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Wealth is a weak anchor,
and glory cannot support a man;
this is the law of God,
that virtue only is firm,
and cannot be shaken by a tempest.—Pythagoras.

PORTLAND'S FIRST DRY SUNDAY.

TODAY marks a notable and important change in Portland, consonant with the new era of progress upon which it is entering. If the announced plan and purpose of the officers, district, county and city, are carried out, not a saloon will be open this Sunday in Portland or Multnomah county, and no liquor will be dispensed at any hotel, restaurant, cafe or club. This will be something new and strange in Portland. During the more than half a century since this city has been in existence, it has never before, so far as we can remember or have been informed, been a "closed town," in this respect. During most if not all of that time the state law has been the same as it is today; not until today has it ever been enforced. The law has not been enforced during all this time because popular sentiment was either opposed to the enforcement of the law, or if in favor of it was not manifested and expressed. Perhaps for several if not many years back a majority of people were really in favor of the enforcement of this law, but they were passive, silent, while those who had an interest in its non-enforcement were active, alert, influential. Those who sought and held office pleased and served the apparent majority of active participants in elections, as in general they do now, and will hereafter. The people who were in favor of open saloons seven days in the week were outspoken and in case of need organized, and could act effectively, while the rest of the people were for the most part indifferent. And so the law became and remained a dead letter.

But a change has come about, in this respect, as well as in others, and while the question has not been put directly to the test, we have no doubt that a majority of the people desire the saloons closed on Sunday. Mr. Manning says that the reason he has taken this step is because the people want it taken. He will enforce the law not so much because it is the law as because the people want it enforced, and have the power to enforce it, and while this is not the highest conception of official duty we pass it, for the moment, without further criticism.

The change is significant of progress toward a higher plane of civic morality and good order. It does not mean that people are reverting to puritanical ideas of Sunday observance, but that there should be a decent public regard for the large proportion of our people who observe Sunday religiously, and also for the legal day of rest. That closed saloons are conducive to better morals and a quieter, more appropriate Sunday no one will dispute. No one has a right to dictate to another how he shall spend Sunday; even the law cannot and does not assume to do this affirmatively; but the law, in the interest of the greater number and of public morals, may and does say that people shall not do certain things on that day, and keeping a saloon open or selling intoxicating drinks anywhere is one of these things. And at last, today for the first time in Portland, this law is to be enforced.

The time is ripe in Portland for this progressive step. The city as a whole will be much better off if not a drop of intoxicants can be procured throughout this day nor on any succeeding Sunday. The day will be better spent, many a wife and child who toils hard through the week for his livelihood will be glad tomorrow morning and throughout the week, if not today.

In a land-fraud case on trial in Moscow, Idaho, one of the jurors is ill, and may die. The case has been on trial for several weeks, at much expense to the government and many

people and has been a great strain on all parties connected with it. Yet if this juror dies it will have to be tried all over again. What folly this is, committed in absurd and unreasoning deference to an ancient custom. In any such case the 11 jurors should act for the 12 and end the case.

FIESTA WEEK.

PORTLAND will be abloom this week as never before. There will be no more roses than if there was no rose show, but the different thing is the show. Instead of being on display on lawns and in gardens for the benefit of owners and visitors and passers-by, roses will be on display for the multitude, for everybody. There will be other flowers, too, and other beautiful things, and much entertainment and joy, and a good and happy summer-opening time generally, but the roses will be the main thing out for display and admiration, for we are to assure ourselves and let all the world besides know that Portland is the veritable Rose City. If there are any newly arrived Misourians in town, who may have been skeptical about this being the Rose City, we are going to show them. There will be a parade of floats worth coming hundreds of miles to see. There will be amusements galore. There will be a great number of more beautiful specimens of nature's handiwork than even the roses, Oregon girls, from town and country, all the way from two weeks' old up. There will be entertainment for everybody, and if everybody isn't happy it won't be Portland's fault.

There's always an if in connection with any project of this kind, and it is always introductory to that perennial subject of conversation and conjecture, the weather. If it doesn't rain, and if it turns warm now, and if the real good old summer time will put in an appearance and do her part, as she will if she isn't a real mean, perverse thing, Portland's first annual rose fiesta will undoubtedly be a great success. And if otherwise, we'll make it as much of a success as possible anyway.

