

AMERICAN CARTOONISTS' BEST THOUGHTS EXPRESSED BY PENCIL POINT



From the Chicago Daily News



From the Philadelphia Record



From the Pioneer Press



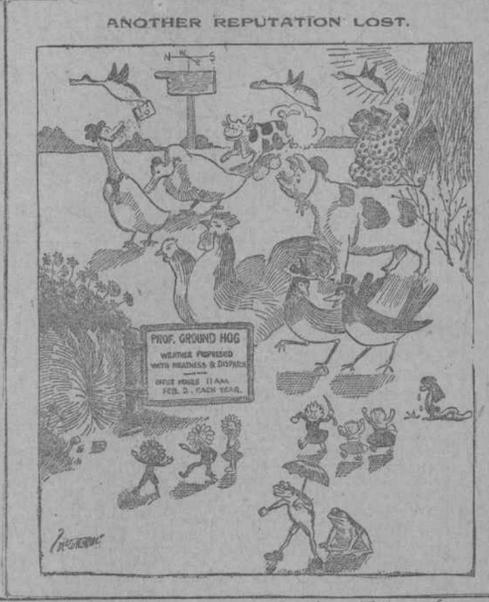
From the Philadelphia Inquirer



From the Commercial Tribune (Cincinnati)



From the Fort Worth Record



From the Sunday Tribune (Chicago)



From the Chicago Chronicle

MAN OF THE CLOTH WORKS AS PLASTERER

Now on His Way Around the World to Teach Brotherly Love Among Men.

HEARD "CALL" 16 YEARS AGO

Is the Rev. J. W. Van Kirk, a Graduate of Harvard and Pastor of a Church in Youngstown, Ohio.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Saturday.—The Rev. J. W. Van Kirk, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Youngstown, Ohio, D. D., B. A., graduate of Union College, Boston University and Harvard, is in town. If you look for him at one of the respectable fashionable hotels or if you look for him as a man in a black frock coat, clerical spectacles towering upon his Roman nose, you will in all probability not find him. For the Rev. J. W. Van Kirk, D. D., B. A., Boston and Harvard graduate, is working as a plasterer on the upper floor of the Empire Theatre (that he is willing to plaster the walls of a theatre shows him, surely, to be theologically broad), in Market street. There you can find him, eight hours a day, busy with trowel and plaster, dressed in white trousers and a white jumper, a French chef cap tilted upon his curly, iron gray locks. It was here that a reporter found him yesterday afternoon. He is a handsome man, and the white garments of his present toll set off picturesquely his thin, elegant figure. He has fine, wide open, gray eyes that look straight at his interrogator, and can smile; a Roman nose, square, strong jaws and curly black hair, ennobled with a sprinkle of gray, crowns the whole.

HEARS MYSTERIOUS CALL. The story of his life and transformation he told with a simplicity that was convincing, and evidently it is a simple story to him. It is merely a repetition of something that has often happened, the story of a mysterious and compelling "call." While walking along the street, sixteen years ago, something told the Rev. Van Kirk that he should tour the world in the interest of the brotherhood of man. For sixteen years ago, he remained with him and would not let him rest, and now he is obeying it.

As he is poor, he is working his way by the trade he learned when a boy. He works as a plasterer from city to city, and this seems to him quite a natural and simple thing to do. This is the way he tells it:—"When twenty-seven years old I left my trade and determined to become a preacher. I was married then and we had a little baby. I went to Union College, working my way through, then to Boston University, then to Harvard. I was thirty-six years old when I was through with my studies, and was made pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Youngstown, Ohio, my native town. Sixteen years ago, while walking along the street, something told me that I should go around the world, speaking in favor of and doing what little I could do to promote brotherly love throughout the earth.

WORKS FOR HUMANITY. "I cannot explain just what this impulse was. I heard it as plainly as I hear you speak now. I don't know whence it came, why it came, but for sixteen years it has been with me and has not let me rest. Several times I tried to start out, but each time something prevented it—health, or the welfare of my wife and two children. But finally last year I saw that I could start. I obtained a year's leave of absence from my church, I left last September. I went to New York, and from there came across the continent, working at my trade of my youth and delivering addresses. "I am working now to gather money. As soon as I have enough I shall start for Japan, and then pass on till I have circled the globe. What I shall accomplish in the interest of human brotherhood may be little, but it will be something, and having obeyed the mysterious command given me sixteen years ago I shall be able to rest."

BEWARE OF THE DOG!



From the Pittsburg Dispatch

FILIPINO STUDENT WINS AMERICAN GIRL

Son of Aguinaldo's Secretary of State Finds a Bride in California College Town.

GOING BACK TO THE ISLANDS

Marriage Hastened by His Impending Departure to Install a Telephone Plant in His Native Land.

