

SCOOP THE LUB REPORTER



Missus Scoop's Turn Is Next

By "Hop"

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

Delivered by Hugh H. Brown at the Banquet of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity Convention, St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., August 21, 1915.

THE story of the west has not yet found its master. No writer, no poet, no symphonist has yet risen to the epic level of the narrative. How futile then must be the effort to say in twelve short minutes what may be the spirit of it all.

It is easy to trace upon the map the Overland Trail, the Oregon Trail, the Santa Fe Trail. But how fill out the picture and delineate what these roads have signified in the story of this side the Mississippi? No less a place do these roads deserve in the annals of men than is accorded to other historic roads that have played a part in the affairs of mankind.—the Appian Way out of Rome, the Moslem Road to Mecca, and the old highway from east to west through Delphi.

We are met tonight at the western terminus of the Overland Trail, the artery that fused life-blood into half a continent and brought to bloom the seed of almost a score of states. Along that road the Spirit of the West made her first habitat. Slumbering there in the lap of long centuries, the intermittent echoes of the Spanish Mission bells did not awake her. The pathfinder passed unheeded. The trapper and trader aroused no response. But that magic day when Marshall saw the yellow nuggets in the tail race at Sutter's mill, she leaped to her feet, stretched inviting hands to the east, and thrilled the world with her far-flung cry. The rattle of a tramping human host answered her summons—the advance guard of a nation moving westward. Across that long, gray trail they came, a picturesque pageant, shot to the core with romance, tragedy and high portent.

All the infinite variety of human-kind marched across that broad stage; the good, the bad, the white, the black, the yellow, hearts of heaven and hearts of hell, all mixed up and stirred together in a saturnalia of social unrest, without restraint, without law, all cut loose from home and tradition, reveling in a carnival of unparalleled adventure, with license and elbow room to let loose whatever gods or devils possessed them. Some bled and festered and broke at the altars of passion, greed and profligacy. But most of them lifted up their eyes onto the hills whence forever strength has come to men, and the Antean fable of the ages was fulfilled in them. They played life's game always with fortitude and oftentimes with diablerie; men who greeted with an equal smile the joys of life and the jaws of death; men of whom it has been said that "the cowards never started and the weaklings died on the way."

Among them were men whose character was high as the snow-plumed peaks. Here came Joseph LeConte to read the manuscript of the rocks; John Muir to interpret Nature's secrets; Stephen J. Field to rise from the camp to the supreme court of the United States; Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Starr King, Henry George, Leland Stanford and countless others; men whom Nature fashioned after her own forms in an amplitude kindred to their environment. Have you stood in the shadow of the lonely giant Shasta and yielded to its spell? Have you felt the Gothic majesty of the Sierra summits? Have you walked in silence through the long cathedral aisles of the Sequoia forest and sensed the monastic peace of those giant trees that were old when the cedars of Lebanon sheltered the herds of Judea? So may you learn how these men worshipped the God of the open air and how He molded and colored their spirits with His visible handicraft. Such men were the real trail-blazers.

Into that trail the roads and highways of the world converged. Peoples, races, tribes, customs, manners, tongues, focused and fused into a common bond of nation, state and neighborhood, a distillate of the endless variety and talents of human-kind,—all symbolized by a square-jawed, bronzed man with an axe and a rifle, impelled by the tireless energy of Ulysses, moving westward and ever westward, until he had pushed the frontier back against the Arctic circle.

His coming was a dynamic thrust of destiny. He linked the country sea to sea, settled the fate of half a continent, and laid a molding hand upon the ultimate status of the greatest of all the oceans.

"I am the Desert; barren since time began; Yet do I dream of motherhood, when man One day at last shall look upon my charms, And give me cities, like children, to my arms."

So the third cry rolled out of the west,—made by the streams that riot in the mountains. The wealth of the waters, linked with the wealth of the soil, began their miraculous, thrilling and unbelievable work, and presently all along that trail, from dreary seats of desolation, Nature's despaired and stunted bosom lifted to the laughing sun vast principalities of fruit and flower and grain, as fair to look upon as legendary Eden.

