EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every morning (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7173. HOME, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want. East Side office, B-2444; East 830.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1007-08 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

DAILY.
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

You're not quite ready to start, you say:
If you hope to win
The time to be starting is now—today—
Don't dally; begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;
You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set—
But try it and see.
—S. E. Kiser.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

IT IS a day paramount. It awakens the best impulses in the human heart. It revitalizes that spirit which gave the world its first successful experiment in self-government. The mind cannot be fixed on the transcendent incident of the group of patriotic men who deliberated all night of July 3 and then signed the famous pronunciamento on July 4, 1776, without being rebaptised in the transcendent spirit of self-sacrifice that swayed the public mind at the time. We are made better by contemplation of lofty example, and made worse by dwelling with the unworthy. "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death," was the sentiment expressed by the fiery Patrick Henry, and it was a reflection of the sentiment that ran through and permeated the colonial mind.

The signers of the Declaration knew not how soon their immortal act of the morning of July 4 would cause them to be hanged as traitors. Every chance in the world was against them. They were but a handful and the half of their citizenship was tories. Their act meant war, and they were literally without the resources of war. Their antagonist was the most powerful military nation in the world, a fact that made the issue of their step the most desperate known to human annals.

Yet they signed. It was the crowning act in a mighty cause. It was an act to thrill and vibrate in the American heart forever. It is the most transcendent act of human courage ever handed down to a people. It is an act whose immortal motives of pure love of freedom affords a principle for every boy and every girl to square every act in life with, and by it to fashion a perfected manhood and womanhood. To think of it and contemplate it, is to fill heart and mind with an inspiration for the nobler, sweeter and loftier things in life, and to awaken desire to quadrate conduct with the acts of those whose names July 4 made immortal. If we keep the American mind well attuned to the magnificent harmony of that transcendent day, our national moorings will be forever in safe anchorage, and our citizenship thrilled with perpetual uplift.

THIS NAME LEADS THE REST.

WHEN the question is asked: "Who is the greatest railroad man of the day?" nine persons out of ten answer "James J. Hill." He is not a Wall street man in any sense of the term, yet his word is as powerful "in the street" as it is in Minnesota and the northwest. He is not a speculator, but a builder, a developer in the true sense of the term. Though he is connected with some of the greatest roads in America, his name is never linked with those who have made the exploitation of railroads almost a stench in the nostrils of the people. He is as welcome at the White House as he is on the farm. He is as much at home at a farmers' picnic as he is at a meeting of the magnates of finance.

Jim Hill knows every foot and feature of his properties; knows many of the people along the lines of his road and the needs of the country tributary. He has the reputation universally of "toting fair" with his stockholders, and in consequence they stand by him. He is a fighter but a fair one. Being a first-class miner, he keeps in touch with public opinion. A big brainy man, his entire time for many years has been given to the transportation business and the development of the country through which his lines run.

Such is the character of the man whose interests are now so closely allied with ours. In many respects the completion of the "North Bank road" means more to Portland and to Oregon than we now realize. This great railroad, great in conception and great in construction; the great bridge across the Columbia and the Willamette; the great wharves and warehouses, and the great freight warehouses are monuments to this man's conception, industry and enterprise. They determine what size of a man Jim Hill is. And the man and his works thrill the people with admiration for him, and make certain the cordial welcome and generous support of the Hill lines by the people of Oregon and Washington.

Here is to Jim Hill and his—may his shadow never grow less—a big brained man, a worker of wonders and miracles and a plain man of the people—a democrat of democrats—who believes in a square deal!

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

THE $100,000 asked for to use in building more boats for the upper Columbia river is nearly raised, is as good as raised, showing that Portland people respond pretty well when "shown." This is a very good thing for them to do, but it really is only a beginning of things they need to do, of investments that they ought to make, for Portland's benefit. In most cases the money will bring fair direct, specific returns; but in cases where it does not the indirect benefits will be ample reward. And that many who do not give or invest will share in the benefits must not be considered at all; if everybody held back on that account little would ever be accomplished.

