

"THE GUIDE ACROSS THE YEARS"

SERMON WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN BY DR. NEWELL
DWIGHT HILLIS, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Text: "I am the way." "I am the door."
"I am the light of the world."

THE soul is indeed a captive in a far country. What a wilderness is that named by the continent of years! How dusty are the plains! How heated the atmosphere of those epochs named temptation and sin! It is as if the soul were shipwrecked upon the shore of an untrodden continent and left alone to find its way across the plains and the deserts and the alkali mountains that lie between it and the golden state. The passage from the cradle to the grave is more wonderful than the journey of the Israelites from Egypt to the Promised Land. That far-off host was threatened by the sea, and threatened by reptiles, and threatened by hostile hands, and the 40 years were crowded with perils as they reached the land of milk and honey. And in view of the temptations, the allurements and the demons that come in the garb of angels of light; in view of the pitfalls and snares that threaten childhood and youth—it seems almost a miracle that any find the way that leads toward integrity and full manhood. As from the vantage ground of 50 years you look back over these long stretches of experience, there was ever a journey made through an enemy's country crowded with such perils and thrilling experiences that make for life and death as those that your career has fulfilled? In retrospect your memory recalls a companion here and there who threw the whole weight of influence and all the wiles and virtue of his personality upon you, and tried to compact with you some form of partnership—one who stood forth at last a mass of deceit and trickery. Yet some power held you back, and you escaped unscathed. There are hours in your career more dangerous a thousand times than the hour when some Alpine traveler came to the edge of the crevasse, or on some declivity hung over the edge of the precipice, and escaped by a hair's breadth. In your moment of peril, some voice whispered: "This is the way," and some hand drew you back from peril into safety. Looking back through the years, you discern here and there the faces of some whose whole career became a blight and a rust, and who have long slept in dishonored graves. Looking back, how do you marvel that some voice whispered warning and alarm, so that you knew those whose very companionship was peril, only as those ships that meet, signal, and pass to meet no more forever. How thrilling the story of the journey of a soul from the cradle to the grave! Little wonder that man needs to know the way across the vista of the years. And what a life yours has been, this life whose tears have watered the wastes of some struggles have but lent you strength, whose mysteries have but deepened and chastened that which might have been superficial, whose sorrows have lent ripeness and beauty, whose deaths have but served only to feed the immortal hope.

The Way to Live.

Life is not in the years, but in the great knowledge and affections, that are fruits ripened by the years. Life is not a mere journeying; it is a journeying forward upon a path that leads from the shores of birth to the great western shores where the soul lifts the signal and sets sail toward the harbor beyond the horizon. For those who have thought deeply upon these problems, what beauty in the words of Christ to the released captive: "I am the way across the continent of the years." Does aspiration exclaim: "I know not the way to live!" Then behold the beauty and simplicity of Christ the child, of Christ the soldier, of Christ the teacher and patriot, of Christ the hero, of Christ the universal lover, and of Christ the martyr, while he whispers: "I am the way." Does reason cry out: "Clouds and darkness are round about his throne; he is the unknown one;" then Christ's gentleness toward the poor and weak, and his hope for the heartbroken, tell us that each event in Christ's career is a revelation as to how God feels toward a broken-hearted race. Does affection at last dishevelled beside its tomb, and moan: "Which way hath my beloved gone?" then Christ points to the receding figure that passes down the valley across the river, and up the shining heights, and whispers: "I am the way."

Light for Guidance.

When the released captive has found a way through the tangled forest, he needs also a "light" for guidance and safety. Our age knows not what wealth of meaning for that far-off generation was included in the word "light." It was an age of darkness and danger. The uses of fire were but little known. Today by reason of the electric bulb and reflectors, literally the night shines as the day. When the darkness falls, the nurse and the physician worry not. If at midnight the knife must be used, and the arteries tied, the hands of the physician can see their way clearly through this little sun that burns at midnight. At midnight, too, the train follows a headlight that bores a path through the darkness. At midnight the ship journeys forward, having eyes that blaze before and behind. The new Roentgen ray also makes the very body luminous. With its help the eye sees substances hitherto opaque. But, in that old time, when the night fell, a cloud blacker than darkness itself, for the mother, anxious about the sick child, and unable in the darkness to catch its symptoms, the night meant only peril and alarm. With what dread did the ephemerids watch each night against the descent of the robbers from the mountains! Under cover of darkness, what assaults were committed and what devastations wrought by lawless bands! What meaning in the words: "We long for the coming of the morning," which brought light! And when Christ declared that he was a light, shining in the darkness, the figure conveyed a wealth of meaning to that generation that we can scarcely understand. What revelation in the light! At midnight there are no colors; the whitest lily