And here at the end of the trail they have builded a city. It is the embodiment of the Spirit of the West,—its very soul and its crowning glory. All the west is mirrored here in this merry mart on the world's highway, where races and currents from all climes meet and mingle, the Byzantium of the western world, mistress of a lovelier Bosphorus; here midst clustered cities, towns, and seats of arms, and all the panoramic sweep of the inland sea, where fuel oil bubbles from the ground and incalculable electric power tumbles down the mountain slopes, here where the Golden Gate stretches beckoning hands to the traffic trails of the Pacific, King Commerce has usurped the traditional seat of King God.

Across the street, in Union square, the figure of "Victory" atop the lofty column, celebrates the booming of Dewey's cannon in Manila bay. No less does it celebrate the victorious spirit of this city,—the indomitable will, the vaulting faith and courage of men and women triumphant over disaster, sons and daughters of the bronzed man with the axe and the rifle,—city of the superlative optimist,—a city whose beauty is ennobled by a scar.

Nine years ago I was here that day when we felt the cosmic clutch at the city's throat and when the Vesuvian glare in the night shadows illuminated the desolation of Karnae. No city, not Ninevah, nor Rome, London nor Chicago, had seen such a wall of flame. But no city that deserved to live ever was permanently destroyed by fire. Amidst a sea of ashes we gave a blithe goodbye and a glowering tear to the city that was, and a welcoming cheer and a mothering caress to the city that was to be.

When the hosts of Xerxes moved across the plains of Greece, Athens was burned and her temples destroyed. At Salamis, the city-loving people began a new day. The city spirit smitten, ennobled, revived, returned to the ashes and rebuilt the city, and then began their Golden Age, a century of civilization's sunburst of midday glory in art and intellect, when men rose to the "Peerage of the Immortals."

The world has marveled for a thousand years that Justinian and his architect, Anthemios, should restore Sancta Sofia and crown her with that sky-mocking dome in the short space of six years. Yet here in the west a troop of master builders within a few short years have restored a whole city, reaffirming here the Periclean postulate that beauty is the world's great magnet.

Cut and ground and tested by fire, the city sparkles like a gem; like a vision born of Nights Arabian in blossom here in beauty not for a span, but for all time; a dream city in the symmetrical reality of steel and stone and concrete.

James Anthony Froude said in San Francisco, "With the producing nation behind you and six hundred million people in front of you, San Francisco will become the greatest city in America." Add to this a Florentine glow of air and sky, appealing to brain and soul and sense, a people of the open air, reveling in mountain, forest and seashore, hospitable to art, intellectually buoyant, optimistic, tolerant, adventurous, pagan, saturated with the Spirit of the West; a cosmopolitan center, a magnet for merchants, bankers, manufacturers, teachers, lawyers, philosophers, poets and artists, whose life runs large here at the end of the old trail,—I say that when their sons shall bulk to the full measure of their environment they will produce a race of giants,—like that young titan Herbert Clark Hoover, who went out from Stanford university twenty years ago to do his work in the world, an engineer, scholar, executive, financier, now head and front of the American commission in Belgium, feeding and nurturing the millions of a stricken nation, leader of the grand army in Europe, the world's foremost unofficial diplomat.

You who come from Concord Road or Riverside Drive, or from wheresoever you hail, and think your home the dearest spot under heaven, take hence this message: We westerners love this city, for what it is and has been, and because it is the embodiment, the very heart and soul and symbol of the Spirit of the West, and because it is the window whence the young and restless west looks out face to face upon the ancient and plastic east, with the spell of a pregnant future hanging over it all; for here the westward moving circle of the pioneer is completed and the horizon of tomorrow is to be scanned for some token of the new day that promises headway for mighty movements in the affairs of men.

Let us not dream of destiny or brood over destiny, but let us do as westerners always have done, let us roll up our sleeves and go out to make destiny.

