

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (except Sunday) and on the following days...

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—Sprat.

JAMESTOWN: 1607-1907.

THE CELEBRATION at Jamestown next year will not be as great in many respects as last year...

Millions of Americans will next year be carried back as they could not otherwise have been to those historic beginnings of the republic.

A LITTLE SUNDAY SERMON.

REET the day with a smile and a healthy flush of hope. Bid it good-by with a hymn and prayer...

women can and do; but the average man throws up his hands and cries: "Help, Cassius, or I perish."

We don't believe all that Mrs. Eddy has written and taught, but "Christian Science" as a living philosophy, is undoubtedly helpful to multitudes of people.

The people who get the most out of life are those who rise above their petty worries; who never indulge in back-yard quarrels...

A long time ago a wise man wrote: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

No, you can't altogether change your temperament. Through heredity some people come crabbed into the world, bent on making trouble.

Kick, sometimes, when you are sure you ought to, but don't be a chronic grumbler or complainer.

Did you ever think that a whole lot of your worrying is about troubles that never come?

You must have "cares," but these attended to as well as you can, banish "care."

THE COUNTRY SAVED AGAIN.

WE ARE somewhat surprised that our esteemed contemporary, the Salem Statesman, has as yet not dilated delightedly on the authorized increase of the duty imposed on imported frogs' legs.

It was announced recently that in consequence of that most eminent statesman's, Secretary Shaw's decision, in favor of frogs' legs, a great effort is being made to boom the frog industry in Pennsylvania.

We may not be able to produce jumping frogs equal to Jim Smiley's before he was filled with a hearty feed of buckshot...

The learned and linguistic secretary of the treasury rendered a decision not long ago that wooden legs— for humans, not frogs—were "household supplies, and so taxable only as such."

The dairyman has become a very important figure in our dietetic economy. We cannot get along without him, of course, and we have to depend very much upon him.

John Randolph of Roanoke

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

John Randolph is the most remarkable character in American history, and as an all-round wonder will probably never be equaled in the country's annals.

Born in 1773 and dying in 1833, the courtly Virginian made an impression upon his day and generation that can never be effaced.

John Randolph was a man. Physically, he was a mere shell, so thin and frail that he was scarcely able to cast shadows.

He was a politician, but he was a politician with a principle. Whether listening to the howlings of success or sitting in the ashes of defeat, he never knew what it was to feel the sting of shame...

Long life to the memory of John Randolph of Roanoke.

that will rival the greetings to Grant or Dewey. Our young men should not think that the difference in the receptions is due to any fortuitous circumstance...

BUTTER AND MILK.

WHAT'S in a color—as to butter? In the pure-food bill passed by congress late in the recent session is a clause prohibiting the coloring of butter.

Every time the Oregonian gives itself up to the contemplation of a franchise from which it has no rake-off it makes a noise like a burglar trying to break in.

After. The family is feeling fine. The Fourth has no wrong gone. Save for the rocket that misfired.

Why, even poorer, yesterday. Lit bombs and yelled and cheered. But my! He looks so comic since a cracker singed his beard.

And Auntie Toodles (she's got coin) Was asked to spend the day—A cracker fastened to her skirt.

Hatched Eggs in a Beehive. From the Technological World. In Ohio if the poultry raisers cannot afford the double-boiling steam-heated retainer...

Backgammon Boards Like Books. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Backgammon boards are made to look like books because Eudes, bishop of Sicily, tried to stamp out backgammon in the fifteenth century.

Weighting a Hair. "To number the hairs of your head retainer of the army office to a friend recently. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount on a man's head and then weighing a single hair."

scientious. Yet so important, so vital, is the matter of clean, pure milk, especially in a family with children in it, that he must excuse the urban public for being careful and watchful.

The efforts of Louis A. Gourdain to force himself into the Illinois penitentiary are tear-compelling. The courts have refused his piteous plea for admission, and there seems nothing left for him but to build an annex to the prison, hire a warden, lock himself in, serve his sentence and take to the vaudeville stage.

Unfortunate Stoessel. In Russia he is sentenced to death for having surrendered Port Arthur, and in Japan proclaimed as a hero for the same act. Of course, the sincerity of "banal, Stoessel" may be due more or less to the fact that Stoessel gave up the city to the Japanese.

A Monrovia, California, collection of fanatics of the Holy Roller order are preparing to sacrifice their eldest children. They make a mistake here; they should try the remedy on themselves.

Another multimillionaire baby—family name Brown—is fenced in by barb-wire surrounded by armed guards, lest he be kidnaped. Meanwhile many little Johnny Browns are having doodles of fun and their mammas have no fear of their being kidnaped.

The position of president of the United States must be a very popular one. Of the 80,000,000 people in the country but one has positively refused to be a candidate for the place, and Mr. Hearst always has the right to change his ante before the last card is dealt.

Whenever you feel as if you had made a mistake in cultivating a cheerful mind instead of acquiring misery, think of the joys in which the Pittsburgh millionaires are steeped, and continue to be obscure and contented.

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Dancing Distance. From podometer tests it is made apparent that a waiter covers a solid half mile of distance and the galop requires a full mile. The lancers is the easiest dance, since in this the distance covered is but little more than a quarter of a mile.

Head and the Heart

BY HENRY F. COPE.

"Come now, let us reason together," saith Jehovah.—Isaiah Ixviii.

THESE are temperamental types which never reach any conclusion by pure reasoning; intuitions, emotions and inspirations take the place of intellectual processes.

There are other natures not less necessary to the world, not less glorious in their records of leaders, martyrs and masters of men.

The conclusion that the emotional type must, after all, be the right one is made the most noise and the most easily apprehended demonstration.

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Message's Reign.

By Alexander Pope.

[Alexander Pope (London, May 21, 1688.—Twickenham, May 30, 1744), the great English poet and satirist, wrote a number of moral and religious pieces, yet no other one has found its way into the hymn book except this, taken from his "Messiah," published in 1713.

See heaven's its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn; See future sons and daughters yet unborn.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend; Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars thronged with prophets kings, While every land its joyful tribute brings.

See the sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay; Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away.

But fixed his word, his saving power remain; Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reign!

A Poison Factory. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Slip on this glass mask," said the foreman. "You will need it."

The visitor donned the uncanny mask of glass, and the foreman led the way to the cyanide of potassium department.

"We make 1000 tons of cyanide a year," he said. "A dose of five grains is a fatal one. Thus our annual production is enough to kill 2,500,000 people."

He opened a door and a room filled with writhing flames, dense shadows, sparks, smoke and weird figures in glass masks was revealed. In the center of the room in a great cauldron, 100 pounds of molten cyanide of potassium bubbled and seethed. The flames glinted strangely on the glass masks.

The foreman laughed. "These fumes," he said, "are wholesome. The men, you see, are all robust. I have known weakly chaps, working here among these strange fumes, to pick up health and vigor."

In another clean, cool room the finished cyanide was stored. It looked like crystallized white sugar, good enough to eat.

"Good enough to eat," said the foreman, gravely. "Well, we have had men eat it. Four men committed suicide in that way. The fumes seem to create in our men a desire to taste the drug. They fight this desire, most of them successfully, but they feel it the same as workers in coffee plants want to chew the coffee beans, and some feel it so strongly as to succumb."

Less Majestic. Three remarkable cases of less majestic have occurred in Serbia within a short period. One man who had stated that King Peter "did not seem fit for much" was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; another who asserted that the king would always be looked on as a stranger was given five years, and a third, who said that his majesty was of less value than his surroundings, was sent to prison for four years.