Part Two

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

Twelve Pages

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1901. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BARRELS OF MONEY

LOOK AT THE REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR FIRST WELL

Flowing Fifty Barrels per Day

The Pacific Oil Company

Has 120 acres of **determined property** in Kern County, Sunset District. **We can drill one well to the acre.** Work on Well No. 2 begins at once. **We guarantee more producing wells. This is no guess work.** Our property is surrounded by some of the largest producing wells in California.

The one well is earning 6 per cent. dividends on stock sold and that offered for sale.

Figure on the Returns!

Four wells working **under pump** will produce at least 70 barrels per well, and give 280 barrels per day. Allowing 5 cents a barrel for pumping gives 70 cents net per barrel; 280 barrels, at 70 cents, $196 daily net earnings; $196 per day is $71,740 yearly net earnings, which will pay 18 per cent. on face value of existing stock. As this stock is being sold at **30 cents,** it will net 60 per cent. on an investment or $540 per year on 3,000 shares, an investment of $900. **This means $45 coming in every month!** These are conservative figures, not extravagances, and will be realized.

SEE WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE

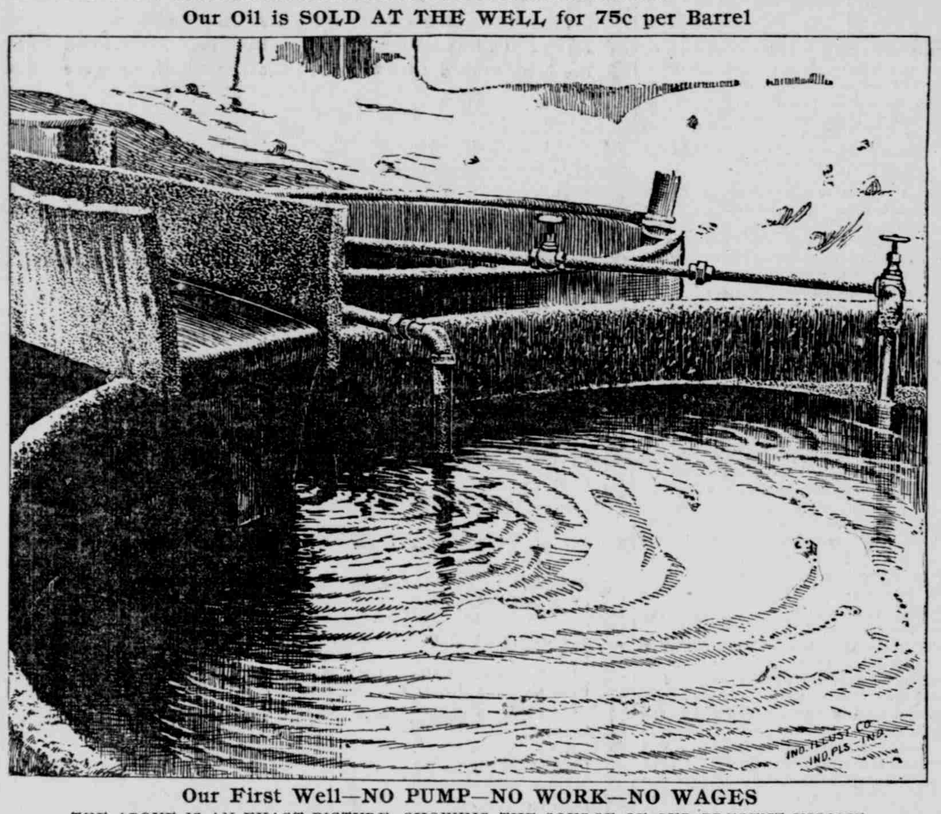
OIL BEATS ANY GOLD PROPOSITION AS A MONEY MAKER

The following table exhibits the increase in the market value of oil stock of stable companies.

