EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man.—Michael J. Barry.

NO OCCASION FOR GRUMBLING

A GROWLING, grouchy tone emanates from a certain journalistic shop in Portland over the prospective issue of over $5,000,000 of bonds for various important public purposes. The only thing that seems to be considered in that quarter is that these bonds will increase the city indebtedness and the interest burden. What the money to be procured will accomplish for the advancement, development and enrichment of the city seems to be considered unworthy of notice.

The Journal has no sympathy with this tone or the spirit which prompts it. It would be very nice, indeed, if Portland could get all the things it needs without cost, or would seem so, though this would not be advantageous, for there is no genuine, permanent improvement and advancement without cost and self-sacrifice.

Either Portland needs these things for which these expenditures are to be made, or it does not. If it needs them, and the people have decided that it does, the only way to get them is to borrow money on bonds. Raising the money by present taxation would be both impracticable and impolitic, and besides would be unjust. The people of the future, greater city ought to help pay for these things, that will be a permanent, enduring benefit.

A further indebtedness of $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 is nothing to be scared at or to growl about, providing the money is honestly and judiciously expended for important and urgently necessary things. Before these bonds become due Portland will be a city of over 400,000 inhabitants, and every year there will be many more people and much more property to pay the interest.

The Journal agrees with the majority of the people that the things proposed to be acquired and done are wise and necessary, and will be well worth the price. It believes that there is need of another Bull Run pipe line, of a new bridge, of municipal docks, of more park grounds, and of the other things voted for, and also, in the near future, of a new courthouse and a new city jail; and that the money expended in these ways will be well invested and that the additional burden will be easily and cheerfully borne.

It will not be necessary to issue all these bonds and incur all this indebtedness at once, nor perhaps within a year or two. But it is necessary to be able to move forward in the attainment of these things as soon and as fast as is practicable and advantageous. There is no occasion for grumbling or pessimism. It is a time for everybody to pull together for advancement, for greater and better growth. The city has no use for a grumbler and knocker.

WHEAT CROP PROSPECTS

WHEAT crop reports from the Inter - Mountain region seem conflicting, but are largely harmonized by the fact that the crop is more "spotted" than usual; that is, the damage done by drouth is far greater in some localities than in others, and in many cases the areas of poor and of fairly good yields are not far apart. It may be accepted as an ascertained fact that the yield in eastern Oregon and eastern Washington as a whole will be far short of that of last year, and much under the average of several years past; yet, the data at hand by no means warrant the pessimistic predictions made in some quarters that the yield will be only half or less of that of last year. Reports of shortages are almost invariably exaggerated beforehand. On the lighter and more arid lands in some localities the yield will be very light, but on a large proportion of the better portions of the wheat belt a good crop is being or will be harvested.

But what will be lost through an unusually dry season will be largely, if not wholly, made up by wheat raisers as a whole in the price, if present prospects hold good. With wheat at 80 or 75 cents a bushel, a farmer with a yield of 20 or even 15 bushels an acre will make some money, while those who anticipated 40 bushels an acre and get only 30 or 25 will have a handsome surplus, despite the unfavorable season. Even if the total yield of that region for export should not amount to more than 30,000,000 bushels, this, at 75 cents per bushel, would bring the growers $22,500,000, which is no small sum to distribute among a comparatively few people. But the outcome is likely to be a good deal better than this, and at the worst there is no occasion for discouragement because of an occasional unpropitious season.

THE INJUNCTION PLANK

THERE seems nothing in the Denver "injunction plank" to which any reasonable person can take objection. There is a needless declaration of faith in the courts and absence of intent to attack the "integrity" of the courts—needless because criticism of the wholesale use of the injunction process in labor disputes needs no apology and is not an attack on the "integrity" of the courts. The courts may have gone too far in issuing injunctions in labor cases without losing their "integrity." All the talk about the courts having been "attacked" emanates from trust attorneys, and is an effort to divert attention from the real matter in issue. The meat of the Denver declaration is contained in the following language:

"Questions of judicial practice have arisen especially in connection with industrial disputes. We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality, and that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved."