Come along, everybody. The pioneers and Indian war veterans will be here, and they deserve a cordial and hospitable welcome in any kind of weather. The summer girls will be sweeter than ever. The babies will be the cutest you ever saw. The air will be full of fragrance. The breezes will waft melodies. The sun will shine the longest of any days in the year for the occasion. Portland is the Rose City. This is the rose season. This is the rose fiesta week.

PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL FRAUDS.

IT WILL BE remembered that Ex-Governor Pennypacker, while yet in office pooh-poohed the stories of capitol graft, and that the reform forces were beaten in the recent election, as if the people in office were good enough, but the Philadelphia Telegraph says:

If the Capitol investigation continues leading down from bad to worse, it is impossible to imagine what depths of iniquity may be revealed in following out the details of dishonest dealings covered by the "trimmers" contracts. Each class of work examined presents a bolder and more shameless aggression of fraud and downright theft. In the expert testimony yesterday offered it was shown that the amazing and grotesque chandeliers furnished by the contractors are shabby shams of the cheapest description; clumsy, badly fashioned and miserably put together. Not only has worthless pot-metal been used and paid for as costly brass, but "great chunks of brass kept in place by inadequate screws" have been secured inside the shells of the chandeliers for no possible purpose but to make additional weight, at \$4.85 per pound.

This is only a sample of many cases of fraud. The Pennsylvania authorities are at least to be credited with making an investigation and disclosing the facts, but if some of the people who were guilty of these frauds should run for office on the Republican ticket we suppose they would be elected. This, however, will not always be the case, even in Pennsylvania. The last legislature of that state showed symptoms of being afraid that the people would wake up.

A CARRIERS' CENSUS.

TACOMA and Spokane have been taking a census conducted by the mail carriers, with the consent of the postoffice department, and it is supposed the carriers of Portland would be permitted to do the same if suitable requests are made. The result in those cities seems to have been rather satisfactory, and it might be here. The value of such a census, or of any census, depends upon the thoroughness with which it is done, upon getting all the inhabitants, and no more. The letter carriers could do

this, if they were instructed to do so, as a part of their duty, and would do the work well, but if they are under no particular obligation to do the additional work and would receive nothing worth while for it, they could not be expected to be very thorough, and nobody could blame them for not being so. The idea seems to be a good one, providing the department and the carriers are willing, and the latter are sufficiently paid for the work. Of course Portland could not compete with Seattle's preposterous claims, but it could make a good showing as compared with the official figures of 1905. It is not now, in our judgment, as important to take a correct census as it was then, when those figures were fresh in the public mind, and it may be as well to let them stand now till 1910, but if enough people care enough for a carriers' census to pay its cost, The Journal will lend its aid to the scheme.

WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

WHEN a boy or young man buys a revolver, what does he want of it? What is in his mind regarding its use? There is no possible good use, at least in a city, to which he can put it. In the country he might possibly use it to advantage, once in a great while, by killing some noxious varmint, but this would very seldom happen, unless away out in the backwoods. The chances are that even in the country he would make bad rather than good use of it. When he went to a dance he would take it along and it would be liable to go off and kill somebody. Or if he was a youth who on such an occasion thought it manly to become intoxicated, he would be likely to commit homicide.

But in the city there is less use or excuse for carrying or even owning a revolver. It is unlawful to shoot it in the city limits, or to carry it. Only one person out of many is held up, and he only once in a life time, and is one to carry a pistol for 50 years to protect himself against this improbable event? And the chances are many to one that if a person has a revolver when held up he has no chance to use it or puts his life in jeopardy by trying to do so. A revolver at home is seldom of any use, and often is the cause of a deadly and deplorable accident.

Ownership of one of these weapons by a steady, careful man, who keeps it locked up at home—if unloaded, the better—is perhaps excusable, but nobody else has any use for one. If other people have no bad design when buying one, they are still liable to make bad use of it or allow it to be made the means of mischief.