Means of river transportation for the wheat of the region adjacent to the upper Columbia river will be a great help, but railroads into the interior must also be built. With more roads to bring the produce of that region to the river, and boats to transport it cheaply to Portland, those products would greatly increase, the people up there would become more numerous and would have more money to spend for merchandise, and the business of Portland would become much larger.

It is in such ways that a city forces a healthy, irresistible growth upon itself—by reaching out into the interior, into distant localities in all directions and helping them to develop and help themselves. Portland has never done enough of this. Apparently it is going to do more of it. The subscription for more boats on the Columbia is an excellent beginning. Anyhow, it's going some, and we Portlanders should "keep a-goin'" in similar directions at all times, and, if we do, there will be a city here of 300,000 people and a state of 900,000 by the time of the 1910 census!

BETTER TIMES IN SIGHT.

ON JULY 1, the midyear day, nearly $200,000,000 was distributed to stockholders in railroads and other large corporations, and this vast volume of money turned loose, it is predicted, will result in a great business revival, and in bringing about a full renewal of confidence, industrial activity and prosperity. This is no doubt to a large extent true. While the larger part of this immense amount of money will fall back into the same hands that disburse it—the Harrimans, Gouids, Rockefellers, Morgans, Ryans, and other like high financiers—a considerable fraction of it will find its way into diversified industrial channels, and will help much to start the second half of the year off well.

July 1 was also known as "reemployment day." The railroads put a great number of men to work, which of itself will go far to overcome the last vestiges of depression, and is besides an exceedingly encouraging sign of better and in fact good times. For more than half a year the railroads have been employing as little labor as possible; everywhere they stopped work as far as they could, and threw tens of thousands of men out of employment, thus in large part contributing to and prolonging the "hard times." What the railroads have done in reemployment will be done by other great industrial concerns; besides, the harvest is just coming on, and except for the political bugbear the country would soon be in normal business shape again.

All that is necessary for good times is for the people generally to cheer up, get and hold on to a large stock of confidence, and go ahead with work and business. It is pessimists and cowards who give designing panic makers their opportunity.

PERSIA, RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA may not be a fit ruler of any people, but it is even more certain that the people of Persia are totally unfit for self-government, even more so, if possible, than the conglomerate Russians. We know that the government of Russia is a horrible injustice, a disgrace to civilization, yet it may truthfully plead that it would not do at all to turn the government over to the people, to any such extent as is done in this country, or in England, France or even Germany. The people of these and other European countries are considerably educated, politically, and capable of reasoning and self-restraint. Those of Russia, that is, the masses, are still "half savage and half child." And the people of Persia are even more so. To all practical purposes they are still living in the tenth century, and to graft twentieth century civilization upon them is an impossibility. It took England a thousand years to learn what the Persians have as yet scarcely begun to learn about self-government. The shah seems to have meant well in trying to establish some degree of popular government, but he was short-sighted in not foreseeing its failure. It may be that the fact of the Persian's incapacity for government does not justify a despotism; it certainly does not justify a cruel, oppressive despotism; but in such a country there seems no middle ground between autocracy and anarchy.

Russia and England are supposed to divide Persian control between them, but in this conflict it seems, naturally, to be Russia that is chiefly backing the shah, the capital, Teheran, being within Russia's rather than England's "sphere of influence." England will only interfere when Russia manifests a disposition to gain and exert more than its share of power; England never forgets that beyond Persia lies India. But within wide limits the shah, like the sultan, will be permitted to have his own way. With his misrule of the people neither Russia nor England is concerned.

MR. TAFT ON GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

MR. TAFT is quoted as saying that he is opposed to government ownership of railroads, for the following reasons: "First, because existing government railways are not managed either with the efficiency or economy of privately managed roads, and the rates charged are not as low and therefore not as beneficial to the public. Second, because it would involve an expenditure of twelve billion dollars to acquire interstate railways and the creation of an enormous national debt. Third, because it would place in the hands of a reckless executive a power of control over business and politics that the imagination can hardly conceive and would expose our popular institutions to danger."