Name of Oil Co.	Par Value.	Sold At	Advanced To
El Dorado	$1.00	.25	$5.00
Home	1.00	.10	4.00
Hanford	10.00	3.00	118.00
Kern	1.00	1.00	37.50
Monte Cristo	1.00	.10	2.55
Peerless	10.00	.50	8.75
San Joaquin	1.00	.50	16.00
West Shore	1.00	.50	4.50

We will do as well as the best—we expect to do better. We have the strongest well on the field and it costs nothing to get the product.

Our Oil is SOLD AT THE WELL for 75c per Barrel



Our First Well—NO PUMP—NO WORK—NO WAGES

THE ABOVE IS AN EXACT PICTURE, SHOWING THE SOURCE OF OUR PRESENT INCOME

We Have a Good Company **A Good Management** **A Good Property**

OFFICERS—President C. A. PAQUETTE Superintendent Big Four Railway; Vice President, C. M. McCABE, Counsel for Big Four Railway; Secretary and Treasurer, S. A. TOWNSEND, Traveling Freight Agent Peoria & Eastern Railway.

DIRECTORS—The above named and E. M. ELLIOTT, Vice President Diamond Oil Co.; WILLIAM BLAND, Agent Peoria & Eastern Railway, Pekin, Ill.; LEON PHIPPS, practical oil man, six years' experience in California oil fields; GEORGE EASTON, member of committee on sales and prices Los Angeles Producers' Association.

Capital Stock, $500,000—500,000 Shares Fully Paid, Nonassessable. Par Value, $1.00 per Share

PACIFIC OIL COMPANY LEON PHIPPS, Manager
1139 Stevenson Building
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The Pacific Oil Company

OFFER YOU

THIS PROPOSITION

We have a limited amount of Treasury Stock which can be had now at

30 cents

Per share. Stock sold is for development purposes and not for prospecting. Our future is assured. Stock is bound to advance as fast as the wells are drilled. Well No. 2 will be completed shortly.

Subscriptions reaching us after Dec. 15 will not participate in the January dividends.

FILL OUT AND SEND IN THIS BLANK.

The Pacific Oil Co., 1139 Stevenson Building, Indianapolis, Ind.:

The undersigned hereby subscribes for_____shares in THE PACIFIC OIL COMPANY, at the rate of 30 cents per share (par value $1.00), fully paid and nonassessable, and herewith inclose the sum of_____Dollars in payment for the same.

Name_____

Street_____

Date_____190____City_____

PLACE OF CORONATION

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE KING EDWARD WILL BE CROWNED.

A Famous Temple Where Rest the Bones of Britain's Greatest Warriors, Statesmen and Thinkers.

BADLY-LIGHTED HALL OF GLORY

SOME OF THE GREAT MEN WHO HAVE PREACHED FROM ITS PULPIT.

A Journal Writer Sits on the Lectern Steps and Listens to the Forceful Talk of Canon Henson.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—Westminster Abbey, as a place of worship, never seemed quite so interesting to this writer as upon the occasion of his latest visit, which occurred a week ago last Sunday. Always before the chief charm of worshiping there was the fellowship one necessarily had with the past. This temple, as everybody knows, is practically a graveyard. The earth beneath it is crammed to repletion with the remains of departed greatness. Pack it as you may with the living the congregation of the dead will always be the larger. Its monuments and tablets are an epitome of English history, and upon every previous visit this had been the predominant thought. Involuntarily one found himself communing with the departed, tracing the development through long centuries of a people who have attained to unrivaled empire, and conning the names of those who, in kingship, in statecraft, in literature, and in science and art have been the builders of this empire.

