

The Spokane Press.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Manager.

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HEAVEN AND MONEY.

Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of a fashionable Fifth ave. church in New York, has stirred up a mild tempest in a teapot by stating that J. Pierpont Morgan and his fellow millionaires can not buy an inch of ground in heaven with all their money.

Perhaps not. But why stir up that centuries-old controversy about faith and works? The preacher talks as if he might believe in a material heaven where it is possible to get a corner on pearls or where millionaires would make an effort to pry up the pavements of gold—altogether too prosaic employment for the habitues of Wall st.

So far as congeniality is concerned the average stock manipulator might be supposed to prefer the nerve-jangling noises of the region of Beekesbub. Seriously, however (sapient theologians herein defend), heaven is not so much a place as a state. The word heaven means harmony. The word hell, in good old Anglo-Saxon, means shut off from, walled in, or "belled in"—separated.

Heaven is not a "sweet bye and bye" so much as it is "the eternal now." It is impossible for millionaires, or any one, to entirely buy any part of heaven because it isn't purchasable with money. But it is not impossible for millionaires to get into heaven—here or hereafter.

If millionaires can get themselves into harmony with god and their fellow men, who can keep them out of Paradise? "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Every man has the possibilities of heaven within himself. All he needs is to come into realization of his inherent powers. "The kingdom of God is within you."

The trouble with millionaires, and with all of us, is that we are deaf to the sublime harmonies about us which chord with the sublime harmonies within us.

"There is a sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals of blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a glooming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

In one sense Rev. Dr. Burrell is all wrong. Let the millionaires try to find heaven by good works, by giving of their money to the betterment of men, to alleviate suffering and want, to bind up the broken-hearted.

Let them try.
"Heaven is not reached by a single bound."

LORENZ AND ARMOUR.

Nobody denies high praise to Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the Austrian surgeon, whose almost miraculous skill is giving wholeness and health to hundreds of little sufferers throughout this country, who were born crippled and hopeless.

We have fervent words in tribute to his mastery of his science and to his magnanimity in demonstrating his methods not only for the benefit of the crippled children, but for the enlightenment of his professional brethren in this country.

Not only the sufferers whom he himself treats are the beneficiaries of his discoveries. Through hundreds of other surgeons who are learning his methods millions of other sufferers will be benefited.

There are no backward steps in science. Every advance is held and opens up possibilities not dreamed of before. The surgeon who makes new discoveries contributes benefit not alone to his own patients, his own country and his own times, but to all humanity for all ages to follow.

But while heaping just praises upon Dr. Lorenz, the people of this country are forgetting that he is not acting alone. Of his own accord, he might never have come to this country at all.

But for the immense sum of money so generously given by J. Ogden Armour, which princely fee almost as much as his own skill has brought Dr. Lorenz into professional and public notice, this great surgeon might have lived on and died in the obscurity of his Vienna practice.

Of course, many physicians now tell us they have long known and appreciated Dr. Lorenz's methods. But it is impossible to forget that until Armour's money brought him over here the knowledge of him held by American physicians and their estimate of him were such as found expression in that examination forced upon him by the Illinois state medical board to determine whether or not he was a mere quack and pretender.

It is more than possible that but for the opportunity given him through Armour's money to demonstrate his skill in a country where his own profession is liberal and the public enlightened he would have continued to be sneered at while he lived and when he died would have been forgotten.

There is much to be said of the evils resulting from concentrated wealth. But now and then it must be admitted that much good results from it, too.

THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS.

Professor Garner has returned from the French Congo jungles with a greatly increased fluency in the speech of monkeys. He claims to have mastered the seven words of the monkey language which mean "food," "drink," "love," "come," "good," "approach" and "peril."

Taking Professor Garner seriously, it must be admitted that he has accomplished a great deal. It is difficult to understand why his truly scientific investigations should meet with such general suspicion and ridicule. But it must be remembered that suspicion and ridicule are the first tribute that prejudiced ignorance pays to enlightened advancement.

