

THE JOURNAL

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Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor.—Paul to the Corinthians.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER MAN

IT USED to be pathetic to be a country newspaper man. It should not have been so, but it was. He was a sort of community football that everybody took the liberty to kick. He was half starved and looked it. His circulating medium was wood, potatoes and cabbage. If a dollar in cash was paid him it was looked upon by the payer as something given for nothing. He had little pride in his business, less in his position, and the community took him at his own estimate. He was in debt to almost everybody, all owed him, and neither paid with regularity nor fidelity. Mostly they never paid at all. His supply of paper came from the dealer C. O. D., and an issue of the newspaper was late or missed altogether because he could not raise the money to get his news from the express office. Because the editor was cheap and his newspaper cheap his patrons thought his advertising little value and paid accordingly. His printers got their pay piecemeal, if they got it at all, and the road they traveled was about as rocky as that of their pathetic employer. Subscribers received and read the paper regularly and at the end of half a dozen or a dozen years refused longer to take it out of the post-office or to pay for it. Their usual excuse was that they had never subscribed. It was a dismal business, done in a dismal atmosphere, because there was nothing business-like about it.

But it is a different era now. The old type of newspaper man has been laid away in the churchyard. The story of him and his passing is the short and simple annals of the poor. He was harmless because he was helpless. On his ruins there is a new and higher type. He has the hard head of the business man and the thrifty bent of the successful man. Potatoes and cabbage have been kicked from his subscription list and the non-paying advertiser from his columns. His conception of his newspaper is that it is a property, and he correctly estimates himself as a factor in the community. He looks upon himself as a necessity in society, or if he doesn't he ought to. He has, or is preparing, by organization and by application of common sense, to fix an adequate price on what service he renders, and by that token is laying the foundation for an honorable and remunerative career. He has, by his newspaper support of them, made places, power and wealth for selfish politicians, but has wisely forewarned that empty martyrdom and determined to think more of number 1.

The country newspaper has its important mission. The country newspaper man has, or should have, his important place. It should be a place of honor and influence. It is, or will be, if his mind is kept whetted, his business kept business-like and his aims and conceptions held unflatteringly high. When the country newspaper men meet, as they have met in Portland this week, and hitch their aims to higher ideals they are building firmly and well for themselves and for Oregon.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND PROTECTION.

REPLYING TO the Gervais Star said, that this has been the prime, principal and distinguishing feature of the Republican party. Its orators have continuously, persistently, for a generation, prated of "protection" to American industry and labor. On this idea McKinley was twice elected; he was the author of the tariff laws; on the issue, principally, the Republican party, since 1888, has lived, "hooped" and had its being. Without the tariff and revenue which this protection

bestowed the party would scarcely have had an excuse for its existence. We are not discussing herein whether this principle and policy are wise and good or not, only the plain historic fact that such has been the policy and "principle" of the Republican party from the time of Lincoln to the time of Roosevelt. Every Republican platform has declared for it; every Republican statesman has stood for it. Even Blaine was a protectionist, though he smashed his hat over the McKinley bill. President Roosevelt has been president over six years and has never uttered an official word against the theory of protection.

The Republican party has always been, since 1860, the party of protection. It is so yet, so far as anybody knows. It is safe to predict that it will so declare next summer. And this is really the "paramount issue," because the protective tariff fosters and supports the trusts. Every graft and abuse are directly connected with it, or are in touch with it.

The Oregonian has stood ably and forcibly—about three fourths of the time—against protection. It has therefore stood against the Republican party's pet "principle" and policy. Yet it has always, or nearly always, supported Republican candidates for office. We are not criticizing it for doing this. Such was surely its privilege. But it fails to explain, and always will fail to explain, why it classes itself as a Republican paper while opposing—part of the time—the very life and breath of that party.

THE OLD STORY.