So previously, but not so upon the occasion of my latest visit to this world-famed Abbey, or, at any rate, not so much so. Memories of the past were crowded back this time by the floodtide thought of what the future held. Those who had gone were supplanted in the imagination of at least one worshiper by those who were coming. It will be only a few months until this resting place of the great Englishmen of other centuries will inclose within its historic walls the pick and flower of those sons and daughters of old England who, for good or ill, will shape her course in the century just begun. Where sleep so many of England's sovereigns, another, with his lovely consort, will shortly be crowned. Coming events cast their shadows before, but to me, that Sunday afternoon, the impending coronation, far from casting a shadow over Westminster Abbey, seemed to light up the dingy looking old place with an unusual radiance. All, of course, in the imagination; for as a matter of fact the place, as it usually is when daylight is gone, was as dismal as a dungeon, the few dirt-obstructed gas jets and the candles that flickered here and there doing scarcely more than show us how gloomy and cheerless was this scene of the coming royal festivities. Wise indeed is the purpose to close this ancient fane four months in advance of that ceremony! If cleanliness be next to godliness it is high time that in Westminster Abbey the voice of the preacher gave way to the sound of the scrubbing brush. Since, too, light is so much better for all good purposes than darkness, I took the liberty of praying, the last time I worshiped in this dismal old temple, that some rich American might be providentially moved to do for the Abbey what Pierpont Morgan has done for St. Paul's, viz., startle both the dead and the sleepy living by fitting it out with an up-to-date illuminating plant.

THE COMING CORONATION.

But Westminster Abbey will no doubt be bright enough when the crowning of King Edward takes place in it. No one of any consequence on this side thinks otherwise than that the coronation will take place on schedule time and that the King will be alive to play the leading part in it. There are silly ones who say that he will not, that a fatal malady will take him off in advance of that time. Any day, in fact, you can hear the doleful opinion expressed by some "man in the street," that both the King and the newly-created Prince of Wales are marked by disease for a speedy exit. It will not be long, say these prophets of evil, until there will be another child King in England and a regency. Of course everybody is aware that even in that case the country would manage somehow to get along. But the people generally take no stock in these forebodings—why should they when every day they see the King and his son and heir doing business at the old stand as vigorously and punctually as at any time in twenty years? It is a literal fact, too, that the great mass of Londoners, when royalty is in town, can see their goings and comings almost every day of the week. They never went out more than now and never with less ceremony. There is no attempt at concealment. They are always on deck, and the eye of the populace can see for itself that, if appearances count for anything, they are not invalids and so are reasonably certain to bob up healthy and smiling at the coronation in June.

This writer only wishes that he were as certain to be a witness of the coronation as King Edward is to be on hand for his part in it. But a good many million of us have concluded that on that occasion places in Westminster Abbey which might otherwise be ours are likely to be pre-empted by somebody else. All we can do, therefore, is to make the best of our present opportunities, and that is what the writer did a week ago Sunday. He was at least in the place where the coronation will occur, and this fact, with one other, made his latest visit to this grand old Abbey one of the most impressive of a large number. The other fact of commanding interest was the new face in the pulpit and the new and really extraordinary gospel that was preached. To tell the truth, it was what I expected in the sermon that drew me there, as, afterwards, what I heard in it held me in a spell of alternating amazement and delight, driving out not merely the memories of the past, but even so live and enthralling a subject as the approaching coronation.

GREAT PREACHERS.

The great preachers under whom, in Westminster Abbey, this writer has sat spell-bound at successive periods have been Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar and Canon Westcott. Dean Stanley was a great favorite of Queen Victoria. For years after his death there was not a day when his tomb in the Abbey was without some memorial wreath with the card of royalty upon it, and oftener than not the card would bear her late Majesty's own autograph. Very thoughtful and effective as a preacher, he was still extremely quiet, decidedly absent-minded and so utterly lacking in movement that they say he went through a whole service on one occasion with a glove on the top of his head. He usually, it is said, carried his gloves in his hat, and this time when he removed his hat one of the gloves remained. It was agony for his wife who had to sit through a long service with her venerable husband so strangely adorned on the crown of his white head, but Dean Stanley himself neither knew the glove was there nor became animated enough to shake it off. Canon Westcott was another preacher of the unimpassioned kind. Late in life he was made Bishop of Durham. He, too, is now, like Dean Stanley, with the silent majority, but Canon Farrar, by far the best preacher of the three—a man of splendid diction and fine oratorical gifts—is still living. In a rather feeble old age he abides his time and does his work as Dean of Canterbury.