As to the first objection, Mr. Taft seems not to have been fully informed. At least a portion of the government-owned roads in Germany, France and Australia, appear to be run more efficiently and with much less risk to life and property than the privately owned roads in this country, and in many cases the rates are lower.

Second, the expenditure of $12,000,000,000 would be imaginary rather than real. The roads would be acquired through bond issues, and would pay operating expenses and interest, and provide a sinking fund. The expense of operation and maintenance might be more than now, but there would be no enormous dividend "melons" to cut, nor hundreds of millions to be appropriated by high financiers for gambling purposes and private expenditures.

The third objection seems a good one, but don't the railroads and allied corporations to a very large extent own and run the government now? Under government ownership might not the people be more careful in the selection of their high officials? And is there any real danger of the country having a "reckless executive" that they could not trust?

Government ownership of railroads is to be avoided providing such government regulation and control can be secured and maintained as will put these really public affairs on a proper basis, and make the people's interest paramount to that of the railroad magnates. If this is found to be impossible, then government ownership will become an inevitable recourse.

WHY A CAMPAIGN FUND?

Of what use is a campaign fund anyway? Taft has the ears of all the people through the press, and Brother "Charlie" can advance the railroad fare without inconvenience. As for Bryan, he is already in the phonographs, and an occasional lecture here and there on his trip will pay the hotel bills.—Detroit News.

THIS IS SAID facetiously, but looking at the matter seriously, what is the need of a great campaign fund, on either side? If there should be no special literature, no hired speeches and music, no efforts costing money, would not the result be the same, and would not voters cast their ballots quite as intelligently?

Nowadays nearly all voters read the newspapers, and know pretty well what is going on. And such as do not will gain no correct information by what they learn in consequence of the expenditure of campaign funds. Partisan campaign literature and speeches are not intended to tell the truth and enlighten people, but to distort the truth and delude people. So their effect, if they have any, is detrimental rather than beneficial.

There are ways in which a great campaign fund can be made somewhat effective. Using it as "boodle," in one form or another, may influence many votes. But assuming that voters are not to be influenced by mercenary motives, that votes are not in any way to be bought, there appears to be no need of a large campaign fund.

The people all know Taft and Bryan, know them quite as well without the expenditure of a dollar between now and election as they would with the expenditure of $1,000,000. They also know as well what the "issues" are—though their ideas on this subject may be vague—as they would if they had $40 worth of campaign literature to read and heard a spellbinder every day. The expenditure of a great campaign fund is deemed necessary merely because it has become a habit, and like many other habits it is for the most part a bad one.

There are some benefits of big campaign funds; printers, paper dealers, musicians and some other classes of business people and laborers get some of them; spending them "puts money in circulation," and so the custom is popular; but there is no other good reason for collecting and spending great amounts of money in a campaign.

TOO MANY REVOLVERS.

SOME MEN arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, while armed with revolvers, were let off the other day with fines of $2 each, and their guns were returned to them. The Journal hopes the time will soon come when magistrates and others in authority will take a more serious view of the danger and evil of the promiscuous carrying of revolvers. Not a day passes but the news columns relate murders or murderous assaults by irresponsible people with revolvers—jealous husbands, "love"-crazed youths, men of all sorts in all stages of drunkenness, hobos, and thoughtless boys. Such cases run into the thousands in this country in the course of a year, and in not one case in a thousand is a revolver any protection or does it serve any useful purpose.

The revolvers found on hobos, drunken men, boys, and irresponsible people generally, should be taken from them as a partial penalty. In not one case in 100 is a revolver carried for any good purpose. It may be allowable for a man to have a revolver out in the woods, but he has no proper use for one in a town. And even in the country it is the means of many sad tragedies, and little if any good.

It would be well for the country if the ownership or possession of one of these implements of mischief and crime were permitted only by special license, and if the manufacture and sale of pocket guns were rigidly restricted.

EXEMPTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

ASSUMING that the exemption of church property—that actually used for church buildings and other church purposes—is proper and just, yet the principle and policy should be subject to modification and limitation. Because it is right to exempt a church building and the ground it actually occupies, if such site is more suitable and valuable for a church than for business purposes, it does not follow that it is right to exempt ground, though a church building is retained thereon, that has grown very valuable for other purposes, and whose value is increasing rapidly.