Mr. Gompers says this is entirely satisfactory to him, as the head of organized labor, is all that was asked, and we cannot see why it should not be satisfactory to everybody who favors justice and a square deal between all men. Why should injunctions issue against organized workingmen, when under like circumstances they would not be issued in any other cases, against organized capital, for instance? It is simply a declaration of impartiality, which the Chicago convention would not make. No special interest is to be regarded in the issuance of injunctions. Isn't this right? Why should so great a furore have been made over so manifestly just and fair a proposition?

CAMPAIGN FUNDS

THE action to be taken by the Democratic national committee regarding the publication of campaign contributions, and literal compliance with the plank of the Denver platform on this subject, at Mr. Bryan's request, is commendable not only as adopting an importantly right policy, but as evidence that the party adopted this plank in sincere earnest and not merely to deceive the people. No money at all is to be accepted from corporations; not more than $10,000 will be accepted from any person or firm; and all amounts over $100 and their sources will be published, so that everybody will know just where the campaign fund comes from.

This is an important reform, and is in sharp contrast with methods hitherto used in securing campaign funds. President Roosevelt and Candidate Taft have both declared in favor of this policy of publicity, but the last congress refused to pass any measure requiring it to be put into execution, and since his nomination, Mr. Taft has remained silent on the subject. Will he and his campaign manager, Mr. Hitchcock, adopt this method and take the people into their confidence? Is the Republican party, as well as the Democratic party, willing to submit its cause to the people without the use of corporation and trust campaign funds? If not, why not? It is Mr. Hitchcock's turn to speak up.

COMPLETION OF A GREAT WORK

THE completion of the north bank road will mark an epoch in the commercial development of Portland. Its importance is but faintly realized as yet. It places this city in direct communication with the cattle-producing section of Montana. Without it Swift's packing plant would have been impossible. The trade of all of eastern Washington and even part of Canada will be naturally tributary to this city. The lines of the great systems of which the north bank road is a part put us in direct touch with an enormous section of the country. It is a competing through line. It will necessarily have its feeders and branches within this state. It was built on business principles and for business. First cost was not considered in its construction, and it is probably the costliest line of single track in the United States. Its level track, easy grades and curveless line are evidences of an intention to handle freight and lots of it. Great warehouses, modern freight houses, built to care for great traffic, plainly indicate the policy of the builders.

Above all, that master of railroad transportation, James J. Hill, is at the head of this enterprise and his lieutenants and aides are in full sympathy with his plans and purposes. He does not claim to be operating an eleemosynary institution. He built the line to this city and on a water-level grade in response to sound economic considerations and for business reasons. Every section in which Mr. Hill has built railroads has profited by his work. He has made money through great energy and far-sightedness and deserves his success. He has been a pioneer, and is thoroughly western in his sentiments. He has been a creator and his roads represent his own work, not the thought, aspirations and work of others. It is fitting that Portland will celebrate the opening of this road. Whatever is done here in this connection should be worthy of the occasion, and the whole city should participate in it. Let Mr. Hill and his associates be made to feel that they are among friends and admirers who appreciate what the building of this line means to Portland, to Oregon and the great Oregon country.

JAPAN DOES NOT WANT WAR

THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, the American ambassador to Japan, who has just arrived in this country on a vacation, gives further testimony in support of the extreme improbability of war between the two countries. He says that during the time, nearly a year, that he has been in Japan, he "has never seen the slightest sign of ill-feeling toward America, or Americans. It is absurd to think that Japan wants war with this country. Nothing is farther from the mind of its people. I believe Japan is sincerely trying to enforce the restriction of emigration to America and thus remove any cause for friction on that question."

Such statements from such a source are entitled to more credence and respect than all the sensational jingoism that Hobson can utter in a year. Of course Japan wants no war with the United States, and is in no condition to go to war with this country if it did, and the ravings of Hobson ought to be frowned upon by all people to whom he addresses them. The New York World correctly says that what he said in the Denver convention is "sheer balderdash," which would deserve no attention except from his position as a member of congress, and his representations concerning the fears of the president, which nobody believes.