THE THEORY of affinities received a body blow in the mournful fate of Bessie Hammond. She was the most beautiful girl in all Nevada. She was engaged to be married to a prosperous young business man of Reno. Two months ago she met a saloon-keeper named Conlee whom she conceived to be her affinity. From that time the wreck of her life moved quickly to its tragic end. Over the objections of her parents she persisted in her devotion to Conlee, leaving home to take a stenographic position at Ogden. There a faithful mother followed and was preparing to take her to California, when the girl slipped away and married Conlee. A month later, Conlee assaulted and beat her on the street, and she went to live with a drug clerk at Salt Lake. He was unable to support her, and 10 days ago she was driven to the last step and became an outcast. After an evening of mad frivolity a few days later, surrounded by pictures of herself as a child, she turned on the gas, and her 18 years of life came to an end. With her life she paid the forfeit of a mythical affinity.

It is a story so old and so mournful that it seems all young girls should have learned it. The passing fancy of inexperienced youth is a dangerous counsellor. The safe and sure guide for a daughter is that mother whose life of toil, anxiety and devotion are freely given for the child's happiness. That happiness and the way to assure it are the subject of countless nights of weary vigil and toiling days of anxious concern by the parent. This Bessie Hammond failed to realize, and as the price became a tragedy.

OREGON AND BRYAN.

IN ENDORSING the candidacy of W. J. Bryan for president the Democratic state central committee has undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of the party in this state. Bryan's strength in the west grows more apparent with each week that passes and tens of thousands of voters who cast their ballots for Theodore Roosevelt four years ago will welcome the opportunity to vote for Bryan next November, looking upon him as the natural representative of the principles and policies which they sought to endorse in 1904. The movement in favor of Bryan is fast assuming the proportions of a great popular upheaval. With Roosevelt out of the field, no man yet mentioned for the presidency has so strong a hold on the affection and the confidence of the American people as W. J. Bryan. Despite his past defeats he is today the choice of an overwhelming majority of his party and in every state in the union Republicans are turning to his standard.

It is true that Bryan is opposed by the powerful financial interests of the eastern money centers, but in the present temper of the country and in the light of the experiences of the past three years, that is an element of strength, not of weakness. Wall street will not determine the choice of the next president of these United States and the very fact that it opposes a candidate will give him added influence before the people. It is fully to assume that because Oregon gave Roosevelt 40,000 majority in 1904 it will do the same for the Republican standard bearer in 1908. It was not his party but his personality that swept Oregon for Roosevelt in the last national campaign. Less than two years after the Oregon elected George Chamberlain governor by a majority of 2,500. No man who studies the political heavens can fail to see in that fact the dawn of the new popular movement which portends in as-

sonal affairs the breaking away from old party lines and the election of men whom the people can trust to do their will. Oregon will probably continue to be classed as a Republican state, for some time to come at least, but the day is past when it can be counted on to vote blindly for the nominees of that party simply because they are on the Republican ticket. Chamberlain was elected governor because the people of Oregon have faith in his honesty, his ability and his loyalty to their interests. For the same reason if Bryan is the Democratic nominee for president he will receive a vote in this state that will confound and amaze his opponents.

The action of the state central committee will undoubtedly meet with the strongest approval from Democrats of Oregon.

THE ASSASSINATION OF DOLPH.

ELSEWHERE IN this issue Mr. T. R. Coon of Hood River gives his version of the political butchery at Salem of the late Senator Dolph. It is a defense of his part in that mournful transaction. It is probably an honest statement and in the destruction of Mr. Dolph Mr. Coon may have been guided by honest motives.

Mr. Coon says Senator Dolph was a "corporation" senator. That is what they say about most senators. They said it about Senator Mitchell. His alleged connection with the Southern Pacific was notorious. They say it about Senator Fulton. They cite his opposition to the original Roosevelt rate bill in proof. But was Senator Dolph a corporation senator? If so, what was his reward? He entered the senate worth half a million. He died a comparatively poor man. If a corporationist why did he not wax rich like Platt, Quay, Bailey, Aldrich and the others?

Mr. Coon says the caucus that nominated Mr. Dolph for senator was not binding. Manifestly, it did not bind. That is the shame of it. Nor did the claims of illustrious service for a just reward bind. Nor did the expectation of the great body of the people of Oregon that Mr. Dolph would be elected bind. Nor did the demand of most of the Republican newspapers that he be elected bind. Nor did the dictates of the calm judgment of good men in and out of the legislature as to what was for the best interests of Oregon bind. Nor did the ante-election assurances given to their constituents by many men in that legislature bind. Nothing was binding or will ever bind any legislature but the cold black ink of the legislator's signature to Statement No. 1, and that is the inexorable logic of Mr. Coon's article and the Dolph assassination.

