

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing—Sidney Smith.

THE BIG FOURTH STREET NUISANCE

IT GOES without saying that there should be no perpetual or indeterminate franchises for the use of a city's streets, by any person or corporation.

It is to be remembered and recognized that the development of all parts of the country, and particularly the cities, has been not only immensely helped but in many instances chiefly secured and brought about, by men with some capital and business ideas, who could and would and did—

Do something; Build railroads; Use the avenues of travel and traffic to accommodate the people and make a greatly growing country, state and city.

In many cases these people took some chances; if they won, they won for everybody within the "sphere of their influence," and it was generally conceded that, so long as they were real developers and helpers—J. J. Hill, for instance—they were fairly entitled to financial rewards.

It was the custom, not only here but everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for legislatures and councils to give such men large and what might become and what in many instances have become very valuable privileges, as to "the right of way."

This policy and practice has been much abused. The "right of way" subject needs careful, conscientious consideration and adjustment.

Portland was perhaps unfortunately laid out as to its narrow streets. It lies along a river, with abreasting hills on the side of the river where is located the main business portion of the city.

Through this comparatively narrow passage-way must move the traffic of the future city of more than a half a million people. The streets cannot be rearranged. They must, in the main, remain as the founders of the city, never imagining it would be so large as it will be, decreed then.

The streets belong to the public, to the people; everybody understands that; discussion of this proposition is needless. But had a former council and other city authorities, even if acting honestly and as it seemed at the time wisely, a right to bind this and future generations to the perpetual use of the streets by railroad and telephone and electric light and other corporations? The question only needs stating to furnish its own answer.

There should be no such thing as a perpetual franchise granted in the infancy of a town, and held by some corporation or concern as an irrevocable right. The people of today have a right to reverse the people of 40 years ago, as to any proposition whatever, and the courts will so hold, most so decide.

Therefore, with any formal and proper declaration to that effect, the permit held by the Southern Pacific company on Fourth street is and of right should be null and void. That company has no more right, in justice, in equity, to the use of that street than a syndicate of expressmen or a corporation of coalheavers.

The council ought to revoke that old permit. The courts ought to uphold that revocation.

If the Southern Pacific is to continue to use Fourth street, it should pay what its use is worth to the street's owners, the people.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

OUR ALWAYS esteemed standard contemporary, the Salem Statesman, responding to our recent remark in The Journal that our selected members of congress should "speak out," and declare whether they will line up with Aldrich or La Follette, says: "They are certainly not going to make the error of attempting to break up our present prosperity by moving a general revision of the tariff. Neither will they feel under obligations to join the Standard Oil coterie headed by Aldrich, nor to fol-

low the rabid radicalism of the new bung starter from Wisconsin. They will simply be Republicans, and the writer doubts if the hammer of The Journal will even frighten them into going with the Democracy."

It is an interesting thing that a respectable and supposedly honest newspaper, published in the year 1906, should pretend and profess to its readers that the tariff causes prosperity. Even seventh-rate politicians ought to be ashamed to make any such pretense to intelligent people.

As to the Statesman's dignified and classic remark about the senator from Wisconsin, we will only say that the country seems to be in considerable need of more such "bung starters."

"They will simply be Republicans," says our capital city friend. But they ought to be more; they should be public servants and statesmen before they are "Republicans" or "Democrats," or anything else in a merely partisan sense.

The truth is that the Republican party is splitting in two. Which half are these men going to be with? That is the query and suggestion that we made.

THE PICNIC SEASON.

THIS is the season when, among other impulses and movements, the average town-dweller wakes up in the morning—that is, if he is a citizen of reasonable regular habits and hasn't a night job—feeling picnicy. And within reasonable limitations we think this feeling should be yielded to, especially when there are so many inviting and attractive places not very far away from Portland—or even right in the town—where one may enjoy a picnic.

On Holland hill, some two miles out from Fairfield, Connecticut, there dwelt in the spring of 1779, General G. S. Silliman, one of the most prominent Whigs in the section and a great friend to the cause of liberty.

Silliman was man enough to attract the special attention of Washington and to receive from the great chief the honor of the commission of brigadier-general, and at the time in question General Silliman, at the head of his troops, was at the aforesaid Holland hill, with headquarters in his own fine mansion.

Sir Henry Clinton thought it would be a fine thing to capture the distinguished Whig and to parade him along the more public thoroughfares of New York in iron.