Ambassador O'Brien only confirms reports made recently by other reliable persons, particularly by Mr. Taft, who should understand the situation as well as anyone, and whose testimony will be regarded as thoroughly reliable. Hobson has become a national bore.

The contract that has been let for building boats to run on the upper Columbia river is a step in the very important movement being carried forward by the Open River association for aiding at once the producers of the upper country and the commerce of Portland, and rendering them freer from the exactions of the railroad monopoly.

Nature knows neither religion nor politics—except as she shows forth God's marvelous handiwork and provides mankind with the raw material of livelihood and comfort. She recognizes no Sabbath as a restday, and treats the G. O. P. elephant and the Democratic ass impartially. Crops will grow just the same under either Taft or Bryan.

There are indications that there will be more really doubtful states as the campaign progresses than there have been since 1892, or at least since 1896. There is, to begin with, a very large uncertain vote, that for years past has been surely Republican.

Drouth, frosts, hot winds and electric storms always do some damage, in some parts of the country, to the crops, yet on the whole the harvest is always great, and the American people are the most fortunate and favored in the world.

"There never has been a satisfactory explanation of the low prices of western wool prevailing this season," remarks the East Oregonian. Might not the possibility of Bryan's election be the real explanation? Also of the unusually dry season up there?

Whoever shall be chosen as the Democratic campaign manager, he will probably not be long in finding out that it is Bryan rather than he who is the real boss of the campaign.

Salem will expect a big delegation from Portland tomorrow, and should not be disappointed. A greater degree of neighborliness is to be desired.

The Walla Walla election may be a very small straw, but it seems to be a significant one.

The railroads, if they persist in raising rates, may help very materially to elect Bryan.

It's Very Queer.

When you call a girl a kitten
You are sure to get a pat,
So why should you get the mitten
When you say she is a cat?
But you do.

If you say a girl's a vision,
It will fill her with delight,
So there should be no collision
When you say she is a sight,
But there is.

You call a man a sly old dog;
He asks you in to sup;
Why should it set his wrath agog
When you say he is a pup?
But it does.

—Philippines Gossip.

Small Change

Not very many will want to contribute over $10,000, anyway.

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Bryan's picture fills the whole front page of last week's Commoner.

• •

A Dakota girl roped a coyote. But several New York girls have roped counts.

• •

A real successful crop failure was never pulled off in Oregon yet and never will be.

• •

Because a cow has cloven hoofs and horns is no proof that she is a member of the Old Nick family.

• •

So oxaluria is an old disease, or an old symptom, after all, and the doctors at Vienna didn't discover anything.

• •

Honduras and Paraguay have been having revolutions lately, but, so far as known, there were no casualties.

• •

The Brother Charley in the Bryan case doesn't count for much; he has no barrel, like Brother Charley Taft.

• •

A Philadelphia preacher says all amusement is sin. No wonder many people don't care to go to heaven with him.

• •

Even when the battleship fleet gets to Honolulu it will be at home.—Boston Globe. Yes, and also away out yonder at Guam.

• •

Bryan's smile is very expansive, but it is doubtful if he can ever make it such a what-a-jolly-good-fellow smile as Taft's.

• •

The Independent party appears to be wholly anti; merely a collection of kickers and knockers, standing for nothing affirmative.

• •

Possibly what would be good for Alice Longworth is to send her back to Pa awhile—but he might decline further responsibility.

• •

In a Pittsburg family the third set of triplets has arrived. If this is kept up a few years, that family could start a town of its own.

• •

A curious variety, mankind; there are always people who really believe that the Prohibition party will win, either this time or next.

• •

President Roosevelt takes stunts of pitching hay, and Bryan is out these days looking after the "crops." Great farmers, these big fellows.

• •

Bryan says that if elected he will not become a candidate again. But there will doubtless be a Democratic Bourne to insist that he break his promise.

• •

Bryan is always happy; believes he is going to be elected until the votes are counted, and then believes he is going to be nominated and elected next time.

• •

The simplified spelling board proudly announces that 20,000 persons have formally agreed to adopt its simple spellings. The other $4,980,000, or thereabouts, will keep on spelling and misspelling in the same old way.

