



## ARROWS *from the* LONG BOW

(FROM THE QUIVER OF HANNAH MORE)

Most of the calamities of human life originate with ourselves.

In teaching them (children) the duties of solitude as well as of society, this earth would be a happier place than it is.

Our Divine Teacher does not say "read," but "search" the Scriptures. The doctrines of the Bible are of everlasting interest.

Christianity was a second creation. It completed the first order of things, and introduced a new one of its own, not subversive, but perfective of the original.

Business must have its period as well as devotion. We were sent into this world to act as well as pray; active duties must be performed as well as devout exercises.

We often hear of the necessity of being qualified for the world; and this is the grand object in the education of our children, overlooking the difficult duty of qualifying them for retirement.

Of two evils, had not an author better be tedious than superficial? From an overflowing vessel you may gather more, indeed, than you want, but from an empty one you can gather nothing.

Reputation being in itself so very desirable a good, those who actually possess it, and in some sense deserve to possess it, are apt to make it their standard, and to rest in it as their supreme aim and end.

It is not sufficient to avoid reading pernicious books, care should be taken to prevent their circulation. This duty however, it is to be feared, is too little regarded even by those who are sincere in religious professions.

It is superfluous to decorate woman highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakenly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most. It is for that sober period, when life has lost its freshness, the passions their intensity, and the spirits their hilarity, that we should be preparing.

### LOCAL

We regretted very much to learn just as we were going to press that Father Ildefonce was confined in St. Vincent's hospital in Portland. One of the Fathers from Mt. Angel conducted the Catholic services here last Sunday. We trust that Father Ildefonce may be with us again soon.

Some years ago we had on our printing staff a lad named Wilbur Ridley. We were most happy to have him with us, as he was an apt and industrious student, who in addition to these good qualities possessed a pleasing personality and dependability. In time he returned to his home in Ketchikan, Alaska, and at intervals we heard good reports from him. Just recently some Northern resident sent us a column-size newspaper write-up of Wilbur's wedding. It evidently was a notable social affair in Ketchikan. The bride was Miss Della Williams. The American takes pleasure in extending all good wishes to this young couple.

### The Sanitary Dairyman

VERY early in the morning,  
Tuttle sought the spotted cow,  
And with gloves his hands adorning  
Took the night cap from her brow.  
Roused her well-bred slumber,  
Bathed her features with a sponge,  
To the bath tub made her lumber  
For her early morning plunge.  
Manicured her horn and hooflet,  
Sprayed her breast with listerine,  
Scrubbed her tail from floor to rooflet,  
Till each inch of it was clean.  
Then while her attention centered  
On her predigested bran,  
Reverently Tuttle entered  
With a silver-plated can.  
Into which by gauze protected  
From bacilli and ilk,  
Tuttle skillfully projected  
Little streams of purest milk.  
With a microscope he viewed it,  
Slew a microbe here and there,  
Strained it, weighed it, cooled it, stewed  
it,  
Pasteurized it, too, with care.  
Then in bottles small he hauled it  
To the city, and in short--  
Everywhere that Tuttle sold it,  
Cost them sixty cents per quart.  
—Red Lodge (Mont.) Picket