For the capture of Silliman Sir Henry into the settlement were offered as much as 15 cents to help save the hay, but they were all tired. The only really industrious, rustling man in Oyster Bay was Teddy. And he is no quitter. The account says that "when the hay wagon was filled the president, very much to the astonishment and pleasure of the farmers, followed the men to the barn, and, going up into the hay mow, received the hay and stowed it away, trampling it down vigorously. The perspiration rolled down his face when he had finished his task, but he was highly pleased with his experience and requested the superintendent to notify him when another field of hay is to be garnered so that he can be on hand to assist."

There is no sense in asking any more: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" Let 'em harvest the hay crop. But we haven't heard of Grover Cleveland pitching and mowing any hay—not for 50 years.

And our good friend Geer—we fear that he hasn't had intimate personal acquaintance with a pitchfork this summer!

SUNDAY THEN AND NOW.

SUNDAY is a very different day from what it used to be. We need not go back to Colonial times to find a Sunday such as nobody endures or scarcely dreams of now. Not more than 50 years ago Sunday among many Christians was observed very differently from what it is by most of them now. It was a day of rest from all ordinary labors, as now, but it was also, with many, a day in the nature of a penance.

Two midday sermons and an intervening Sunday school occupied about three mortal hours of time, summer and winter, at least in some Protestant churches. There was the least possible cooking, no visiting, no traveling, no work except of mercy or real necessity, no games, no mirth. By the stricter religious people it was really held and used as God's holy day. Many a conscientious parent would rather have buried a loved child than to have seen it going to a picnic and enjoying itself. The people who thus observed Sunday sincerely believed that they were performing their highest duty; were keeping a divine command; like Paul when he persecuted the Christians, they verily thought they were doing God's service, and all the more so if even to the devotees of them the day was irksome. And while many church members were not quite so strict, and non-professors took considerable latitude in the use of the day, there were no excursions, no noisy games, nothing worse than mild, quiet diversion.

But now, how different! True, many people go to church and listen to some artistic music and an essay of about 20 or 30 minutes' duration; many abide at home or only soberly walk or ride abroad; there is yet a good deal of real observance of Sunday, called the Sabbath; yet for a multitude of others it is only a day for outings, for excursions, for sports, for conviviality, for nothing suggesting the "holiness" or sacredness or former purport of the day.

Around depots and steamer docks, and entrances to ball games and vaudeville shows, and on corners where

streetcars halt, on any fine summer Sunday, in almost any American city, may be seen crowds of men, women and children hastening, hustling, pushing, scrambling, crowding, rushing, perspiring; red-faced, uncomfortable, in high collars and tight corsets and shoes, going off on some excursion or to see some noisy hilarious game. They are jostled, be-dusted, and crowded. Toes are trodden on, some swear at others, some get drunk, mashers and mashees are out in full array; and at night all are tired out, feel mean if sober and perhaps meaner if not, and only become rested and evened up about Tuesday morning.

Both the old Puritanical style and the modern style are bad; the former because it was a total misinterpretation of the proper use of the Sabbath, even from a religious point of view; and the latter because it mistakes the true nature of proper Sunday recreation.

Sunday is primarily a rest day, from both an ethical and a practical point of view. The old style was no true worship; the new is no true restful recreation. One may worship anywhere, particularly anywhere outdoors, on a fine summer Sunday; one may picnic and take little trips without all the noise and dirt and discomforts and dangers of a promiscuous excursion.

Sensible is he who finds and follows the happy mean between the old Sunday of the Puritans and the new Sunday of the rabble.

ONE OF OREGON'S GREAT CROPS.

IT IS HARVEST TIME of some kind nearly all the year round in Oregon. It is not only grain, and fruit, and dairy products, and livestock, but the peculiar and interesting crop of hops.

Oregon is the greatest hop producing state in the country, and the finest hop-growing region in the world. The crop soon to be harvested is variously estimated at from 100,000 to 115,000 bales. Suppose there are 110,000 bales averaging 180 pounds each, the yield will be 19,800,000 pounds. If all the growers had realized the prices now current this would distribute to the comparatively few people engaged in the hop industry in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000.

The price of hops fluctuates more than that of any other product. Two years ago it was up to over 30 cents for awhile and last year it was down to 10 cents or less; while the present prospect is that the price may reach 20 cents, at which figure growers who have taken good care of their yards can make "big money."

Hops are somewhat frisky, fluctuating things, as to yield and price, and are the subject of a good deal of speculation and an immense amount of commercial misrepresentation by interested parties; yet one year with another, with care and industry, a man in western Oregon can succeed well and accumulate a modest fortune by raising hops.

Every time that Mr. Roosevelt goes pitching hay and dancing "monny musk" and Virginia reels with the farm hands and dairy maids some one fools Uncle Sam. It has

Nooks and Corners of History

HOW SIR HENRY CLINTON WAS CHECKMATED.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

THERE was a time when Long Island sound was full of whales and whaling companies were thick on both shores of the sound.