Mr. Coon says Mr. Dolph was the candidate of the bosses and politicians. He is grievously mistaken. Were there no politicians back of Mr. Fulton in that fight? Did none support Mr. Tongue? And, stranger than all, was there not one solitary boss or politician interested in George McBride, himself the prince of politicians? How about the stream of Oregon state officeholders and others that treked in and out of Secretary McBride's office from the time the caucus blew up until holy midnight of that last day, when Mr. McBride's name was flung spectacularly into the arena? Who plotted that coup, a coup that had been foreshadowed for days, if not the most consummate of the bosses and politicians?

Dolph heralded as a creature of politicians is grotesque. As a politician he was as helpless as an infant. He was as ignorant as a mummy of the ways and wiles of politics. He never had a political machine and never sought one. He did not scour the political slums for hangers and strikers. It was as impossible for him to make common cause with ringsters as for oil and water to mix. If he had faults they were not the faults of dishonest and compromise. His name, public and private, untarnished by a single breath of scandal, is proof of that. What a name to leave in Oregon compared to that of some of our more recent officialdom! How utterly unjust to cite his name as a creature of politicians in the same breath with the illustrious gentleman that it has of late been Oregon's dismal lot to stand sponsor for!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THE FUTURE historian will have an interesting and perhaps a rather difficult subject to deal with in writing of Theodore Roosevelt. He has made and may yet make some history, and at present cannot be fully or accurately judged. Opinions of him differ widely, and time will doubtless modify both extremes. The far future historian will scarcely write him down as our greatest or most nearly perfect statesman, yet surely not as one who cut a mean and unimportant figure in our affairs. His career so far reads much like a romance, more like a novel, than a story of real life, yet that he is very much of a reality we are sure enough. Some of Roosevelt's traits, for a man in so great a position, seem rather ludicrous to many—such as his frequent preaching of morality, and, as some one has cynically expressed it, proclaiming the ten com-

mandments as something newly discovered by him—yet he seems on some occasions to have filled out the measure of a great man. Only the lapse of time will give us, or our descendants, a true perspective of him. Even then he may remain somewhat of a mystery.

Perhaps the most permanently significant general result of Roosevelt's career will be the breaking down of party lines that will have occurred during his administration—for we think this is occurring. As Bryan delights to assert, Roosevelt is to a great extent a Democrat; he has advocated several things that were never proclaimed as "principles" or matters of policy by the Republican party, but are rather professions of such Democrats as Bryan. Indeed, if Roosevelt would come out in favor of genuine, thorough tariff revision, a tariff for revenue only, which it is believed he really favors, he would make a good or sufficient Democratic candidate, or official exemplar. He is not as far away from Bryan as he is from Lodge or Fairbanks.

It is possible that Roosevelt's service as president will end on March 4 next year. It is yet within the range of possibilities that he will be forced to become the Republican candidate, though we do not expect this to happen. And it is quite possible, too, that he may become a candidate in 1912, or more likely, in 1916; for he would then be only about 53 years old.

Opinions of Roosevelt differ very widely, and will do so for a generation, but on one point all can agree, that he is a very interesting American.

A PLAIN WARNING.

AN EFFORT is being made in Michigan to enact an initiative amendment to the constitution, but of course the machine politicians and officeholders are against it, and, also of course, the liquor interests are against it. They—politicians and liquor dealers, not all, but the majority of them—dread to see the people take the power of legislating directly into their own hands, instead of leaving public affairs to a so-called representative legislature. Discussing this matter the Detroit News says:

Conspicuous among the special interests that are laboring to crush the initiative as applied to constitutional amendments is the liquor interest. This powerful interest is using every means known to privilege or monopoly to prevent the people of Michigan from initiating amendments to their own constitution. The brewery, distillery and saloon interests will stand between the people of Michigan and the formulation of their fundamental law, if enough men can be found in the constitutional convention who will prove amenable to their power.