The pulpits of London are manned now by a new generation, and the new men, being young, are bringing forth out of the treasury of their knowledge, not the old thread-worn notions of the fathers, but those new ideas which are born in the need of new times. It is refreshing to find as Bishop of London a man not yet in middle life whose ideas and manners are about as unconventional, as virile, and as well suited to the times as were those of the early circuit rider on the American prairies. The exaltation to high place of men like this not only shows that the Church of England has undergone great changes, but it presages increasing change, if not a complete revolution, in the time to come. If, however, the character of the new metropolitan bishop be a sign of altered times and a guarantee of progress, what shall be said of the new Canon of Westminster Abbey? After hearing him that memorable Sunday one can only answer this question by saying that Canon Hensley Henson is not merely a sign of progress, but he is the embodiment of progress, for ideas more revolutionary than those he vehemently advocated in Westminster Abbey have, perhaps, never been hurled against the practices of any church since Luther thundered against Rome at Wittenburg.

A RADICAL UTTERANCE.

What made me intensely eager to hear this up-to-date apostle of light and leading was a report of his revolutionary utterances of the Sunday before. "Has not the time fully come," he inquired, "when we should ask in all earnestness whether the spiritual isolation of the Church of England can be sustained by valid and sufficient reasons? For my part," he went on, "I declare to you solemnly that the frank recognition of the ordered and orthodox Protestant churches is demanded of us by irresistible considerations of reason, of prudence, of religion." To realize what an utterance of this kind means when it comes from a canon of the Established Church and is fulminated by him from so exalted a pedestal as the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, it must be borne in mind that the religious people of England are about evenly divided between the State Church and what are now called Free Churches. But the State Church, though it attracts no more worshipers, has a decided advantage over the others in a social way and also in the rich endowments and emoluments that belong to it. This, however, the Free Churches do not much trouble about. They are, of course, opposed on principle to an ecclesiastical body being supported by the state, but this is not by any means their chief ground of complaint.

What specially rasps nonconformists and dissenters is that this State Church should so arrogantly claim to be the only church. The other denominations it regards merely as sects or societies. Its claim is that the ministers of these free churches are not ministers in the true sense, because they have never had Episcopal hands laid upon them, and from this it follows, according to the logic of the church, that these men, including such shining lights as Spurgeon, Parker, Clifford, Guiness Rogers and F. B. Meyer—in fact the whole lot of them not of the establishment—cannot validly administer either baptism or the Lord's supper. From this, too, follows that attitude of the State Church toward the other churches which excludes their ministers from its pulpits and forbids its own ministers to preach at a regular service in any nonconformist pulpit. To put it in a nutshell the Episcopal Jews of the Church of England have had no dealings ecclesiastically with the nonepiscopal Samaritans of nonconformity, and it is against this arrogance that Canon Henson has been thundering for several Sundays past and will continue to thunder, should the powers that be not silence him, in a series of sermons reaching to the end of December.

In truth, however, one can hardly say that Canon Henson thunders. His preaching is more like the lightning which smashes things than the thunder which only rattles them. He has a rather weak voice, but he puts into it all his strength and backs up his words with intensely emphatic gesturing. In build he is spare—most reformers are of the lean, hungry kind. He cannot be more than forty, yet his thin face has the intellectual lines of a matured scholar and also the easily recognized ascetic look. One could imagine in sitting under him that another Savanarola had appeared, and I did that day almost literally "sit under him," for, arriving late, yet being determined to get within good hearing range, I was permitted to sit on the steps of the lectern, which, of course, is within winking distance of both the pulpit and the communion rail. Perhaps the free and easy occupation of the reading desk that day by a correspondent was a profane prophecy of how, should Canon Henson succeed in his crusade against exclusiveness, both the lectern and the pulpit of this ancient fane will yet be opened to the preachers of nonconformity! If, before he dies, which won't be long, good old Joseph Parker should occupy this Abbey pulpit, may I be there to see the sparks fly!

GOOD POINT FOR OBSERVATION.