• •

Jonas Lie, the Norwegian novelist, is dead. He told many lies in his lifetime, but only, so far as we know, in following his craft, otherwise not trying to live up to his name, which in Norwegian isn't "lie" anyway.

• •

O yes, Taft is going to carry Missouri, Tennessee and several other states, and Bryan is going to carry California, Indiana, Wisconsin and a lot more northern states. We hear this sort of talk every fourth fall.

• •

An Ohio woman was refused a marriage license because she gave her age as 30 when in fact she was 80. But when did it become illegal anywhere for a woman to make a little misrepresentation like this about her age? And since she was going to be married, perhaps she felt as if she were only 30.

Letters From the People

Challenges Dr. Dyott's Views.

Cornelius, Or., July 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the Oregon Daily Journal of last Monday, July 13, you published the main substance of a sermon of Dr. Dyott, in which he denies eternal punishment for the wicked. According to your report, he said at the conclusion of his sermon: "I do not wish by my remarks to convey the impression that we are free to follow our predatory instincts, or in other ways to go contrary to God's wishes, but I do mean that you shall understand that when the great judgment day comes God will have found a way for all of us to enter into the kingdom of his presence, which is the blessing I wish you all."

Did this Dr. Dyott never read the Bible, or does he not believe what is taught in God's word concerning the great last day of judgment?

We read John, iii:36: "He that believeth on the son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Matthew xxv:41-46: "Then shall he say also to them on the left hand: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.'" See also Thess. I:3-10. J. T. DESCHER,

Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Cornelius, Or.

A Precarious Existence.

The superstitious woman started to go downtown, but found that she had forgotten something. It was hard work to get her to go back for it, but when she did she sat down for a few minutes to "take the curse off" before going out again. On the sidewalk she passed a cross-eyed man, and had hard work to keep from spitting three times over her left shoulder. The first car that came along was No. 13. She let it go by, and waited eight minutes for another. On the way down town she remarked to a friend that she "had been in excellent health this summer." Instantly she was obliged to lose her glove and rub her bare palm on the wood of the bench before her. As she and her friend were walking on Twenty-third street some thoughtless person darted between them. The superstitious woman was much disturbed and worried over the thought of a coming separation.

That night her husband upset the salt cellar. She insisted on his taking a pinch of the salt and throwing it over his shoulder. When she disrobed for the night she discovered that she had been wearing one stocking wrong side out all day. It was the sign of good luck, and it allowed her to go to bed happy. But some time in the night a dog howled dismally under her window. From that moment she has been looking for a calamity. Nothing will make her believe that there will not soon be a death in her immediate family.

In a Heathen Household.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Elizabeth's mother did not teach her little daughter much that she should have learned about religion; nor did the father.

The other day a guest said to the little girl: "Elizabeth, does your father say grace at the table?"

"What grace?" returned the girl innocently.

"Why, thanks for what you have to eat."

"Oh," replied Elizabeth, now enlightened. "We don't have to thank any one for what we have—we always pay cash."

The Wheel of Time.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

In 1950 the William Taft Smiths, the William Taft Browns and the William Taft Johnsons will be graduating and getting marriage licenses.

DEMOCRATS DO A PUBLIC SERVICE

From the Philadelphia North American

The Democratic national convention would not have met in vain had it adjourned after doing nothing beyond placing its stamp of condemnation upon Guffey and his band of political highbinders. That one act would have justified its existence.

The Republican majority is so large and the Democratic vote so small in this state that national conventions in the past have thought it safe to give scant attention to Pennsylvania. But Pennsylvania no longer passes unnoticed. Upon this state has fallen the unenviable distinction of possessing one party with management so bad as to command national attention.

In other words, the methods of the men in control of the Democratic organization in Pennsylvania have been so odious as to convince the Democrats of the nation that for their own protection they must repudiate that management. The sentiment of the Denver assemblage was that some means must be found to throw over a handicap too heavy to carry in a presidential contest. And the convention has acted in accordance with that sentiment.

No makers of the laws of any party could be expected to have foresight sufficiently prophetic to provide a regular and orderly method of disposing of a Guffey.