Wise counsel should impel the brewery interests to keep their hands off. Hands off this attempt on the part of the people to regain control of the liberty to frame their own fundamental law without the interference of the legislature, or a fate will be written for you which will parallel in every respect the fate of the liquor interests in Georgia and Kentucky.

This is really a friendly word of warning. Even assuming that the liquor business is one of such magnitude and importance that it should not be wiped out of existence or suppressed, that business will do well, in its own interest, to keep its hands as much as possible off of legislation and the conduct of public affairs. The great majority of the people are unfriendly to the saloon. This is not a theory, or a vague idea, or a piece of philosophy, but a fact, patent to every observer of affairs. The saloon must keep itself out of politics, or it is doomed to destruction. There are many personally likable men in the liquor business, but the people, the majority, do not like the traffic and its consequences. And they are going to do their own legislating more and more.

O. A. C.

THE JOURNAL views with satisfaction the action of the board of regents of the state agricultural college. The collegiate department is to be advanced one year, and its industrial phases intensified. The subfreshman year, which was in conflict with the high schools, is to be abolished. For it and the present freshman year, there is to be substituted two years of elementary industrial training. The plan is ideal for conserving the needs of industrial Oregon. There is here an undeveloped empire. There is wealth in the forests, wealth in the fields, wealth in the orchards, wealth hidden away in the bosom of the mountains—an aggregate of wealth almost beyond computation. Trained men are needed to turn this stored wealth into the avenues of production and trade. It is an industrial problem, pure and simple, and it was to solve such problems that the late Senator Morrill secured the passage by congress of the first act endowing the land grant colleges, and of the supplemental act of 1890 for the same purpose. These acts provided a new and distinct type of education, strictly technical and scientific in character. It is common knowledge that the effect has been to make of the land grant institutions a large factor in this country's triumph over all competitors in manufactures, in agricultural achievement and in every industrial line.

The land grant colleges occupy a field distinctively their own. The institution at Corvallis has little in common with the high school systems. Its line of instruction as contemplated by congress, is in a different field. It is not a university in the commonly accepted use of that term. Its entrance requirements should not be made to begin with graduation from the high school, for that would tend to make it a university. The high school is partly cultural; the land grant college is industrial. The latter's field is near to the people, and should be kept within their easy reach. The grown up lad from the rural district where there is no high school, or whose poverty has kept him out of school, and who, on account of his age would not consent to enter high school, should have, and has at Corvallis a place where he can get training for his avocation, and into which his pride will not prevent his entering. To reach and educate this class is of vital importance and a noble mission. This is wisely provided for in the new courses at Corvallis, and it is well.

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The tendency of the time is to provide in education a system of instruction so long drawn out, that too many years of a human life must be devoted to filling the requirements exacted in order to attain final preparation for life work. The need for a plan whereby those unable by lack of means to devote so much time to it, can plunge quickly into securing that training valuable to them in their vocations, is manifest. Better than all, however, in the changes at Corvallis is the intensification of the industrial features, throughout the collegiate courses, and the opportunity for specialization. Men better skilled in agricultural, mining, mechanical and electrical engineering and women more perfectly prepared in household arts must result, and it will help to industrialize industrial Oregon.

BRYAN'S STRAIGHT TALK.

MR. BRYAN certainly cannot be accused of a lack of candor. He not only makes no secret of his desire to become a candidate for president again, but he makes it very clear that he does not expect or seek the support of a certain element of the Democratic party. Responding in his paper to the continued assaults on him by the New York World, he says:

It is an insult to the intelligence of the party to say that any man or coterie of men could, for selfish or clique reasons, dictate the course of the party in 1908. Certainly Democrats learned something in the experiences of 1904 when the New York World and the special interests it represents had their way, so far as concerns convention rules. Democrats know, too, that at this time when the American people are demanding relief from trust imposition the candidate and the platform must be representative of the interests of the masses. They know, too, that the American people could no more depend upon a presidential candidate chosen by the special interests and the representatives of the special interests that seek to control Democratic conventions any more than they could depend upon a presidential candidate named by the Republican convention at the behest of the great corporations.