But at any rate the lectern steps afforded a splendid point of observation. Many an American millionaire would give his old boots and lots of money to squat there when King Edward is crowned, whereas it cost me only a card and a pair of cramped legs. Right before me, close by, was the spot where I knew the King and Queen would stand in June next. Behind me was the choir where would be grouped, I was aware, all the foreign potentates and more dukes and duchesses than you would want to shake a stick at if there was any policeman near, while to my right the gaze might wander at will into the monumental mazes of poets' corner, where, side by side, sleep Browning and Tennyson, with the bust of Longfellow not far away, to show that in art, as surely as in commerce, America can hold her own with the best of those who were to the Anglo-Saxon manor born.

One cared, however, for none of these things after the sermon had begun, when one could look up and see in the most historic pulpit of England one of the canons of the English Church, with his shining and ascetic face so palpably overspread by the light and love of a Christian charity that would make all followers of the Lowly One his brethren, regardless of creed and church polity. The sermon itself one need not report. It was the scene, the place, the man, the theme that made the utterances of paramount interest. He was preaching that day against "Proselytising," against putting church creeds and forms and ordinances into the front place, making these things tests of discipleship and of the true church, rather than Christ's command to follow Him. Most outspoken was he in the view that the Church of England ought to come down from her high horse of spiritual exclusiveness. Instead of trying to make proselytes from other denominations, she should acknowledge that these denominations were as really a part of the church as she herself is.

Upon leaving the Abbey three ladies were overheard lauding the sermon. It was "just splendid" was the conclusive remark of the oldest of the three. One is never averse to falling in with his own countrymen when abroad, especially if they happen to be agreeable-looking women. So I remarked to this trio: "You are Americans, I see." "Why, how did you know?" "Because I overheard you say the sermon was 'just splendid.'" And I might have added that I could have told them afterwards by the fact that they prefaced their question with, "Why." An English woman would say, in a similar case, "Pardon me, sir, but how did you know?" These ladies from across the pond wanted to know what that big building was across the way. It just happened to be the houses of Parliament. They had been in London four days, yet had not found out this spot before. Some Americans do the whole of London in less time than that, but not, dear reader, when the whole of London is enveloped day after day and night after night in a black fog. Before that monster even Americans have to give way.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

A WILD TIME ON THE FARM.

The new rooster, Henry VIII, began it. He arrived late Friday night, which was no time at all for a strange rooster to make his first appearance on a farm, and a swapped rooster at that. At early daylight he was seen to be engaged in fierce battle with seventeen young guineahens. Irish guineas, evidently, for they all had a brogue, and cried: "Pothrack! Pothrack!" Around the swapped rooster they ranged themselves in a war-like circle, and jumped at him, fore and aft, with vicious, vehement pecks, which engaged all his prowess and defensive ability. The lifelong stepmother of the young guineahens, be it explained, was a dignified and genteel Plymouth rock hen, and the ardent devotion of the seventeen young stepdaughters to her may be quoted as an example to the human creature.

While this rooster hubbub was going on, old Dolly, the roan mare, had been harnessed to take Alice to town. Being left in her stall until Alice was quite ready, old Dolly decided that as she might get cheated out of her afternoon nap she had better take it then and there; so she cuddled down, with her harness all on, in her bed of warm autumn leaves. When she was discovered she was not fit to go to town without being curried all over again, and it was decided to take old Andy instead. Alice led Andy by the forelock from the barn to the big gate of the lane. It was a beautiful cool morning, just enough frost in the air to make the heels feel lively, so when Alice let go of Andy's forlock to open the big gate the old rascal jerked away, kicked up his heels higher than the barn—so it seemed to Alice—and raced off down the lane, nearly to the woods. Alice swiftly flew after him—Sheppy, the dog, barking gayly alongside—and Andy was caught before he had quite reached the lane's end. Apparently conquered, the old horse allowed himself to be led half way up the lane; but when Alice relaxed her grasp on his forelock to get a better hold, again the tricky old fellow kicked up his heels, whirled and galloped off, this time clear down among the oak trees—the wine-colored oak woods.