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

loose form and beauty, and Helen's brow is as the brow of Egypt. But when the light comes in the Summer it bids every seed awake, bids every bough blossom, bids every bird go forth and sing, calls the sleeping husband man and sower forth to their tasks, makes the desert like a garden, and clothes the land with waving grain from sea to sea. And for reason, seeking to thread its way through life's darkness and the storm, trying to find the way home to God, Christ rose like an untrodden sun, flooding the path with light. Lost in the thicket of temptation, and seeking to find the way back to the appointed task; trembling lest a single misstep might bring destruction; for each Peter touched with terror, and for each dying thief, Christ became the light, glowing like the sun and radiant as the stars. For the wine mystery of beauty and wealth of meaning, these words, "I am the light of the world," are unequalled in their comfort for the pilgrim journeying across the continent of the years.

Making Life's Garden a Desert.

But a traveler who has found a path through the wilderness, and has a light for his guidance, needs food and drink. In that far-off time travel was a thing of peril. Commerce was through the caravans of trade. The three lands with which Jerusalem traded were Egypt to the south, and Arabia to the east, and the people of the Euphrates and India to the northeast. Singularly enough the desert separated each of these countries from the merchants of Jerusalem. It was a long way across the sandy plains to these far-off cities. The path of the caravan was marked by the white bones of the skeletons of beasts and men that had fallen under the pitiless heat. At mid-day the air quivered and trembled with the fierce glow of the furnace. At midnight the cold struck chill into the

very marrow of the bones. Here and there in the desert, rose the high rocks, and at the base of these rocks now and then a well-spring gushed forth. There men planted their vineyards and olive trees. The caravans stayed beside the well to fill their bottles with water. Resting under the tree they found shade from the fierce heat, while the clusters yielded food against the long journey. To one of these wells, Jacob's came. The generations for 30 centuries. For the possession of the well and the vineyards thereabout, tribes went to war. In retrospect, we now trace the march of Moses' host through the wilderness, by the wide-laid separated well-springs and oases that become stations marking their progress. When Christ described life as a wilderness of peace and prosperity, but not tomorrow's. The riches will take wings, and like startled birds fly away, and leave no trace in the air behind. Reputation dissolves and slender journeys forth with blades sharper than a two-edged sword, slandering "whose breath rides on the posting winds, and doth baffle all corners of the world, and blacks the whitest virtue." Though the gift be health, we never so strong tomorrow when the capricious winds of fortune fustle like a wounded bird, while life trembles in the balance. And though love make home a heaven for happiness, tomorrow, as Richter said, the angels shall enter this home, "their footprints a grave." When these words have made life's garden a desert, sin enters the scene, to fill the mind with remorse and

poison every spring of peace and happiness. But when life is desert, then the soul gets the sense of meaning in Christ's word: "I am the way." I am the vine in the wilderness." A thousand times we have proved the reality of his words. Discouraged, despondent, broken-hearted, consumed with life's fierce heat, we have come to him, and found shade and cooling and grateful shelter. We have wet our burning brows at his cool, gushing spring. Full oft we have stooped to drink at his life-giving fountains. In our distress we have gone to him, and he has made the desert and made their way into the perfumed garden. For the weary, pilgrim band, journeying across the continent of years, Christ is food and drink indeed.

At the End of the Way.