Young man or boy, don't hanker after a gun. It won't make you a particle more manly, and may get you into serious trouble. It is just about as sensible to go around with a vial of poison or a can of cayenne pepper in your pocket, as with a revolver.

LESSON OF A USEFUL LIFE.

PRISON RECORDS disclose a preponderance of illiteracy among criminals. Men who pursue crime for profit are inevitably of low mentality. The nearer the brain approaches the brute type, the greater its ferocity, and the less its mercy. As a mind fills with knowledge, wider fields for revenue open and criminal pursuits become less necessary. As the mental horizon widens, thoughts are loftier, the concerns of the mind bigger, and analysis of right and wrong more keen. A best rescue of the country from criminality is widespread and liberal education. What of the man whose life until more than the allotted three score and ten, has been lived in the ranks of those who lead young men and women to the fountains of knowledge? What of him who, for more than half a century, takes these young folk by the hand, clothes them with knowledge, feeds them with wisdom, and points to them the loftier life?

At Corvallis this week there came to an end the executive work of a man who, through the remarkable span of 51 years, has been a teacher of youth. Every succeeding year in that long period has found him in the harness, book in hand, and students by his side. The first that received instruction of him went away, and by and by, their children came, and learned from him the truths and story of life as their fathers and mothers had received it.

Beginning in the spring of 1856, in a country school in Calaveras county, California, step by step and year by year, passing quickly through promotions to the headship of collegiate institutions, this life and labor with the youth of California, Washington and Oregon, has

run on, uninterrupted and undimmed in luster, until voluntary retirement from executive position has finally been sought for the less irksome duties of a professorship. What minds have been rescued from what wisdom by his noble precept and example; what forces for the betterment of men have been set in motion; what lives have been purified and adorned, what blessings have been wrought in the world by this man and his work, even the marching thousands he has taught and trained will never know.

At 74, still alert and vigorous under the weight of his years, may a long season of usefulness be the lot of President Thomas M. Gatch, of the Oregon Agricultural college.

NEED OF MORE RAILROADS.

THE assistant freight agent of the O. R. & N. company, in his testimony at Washington Thursday, said that the road had all the business it could handle now, hence did not wish to be overloaded with lumber from Puget sound. Commissioner Prouty quite pertinently inquired what the situation would be five years hence, if the road was employed to its full capacity now. The agent, Mr. Skinner, responded that another east-and-west road across Oregon would be needed. Well, "we should say so." And it might be asked, if the O. R. & N. company is doing all it can now, what will it do with the traffic offered not five years hence, but two years, next year, next fall.

It might be replied that next year the north bank road will be completed, and that will divide the traffic and relieve the situation. This is true, but—though this question is not pressing relevant now—what sort of a fix would we have been in if Harriman had succeeded in preventing Hill from building the north bank road, as Harriman tried his utmost to do?

We shall need not only the Hill road, but in the near future the O. R. & N. will need to double-track its road. And what is more immediately important for a large section of the state not now traversed by any road, is, as Mr. Skinner suggested, another road across Oregon. It will have to climb the Cascade mountains, but can find a comparatively easy pass. Mr. Harriman long since promised to build such a road. It is high time that the promise should be kept.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

AND, AFTER all, the graduates are rather important people, if not in quite the sense that they may so consider themselves. It is an old saying that knowledge is power, and in so much as they have more knowledge than other men and women, other things being equal, they are armed for the battle of life with more power. It is important not only to themselves but to the community, the city, the state, the country, that as many of its citizens be armed and fortified with as much of this power as they can use well, and still more important that they do use it well, for their own advantage yet not selfishly, but for the common good. The knowledge they have gained is indeed comparatively slight, its strength as a weapon or tool may be overestimated, but it should be valuable as a basis, a start, a nucleus of more and constantly increasing and assorted knowledge. The knowledge that is valuable is that which is adaptable to practical, everyday affairs of all kinds, and that through application, like muscles, grows in strength and develops into wisdom. And wisdom, rather than knowledge, is the valuable thing. Knowledge merely gained is nothing; knowledge used may be much, and may grow in grace as well as in power, and into wisdom, throughout life.