That all animals have means of direct and clear communication with one another of the same species has been almost universally believed in all ages. The earlier literature related as much to speech between animals as to that between man. No one familiar with horses or dogs can doubt for a moment that they communicate at least the primary emotions quite as freely as we do. No one who has heard the bob-white's whistle answered by his mate can doubt that both understand.

Why, then, should anyone be disposed to doubt that the chatter of monkeys, the most talkative of all animals, has exact meaning that the monkeys understand, and that man, too, may understand? If the horse, the dog, the cow and even the pin-headed pig can learn parts of our speech, and the parrot can not only learn its meaning, but repeat it, what is there so very absurd in the idea that man may learn and repeat the simple speech of monkeys?

It is easy to imagine the age in which man himself found expression for only the seven emotions that the monkeys express.

Millions of human beings, even today, seldom express much more than is embraced in these seven ideas.

Millions of us seldom experience emotions beyond these seven clearly enough to find words to express them.

Indeed, the wisest among us, in all our most learned talk, say precious little, if anything, that does not begin and end in one or another of these fundamental emotions.

In spite of the primitiveness of the monkey's speech, it expresses forces that, according to Darwin, have enabled the monkey to make a man of himself. Human speech, unfortunately, often discloses qualities by which the man makes a monkey of himself.

JUST BY THE WAY.

A bachelor advanced in years returned to his native village for the first time since his youth. Getting off the train on the station platform, he saw an old man pick up a

small sack and come along with it over his shoulder. He extended his hand, introduced himself as a former schoolmate, and was directed to a bus, which stood at the end of the

Growth of Water and Electric Power in Spokane.

Undoubtedly the founders of the city of Spokane had the future of the now greatest city in the Inland Empire in their minds' eyes when they located on the banks of the Spokane river at the beautiful falls over which the waters of the river sweep on their way down from the mountains.

At no point in eastern Washington is there a more promising spot for the location of manufacturing institutions than along the river at this point. With a power estimated at its lowest stage of not less than 32,000 horse power, with railroads reaching in every direction, timber of all kinds within easy distance, what more could be desired for a city of manufacturers?

The pioneer settlers realized the value of the immense water power and at an early day several companies were organized for the purpose of harnessing the power and turning it to account in a small way. It was not, however, until 1888, when the present Washington Water Power company was organized and purchased the interests of the sev-

eral small concerns, thereby securing control of the great water power, that matters began to take on a business aspect. The utilization of the power has grown gradually until at the present time the banks of the stream are lined with mills and manufactures.

Six large mills and factories are now using the water power, namely, the C. & C. Echo, Inland Empire and Centennial flouring mills, Phoenix saw mill and National Iron works.

The Washington Water Power company has erected an electric plant of 6000 horse power, which, besides furnishing motive power for the operation of the Spokane street railway with 34 miles of tracks and 42 cars, furnishes electricity for lighting the streets, business houses and residences and power to run innumerable elevators and small motors in business blocks, besides many small manufacturing institutions and the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railway shops.

The company is now more than doubling the capacity of its electrical plant by adding 7500 horse power, which will be ready for use in the

spring. It is also the intention to extend and greatly improve the street railway service. Applications have been made to the city council for franchises on Indiana ave. from Monroe to Hamilton sts. and on Lacey ave. for the purpose of improving the service at Union Park. It is also proposed to build a new bridge across the river on Post st. to better accommodate the North Side service. Fifteen new cars of the most modern type have been ordered and are expected here March 1.

The company gives employment at present to 300 men and will increase that number as soon as spring opens. Practically but a small part of the immense water power is yet in use and there is room for many more factories along the river front, where the cheapest and best of all motive powers can be obtained. The more modern method, however, is, instead of locating factories where most convenient for water power, and take the chance of securing sidetracks, to locate them most conveniently on the railroads or sidetracks already built and operate them with electric power, which is second only to water in the matter of cost.

Trouble Ends in the Grave.