The only way to remedy this species of tax-dodging is to fix an arbitrary maximum amount of exemption for the ground occupied by churches—say $10,000. This would work no injustice on the smaller and poorer churches, for in most cases the value of their church lots would not exceed this amount, but it would compel the older and richer churches, occupying very valuable lots not only for use but for speculation, for gain, to pay taxes in proportion to the increasing value of the land occupied.

One church has a building worth $5,000 on a lot worth $5,000, and gets a proper exemption of the whole—$10,000. Another church has a building worth $5,000, more or less, on a lot worth $50,000, or $100,000, when a $5,000 or $10,000 site would answer its strictly church purposes just as well, but it refuses to change, and to sell or otherwise improve the valuable lot because it is increasing in value rapidly, and so gets an exemption of five or 10 times as much as the other church. This is an injustice, and the only way to approximate a square deal is to exempt church ground only to a certain amount. Beyond that it should pay taxes on the value of the land.

A GOOD TIME TO BUILD.

A CIRCULAR sent out through the country is entitled, "Build Now." It purports to emanate from the new "Prosperity Society," and may be prompted by lumbermen or dealers in builders' supplies, but even if so, it seems to be very good advice. Not for years has the price of building material and labor been so low. Lumbermen complain of a dull market, the supply of labor still exceeds the demand, nearly all materials are comparatively cheap—unless, like the plumbers' fixtures, they are controlled by a trust—and building sites in cities and suburban tracts are lower than they are likely to be again; hence, why not "build now?"

The American Lumberman, whose name indicates its mission and which speaks from an interested point of view, yet that is a very reliable and trustworthy publication, says that this is the "psychological moment" for building. In a certain city, where conditions are much the same as in other cities, the Lumberman says that a saving can be made of 28 1-2 per cent in labor and material, and from $5 to $6 per thousand on lumber, as compared with a year ago. It is certain that prices of lumber, materials and labor must advance rather than farther recede, and so if any one contemplates building in the near future, why not take advantage of these low prices and "build now?"

The Lumberman lays it down as a safe rule to buy at prices that represent only the cost of production, and continues: "Soon the railroads and other heavy consumers must come into the market and the instant they do prices are going to advance 10 to 25 per cent, and the individual who delayed building in the hope of securing even better terms is going to be left."

Building in Portland has kept up and is pretty well keeping up with the demand, but has not exceeded it, and as this city is sure to grow rapidly and the demand to become greater, this would indeed seem the "psychological time" for even much more building than is taking place. The cost of building next year will very likely be from 10 to 25 per cent more. So "build now."

But, reiterates the Portland mouthpiece of reactionism, the will of the people does not prevail now. The people didn't want Chamberlain at all. To suppose so is absurd. Besides, the "will of the people" is itself absurd, a humbug, a delusion. Let us retreat back to the good old ways when the people had nothing to say, when a few politicians said and did all, when senatorships and other offices were bought and sold, when all official life was a veritable cesspool of corruption. This is the Oregonian's plea.

If the new chief of the army engineers, Colonel William M. Marshall, shall be as good a friend and supporter of improved harbors and open rivers, and especially of the Columbia river, as General Mackenzie, the retiring chief engineer, has been, the people of Oregon will have no reason to complain. Colonel T. W. Symons, who was stationed here for a while 15 or 20 years ago, was an aspirant for General Mackenzie's place, but there will be no great or general regret here that he did not get it.

That J. J. Hill is as big or a bigger man in the railroad world than E. H. Harriman, and was able despite the latter's utmost opposition to force his way down the Columbia and into Portland, is an exceedingly valuable fact to Portland. Eventually this Wall street dog-in-the-manger autocrat will be forced to let loose some more.

Mr. L. M. Davis seems to have been trying to give a modern exemplification of the wondrous wise man of our town who jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes, and then perceiving the consequences repeated the jump with gratifying results.