Outside of Pennsylvania, bad Democrats and bad Democratic organizations have at least one merit—fidelity to their own party. Like crooked Republicans, they commit crimes in the name and under the banner of their party organization. And always they plead their loyalty and their regularity as their justification.

The one exception is Guffey. His entire leadership of the Pennsylvania Democracy has been subject to the standing charge of continuous and undeviating treachery to his own party. And to that charge he virtually pleaded guilty in Denver. For when arraigned by the supreme council of the party, he was unable to point to a single instance of effective party service or to an accomplishment of any kind the citing of which would have served to confound his accusers.

The Democrats in convention were confronted with an extraordinary case, one for which there was no precedent. But since the highest council of a party is the party's lawmaker, they found a way to meet the emergency.

The indictment against Guffey and his trading allies, presented in detail to the committee on credentials, could leave no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced man concerning the continuous treachery of Guffey toward the party in the past.

Those judges already knew about Guffey. They knew already of Pennsylvania's political scandal. The mere reading of the indictment and the total lack of any substantial defense were sufficient. They were not excessively particular about demanding proof of the charges, which could have been furnished in ample quantities, had the demand been made.

It was Bryan's fight of course. For Bryan knew, better than perhaps any other man outside this state, the nature and extent of Guffey's treachery. He knew not by heresay. He had been on the ground and needed no report at second hand. His acquaintance with men and affairs in Pennsylvania caused him to reach the decision to purge the party of Guffey at any cost.

Therefore, he did a most unusual thing, by declaring in advance that Guffey's continued presence in the national committee would be an embarrassment to him throughout the campaign. He knew that the reelection of Guffey would be the placing of a traitor in the inner councils of the party—the submission of every secret to a tool of Standard Oil.

To Bryan's opposition undoubtedly was due the overthrow of Guffey. But we do not believe that Mr. Bryan was actuated mainly by a desire to "play politics" in this matter. He thought the elimination of Guffey necessary for the good of the party. But our belief is that political decency rather than partisan advantage was his principal aim.

Whatever may have been Mr. Bryan's motives, however, in our opinion, nothing that has been or may be done at Denver will prove more helpful to his cause in every state throughout the nation than this branding and condemnation of Guffey.

The choice of James Kerr as his successor is distinctively a victory for decency. Not only does it give to loyal and honest Democrats cause for rejoicing, but it affords to loyal and honest Republicans almost an equal reason for gratitude.

Mr. Kerr is a representative business man, able and in every respect reputable, the possessor of right ideas and good ideals. He is a thorough Democrat, a good fighter and a square man.

Pennsylvania has reached its present level of civic shame largely because the state has had no respectable and effective minority party organization in recent years. Evils have multiplied, mainly because the Democratic party in this state has been made a corrupt adjunct, a contemptible side show of the Republican organization.

The downfall of Guffey and the elevation of Kerr now mean the dawning of a better day for the Democracy of Pennsylvania, provided that the party has not been so long debauched as to make regeneration impossible.

In the same measure as this augury of good will inspire honorable Democrats so will it instill hope into the hearts of independent Republicans. The great preponderance of the Republican vote in the state, we believe, is provided by thoroughly honest citizens. But these have come to regard as futile any effort to alter for the better any vicious political conditions, because both Republican and Democratic organizations were dominated by the same interests and the same men.

The overthrow of Guffey may mean in the end a blessing to both parties, by providing the long desired weapon for rebuke and reform in local and state affairs.

A Strong Ticket

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Democratic party has donned its fighting clothes. It scents victory in the air of 1908. It has chosen two capable gladiators to lead the fight. The thunderous demonstrations at Denver differed from those of other years in that they were inspired by harmony and not by strife. The outbursts of enthusiasm were not of the sort manufactured to stampede the delegates to or from any man. They testified rather to the revival of hope, the discarding of differences that had rent the party hopelessly asunder, and to the deep rooted vitality of Democracy.