When the noble youth Roland was released from his captivity in the enemy's country, had found a guide through the tangled forest, had light and food and drink against the long journey he was not sure that he would find welcome when he reached the far-off home land, where, perchance, another had dispossessed him. But for the soul, the city of righteousness, into which are gathered all the good of the ages, is the home land, and for the pilgrim Christ proclaims himself as the door, standing open after the long journey. A thousand images of the meaning involved in this symbol arise before our minds. In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers the hero journeys across the sea, carves a home in the wilderness, after years of absence returns, comes up the old familiar path. He is broken in health, but brave and victorious. He lifts the latch, the door opens, with glad, tumultuous welcome those long waiting and expectant leap to meet and greet him. The opening door ushers him into such deep and tranquil happiness as no words can describe. For the prodigal boy, lost in the streets of the great city, there come hours when his thoughts turn homeward, but the thoughts that are too deep for tears are all clustered about the door where his mother stands, perchance with outstretched arms, to welcome and forgive. And for the prodigal, out in the desert, Christ was the door to God's forgiveness. For the publican and the sinner, Christ was the door of pity and pardon. For those who were stricken down by their passions, and rose up to flee on, Christ was the door of refuge from all the strife. And when at length the soul passed down into the darkness of death, Christ was the door to immortal life. In the Winter's night, when the storm and the snow rage without, the family are gathered about the blazing fire within, the door opens and the little bird, weary, its wings heavy with frozen sleet, flutters in out of the darkness and storm. There it finds warmth and shelter in the atmosphere of the radiant glow, and the fire blazes upon the hearth. And weary with earth's troubles and sins, at last the soul rests upon the caves of God's house, and lo! Christ is the door that opens for welcome and refuge. So we pilgrims journey across the continent of the years. Caught in the thicket, Christ is a deliverer. Lost in the forest, and going ever wither, seeking the path, Christ becomes a way, and no floor or wild beast gaiter hereon smitten with the fierce heat, Christ is the fountain that gushes beside the dusty path. He is also the vine, that grows beside the long way, building a bower of beauty for our shade and succor. In health and prosperity he is companion and friend. In sickness and old age and adversity he is staff and support. At last, at the end of the way, he stands like the golden door opening into heaven, home and immortal happiness. For Christ is all in all to the pilgrim journeying across the continent of the years.

A Game of Chance Played on Death

Billions of Dollars Risked on Human Lives—Gambling on European Monarchs.

GAMBLING on death has with the last 20 years become so stupendous and universal a practice that insurance policies, to repeat a common saying, have been written on nearly everything and everybody, save the solar system, says the Philadelphia Ledger. High priests of the great temple of chance—insurance companies—have made ventures in every corner of civilization and even beyond. Nothing and nobody between an East Side tenement and a European palace or an Asiatic house of Kings is beneath their notice as worth taking a chance upon in the huge lottery. Headed by the United States, with their \$12,757,529 of life insurance in force, the human family is today insured for the gigantic total of \$2,577,409,940.

Should any simultaneous fatality occur among the holders of insurance policies, or even a title of them, every insurance company on earth would be bankrupted in paying the beneficiaries, the aggregate amount of insurance far exceeding the total amount of money in international circulation.

Gambling on Death of Caesar.

Another recent news item suggesting an unfamiliar phase of the great game of chance was the announcement in London that the late disturbances in St. Petersburg had prompted English underwriters to increase the insurance rate on the Caesar from 5 guineas (\$20 per cent to 15 guineas, with many underwriters even demanding more.

and English capital are invested in Russia, and the life or death of the Caesar is a matter of paramount importance to such enterprises and those interested in them.

Foreigners Not Stringent.

While the United States insurance laws prohibit American insurance companies writing policies without the written application and endorsement of the party insured and also a medical examination in each case, foreign companies are not so stringent. Hence to small part of the business done by English, French and German insurance companies concerns the welfare of the greater rulers of Europe.

"When King Edward was ill, for instance, enormous sums were risked on his recovery by English insurance companies. His recovery netted them extremely handsome balances, probably as much as \$20,000 in premiums paid."

"Then, again, one of the most heavily insured men on earth is the German Emperor. Owing to an insidious hereditary disease prevalent in the Hohenzollern family and owing, furthermore, to the occasional symptoms developed but carefully concealed by the Kaiser, the insurance rate on his life is three times as high as it would be were he an average normal man."

"Odd as it may seem, young Alfonso

of Spain carries probably more personal insurance than any other ruler in Europe. By that is meant bona fide rather than freak or floating insurance, as is meant when capitalists and bondholders assume risks unknown to yet insured persons. Alfonso XIII is insured for upward of \$1,000,000 today. As much of it was taken out in the year of his accession—his 16th year—a very low rate was secured. Since then he has developed a disquieting fondness for riding spirited horses and also for automobilism. While it may seem quixotic of the insurance companies, his habits in this respect have doubled the normal rate of his life."

But, continued this authority, the amounts taken out in bona fide policies in this country far exceed, both individually and in the aggregate, those of any other country. Of the \$19,000,000 of life insurance carried in the country at large, nearly 100,000 are individual policies amounting to \$100,000 and upward, including one of \$1,000,000.