The Equitable Life Insurance company will build a 62-story building in New York, the plans for which, it is said, alone cost $250,000. Oregon policy-holders will help erect this great building, but will get nothing out of it.

WOMEN'S VIEWS OF NO-LICENSE

By Emma Brush

To this essay was awarded by Collier's the first prize of $100 in the "Saloon in Our Town" contest. It was selected by Collier's out of 3,000 manuscripts submitted. From week to week that paper will publish other articles of equal brevity dealing with the saloon from every view-point.

The women have been congregating unusually of late in our southern tier New York town, and a wise one, with 10 words, has turned the ordinary clattery-spattery thought bubbling into a stream. She said: "Last month ended our first no-license year. What of it?"

It may be worth noting that no woman, in the discussion engendered, has backed up against any man's fireside, smoke-ringed opinion in the matter. Perhaps this feminine lone-thinking carries in itself the first modest tally-one for the new order.

The lineman's wife, who has lived in many places, emitted the first rounded opinion: "We had the best saloons in the state, I think. Where else would a saloonkeeper come, as did Mr. Kern, and tell me my boy was there too much? I'd rather my husband would stop in at a place like that than to be finding bottles about the house, as I do now."

* * *

The next clear word came from a farm four miles in the hills. Only strong feeling and long thought could have pulled the quiet woman out to say: "I will come down and work day and night, any way I can, on my knees in the street if need be, to hold the town dry. You know why. It's been a new kind of year for us—the first prospering one in 10. Yes, there's more hard cider drunk—sometimes too much—and every one knows how it was last Fourth. But the habit is broken—the habit of running to town, with all its paltry excuses, deserted work and miserable night hours of waiting, keeping us all poor, sick and sour. Oh! it's been a good year, up our way—a new kind of year for us."

"Best of all, I think, and my girls think so, too," said Mrs. Van Ness, "is the feeling—the clean feeling as one walks the town. No more dodging round to avoid Hanson's and the other corners. They may be drinking just behind the walls, but the streets are ours now anyway, and the place somehow has a different feel to me—clearer, prouder—and my girls notice it, too."

"Those that want it will get it," said the lineman's wife. "Mrs. Hurd's Bennie was carried home helpless Saturday night."

"And the mother takes it cheerfully," broke in Mrs. Hurd's neighbor. "What's a spree now and then" says Mrs. Hurd. 'It's the dribble-dribble, so many a day and increasing every year, that breaks the hearts. Bennie's all right; it will be a long time before he'll want to be so sick again. A man's got to blow off every so often, somehow) and we can take that and laugh. But it's the coming with four drinks in every night that eats the vitals out of a home—and then eats the home. And that's the saloon every time. I've lived them both, and I'm for the spree.'"

So the talk has run. But for the most part the women have become unwontedly cautious and thoughtful, knowing as never before that the problem is a little more than half theirs. The sudden change in our little civic machine caught some fingers, even crushed and crippled in rare places. Some fine dreams have gone up and out like our yard-engine smoke; and we could wish that many of our last year's brave predictions and promises had been less loudly voiced.

We know that drink is being sold, as in rear rooms at the lower hotel, by one druggist, strangely at the harness shop, and at a farm a mile out. We know that the drinkers will drink, our old liars will go on lying, our consumptives are bound to cough. But youth! youth remains to us! Youth is the field—the hope of all temperance. Somehow, in youth, the drinkers learned to drink, in saloons, and, with few exceptions, not readily, but through repeated sicknesses, pains, mental and physical disgusts, self-denunciations, kept on because the path was well graded and nearly respectable, and the others were going that way, until the body and mind adjusted themselves to the new conditions and another habit climbed to the driver's seat and laid life-long hand upon the steering gear.

I knew a man in the country who formed the habit of going each night after supper to a neighbor's porch and just sitting, with nothing to give or take. When the neighbors moved, leaving the house empty, he still went to the porch. After the house burned he would go and sit on the wall.