Mr. Bryan is at the very flood-tide of physical strength and mental vigor. The immaturity that was charged against him in other years can be no longer urged. Never a mean antagonist, he has developed and grown through years of travel and study until he has become an adversary worthy of the strongest man's steel. In the present campaign he cannot fail to take advantage of a condition that militated largely against his success in 1896. No candidate was ever more prone to put his finger on canker spots than Mr. Bryan. There was much in the Denver convention to indicate that he has back of him this time an earnest, determined, united, fighting party.

John W. Kern of Indiana, nominee for the vice-presidency, has long been conspicuous in public affairs. While known better in his own state than elsewhere, his fame as a jurist and advocate has spread far through the land. Judge Kern is in the very prime of life. Though defeated for governor of Indiana on two occasions he is very popular in his own state, and is held in high esteem even by his political opponents. Indiana is still regarded as a battleground in presidential elections, and no man is better fitted to win the suffrages of this doubtful state than Mr. Kern.

The ticket nominated at Denver is a good one. It combines many elements of strength. Both of the candidates are splendidly equipped mentally and physically. Both are excellent campaigners, with a broad knowledge of public affairs. Each is of unimpeachable character. They go forth to battle as unsullied knights, strong in the confidence of those whose champions they are. There is going to be a fight in this year of grace, 1908, and a good one.

Indiana Men.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

For the first time in 24 years the Democratic party has turned to Indiana for a candidate on its national ticket. Not since the nomination of Thomas A. Hendricks for vice-president in 1884 has the Hoosier state been called upon for a standard bearer. In the ill-starred campaign of 1880, William H. English went down to defeat with General Winfield Scott Hancock, while four years later Hendricks was elected to the chair which was vacated by Democracy at the close of Buchanan's administration. During this same period the Republican party nominated and elected Benjamin Harrison to the presidency in 1888, who was defeated for reelection in 1892 by Grover Cleveland. In 1904 Charles W. Fairbanks was nominated for the vice-presidency and elected. The nomination by the Democrats of John W. Kern of Indianapolis for the vice-presidency at Denver shows apparently that the leaders again regard Indiana as fighting ground. It may be that the delegates were persuaded that there is luck in an Indiana candidate, inasmuch as only one candidate of either party from that state in more than a quarter of a century went down to defeat.

Use of Fuller's Earth.

Fuller's earth, a very absorbent clay, that was first used for taking grease spots out of cloth, is now used in the United States chiefly for clarifying oils.

Florida furnished nearly 70 per cent of the entire output of fuller's earth in the United States in 1907. Arkansas, Georgia, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Colorado and Texas also contributed to the production, ranking in the order named. The total production of the United States in 1907 was 32,851 short tons, valued at $291,773, the largest production and value yet reported. The imports were 14,648 long tons, valued at $122,221, the largest quantity imported in any one year since 1902 and the largest recorded value in any year.

An advance chapter of "Mineral Resources of the United States, calendar year 1907," on the production of fuller's earth, by F. B. Van Horn, just published by the United States Geological Survey, furnishes the statistics reported. The paper contains a discussion of the causes of the bleaching power and clarifying action of fuller's earth, a question that is of considerable interest to chemists.

A Lane county man killed four coons one night, and thought they were wildcats, for whose hides he would get $10 each.

What Watterson Says

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

According to an eminent alienist there are three great causes of suicide and insanity, each of which begins with "w." One of them, and not the least of them, is worry. Everyone advises everyone else never to worry. Few persons take the advice, except those who would not worry if the world were coming to an end tomorrow and they had murdered their brothers yesterday. The president of a "Don't Worry" club in New York committed suicide the other day. The incident is the subject of no little humorous comment, but it was pure tragedy. What is more pathetic than the self-destruction of a man who had promised himself and his friends that he would never let worry get a grip upon his mind? The tale of the ending of his life points a moral. Wine, women and song, of the quality that kill, a wise man may escape, but worry may set its fangs in his vitals despite his every precaution and his every resolution. And worry, so the physicians tell us, breeds toxins of its own, as well as to aggravate any physical ailment that may be preying upon its victim.

It is a great thing to be able not to worry. It means a gift from providence of a certain sort of physical and mental makeup. The negro rarely worries. As a rule, he is free from care. As a race he is immune from certain nervous diseases. Providence, which gave him for a complexion "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," put more sunshine upon the inside of him than is bottled up in a half dozen white men. It is not necessary for the negro to belong to a "Don't Worry club."