In the woodland pasture, roaming free, was the two-year-old colt, Ben Bolt, just spoiling for a mad time of some kind; so when old Andy set the pace, gay young Ben was only too glad to fall in beside him and urge him to get swifter gaits than he had long-time dreamed of. Through the forest aisles they raced and chased—up and down the steep hills and deep ravines, in glorious, long-sweeping stretches, pounding the earth and making the autumn leaves whirl and dance under their flying feet. Into the maple-tree meadow they dashed, slashing along by the hedges and fences in splendid style. A moment's rest and a good sniff of cold air over the five-barred gate—and away they go again. Sophy and Josephine—two most matronly old family cows—stirred by all this unusual excitement in their happy browsing grounds, whirled into line, too; and with tails lashing at a high skyward angle, went lumbering recklessly through forest and field. The race went on, Ben Bolt in the lead, Andy a close second, Sophy and Josephine neck and neck—now trying to get in the way of the horses, now trying to get out of the way. Andy rudely crowded Sophy against the rail fence, to the sacrifice of the end of one horn.

At the lane's end Sheppy cowered by Alice's side; he did not aspire to get kicked. Lydia—the most curious house cat—likes to be a safe part of whatever happens; and had come down to watch the race from a high perch on the fence. But this stampede must be broken up. Will is summoned from the "Jimfield," where he was cutting corn; David from the orchard, where he was piling brush; and with these two allies (and a bunch of toothsome fodder), in an hour's time, the good farmer subdues the rebellion. Andy is first cajoled to surrender; secretly, he was long ago ready to quit. Ben returns to his tame life in the woods; Sheppy gets brave suddenly and chases Lydia up a tree. There is no time to curry old Andy again, so the start is made at once to town. When a passer-by scans him, as who should say: "Whose rusty old country horse is this?" Elizabeth and Alice pound him mercifully with the whip and so get him speedily out of sight. He receives much merciful pounding, in fact, for the race being over, the old horse would fain walk all the way to town and back again.

It was hoped that the peace-abiding house had caught no hint of all this commotion on the farm; but at night, when it is time to make glad the hearth with a rousing fire and lights, Alice discovers that the last big lamp chimney has flown into bits, and Elizabeth notices that the minute-hand has jumped off the clock.

EMMA CARLETON.

New Albany, Dec. 6.

FARMERS' INTERESTS

MR. BOOKWALTER, OF OHIO, SEES GOOD TIMES FOR AGRICULTURE.

Says World's Food Supply Is Insufficient, and Another Short Crop Would Be Serious.

WHERE THE TROUBLE HAS BEEN

FARMERS HAVE BEEN HANDICAPPED BY GOVERNMENT FREE LANDS.

Have Not Been Able to Make the Money They Should Because of This Competition.

With corn three times as high as it was in the markets of four years ago, the Hon. John W. Bookwalter thinks we are approaching a food crisis which may bring about in time a serious clash between the urban and agricultural population. Mr. Bookwalter has shown his faith by his works—for in the last four years he has not sold a bushel of the corn received from the farmers on his Western land as rent, and he says he will not sell a bushel this year.

"Corn is going to a dollar a bushel," Mr. Bookwalter said to me, in conversation at the Holland House, a few days ago. "The truth has not been told about the corn crop in any of the reports yet published, except the canvass of the West made by a New York paper some time ago. The crop is not more than 40 per cent. of the crop of last year. To-day there is not a bushel of surplus corn available in the United States. With such a short crop, corn is going a good deal higher than it is now and it is selling to-day at three times as much as it brought four years ago. To-day corn is being shipped from Chicago west instead of going east, as it naturally should. There is a shortage of oats, too, and the surplus of wheat is very small. I foresee an era of great prosperity for the farmer. But that means high prices for food and low prices for labor in the cities, and this condition is going to bring us face to face with the problem of the overpopulation of the great cities of the United States, due to the preemption and homestead laws. To these laws the farmer can trace his lack of prosperity in the last thirty-five years, and it is the effect of these laws and of the tariff which has made manufacturing prosperous and filled the cities with a population which would have remained on the farm under favorable conditions.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Now I am not talking politics or the tariff," said Mr. Bookwalter, "the question is a good deal bigger than the question of protection.

"Let us suppose that the conditions for agriculture all over the United States had been what they were in the East and in the Ohio valley. I was brought up on a farm