You ask how can I say this, a man in my position and who has lived the life I have. I was an awful wicked man and when God lifted the lead from my heart I knew that it was gone. I knew there was a change. I used to think I could find God by studying. That he would give me a sign to let me know I had received the Holy Ghost. But when I did receive it, I knew it and didn't need any sign."

**Rank and File to Pick Leader**  
Democratic National Committee Favors Presidential Primary in Spring.

## Settlers Struggle Against Odds

Homeholders on Central Oregon Irrigation Projects Have Varied Experiences in Taming the Land While Waiting for Long Delayed Canal.

These scenes of the Jewish's Bible, small Oct. 24, show the routine work of the Desert Land board in connection with the irrigation project. Frequently in reading the various reports touches of human enterprise come to light, showing how the settler is working against odds to improve his claim and at the same time make a living for his family while he is getting his land into a condition of production. In recent reports to the board Field Assistant H. C. Wright tells in terse sentences many stories of Creek country humble homes.

"On entry No. 122 J. A. Wright lives and is improving and putting the whole thing under cultivation. Although he owns only a few feet off the land he usually lives there and in one of the few best farm settlers."  
"On entry No. 224 John Dietrich is living with his family. He has a good substantial house and barn, and a cow and team."

One settler uses the river bank for fencing and lives in a tent. Mr. Loney, entryman No. 221, has a good crop growing but is not living on his place. On entry 244 Mr. Frederick has got 15 acres cleared of trees, sowed his land in oats, made good and left for good, on the field assistant was told.

**Difference in Methods.**  
W. E. Furber has fenced on two sides of his claim but this fencing belongs to his neighbors. Dead stakes of vegetables are the only signs of cultivation. A more cheerful story is told of L. P. Fox, who has a good four wire fence, a house 18x20, a store and a half high and fine oats and hay growing on 25 acres of the land. Oats, potatoes, and alfalfa "artificially grown" are reported on the claim of L. B. Harris. Alex Walters has three acres of oats to show for his labor.

"A H. Mendenhall has about six acres of his 20 fenced," says the report. "He has no house nor other building on the place and I walked over the entire cultivated area and failed to find any evidence of a garden."  
P. A. Woolley is reported as having his irrigation ditch run "up and down hill" enclosing his cultivated area. A refreshing picture is given in a few words of R. H. Raymond, who has "25 acres in cultivation, consisting of excellent growing crops of clover, oats, potatoes, small orchard, house and several small gardens. He lives there with his family. The entire 40 is fenced and in excellent condition."

Richard Hiser has eight acres cleared but no crop, no fence, and a "small shanty." One of the company's laterals passes nearly through the center of his place.  
**Has Family on Land.**  
"Russell True has good fencing and a good irrigation system. He and his family live there continuously. He and his family are living in tents prior to the erection of buildings."

Louis Ellingson is another man who has made a cheerful home for his family on the central Oregon project. John T. Forrest has a place watered by a "cane ditch," has it under cultivation, and good crops growing. Harvey Whitman, C. R. Scape, D. C. Cole, and A. G. Ridenour are making rapid progress toward good homes.

Victor Malm is located on a rimrock, part of his farm below and part above. His house is battened and his irrigation system is practical. Edgar L. Kimberlin has put in more work on his farm than on his house, and as a result, it

enclosed with a good fence and all of it in good shape. Mrs. Anna M. Chas. is having a hard struggle to keep the young sage brush from coming up faster than she can cut it down. She lives in a tent. Joe Plancha, W. G. Wagon, Evan Fisher, and W. H. Hildbrand are "knocking along all right." Edwin Massey has not had good luck with his crops this year but with the completion of his irrigation system he expects better results next year.  
In order to get land on an irrigation project the settler is required to make application to the company for the wa-

ter and to the state for the land. Then within three years he must make good of reclamation, cultivation and settlement. Or he has to live on the land and show cultivation of one fourth of it. But the report of the field assistant shows many regular settlers making their homes on this land with every hope of it in a very few years having good, comfortable, and happy dwelling places.  
This central Oregon project is the only one now in good standing with the state. The company has about 10,000 acres open for settlement.

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## TOLEDO, OR., MAINS NOW CARRY MOUNTAIN WATER

(Special to The Journal.)  
Toledo, Or., Oct. 28.—Toledo's new water system is fast nearing completion. The pipe line, which is five and one half miles in length, is completed, the water was turned into the city mains this week, and water consumers are now supplied with an abundance of pure, mountain water. The excavating for the reservoir is also completed and the cement and concrete lining is being put in. The Jacobsen-Bade company of Portland is doing the work.

## A. G. Churchley PHOTOGRAPHER

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SECTION I

## DAILY LETTER ABOUT Nemo TRIPLE-STRIP CORSETS

New York, October 29, 1911.  
Dear Madam: Don't judge a corset by its looks, for a very ordinary corset can be "dolled up" with showy laces and ribbons so that it will look very much like an expensive one.

It is a deplorable fact that of late many corset manufacturers are producing large quantities of these "make-believe" corsets. Look out for them! They are sold under many different names; and the names can be quickly and frequently changed—every season, if necessary—for the maker seldom puts his own brand on them.

These "make-believe" corsets soon stretch out of shape, give no lines to the figure, and are unhygienic. To buy them is simply to waste your money—and spoil your form.

Better stick to the Nemo—the name that stands for corset-perfection the world over. You can never buy a Nemo that hasn't the Nemo trade-mark—whether in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong, or anywhere else. And that name is your safeguard.

You probably know that Nemo Corsets are world-famed for durability, no less than for comfort. They're just as famous now for style.

In Paris, where no other American corset has ever been sold, Nemos are having a signal triumph in the largest and most fashionable corset department in that city—"Fashion's Capital."

In London, the leading Department Store features Nemos to the practical exclusion of other makes.

Don't think that Nemos are simply health and comfort corsets. They're also the acme of correct style—and there's a Nemo that will fit you.

For instance: If you're of slight or medium form, and want to be still more slender, you'll find Nemo No. 331, pictured to-day, the most comfortable long corset you ever wore. The elastic bands across the front give such firm support that, no matter how tightly you pull the long skirt in, you run no risk of injuring your health.

No. 330 is a similar model with a medium bust; No. 332 has an extra-high bust; and No. 333 has only a little girdle top—an ideal corset for athletic women.

If none of these suit you perfectly, ask your dealer to show you Nemo No. 504.

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With Supporting Bands of Lastikops Webbing across the front; modish long skirt.  
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Sizes from 18 up.

**LASTIKOPS**  
FOR SLENDER FIGURES  
No. 331 \$3.50

## Portland Riding Academy

Announces the opening of the indoor evening classes Monday evening, October 30, 1911.

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Phones—Main 973, A-4761.