What became of the man who, observing that everybody worried about something, decided to worry about his red whiskers because he didn't really care what color they were, and felt that he would not suffer greatly, history has failed to record. Very probably another worry overtook him and laid him low.

The greatest relief from worry is to seek out someone other than a policeman to whom you may tell your troubles. A sorrow shared is a sorrow lightened. The general rule for avoiding worry is to live so that if misfortune overtakes you, you can console yourself with the reflection that it is misfortune and not your fault. Join a "Don't Worry" club—the best one may be found around a hearthstone—if you will, but do not expect that all of your efforts will rout all of your worries. When the president of your club blows out his brains, bear in mind the fact that he was unfortunate rather than perverse. He did not worry because he found it an enjoyable pastime. He did not refuse the consolation he offered because of obstinacy. Consign him tenderly to "the soft embraces of the sweet, cool earth," and to probable, or at least possible, peace. Rest assured that there can be no punishment in store for him, even in a brightly burning hereafter, somewhat below the level of the sea and somewhat above the temperance of Tucson, that will be more of a torture than the malady that ended in his death.

Bishop Lewis' Birthday.

Dr. Wilson Seeley Lewis, who was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church at the general conference held in Baltimore last May, was born July 17, 1857, at Russell, N. Y. He attended St. Lawrence university and later graduated from Cornell college. After his graduation he became a school teacher and for a time he occupied a pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal church. In 1888 he became principal of the Epworth seminary at Epworth, Iowa, and he filled that position for nearly ten years. In 1897 he was chosen president of Morningside college at Sioux City, Iowa. During the ten years and more that he continued in the presidency he established his reputation among the foremost educators in the middle west. His success in building up Morningside college was directly responsible for his being elected a bishop of the church at the Baltimore conference.

This Date in History.

1429—Charles VII of France crowned at Rheims through the instrumentality of the simple peasant girl, Joan of Arc.

1674—Dr. Isaac Watts, famous hymn writer, born. Died November 25, 1748.

1793—Execution of Charlotte Corday.

1812—British and Indians captured Fort Mackinaw, one of the strongest outposts of the United States.

1826—William White, one of the founders of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, and chaplain of the Continental congress, died in Philadelphia. Born there April 4, 1747.

1840—Pioneer Cunard steamer Britannia arrived at Halifax.

1882—Indian battle of Big Dry Wash, Arizona.

1894—President Cleveland signed the act admitting Utah to the union.

The REALM of FEMININE

The Voice of the Open.

NOW is the time of the year when the lure of the open becomes most potent. Day by day as we walk the streets of the city, and night by night as we catch between housetops glimpses of far-off starry spaces, the sound of the wind in the trees of the forest comes to mind and the memory of shaded green places haunts us.

Our spirits cry for release, not so much from the daily task as from man-made surroundings, and we long for the woods, the hills and the pleasant meadows.

There are those who like to call this lure of the open, atavism, which is a neat and indefinite term, standing variously for the reversion to type of the semi-educated Indian, the harking back to ancestral traits of the child or the puppy or the migratory instinct, inherited from nomadic ancestors.

So the passion within us for wood and sea, for wide reaches and sunlit horizons, they would call only a stirring of half-obliterated memories, and upheaval within our breasts of the primal instinct for quiet and shelter of the pursued animal-man, a homing instinct, not quite dead, in men concerned with progress and invention, derived from earliest ancestry.

But this explanation seems shallow and insufficient when we put aside our tools and our playthings and sink our restlessness in the peace and quiet of nature.

The hold that it has on animal nature seems quite inadequate to account for the hold it has on us. For it is not the animal within us that is aroused nor placated nor appealed to in any way in this wide vision of beauty and this harmony of silences.

Rather it appeals to the better part of us, the part that in ordinary intercourse with our fellows becames atrophied, the part that neither struggles for supremacy nor desires gain, nor is concerned with market reports, nor with the ceaseless warfare with passions.