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The law to send husbands who won't support their families to the rock pile, the wife meanwhile to receive \$1.50 a day, seems to be working very well. This is far better than boarding a man in idleness and letting his family starve.

In Missouri the federal and the state courts have decided in exactly opposite ways as to the 2-cent-fare law, and in this situation some of the Missourians are entertaining a hope that perhaps they can ride for nothing.

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THE WASHINGTON COUNTY COW.

WASHINGTON COUNTY is fast coming to be in miniature, what the Willamette valley will ultimately be as a whole. It is difficult to stay the hand of destiny, or long reverse the order of nature. In its length the Willamette valley is a zone peculiarly adapted by climate and products to livestock farming and dairying. It takes time for a community to discover its true line of endeavor, but in Washington county that secret is rapidly unfolding. The farmers of that county were paid last year a half million dollars for milk alone. The manufactured product from the dairy cow brought into the county a round million dollars. The condensed milk product, because it is superior to all others, was shipped past the factories of the middle west states and past the other milk producing states beyond, and sold in the east for a figure so much higher

that the Washington county farmers received 35 cents per 100 pounds more for milk than did the farmers to the eastward.

This superiority of product, whether the result of climate, of feed, or of what not, is a reality, and it is an asset of uncomputed value. It is but partly drawn upon as yet, because dairying, even in Washington county is more a side issue than the real business on the farm. That the same superiority is true of all the Willamette region, and that it is a resource that time will turn into an immense and most profitable industry, is unquestioned.

Its utilization in Washington county has revolutionized farm conditions. Everywhere in the community there are signs of thrift. The farm improvements are perfect, with many farm homes supplied with hot and cold water, bath and other conveniences of urban life. The fields, the pastures and the very air are abum with prosperity. The herds and flocks of livestock are sleek and satisfied as they feed or loll under the summer sun. In the bank there is a good balance on the right side for almost every household, and life is easy and home happy. In short, the whole community has its house in perfect order, and it is largely the handiwork of the Washington county cow.

HENS AND HOGS.

OREGON imports annually great quantities of eastern eggs, hams, bacon and lard. It is a growing mystery why this is so. With but a scant population to feed, as compared with that of states of the central west, and with almost every natural advantage for producing not only all we need, but far more, it is inexplicably strange that Oregon keeps on importing these products. It can't be because pork and poultry raising, with due care, does not pay. Surely the consumers have to pay enough to indicate that there is money in raising them. Perhaps it is because farmers are too much interested in other and what they consider larger endeavors. It is true that this is not a corn country equal to Illinois or Iowa, yet tolerably good crops of corn can be raised in Oregon, and corn is not essential to good pork.

Oregon ought to devote more attention to raising hogs and hens. Enough farm products go to waste every year to make up the deficiency in pork and poultry products.

Japan's constant complaints and demands remind one of a little dog that, immensely puffed up with self-importance, barks and snaps and jumps about a big mastiff, who realizes that it wouldn't do to lick the little fellow, and is too dignified to show annoyance at his silly performances.

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Tillman on a Tantrum.

From the Kansas City Journal. "Pitchfork" Tillman exhibited some of his beautiful temper at Manhattan the other day. He was to lecture at the college and his train arrived at the station in the midst of a heavy rain. That was one thing that made him sore. Then the lecture-course committee was not at the depot to meet him, and that was the cause for him to get sore some more. He traveled three days in getting to Manhattan, and when he finally began his belated lecture he roasted the lecture committee in a real senatorial way. He spoke for two hours on the "nigger" question and then took a vote, or rather tried to take a vote, on the proposition as to whether or not the negro was equal to the white man. Not a person in the audience voted, and that was the final straw. Manhattan people can now rest the senatorial reports with intelligence.

Light-Doed Genry. "The best pickpockets," said Lepod, the detective, "are Hindus. You have to call them light-toed as well as light-fingered, for they can lift a watch or purse as easily with their feet as with their hands." "Trained from childhood, these barefooted rascals are wonderfully skillful with their toes. This gives them a great advantage. A Hindu in a crowd will stand with his arms ostentatiously folded and sneak with his foot the wallet from your trousers pocket."