No one will contend, publicly, that the public welfare should not be of paramount importance in the framing of a platform and in the naming of a candidate. No one will deny, publicly, that the masses, rather than the classes, should rule. No one will say, publicly, that the party should submit to dictation. But in popular government "skimmed milk sometimes masquerades as cream," and sometimes the most abject tools of monopolies pretend an anxiety for the public good and hide evil purposes by patriotic pretensions.

This is good, straight talk, but has the Democratic party a monopoly of the kind of patriotism which Mr. Bryan preaches? Perhaps the Republican party will nominate La Follette for president, or insist on Roosevelt remaining in office.

The Baker City Herald, a Republican paper, remarks: "Certainly the Republicans are doing all in their power to remedy industrial conditions. The bill to relieve all future embarrassment in financial circles, submitted by Senator Aldrich, the astute financier from Rhode Island, is ample evidence of that fact. It is to this senator that both houses of congress have looked from the first to frame a measure that would adequately meet the exigencies of the situation." We suppose this is sarcasm, but are not quite sure. Perhaps we are to understand that with Aldrich in charge of the national finances we need not worry or ask questions.

Worth Saving.

Again come tidings of terrible distress in Turkey. Famines prevail in large sections and people are literally starving to death. An American board of work there, familiar with the scenes, writes that he "has never known such conditions." Orphan children are taken into the mission schools. There is good stuff among these Armenian waifs. One applicant was a little chap about 10 years old, who walked from his native village to the neighboring city of Erzurum for an operation for enlarged glands in the neck. He marched to the hospital, mounted the operating table and took chloroform without a whimper, all alone with not a friend or acquaintance near. The kind Christian doctor gave him the best medical care possible, then the child had to be set adrift to make room for other sufferers. The boy's eager eyes, as he sat up, were full of behold, but that too was full of overflowing. A permanent orphanage is greatly needed to care for such orphans.

One Dose Sufficient.

From the Topka Capital. The Associated Press will do the country a favor if it limits its report of the trial of the school to not over a stickful a day. One dose of that gas ought to be enough.

Immunity for Boss Ruef

From the San Francisco Chronicle. It will probably be some years before the public at large will consider the graft trials in this city in the light of reason instead of passion, and yet the final success of Ruef in escaping punishment, which is now generally conceded, is too serious to be suffered to pass without comment.

Abraham Ruef is the most utterly degraded human being who has ever fattened on the spoils of an American city. There have been more brutal political bosses who grew up from a brutal environment, but they all—even Tweed—however destitute of anything approaching nobility, had in them some elements of human sympathy. They spent their ill-gotten money freely and were kind to the poor. In Ruef we have been unable to discover any redeeming quality. He began life very well-to-do and was not drawn to robbery by any need. He was a scholar, not only a scholar, but a brilliant scholar. He came to the profession of law, not from the alms, but from the ethical environment of an upright and honorable principle of ethics and no reason for decent conduct which he cannot state more forcibly than most other men. There is no sentiment of honor among men whose inspiration his intellect does not perfectly comprehend. And yet this man has been false to his state, false to his city, false to his party, false to his associates, false to every man who ever trusted him, and solely for the purpose of indulging his insatiable instinct to pile up money like the despicable miser that he is. And now he is ready to "confer" his ill-gotten money on any and all of his associates in his innumerable crimes to save his own worthless skin. This man Ruef, years ago, while pretending to desire nothing so much as the "rule" of the politics of his state and city, was willing to devote all his time and undoubted talents to that end, began doing so in 1892, and has since then built up the most effective machine for the plunder of an unfortunate city that ancient or modern history discloses. He has not only done this, but he might profit by the destruction it wrought. He promoted the lowest and most brutal methods of bribery and cold-blooded to have any idea, might thrive on the blackmail which he levied. He deliberately infected the masses of the people with the desire for illicit gain that their love for dishonest dollars might lead them to support him while he got thousands of dishonest dollars. At the same time he constructed a government in which not a soul in any place of influence was not utterly rotten, he then was in a position to do anything he pleased with the business with the city to stand and deliver. Nothing could be got from the city, good or bad, proper or improper, but through Ruef. Not a hundredth part of the villainies perpetrated under his rule, or since, are likely to be forgotten. Finally to crown the infamy of his infamous life, when his city was staggering under a burden of calamity which almost paralyzed the vitality of the city, he was never aroused before, this mercenary wretch ruthlessly added to our misery by forbidding any measure which might have been adopted to avert the calamity, except as the result of bribery on a greater scale than ever.