This is the secret hold it has upon us, that it lulls to sleep the baser side of us and lets the real man forth.

The appeal to each one who recognizes this truth is instant and real. It becomes a voice crying to his spirit in the wilderness, not that man forsake sin, but that he live his real life; not asking the negation of what is base, but the actuality of the good; not speaking in terms of warfare, but in the terms of a perfect truce.

Thus and so, we feel, was man meant to live; himself a unit in the eternal scheme of things.

Then the vacation time becames a festival of soul, when the spirit of a man comes out into a wider realm, greater than space, and knows himself a part of an eternity longer than time and wider than love.

Quite other is the claim of the city. It appeals to our admiration for its size, for its inventions, for its power, for its material advantages. But we cannot but feel that we hear all too much in these days of the power of wealth, and of commerce, and of the utilitarian arts. "Let us have poorer cotton and better men," said Emerson, voicing the thought that the drudgery of toil, the too laborious sacrifice of a man to his own material wants, dwarfs the soul and narrows life.

The man in the city is stifled; his ears dimmed to the voice of his soul by overmuch clatter and whirr of wheels and saws; his eyes blinded to the verities of life by the smoke of the fires of industry and the false glitter of gilded towers. He needs to come out from the mart and the furnaces and from the machines, all man-made, and listen to the voice of the eternal speaking to his soul.

For there is something larger in nature than man. If we attempt to call man the perfection of nature's building, the highest pinnacle of her wonderful processes, we cannot but see that for the expenditure of force that has gone to his making the result is pitifully weak and fragile. Even great men do not content us. They are great in only one direction. They have arrived at their greatness by the sacrifice of all others powers, as a florist produces one extraordinary rose by pinching off all the other buds.

The greatest books of the greatest men do not satisfy us. They promise to plunge to the heart of the universe, read us the riddle of time and eternity and then they make but a shallow cut and leave us hungering. No, if a man is the whole result of this magnificent expenditure of force, he is a sorry product and the whole process but a mountain travail whence issues the mouse.

We must admit that there is something more to be than has been. The whole process of evolution, cosmic nature groaning and travailing together in spirit until now, is not yet ceasing. The something within us that reaches has not found its full content.

There is always the hope of a greater man, a fuller prophet, a nearer approach to the God-like than the world of men has yet produced. And in this thought, which we cannot escape, when the foolishness of man's inventions and the noise of his petty strife is shut out, we come to a realization of man's oneness with nature and with nature's God.

And this is the vision that we pant for, the satisfaction that we long for, and that man-made surroundings cannot give.

This is the thing that we go gladly forth to grasp, in the relaxation from toil and the putting away of our tools. This is our real vacation.

Little Rock Cakes.

PUT one cup of flour into mixing bowl, add a pinch of salt and one teaspoon baking powder, then rub in one quarter pound butter or lard, add one quarter pound sultana raisins and small quantity of candied peel and one quarter pound powdered (or brown) sugar. Beat an egg until it is frothy, then add it gradually to dry ingredients, and work mixture to smooth and fairly stiff paste, adding sufficient cold milk to bring to right consistency. Take up small portions at a time and drop them into little heaps on a floured tin, using a fork to give necessary rough appearance, and bake in a quick oven. If oven is not hot enough, mixture will run and spoil the appearance of the cakes.

Orange Sponge.

ONE cup sugar, juice of six or eight oranges, juice of half lemon, one ounce gelatine, one half cup cold water, one half cup boiling water, whites of four eggs, salt. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in the hot water and strain into sugar. Cool to smooth syrupy consistency. Beat whites stiff, then beat into fruit mixture. Blend and mold.

Blackberry Pudding.

TAKE two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs soaked in two cupfuls of milk, a little salt and three eggs beaten well. Take one and one half cupfuls of sifted flour and stir into it half a teaspoonful of baking powder; add one and one half pints of blackberries. Put into a buttered pudding dish and steam for two hours. Serve with a rich sauce.

Nothing Surprising.

From Chicago Journal.

An exchange tries to make a point by mentioning that the shape of the fish hook has not changed in 2,000 years. Pooh, neither has the shape of the fish.