For some time before the breaking out of the American revolution the whaling had slipped away to other waters, and, as a consequence, the whaling companies were doing a poor business.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, the company organizations were, in many instances retained, and at the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country there were little squads of men all along the shore who were ready at short notice for any kind of partisan service.

It may be said in passing that Long Island, settled by the conservative Dutch and by the sons of English gentlemen, was regular nest of Tories, while Connecticut, of almost pure Puritan stock, was thoroughly democratic and patriotic.

If space permitted it would be possible to fill columns after columns with the thrilling encounters between the Tories on the south shore and the patriots on the north shore of Long Island, but I will content myself with the more historic episode of Captain David Hawley negotiating an exchange of prisoners.

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Silliman was man enough to attract the special attention of Washington and to receive from the great chief the honor of the commission of brigadier-general, and at the time in question General Silliman, at the head of his troops, was at the aforesaid Holland hill, with headquarters in his own fine mansion.

Sir Henry Clinton thought it would be a fine thing to capture the distinguished Whig and to parade him along the more public thoroughfares of New York in iron.

For the capture of Silliman Sir Henry

selected a man named Glover, a Tory refugee, who had once worked for the general and knew him well.

Leaving Floyd Neck Long Island, in a whaling boat, with eight other refugees, Glover succeeded in reaching Fairfield about midnight, and surrounding the Silliman mansion, captured the general with but little difficulty.

Negotiations were at once opened with the enemy for the exchange of their prisoners; but, to the chagrin of the patriots, the answer came back that the Americans had no one in their possession whom the British would consider an equivalent for the illustrious Whig general.

Then it was that the genius of Captain David Hawley came into play.

The captain remembered that there was then living at Port Neck, a village in the town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, the Hon. Thomas Jones, a justice of the supreme court of the province of New York and one of the staunchest royalists in the land. He figured, with his good, hard, horse sense, that Jones might be considered the equivalent of Silliman.

With Captain Hawley, to think was to act, and, marshaling 15 of the bravest of the whalers of Bridgeport, he set out for Stony Brook creek, on the Long Island shore, some 50 miles from their quarters.

Arriving at the Jones mansion about 9 o'clock in the evening, they found his honor and a host of friends in the midst of a grand banquet.

The revelry came to a sudden and most unceremonious close, and within less than an hour after their arrival Hawley and his men were well on their way back with their distinguished prisoner, and inside of 24 hours the Honorable Thomas Jones, justice of the supreme court of New York, was in duress in the Connecticut side of the sound.

"Here's your man," said Captain Hawley to the American authorities; "and I reckon he will prove to be big enough to swap off for our General Silliman."

The captain's judgment proved to be so, and, in a little while Jones was exchanged for the general, and Sir Henry Clinton had nothing but his labor for his pains.

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been discovered that the 300,000 acres of "forest reserve" in Nebraska are as innocent of trees as Chewing Gum Beeman is of hair. The cattlemen are said to have played the joke on Uncle.

BUSINESS IMPROVING.

THE BANK clearings, which are regarded as the financial barometer of the nation, give noteworthy evidences of continued prosperity in Portland. For the week that has just closed the increase over the corresponding week of 1905 was more than 23 per cent.

This is the more remarkable as in the first week of last August the city was enjoying what was thought to be an extraordinarily prosperous season. The exposition had attracted many thousands of strangers; money was plentiful, business was good; the hotels were crowded, and private houses were taxed to care for the overflow. Then the people were cheered by the figures which showed our steady growth as a financial center.

Today, affairs financial and commercial, are normal; there has been no uncommon effort made to attract crowds; no transactions of unusual size have been recorded, so it may be taken for granted that the figures merely indicate that Portland has got into her stride and that she is going ahead at a pace that is most encouraging to her citizens.

It is interesting to note that while Portland's clearings were over 23 per cent greater last week than they were for the first week in August, 1905, those of Seattle were 6.9 per cent, Los Angeles 6, and Tacoma 19.3. While these figures do not come up to Portland's, they show plainly that business on the whole coast is improving.

The people who live on Fourth street and the firms that do business there say it is not possible that the Southern Pacific can own the thoroughfare and they base this opinion on the fact that if the great commercial artery belonged to the corporation it would not create such a nuisance there.

Among the interesting statements that will be made to prove that Thaw was and is insane is one to the effect that he made a trip to Europe to get some cigarettes. It seems a shame that the people should be taxed to try Thaw for anything; give him the cigarettes, and let them do their worst.