AT CHILDHOOD HOME, WHERE SHE FORMERLY GAILY FROLICKED, MRS. EDNA HAZEL IS BURIED.



MRS. EDNA HAZEL.

At Lexington, Ky., which knew her in her laughing, rollicking childhood, the Cincinnati woman who killed herself at Indianapolis, was buried Wednesday. Nothing has been heard from the husband, who deserted her.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 30.—The burial of Mrs. Edna Hazel, who committed suicide at Indianapolis Monday by taking poison and gashing her wrist, was one of the saddest since May Collins, the noted Free Thought advocate, was interred here several years ago. The body arrived last night, accompanied by the mother, Mrs. Jacques, and rested during the night at an undertaking establishment. At 9:30 o'clock this morning the funeral took place at the grave, conducted by Raphael Strauss, acting in the absence of the rabbi.

Edna Levy was the girl's maiden name, and it has been but a few years since her merry laughter was heard every day on Main st., while she frolicked about the door of her mother's store. She attracted much attention here by her beauty.

Nothing has been heard from the husband, whose leaving broke the dead woman's heart with grief.

Do you want to see her? Come in and sit down." He looked around the room in an effort to recognize its furniture. Before the fire an old woman in a calico dress and black cap was seated, smoking a pipe. He tried to see in her some little resemblance to the mother he had known of blue eyes and rosy cheeks. "The mother of the boy entered the room. The old man arose, extended his hand, introduced himself and said: "I used to live

here a good many years ago, and "Oh, yes," interrupted the young woman, "I have heard mother, there, speak of you." The old man grasped his chin with his hand and looked from the old woman smoking before the fire to the young woman in front of him. He nodded his head several times, looked down and said with a deep sigh: "Yes, I guess it was the old lady." D. G.

A Visit to One of Spokane's Opium Joints

A Press reporter raided a Chinese opium joint last night and surprised two people "hitting the pipe," two more enjoying "pipe delusions," and the boss of the outfit, who was inclined to have a fit when he was out-maneuvered and a stranger admitted.

This particular joint is located in a small room back of a Chinese merchandise store at Front and Mill st.

Knocking gently at the door, the reporter stepped back into the darkness. Soon the door was opened cautiously by a pinched-faced Mongolian, who, seeing no one, advanced into the alley, leaving the door totally unguarded, which made entrance to the "dream room" easy.

Four people were lounged about the room. Two of these, a Chinaman and white woman, were engaging the attention of the pipes and were squat-

ted upon tables, on which were spread squares of Chinese matting. Beside each reposed small candles, over which each held a little brown substance suspended from the end of a long needle-like hook—called a "you-hook." This substance was the raw opium and it necessitated some time to prepare it properly.

When properly cooked the dope was placed on a little flat pipe bowl about the size of a two-bit piece.

The long clarinet-shaped pipe was then placed to the mouth and puff—a long, deep, satisfying inhalation which seemed to go to the very depths of their systems. Then the smoke was blown out, it seemed through every opening in their heads. They got a couple more dreamy inhalations before the "hop" became cold.

These "pipe delusions" are said to promote all manner of beautiful sights in the dreams the smokers invariably fall into.

Two of the other occupants of the room were stretched out upon tables

and the smile on their faces indicated the most enjoyable of dreams. "You smoke?" asked the oriental who had been out-maneuvered.

"Nope." "Do you smoke much, John?" "No no smoke," he replied. "Too much smoke no good. Melican woman smoke heap. Ale time get clay. Too much dream. Lot-see money, millone dolla, ale same nickels and dimes."

The Chinaman was then asked if he held a smoker every night and he replied: "Too muchee Sullivan; ketchum too muchee firm, no good. Smokee here one, two nights. Pretty soon go Slek Sam laundry. Savvy?"

From the trend of his lingo it appears that the police of the city have driven all the regular opium joints out of business and to outwit the officers the fiends of Spokane have adopted the scheme of smoking in various places—never more than two nights in a neighborhood.

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