And this is the degraded being whom the prosecution proposes to turn loose upon society to recommence his career of villainy in the hope that by his testimony the great sympathy of mankind will be finally to crown the infamy of his infamous life, when his city was staggering under a burden of calamity which almost paralyzed the vitality of the city, he was never aroused before, this mercenary wretch ruthlessly added to our misery by forbidding any measure which might have been adopted to avert the calamity, except as the result of bribery on a greater scale than ever.

Hymns to Know

The Present Good. By John Greenleaf Whittier. [We have just celebrated the centennial of the birth of the Quaker poet whose gentle, kindly thoughts are becoming more and more the common possession of all. We sing his words in our hymns and repeat again the simple articles of his poetically expressed faith, a dogma which was at one time seemed impossible to that less tolerant day in which he lived. This hymn is offered to the impressive tune of "Hamburg".]

Through present wrong the eternal right; And step by step since time began We see the steady gain of man. That all of good the past hath had Shall make our future time glad, Our common, daily life divine, And every land a Palestine. Through the harsh noises of our day, A low, sweet prelude finds its way; Through clouds of doubt and creeds of hate, A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more For olden times and holier days; God's love and blessing, then and there, Are now and here and everywhere.

This Date in History.

1543—Francis I, King of France born. Died December 31, 1588. 1764—Wilkes expelled from the house of commons. 1796—Insurrection in the island of Granada. 1807—General Robert E. Lee born. Died October 12, 1870. 1833—Edgar Allan Poe, American writer, born. Died October 7, 1849. 1833—Sir Henry Bessemer, inventor of the process for converting cast iron into cast steel, born. Died March 15, 1898. 1819—George F. Shepley, military governor of Louisiana in the civil war, born. Died August 20, 1891. 1885—General Robert E. Lee appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. 1900—British captured the Dervish leader, Osman Digma.

Augustine Birrell's Birthday.

The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, was born at Liverpool, January 19, 1856, the son of a distinguished Nonconformist clergyman. He was graduated from Oxford university in 1878, became barrister in 1878, and a few years ago was made a bencher of the inner temple. He has been in politics since 1885, and has by no means been un-successful; in fact, in three out of his five contests he has seen the other man first enter parliament. With the organization of the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet, Mr. Birrell was made president of the education department. When James Bryce was chosen to be British ambassador to the United States, Mr. Birrell succeeded Mr. Bryce as chief secretary for Ireland. Mr. Birrell is a distinguished himself in literature, and is also well versed in the law, having been Quain professor of law in University college, London, for several years. His best-known literary works are his lives of Hazlitt and Charlotte Bronte, and his edition of Boswell's Johnson.

Changed Her Mind.

From the Philadelphia Press. Tess—So Mrs. Roxley isn't going to open for a divorce after all. James—No; she found out that there were three other girls who were crazy to get him if he were free.

Just Like a Woman.

From the Cleveland Leader. Mrs. Tibbly—Why don't you preach against Sunday golf? Dr. Tibbly—Now, if that isn't just the kind of woman a Sunday golfer would hear the sermon!

Blindness of Conceit.

From the New York Press. "Ever notice the density of a concealed person's asked a business man to me, that's the most striking thing about such an individual. Maybe he has some qualities that justify his good opinion of himself, and maybe not; but dense, just the same, and the proof of it is that he doesn't realize how he impresses his associates. He is so sure of the average concealed man had the least idea of the handicap under which he is laboring, and he is so sure of himself, he hasn't, and it's impossible to tell into him. He's the modern human ostrich with his head stuck into the sand, and he has any recognition of his disagreeable trait is concealed."