The Rose in Legend and Poetry

There is no flower more interwoven with the history of the human family throughout all its various vicissitudes than the rose, and the legends which have been told in an effort to account for its origin are many and diverse.

One which is told by Sir John Mandeville tells the story of a Jewish maid of Bethlehem who, rejecting the suit of Hamuel was by his orders condemned to be burned at the stake.

When the pyre was lighted she prayed to the Lord and as she was innocent and good the flames were immediately quenched. The brands which had been kindled became red roses and those which had not caught fire became white ones. These are the first John says, "the first roses that ever any man saw."

A Muslim tradition tells accounts for the rose: When Mohammed took his journey to heaven the sweet which fell on the earth from the prophet's forehead produced white roses and that which fell from the animal that he rode produced yellow ones.

In the center of a silver rose, which, according to Indian tradition, as Southey writes, lies on a table on Mount Caucasus (the Indian Olympus) are two beautiful women who praise the Lord continually, and in the very heart of the rose is a triangle which denotes the being and the residence of God. In Eden, all authorities agree, the rose was thornless. Both St. Anthony and St. Basil testify to this, and Milton says that in Eden bloomed "Flow'rs of all hue and without thorn the rose."

The rose as a symbol of the fleetness of time, and the value of the present, is as old as the traditions. Well is the advice given to the virgins by Herrick: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Old Time is still a-flying: And this same flower that blooms today Tomorrow will be dying."

Yet this is not so remote as the wisdom of Solomon from which he may have borrowed the thought. The author of this writing says in speaking of the reasoning of the ungodly, "Come on—let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered."

And Spenser in The Faerie Queene, "Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime. For soon comes age that will her pride decay: And then the course of her life will be. Whilset loving thou mayest loved be with equal crime."

Hymns to Know.

Evening Song.
By George Washington Doane.
(The Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D., Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799—Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859, indefatigable pastor, professor, bishop and writer, is best known to our day as the author of several beautiful hymns. Sung to the appropriate tune, "Seymour," this hymn often is used in the evening service of worship.)

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
Thou, whose all pervading eye
Naught canst see hid from thee,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Thou, who sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from things that trouble thine
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Sentence Sermons.

By Henry F. Cope.
The graces do not grow in gloom.
A growing faith will shatter many forms.
Dissonant thinking does not lead to holy living.
It takes a strong man to stop doing weak things.
The religion that produces no sunshine is moonshine.
Half of success is in seeing the significance of small things.
You must master your own moods before you can master men.
To set a child's face toward gladness is to incline him to God.
A greedy hand never gathered enough to feed its needy heart.
Faith is not built by failing to take full account of all the facts.
Salvation often means making man over according to one's pattern.
Red letter days are not made by looking on the blue side of things.
Many a preacher says he is seeking souls when he is being statistics.
The possession of the vocabulary of virtue often is mistaken for its practice.
You cannot weld folks to the good by a frosty smile at the church door.
Convert preachers to absolute sincerity and you can convert people from their sins.
It's easy to build ideal castles if you'll let the contract for the roads to them to others.
A lot of Sunday religion would put up a better front if it was backed up by weekday reality.
When your face is an advertisement of failures it's no use talking of the glory of your faith.
The important thing about a sermon is not the impression it makes on you, but the expression you give to it.
You cannot have good society with bad men, but you can have bad society with good men if they fail in their social obligations.

The man who has robbed his brother of a dollar imagines that the angels rob their breath in admiration when he gives the church a dime.
Hyacinth and Onion.
There was a purple hyacinth
That carried its head high
Because it had a firm belief
It was an onion white.

And then an onion white, within
That garden's labyrinth,
Most fondly fancied that it was
A purple hyacinth.
The hyacinth that thought itself
An onion was not bad;
The onion that was sure it was
A hyacinth was glad.

So, we're happy or cast down
That carried its head high
When we think we're not what we are,
Or are what we are not.
—F. E. Munkittrick, Success Magazine.

The Real and the Ideal.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth."—Col. iii, 2.