Chicago will build a magnificent hotel for the entertainment of millionaires only. What effect this competition will have on the United States senate can be guessed.

Just as we go to press it looks as if all were lost to the czar but the lecture platform.

Kipling's Protest in Verse.

From the New York Sun. Adopting the view largely held by the British in South Africa and by many at home that the government's promised grant of responsible government to the Transvaal means the retrocession of the country to the Boers, Rudyard Kipling contributes to the Standard a poem of six stanzas depicting the colonists as being sold shamefully and jugglingly into bondage, and appealing to Great Britain to prevent it. Following is a sample of the poem:

Back to the ancient bitterness  
Ye ended once for all;  
Back to oppression none may guess,  
Who have not borne its thrall,  
Back to the slough of their despond,  
As helots to the last.

Another stanza reads:  
Now, even now, before men learn  
How near we broke our trust;  
Now, even now, are we return  
Dominion to the dust;  
Now, ere gates of mercy close—  
Forever 'gainst the line  
That sells its sons to serve its foes,  
Will England make no sign?

The Standard offsets the poem by printing conspicuously its own information that the government's scheme which has not yet been divulged, secures a majority of British representatives in the proposed Transvaal legislative assembly.

Great Men's Childhood.

"Many great men," said a psychologist, "give signs of greatness even in their childhood. Mozart, at the age of 5, composed a piece of music so difficult that his father, a professional musician, had some trouble in playing it."

"Macaulay, before he was 8, wrote a 'Compendium of Universal History; Being an account of the leading events from the creation down to the present century.'"

"Harley, at 7, wrote a long and obscure essay on the 'Nature of Man.' Bacon, at 5, finished a work on philosophy. Milton, at 13, wrote two epics."

"On the other hand, Goethe, Steele, Dr. Johnson, Wagner, Voltaire, Tennyson, and the Fenimore Cooper were deemed stupid in their childhood."

First Aids.

From the London Evening Standard. A ludicrous incident occurred in a London church last Sunday. A young lady accidentally let her handkerchief fall. By repeatedly stooping to reach it she attracted the attention of the gentleman in the pew behind, who thought she was about to faint. With the best of motives he took her gently under the arms and raised her up, greatly to her surprise. As she tried to raise herself another gentleman went to her assistance, and before the lady knew what was the matter they were moving her out into the aisle and into the vestibule. The finale can better be imagined than described.

A Sermon for Today

WORK THAT ENDURES.

By Henry F. Cope.

"And establish thou the works of our hands upon us."—Ps. 128:3.

In every man who lifts his eyes and heart above the road on which he walks, there is a deep longing for a share in eternal things. He dwells in an atmosphere of the transitory; hourly does nature remind him of the inevitable decay, all flesh is grass and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. But he is the child of eternity and looks away to find somewhere that which shall not be old, change, nor pass away.

He spends his years in toil, labor that seems as futile as a child's building of block castles. He sees in the melancholy ruins of the past the ease with which the greatest achievements are forgotten. Yet still, for all the centuries of vain endeavor, there burns in his breast the passionate longing to do some work that shall endure.

This is one of the motives that built pyramids, led hosts, wrote books and sung great songs; this, with the larger recognition of the fact that we are un-godly, some great moral obligation, some law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, more imperative than any on stone, to do the best we can with all ourselves, accounts for a large part of human endeavor.

This desire to accomplish things that shall endure is a right passion. It lifts above the lust for fame, the ambition to carve our petty and meaningless names in yellow dirt. Here lies the satisfaction of the teacher, the true preacher, and of all who give their lives in service to one another or in the service of ideals and truth; that they alone build in the enduring material.

And every life that is given away, every life that follows the true light, the light of love, that seeks the best in thoughts and ideals, in deeds that count, every life that sees him who is invisible, every life that serves the lives about it, has established the work of its hands, has found the life that is eternal, the crown of glory that does not fade and cannot be lost.

Hymns to Know.

Paradise. By Frederick William Faber. [Frederick William Faber has given to the church of all Christendom several beautiful hymns, but this is one that seems to touch the deepest longing of the hearts of men everywhere, and therefore it is one of the most popular of all the works of this gifted writer. It is found in every collection of hymns that claims anything approaching completeness, regardless of denomination or creed, although the days are not many since it would have been rigidly excluded from the greater number. This universality of use is due not only to a greater toleration but to the accuracy with which the hymn expresses the present world weariness and longing for rest. The beautiful tune, entitled "Paradise," was composed especially for this hymn by Sir Joseph Barnby.]

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where the thorn is never met;  
Where loyal hearts are true  
Stand ever in the light.  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight!