Naturally, these large policies are held by men and women of wealth and prominence, and, therefore, the insurance companies are to increase their business, it is no easy matter to secure a policy running into six figures or more.

As a matter of fact, the secretary of a leading company vouchsafed, hundreds of

"WHAT COULD OUR OWN NAVY DO IF —?"

Read the Oregonian Next Sunday and Then You Can Make a Good Estimate.

You have undoubtedly asked yourself and others that question numerous times since you read how Togo sent the Russian fleet to the bottom of the sea of Japan in a two days' fight. You have had brought home to you, as never before, the importance of the Navy. Therefore:

"WHAT COULD OUR OWN NAVY DO IF —?"

The answer in cold facts and figures will be published in a most interesting article in the next issue of The Sunday Oregonian. But they are not dull facts and figures. They are hot with interest to every red-blooded American. And they contain many surprises. For example, how many Americans know that within three years we shall have 25 battleships; that the Navy itself has been quadrupled in seven years; and that the 1413 great guns which we shall soon have ready for any emergency on our floating fortresses will almost equal in weight the entire tonnage of the Navy we possessed at the beginning of the War of 1812?

But read the answer for yourself; and then, the next time someone asks you, "What could our own Navy do, if —?" you will be able to give a reply that will make his backbone thrill with pride, and cause him to have no fear about what the Navy would do, if —.

Remarkable Reductions

Like every other Portland merchant, last year we made large purchases to meet the Fair business, but we find that we have overstocked in some lines. Now, we can't afford to have this expensive furniture—odds and ends from every department—left on our hands, and have, therefore made great, sweeping cuts that will move them out of our way and into the homes of those who prize good things when they see them. Tomorrow morning we open our great "Red Tag Sale," and you'll find these red tags, denoting a big cut in price, all over the house. If you are in want of an article of furniture you may find just your present need here at this great cut-rate sale. A few bargains are here indicated—Watch the evening papers.

\$11.00 Clocks, similar to above cut, for **\$5.75**
Other styles at proportionate cuts.
The well-known "Regulator" Clock for **\$3.25**

\$1.75 Dining Chairs, cane seat, with brace, for **\$1.35**
Dining Chair, no arm, cane seat, **\$1.00**
Nurse Rocker, cane seat, **\$1.75**

\$2.50 Cobbler-Seat Rockers in mahogany or golden oak; reduced at the Red Tag Sale to **\$2.50**
\$1.50 Child's High Chair with table **\$1.00**
\$1.00 without table **\$1.50**

\$6.00 ten-piece Toilet Sets, handsome decorations in gilt and floral designs **\$4.50**

\$25.00 round or square top Dining Tables, polished golden oak, large turned legs, 48 inches in diameter, extend to 6 and 8 feet, for **\$17.50**

\$35.00 Golden Oak Dressers, large French plate mirrors, 4 drawers, modern built in every detail; reduced at this Red Tag Sale to **\$28.00**
\$30.00 Folding Beds, of which we find we have too many in stock; cut to **\$24.00**

\$12.00 Dressing Tables in golden oak and birdseye maple, beautiful designs and hand polished **\$10.00**
Plain, nickel-plated Night Lamps **75c**
75c glass Standing Lamps **45c**

\$35.00 Buffets in weathered and golden oak, piano finish, French plate mirror; first-class in every detail; at the Red Tag Sale cut to **\$28.00**

\$20.00 China Closets, bent glass front and ends, golden oak, high-class good workmanship; reduced to **\$16.00**
\$14.00 Bookcases, adjustable shelves; in golden oak or maple; cut to **\$11.50**

\$17.50 three-piece Parlor Suits, high-grade velvet, light-colored, elegant frames in mahogany finish **\$10.00**

\$35.00 Sideboards in golden oak, large French plate mirrors, swell front, drawers, beautiful carving and trimmings; reduced at this Red Tag Sale to **\$25.00**

\$35.00 Chiffoniers, in golden oak or birdseye maple, French plate mirror, serpentine front; reduced at this Red Tag Sale to **\$28.00**
\$15.00 Tall Bookcases, of which we find we have too many in stock; cut to **\$12.00**

\$21.00 combination Writing Desks, golden oak, French plate mirror, adjustable book shelves, glass door, drawers, etc., for **\$17.50**
\$10.00 Parlor Center Tables, shaped top, graceful legs; top 23x23 inch, for **\$6.00**

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millions of dollars have during the past ten years been refused wealthy insurance applicants who were unable to give a fairly normal bill of health and habits.