* * *

We had good saloons, if one may so use the words. The keepers and their families were our friends and neighbors. But they were too many, they grew insidiously upon us. They took the best corners; they interpenetrated and clutched the town. Their hold was increasing upon all the forces of our lives. But worst of all, they stood open there day and night to our youth—easy schools of habit, with no entrance requirements and minimum fees—sanctioned by us, apparently.

And now, a year without them—and what of it? Well, no one disputes that the gross quantity of alcoholics consumed in the community—farms and quarries and all—is greatly diminished; a definite physiological gain, anyway. The confirmed drinkers have drunk less and been drunk more times. The doctors tell us that's better for them. Some have shown considerable periods of sobriety. The wives generally, with Mrs. Hurd, prefer the "spree" career. Variety, even in pusillanimity, is worth something. Hard cider has been in increased demand, and one thoughtful tourist son sent to his disenfranchised and dyspeptic father a full hogshead of Jamaica rum. Only the stomach pump saved some of them after this. But to our young men with habits forming (and our girls are, of course, equally involved), with too much mother-feeling yet, and blood, to sneak for drinks, who were going to the bar because the man ahead went—to these we turn and find such a year's record of advancement, and social good-living, of increased town pride and athletic success and right marrying, that for these alone we are ready, with the farmer's wife, to go down in the dirt to keep the saloon from reestablishment in our town.

A Poem for Today

The Landing of the Pilgrims.

By Felicia Hemans.

[Felicia Dorothea Browne* Hemans (Liverpool, England, September 25, 1794—Dublin, Ireland, May 12, 1835) celebrated for her many poems of religion and sentiment. She was not a great poet, but the thought of her many pieces ought to become the possession of our children, and this is especially true of the poem below.]

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Pledges Should Be Kept.

From the Tacoma Ledger.

The reported movement in Oregon to have members of the legislature break faith with the voters and elect somebody else than Governor Chamberlain United States senator will probably not succeed. It should not succeed. Much as Republicans dislike the idea of a Republican legislature sending a Democrat to Washington city, the members of the legislature who took a pledge to support for United States senator whoever received the popular vote are not likely to break it. To advocate a violation of the pledge is to advocate dishonor. This is not in support of the Oregon system, under which a legislature controlled by one party may be called upon to vote for United States senator for a man of another party. It is said in support of keeping pledges. The candidate that took the pledge known as Statement No. 1 in Oregon went before the people and sought their votes on the strength of that pledge, among other issues. The candidates did not have to sign the statement. They did it, knowing the possible consequences. It will not be without embarrassment to go to Salem, organize a strongly Republican legislature, then turn in and elect Chamberlain senator. But let them keep their pledges.

Some Unemployed.

They do not care for jobs 'mid Kansas wheat;
Beneath an ardent sun such labor irks;
And then they think there may be something neat
And easy for them at the campaign-works.
—Indianapolis Star.

What We'd All Do.

"If the world should come to an end right now, what would you do?"
"What everybody else would do, I guess."
"What is that?"
"I'd holler for help."

A Sermon for Today

Freedom.

By Henry F. Cope.

"The truth shall make you free."—John viii:32.

FREEDOM is one of the costliest things to gain and the most difficult to preserve. We do well to hold fast to the traditions and the ideals of a free people. There can be no fullness of life where liberty is unknown. But often our ideals of freedom seem to conflict with our obligations to others.

We ask how can one be free and yet be bound by the laws of our common life, how can he enjoy absolute liberty when he must constantly consider duties to other lives?

Then life is hedged about with other restrictions, with laws and codes of conduct. These may not be formal codes; we may have freed ourselves from the authority of traditionalism, but every man who reasons on his life sets up standards of goodness and right and these standards constitute laws to him. How can one be free while seeking to live by his laws of the right and the true?

What, after all, is freedom? Is it the absence of all restraint? Is it life with all the fences down? Is it ungoverned, unguided irresponsibility? Freedom is simply the capacity, within us, to choose our own way, to will what we will do, and the opportunity without to put into life and conduct the results of such free choosing.