Ocean of the future, a stage set for the next great forward movement, all its trails converging here, we need not seek its mastery; it is too big to be mastered; but let us see that the Eagle of the Republic takes its course, there with no middle flight. For this, in part, the canal was built. Already we have set stepping stones for our commerce across the sea and planted sentinel lights to mark the path of civilization,—in Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines. Now that the marine trails beckon us on, we will not rest nor turn back. The conquest and dominion that have followed the steps of westward-moving men shall here fulfill the vision of Humboldt and Seaward and justify the words of John Hay when he said:

"Our horizon is expanding. We are now too big to shirk our fair share of responsibility. We owe it to our past to be true to our history. * * * We cannot check the irrevocable onward march of this mighty republic, called by divine voices to a destiny grander and brighter than we can conceive and moving always, consciously or unconsciously, along lines of beneficent achievement whose constant aims and ultimate ends are peace and righteousness."

Pioneer work upon the land still waits to be done. The great events are not behind us, but ahead of us.

When the material problems of the rock, the cloud and the stream shall have been solved, we will have leisure to give to the greatest of all adventures,—"the care and culture of men."

In all the kaleidoscopic events of the west, the coming of the universities fits like the keystone of an arch. Here upon these bay shores stand an Oxford and a Cambridge, full statured; born to the energy and fresh morning visions of mid-youth. Others like them are dotted through the west. From these universities you western men will go forth to the pioneer work of tomorrow; to shove back the frontier and level the forests that still clutter and obstruct the life of men and communities.

Let us here resolve in silence that we will fuse the ideals of Deltaism into the life that surrounds us. Scholarship, service, cooperation, art, symmetry, harmony, brotherhood in its broad sense,—these things, root and branch, are part of the Deltaic code. The man who can add something to the uplift of political life, something to the brotherhood of social life, something to the ethics of commercial life, something to the practical efficiency of spiritual life, and who, if need be, can afford to be scoffed at today for the sake of an idea that is accepted tomorrow,—the practical dreamer who sees ahead of his day and walks in advance of the mass,—he is the supreme pioneer of tomorrow. You sons of trail blazers, whose sires uncovered and let in the light upon the last dark corners of the earth, let us in this hour remember that there is a dark place in the heart and conscience of men and nations which cries out in agony to the white beacon of humanity. In part, at least, it will ultimately devolve upon this country,—and we must be ready,—to blaze the trail and open the broad road up which all nations of the earth must come to that serene height where no longer shall God be mocked nor man marred by the spirit of war.

You pioneers, you western men, you men of the square badge; follow the radiant gleam of our Delta concept. Believe it. Preach it. Think it. Live it. So shall you help to lighten society. So shall you help to uphold the state. So shall you add to the bloom and flavor of life. When the epic of the west shall have found its master and the story of this side the Mississippi is molded into an imperishable classic, your work, the things that you do,—conceived in the principles of Deltaism and performed in the Spirit of the West,—will be worthy to be written there.

APPOINTS DELEGATES

Governor Boyle appointed today Hubert Rash of Austin, C. S. Hoag of Ely, and G. E. Wilson of Ruth, delegates from Nevada to the Pan-American Road congress, which convenes at Oakland, September 13 to 17.

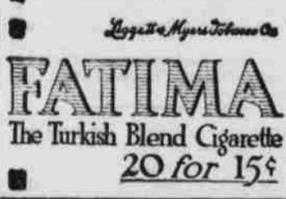
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ASSESSMENT NOTICE NO. 4 CASH BOY CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, Carson City, Nevada. Location of mine and works, Tonopah, Nye County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 24th day of August, 1915, an assessment of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the branch office of the company, Tonopah, Nevada.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of September, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, October 30th, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of Board of Directors, E. H. MEAD, Secretary, Tonopah, Nevada. A26-825

ASSESSMENT NOTICE TONOPAH BONANZA MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Esmeralda County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors, held on the 19th day of August, 1915, an assessment (No. 1) of one (1) cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 245 Bush street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of September, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 11th day of October, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the board of directors, ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary, Office, No. 345 Bush street, San Francisco, California. A12511

Opens Assay Office

R. B. Kidd, the pioneer assayer of Tonopah, wishes to inform his old patrons and the public, that he has opened a custom assay office at the office of the Tonopah Midway Mining company; all work will be guaranteed; and he will make controls a specialty. Phone 792.

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