How, it may be asked, do the insurance companies determine such cases? How do they inform themselves exactly how far to venture in accepting applications for immense policies? For rich and prominent men, the insurance companies may be, his or her word is rarely taken of itself, unaccompanied by a report from what is known as the bureau of investigation maintained by the respective companies.

Sometimes weeks and months pass between the time the application is made and the time an answer is given—and during the interim the bureau of investigation, corresponding precisely to a detective bureau, has the applicant under surveillance. Were he or she the sought of the law the shadowing process could be hardly more thorough, though circumvented by watching every public move made by the applicants, gaining a fair idea of their modes of living, their habits, moral standards and physical idiosyncrasies, the bureau attaches form an accurate estimate of the applicant as a risk to be taken or avoided.

Noted Indian Pictures

(Continued from Page 28.)

fore me, and as the work is followed up, many changes in my present outline will doubtless be made and add to the undertaking.

Keep Tab on Millionaires.

In the case of Rodman Wanamaker, who already had been carrying some \$200,000, the applications were made out in the usual way by a prominent insurance company, which, in turn, subroated various policies, placing them with other companies. The original company in such an instance never writes a policy for more than \$25,000. So, reserving the aforesaid sum for itself, it divided the remainder of the \$1,500,000 among six other companies, simply assuming responsibility for the risk.

The millionaire applicant, being a man of habit and tastes, his manner of living being an open book, so to say, was not shadowed so tenaciously as would have been the case otherwise. Nevertheless, though he was probably ignorant of the fact, several pairs of eyes were directed toward him for some weeks before the big policy was finally issued.

As an example of wealthy insurance applicants who are viewed askance by the insurers, since so many wealthy men have succumbed to motormania, with a penchant for breaking records and other things, several larger insurance companies have doubled and trebled their rates in granting policies to such applicants.

Owing to his custom of frequently making flying trips over the country in his private car, George J. Gould is forced to pay a higher rate than ordinary for his insurance. On the other hand, J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, James Henry Smith and others who habitually run less risk pay only the usual rate.

After the confidence of the Indians is obtained and the historian permitted to roam at will and gather what he wants for material, another line of work opens up in that every negative, every print, every bit of data must be kept in duplicate to prevent such a calamity as the destruction of such valuable records. Perhaps one picture gotten under great difficulty and after months of effort might never be produced again. A picture of some quaint ceremonial, superstitious or otherwise, or of the last representative of some type all but extinct, if destroyed might never again be obtainable, and its ethnic value would be irreparable. Worked in the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute, put themselves on record as saying that Mr. Curtis has obtained ethnical data from the Indians that they have not been able to get in years of field work and they are most enthusiastic about the publication of the great work when he shall have completed it. As now planned there will be about 20 volumes of text, containing 200 full-page photographs. Supplementing these volumes there will be 20 portfolios containing 60 large photographs, all the work to be done on the record paper which is calculated to last for all time. This will be a part of the record of the Bureau in question and one of the most complete and perfect ever included in the archives of any government.

Those who have never seen the Curtis pictures will do well to visit his corner in the Forestry Building when attending the Exposition. Go upstairs into the first gallery where a few are displayed. The idly curious glance at these and to them they are merely pictures of Indians. Those who read the story in the text and who love them for tokens of the artist's hand, or evidence on every one, will climb another stairway to the quaint attic away up under the huge rafters. Here is the forest of the past, the Indian of the past, the Indian of the future. Here is where these pictures should always be hung to make them realistic, and here they are at home. The Indian of the desert seems as much at home as the New Perceps or the Blackfoot, for no matter where an Indian comes from he seems to belong to the forest and the forest to him.

To mention individual pictures in this rare exhibit would be an all-day task, for each is good. As Mr. Curtis says, "each is good history, each good ethnology—and each must have that which appeals to the love of the beautiful." The beautiful photograph of "A Jicarilla Chief" hung in the gallery of the Fine Arts Building is from this collection, the first photograph. Here is where these pictures should always be hung to make them realistic, and here they are at home. The Indian of the desert seems as much at home as the New Perceps or the Blackfoot, for no matter where an Indian comes from he seems to belong to the forest and the forest to him.

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