BERKELEY, Cal., Saturday.—The culmination of a romance that has served to deeply interest this college town occurred last night, when Miss Lillian Newell, the sixteen-year-old daughter of J. J. Newell, became the bride, at San Rafael, of James Charles Araneta, son of a distinguished Filipino sugar merchant. Hints that the wedding might be expected to take place have served to stimulate interest in the possibility of the union, but so carefully were the plans of the couple guarded that prying curiosity failed to uncover the details of the affair. Not until this afternoon was announcement made of the marriage, and then it became for the first time definitely known that the marriage ceremony between Miss Newell and Mr. Araneta had been celebrated by Father Phillips at San Rafael. The written consent of Mrs. Newell was necessary before the marriage license could be procured. Both parents of the young woman were present at the wedding, with several friends of the groom, including Felipe Buenavista, the leader of the Filipino student contingent at the university, whose father was Aguineldo's Secretary of State, and who is now a prominent government official in the islands. James Charles Araneta, who has won the heart of Lillian Newell, is rated as the



From the Washington Post



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From the Washington Post

WAITING FOR DEATH, SMOKES CIGARETTE

Prisoner in California Takes a Last Puff While Strychnine Is Doing Its Work.

THEN CALMY AWAITS HIS END

Had Gone to Steal His Child from Wife When He Was Arrested and Concluded to Die.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Saturday.—While being brought back to this city from Camp Mesiker by a constable, William Martin, who had just arrived here from Goldfield, Nov., drew a phial of strychnine from his pocket and took a dose, which resulted in his death half an hour later. Martin formerly lived in this county and leaves a widow and son at Camp Mesiker, where it is believed he went with the intention of stealing the child from his wife. Martin applied at the Fashion Livery stable here for a team to drive to Camp Mesiker. His failure to return caused Metzger, one of the proprietors, to notify the constable to look up the team and arrest the driver of it. As the officer with Martin reached the city limits the latter deliberately took the dose of strychnine, telling the driver he was a drug fiend. Just before reaching the stable Martin showed the bottle and told the constable "he was done for." "There was some delay in getting a physician, and Martin, sitting in a chair at the stable, told those about him that it was useless to call a doctor, as his end was near. Addressing Constable Gilliam, Martin said: "Sam, roll me a cigarette. I want a cigarette to be rolled and given to the man and he began smoking, puffing it unconcernedly. A few moments later he began to stiffen, and soon the last spark of life left his body."

EXTRACT GOLD FROM A GRAVEL RIVER BED

Southern California Invaded by a Boston Corporation Which Uses Hydraulic Pressure.

WATER OF STREAM DIVERTED

Satisfactory Clean-Ups in a New Field That Soon May Be Filled with Prospectors.

SAN JACINTO, Cal., Saturday.—The settlers of the Perris and Elmore valleys, in the vicinity of the San Jacinto River, are now in the position of the old residents of Los Angeles, who see the cow pastures, once valueless, selling to-day for a king's ransom. Gold is being taken from the gravel bars along the San Jacinto River, the bed of the stream is being worked in a careful, workmanlike way, and the glittering returns of the labor are not for the people who have long inhabited that section. Beginning twenty years ago, the more accessible points along the San Jacinto were worked in a crude manner and the precious metal was taken out. Beyond a few desultory efforts no attempt has been made since to rob the stream of its treasures. Now, after a score of years, it remains for a mining company of Boston to enter into a long neglected field and start a development that under the guidance of wise management will inaugurate a mining boom in Riverside county that may attract widespread attention. The Boston corporation began actual work seven weeks ago. The plant of the company is situated about seven miles south of Perris, and the plan of working adopted by the company introduces a decided innovation. It is said to be the first time that gravel mining has been attempted on any scale in Southern California, and the installation of the hydraulic elevator will mark a new departure in the Southwest.

For eight miles along the bed of one stream, including the mouths of tributary gulches on either side, the land has been located and the heavy compulsory work that was done in a very quiet way and the work was finished before the suspicions of outsiders were aroused. At the point where operations are being conducted a gasoline engine and centrifugal pump have been set up. A suction pipe has been run from the pump into the stream, while the discharge empties into the head of two lines of sluice boxes. The sluice boxes have been used to empty a number of the large holes along the stream and the gravel so long covered has been unyoked up and hoisted to the level of the sluice boxes and dumped. Prior to the pumping dry of the holes the stream was diverted and the water was carried to a point below the scene of the work.

With the cleaning out of each hole the gravel dumped near the head of the sluice was hauled into the boxes and the water from the pump turned in behind it. The prospect work has proven very interesting and after each run good clean-ups have been made. The Bostonians are so well pleased with the result of the preliminary work that the putting in of a big engine and high capacity pump to meet the diverting the stream will be avoided and the work carried on with accordingly greater rapidity. An elevator with an endless chain of buckets will be added to the equipment and the gravel from the bed of the stream will be raised to the level of the boxes which will be connected with the elevator. So far as prospected the gravel and dirt in the bed of the river yields returns across its entire width. This new work along the cañon has brought many prospectors into that region, for all the gold taken out is quartz gold, and there is no evidence of its having traveled very far. The old Menifee and Good Hope mines are coming in for a share of the interest and men are planning to re-visit the old workings.