A Sermon for Today

The Sense of the Infinite. By Henry F. Cope. "Thou art near, O Lord, and thy commandments are truth."—Ps. cxlviii.

ONE does not have to believe in the same kind of a god as did the seers and singers of long ago in order to obtain the spiritual values which they found in the thought of his nearness to them. David and Browning, Isaiah and Whittier, with all the centuries between them, still come to the same thought—we know that thou art near. Through all ages and in all peoples this sense of that which is other than ourselves, from which our highest good comes, toward which our ideals and aspirations strain, the ultimate force of our being, this feeling after the infinite is universal. It is the essential and determinative mark of every religion.

When those singers of long ago tried to express their sense of the infinite life and love they thought only of some being larger, mightier, wiser than themselves, a great man defiled because he was great. Perhaps that really was their conception; still, we use precisely the same language, even though our ideas are entirely different. It makes relatively little difference what conception of the divine we have as long as we are concerned. Their words are not accurate, detailed pen pictures of any being who can be described or photographed, and which has seen the finite at any time. The great thing in that ever and everywhere men find their way to a hunger after this sublime unseen.

One may use terms of personality and other terms of power; to one the spirit is a power, to another a power, to another, that which embraces all in life and being, and each may have all of the divine in his heart is capable of containing it. Here none may dogmatize for others. Religion does not depend on uniformity of conception of the divine. It depends more upon universality of consciousness of the infinite and openness of mind, and life to whatever we may feel and know, than upon any dogma, through any means whatsoever, of that life or energy which lies back of all life and energy of that love and light which cheer and lighten every son of man.

Definitions determine nothing, but they are great dangers when minds are capable of being stereotyped, and when they agree to impose those definitions on their fellows as final, authoritative, and essential. The danger is that the finite is neither infinite nor sublime when you can say. Here are his lineaments and he has no other likeness or appearance. To the question, "What shall we think of the divine?" there can be but one answer—in higher, wider, deeper, nobler, purer ways than yesterday. The conception must be a developing one. A man's spiritual capacities develop as his inner vision becomes more keen. The soul takes great delight, and our deep thoughts we discover that which language cannot compass.

There are those who think they must be atheists because they can't believe in the God of the Hebrews, the God of the Old Testament—a limited personality. But the genuine atheists are more likely to be making a developing one, a sense of the divine, because they have taken definitions and descriptions prepared by others instead of seeking truth for themselves. We are but poor learners of those ancient teachers if we have not discovered that their great religion was not a religion of dogma, but a religion of truth, and that the blessing of the persistent search after truth. To cherish as final past presentations of truth is to be false to the present possibilities of life.

We do not need to worry over definitions of the divine. We do need to cultivate the sense of the divine, and our deep thoughts we discover that which language cannot compass. There are those who think they must be atheists because they can't believe in the God of the Hebrews, the God of the Old Testament—a limited personality. But the genuine atheists are more likely to be making a developing one, a sense of the divine, because they have taken definitions and descriptions prepared by others instead of seeking truth for themselves.

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Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Manners are surface morals. Character is never put on; it grows out.

Spirituality is a poor refuge from morality.

No man ever served life who was afraid to die.

Love always wins, because it is not afraid to lose.

The divine law is but the language of divine love.

All gain and no pain would make, if it were a sad affair.

The only people who count are those who can be counted on.

Too many find their consciences in the conventions of others.

The door of truth cannot be opened with the key of prejudice.

Where the wage determines the work, the work is never worth it.

The pety you put on before the mirror will not make you a mirror of pity.

Men will be honest with one another when they are honest with themselves.

There is something wrong in a man when his religion is the poorest thing about him.

Your message will go just as deep into the hearts of men as it has room in your own.

Lots of people would lose all hope of society but for their periods of self-appreciation.

We are all apt to substitute candor with the faults of others for honesty with our own.

The road through a difficulty may be rougher, but it is always safer than the road around it.

When the church grafts on this world it is not strange it ceases to bear the fruits of another world.

If you will walk in the fields of sin you will find a long task before you picking off the burrs and cockles.

If the church had given as much attention to her traction power as she has to her track she would have brought many more passengers to the terminus.