It is probable that from the age of 14 up to 30 Jesus of Nazareth spent his life in mechanical toil; he made wooden plows, ax handles, and yokes; he served as a carpenter. Then for three years he gave himself to the ministry of ideal things, exclusively to the service of the spirit.

There is a wonderful satisfaction in making things, in looking over some concrete piece of work accomplished when the day ends. It is a satisfaction that belongs to the artisan. Is it not probable that many said that it was a great pity when Jesus gave up so useful a trade as his? To them he seemed to be but chasing a rainbow.

But today who possesses a single one of our things that young carpenter made? And did we possess them all, what better off would the world be? Yet, on the other hand, how ill could it be by these three years of the service of the ideal.

In our age of things we so easily forget how large is the place of the ideal and the spiritual. Even estimating our assets in the concrete, we fail to recognize that our real wealth lies in thoughts, compelling ideas and traditions. The permanent possessions of humanity are spiritual. Not acres nor armies, not banks nor business, make a nation, but mighty, compelling ideas and traditions. Jesus, Shakespeare, Browning, Lowell, Emerson left no goods and chattels, no bonds and mortgages; they left inspirations, they bequeathed ideals; living first for the soul, their souls survive and remain to us all. The truly great who still stand after the test of the years are those who have lived for the spirit.

This is as true of the worker and the warrior as of the philosopher and poet. We are inspired by glowing visions; they set their affections on things above the trifles for which we struggle and spend ourselves. They endured as seeing glories to us invisible; therefore their names endure.

The great undertaking of our own day is possible only under spiritual inspirations. No rewards of money can induce a man to steadfastly conduct affairs of great moment and enterprise; he is buoyed up by a great hope; often the very greatness of the task and the great service which he can render; or, always he sees the work in the ideal rather than the wage.

We must learn to measure life with the measure of the spirit. We must not think that a man has failed because he has not left burdened warehouses and bonds. We must cease to think that we can sell what we work for high or low by the size of the wage. We need eyes to see the glory of the least act in the light of the glowing motive.

A new estimate is placed on every act when it is measured, not by bread alone, but by the things of the soul. The mother's care of the children, the father's steady love for his wife, the faithful watching over the sick, the ministry of the lowly, all have a new glory in the light of the love that leads the way and the spirit that guides those who do the least of these things.

We need to learn, for ourselves what is the work that endures. It is a good thing to lay a course of bricks so that it shall be true, but of greater value to the world than the wall that stands firm, is the spirit that forces the man to build aright. The man can do even this without an ideal set in his heart, and when the wall shall have fallen the world shall still be enriched by his ideal.

Too many of us are fretting because we are not getting on in the world. Seeking success, we are not getting on. We acquire fortune, we become discontented with our small gains. We talk as though fortunes and follies, money and lands were the real end of the service of the ideal, but we know better, for we all find our real joys in other things. Life is the business of learning to use things as tools, the real as the servant of the ideal, to make conditions even better that character may grow the more, to serve in the making of things and the enduring of things under the inspiration of the full and glorious purpose of life, the realizing of the best for ourselves, the rendering of our best to others.

The Bride of June.
Here's to the June bride,
Blushing and fair,
Treading sedately
The wedding march rare.
The bride like the rose,
Lips like the rose,
Blessings upon her,
Wherever she goes!
Here's to the June bride,
Smiling her face,
Gentle her mien, tall for her worth,
Allying her grace,
Fairest of maidens,
Queen of today,
May no grim shadows
Darken her way.
Here's to the June bride,
As lovely as a sunset,
Pictureque flower,
Dainty and neat,
What of the bridegroom?
Nothing to say
He gets the sweetest
Bouquet today.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

Five Years From Now

You may want to buy a home, pay off a mortgage, buy an automobile or take a trip abroad.
There are many ways you can spend or invest a few hundred or a thousand dollars if you had saved the desired amount by starting a savings account.
\$100 a month, for five years, deposited in this bank will grow to \$331.73.
\$250 a month to \$836.94.
\$500 a month to \$1,673.87.
\$1,000 a month to \$3,347.73.
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—F. E. Munkittrick, Success Magazine.