The power to choose is the first thing in moral freedom. This belongs to us all and none can take it away from us. We may lose the power through disuse. Habit and oppression may make it sluggish but still it is there. In every man is this divine possibility of saying he will or he will not. Your will is yours; one of the eternal tests is, what are we doing with our wills?

Such a power constantly involves the exercise of choice. We elect every moment between possible courses and we always elect on the ground of some good, choosing that which seems to us to offer the greatest good. Our ideas of good may be poor, gross, perverted; we may elect the good of the lusts of the flesh; we may choose death, but we choose it because it seems good.

As the powers and the intelligence develop the choice of freedom involve widening considerations. We choose the good in the light of experience; we choose the good, not of self alone but of society, first of home, then of friends and neighbors, until the vision widens to embrace a world and its obligations; we choose on the ground of the good of all.

The choice on the ground of the good of all involves the rejection often of that which would seem the highest good on the ground of my own individual considerations. Because higher motives enter in I freely choose to be bound by them, to deprive myself to be governed, controlled by the lives of others. This is no loss of freedom; it is its highest gain. It is freedom from the dominion of the lower self rising into the liberty of the higher life of all.

So freedom becomes not an external condition, but an internal function and process by which in constantly making and carrying out the choices of that which seems good I learn to know the highest good and form the habits of choosing and willing that. Out of my consciousness of a world of moral obligations, a consciousness discoverable only through the exercise of this freedom, I rise into the greater living.

Evidently this freedom is something quite different from license. When the exercise of the right to do as I will leads me to will to do that which is eternally right I voluntarily place many bounds about my doing. I acknowledge the laws of duties to others of the rights of others. I am truly free because I submit myself willingly to the obligation of the good of all.

Out of license freedom never grows; subjection and slavery lie that way. Where none know any obligations the few strong force the many weaker ones to do their will. Where freedom reigns the imperative of the highest good, as gradually it dawns on all, compels each one to will to serve the good of all, to sink the lusts of the lower for the good of the higher.

The light of truth gives this liberty to all. As men come to see themselves in the light of the glorious life, as more than dust, as truly divine, come to see their fellows as of this same family, they catch with joy the vision of the possibility of doing great things, of giving their lives away for ideal ends, of so living as to lead all to the highest good; they enter into the freedom of the truth, the freedom to will and do the best we know.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

Faith in God is best evidenced by fellowship with men.

* *

Too many measure their means by their meanness.

* *

Trouble that might break us may be made to make us.

* *

The hardest seats in the world are those on Easy street.

* *

Nagging people are always praying for peace in glory.

* *

Worms of the dust make poor leaders of men to the divine.

* *

Social sympathy is the solvent of many theological barriers.

* *

The world is not lifted to virtue by picturing it as wholly vicious.

* *

You cannot have harmony within yourself without conflict without.

* *

No preacher ever caught men who was fishing for compliments.

* *

Formalities are the substitute with which the empty heart tries to make up for faith.

* *

Prayer is measured by its aspiration rather than by the information it sends to heaven.

* *

It is not the Bible in your pocket but the Bible in your practice that will make you better.

* *

Some men think they have put off the old man when they have only put on the old woman.

Is Here to Stay.

From the Prineville Review.

Only those who have the welfare of the Republican party—as a party—at heart are the ones who object to the Statement No. 1 method of doing business. Now that the compulsory law has been enacted by the people, Republicans will be more careful hereafter or their party is threatened with sequestration to that niche in ancient history which is at present occupied by the Whig corpse. It is true that in this instance Statement No. 1 finds strong favor with the Democratic voter, who naturally wants to see his party represented in state affairs, but it may not always be so pleasant to taste. But a fair and impartial view of the situation convinces one more and more than Statement No. 1 is here to stay, no matter which party is injured by its operation, for it is a godsend to the minority and thrives on the misfortunes of the majority, thus acting as a brake.

How to Keep Cool.

From the Chicago Examiner.

Don't get excited.
Don't worry.
Don't drink beer or any alcoholic drinks.
Wear light clothing—weight and color.
Drink plenty of water.
Eat fruits and vegetables.
Eat little meat.
Bathe freely.
Be temperate in all things.
Use common sense.