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold;

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure as earth  
As on thy spotless shores.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above.

Refused to Read.

From Judge. "No, sir," said the man to the newspaper solicitor, "I don't want your paper any longer, when you've printed 'But surely, sir,' was the naive reply, 'you wish to keep abreast of the news of the day.'"

"Not me, sir! I want to eat three meals a day. I want to read about how my meat is prepared, not how the truck gardeners are being exposed for putting artificial colors and preservative on their vegetables, nor how the fruiter is drugged and doped, nor how the milkmen never wash their hands, and put formaldehyde into the milk, nor how the butter is really axiegrense, nor how—Not a dagdummed newspaper, when you've printed such a thing as that!"

"I'm hard to do without them, but I don't intend to starve to death."

His Bargain.

From the Kinsley Mercury. "My dear," says the thoughtful husband, entering the house with a huge package in his arms, "you remember last week when you bargained with a wonderful bargain in shirts at 48 cents and neckties at three for a quarter for me?"

"Yes, love," says the fond wife. "I don't think I did appreciate your thoughtfulness. See, I have bought something for you. I noticed some beautiful green and yellow plaid goods in a show window on my way home and bought you 10 yards of it at a cent a yard. The clerk said it was a great bargain, and it will make enough dresses to last you two years. Why, she has fainted!"

Hooked Big Shark.

From the Los Angeles Times. The largest man-eating shark ever captured in the waters of Bandon was brought in recently by Captain Hans Carstensen of the launch Challenger.

The captain was out fishing for barracuda, etc., about three miles from shore, when he suddenly had an extraordinary strike. Investigation showed that he had captured a man-eater. The shark gave a hard fight, but was successfully landed. It measured 50 feet in length.

This undoubtedly is the largest man-eater of the kind ever captured near here. It is an extremely ugly fish, with three formidable rows of sharp teeth. It is unusually dark and is said to be a rare specimen.

The Business Still Lives.

This delicious blending of the spiritual and temporal is found on a tombstone in Suffolk, England. Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion, Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion." His son keeps on the business still, Assigned unto the heavenly will.

His Preference.

From Judge. Moodily, the bridegroom shakes the rice from his clothing, disengages a couple of old shoes from his wife's hat, rubs the pumps on his head and regards the labels. "I suppose they've put up a lot more jobs on us besides these," he growls. "But, dearest," says the bride determined to be cheerful, "think how much worse it would be if we were royal people in Europe and the populace were trying to assassinate us." "I am thinking of that. I'd rather take my chances with a couple of bombs and know that the worst was over."

Diplomacy.

From the Atchison Globe. Tell girls that machine is good for her liver and she will not take it, but once impress it upon her mind that taking it will clear her complexion and she begins to go around with her mouth open.

To answer that question a man comes to realize that the aspiration preceding the text answers the question. It is the spirit of divine beauty that gives eternal life to our labors, the beauty of service and of reverence. The builders of their own monuments have been forgotten, but the doers of true ministry for others are remembered.

Let us not think that for glory and renown, build empires; their names have perished. There have been the lowly lives that have leaped to some height of sacrifice, some peak of love, that have done some deed perhaps small in itself but magnified manifold by its motive, and these who never stop to think of glory, these humble ones the world never will forget.

Above the sides of time, the storms of criticism, the changes of our fads and philosophies, the towers of sacrifice, of deeds made great by love, of the ministry of men, stand firm and imperishable. Else a stone comes all at last to dust, but that which is wrought into life, into character, endures.

This is the day when men are measured by their ability to build great fortunes, when we are likely to be disappointed with our own lives because we cannot do these great works, cannot be known as the mighty men of our times.

Let no man be so foolish as to turn from the work that can be established, that is enduring, to this child's play of building a yellow dirt. Here lies the satisfaction of the teacher, the true preacher, and of all who give their lives in service to one another or in the service of ideals and truth; that they alone build in the enduring material.

And every life that is given away, every life that follows the true light, the light of love, that seeks the best in thoughts and ideals, in deeds that count, every life that sees him who is invisible, every life that serves the lives about it, has established the work of its hands, has found the life that is eternal, the crown of glory that does not fade and cannot be lost.

Sentence Sermons.

By Henry F. Cope. There is nothing sacred in any day if there is not something sacred in all.

The best way to keep the robe of righteousness from raggedness is to wear it every day.

The leisure often determines the life.

To be ashamed of virtue is a step towards being proud of vice.

Common courtesy is often an uncommon kind of Christianity.

You cannot prove your faith in God by your doubts of men.

Sow your seed in ruts, and you will not be bothered by a