EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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For a rich man to be frugal is to prove unfaithful to his trust, while for the poor man to be prodigal is presumptuous, as sinning against prudence.—M. Tupper.

PERKINS—AND THE PEOPLE.

THE ARGONAUT, discussing the California senatorship, says that it would like to see the Pacific states represented in the senate by men of the highest and broadest ability, men commanding the approval of the country by their talents, and in worthy ways dominating legislation; and would especially like to see California represented by such a man. But, it says, there is no such man to take the place of Perkins. It mentions only three. Metcalf is an equally good man with Perkins, but no better, and would be new and so less useful. Pardee is "a weak creature with a feminine mind." (Pardee, it will be remembered, could not be entirely "run" by the S. P. boss; so lacks desired masculinity.) Rudolph Spreckles "is noted for his ignorance and arrogance." (He has incurred the displeasure of the Argonaut and its clientele by backing the effort to rid San Francisco of official graft. This is an unpardonable sin.)

Perkins, the Argonaut says, is not a great man, but he is "an excellent and highly respectable man, essentially a practical man," and should be kept in the senate. And he will be, of course, if the California legislature should have a Republican majority, for Boss Herrin would order it to re-elect Perkins, because he is faithful to the Southern Pacific and all allied corporations, and the "interests" generally.

Such a man suits the Argonaut better than anyone except some man of greater ability who would serve the same interests better. There is a movement just now in many states to get rid of such senators—though Perkins is not so conspicuously misrepresentative of the people as some of them—and to get senators in their places who will make some changes, who will revise things somewhat and reform some things a little, who will really enact some of the Roosevelt-Bryan policies, who in a word will represent all the people instead of a few and they the combined rich; but to the cold, hard, smooth, polished soul of the Argonaut—like the surface of a miniature marble—this is radicalism, demagoguery, and perhaps, somehow, femininity. What is needed in the senate, in the Argonaut's estimation, is cool, calm, strong men who can complacently overlook the common herd, and with icy dignity keep in touch with the few whose financial, social and business merits are worthy of the consideration of a legislator in so high and proud a position. Such a man would bemean himself if he stooped to consider the wants of the canaille. Isn't one millionaire—providing he does not attempt to reform anything, as Spreckles did—better than a hundred or a thousand chawbacons who are never satisfied?

Perkins, says the Argonaut, is "a very practical man." No doubt of it. The Southern Pacific would never have sent him to the senate if he had not been a "practical man." Mr. Harriman was once appealed to, not in vain, as a "practical" man, but afterwards he concluded that the other man was not so "practical," from Mr. Harriman's point of view, as he had represented himself to be.

Senator Perkins is not one of the front rank of misrepresentative senators. But it would be ridiculous to suppose that he represents the masses of the people of California. This, however, the immaculately aristocratical Argonaut would by no means have him do. Whatever else we do, let us have no radicalism, no demagoguery, nothing that would not match with smooth, hard, cold, polished, little marble-like souls.

Since some discussion about Mr. Taft's religious belief or lack of belief, has arisen, the religious connection of the presidents in the past may be of interest. Washington, Madison, Monroe, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur were Episcopalians. The two Adamses were Congregationalists. Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were Presbyterians. Johnson, Grant, Hayes and McKinley were Methodists. Van Buren, like Roosevelt, belonged to the Reformed Dutch church, and Garfield to the Disciples or Campbellite church. Fillmore, like Taft, was a Unitarian, and Jefferson was a "liberal" or "free thinker." This is the classification given by the World Almanac, though our other information is that neither Lincoln nor Grant was a member of any church, and the church affiliation of some of the others was perhaps scarcely more than nominal. The people hitherto have not paid much attention in politics to a presidential candidate's religious leaning or connection, and it is not wise to do so now, for a man may be a very good church member and not cut out for a statesman, and vice versa.

TRUE COURSE OF AFFINITY.

A FEW months ago a wealthy or well-to-do and, in an artistic way, somewhat talented young man in New York state sent his wife back to France, with a mutual understanding that the separation should be permanent, so that he could live with his "affinity," a younger and in appearances what more adorable woman. The wife consented, with outward equanimity, on the theory that she loved him so much that she preferred his happiness to her own. Recent developments, however, arouse the suspicion that she may have been glad to be rid of him. For a few days ago he was arrested for beating his affinity, and while he was lodged in jail she left his bed and board and went back to her mother, or elsewhere.

So far the episode, or series of episodes, have followed a natural and partially satisfactory course. The discarded wife, the injured innocent, should, according to the laws that govern human nature in general, be comparatively happy over the way things have turned out so far, and can smile in anticipation of further trouble for the but recently soul-mated pair.

The female affinity got a beating, which morally if not legally was coming to her, and which will go far, no doubt, to correct her ideas of the conjugal relationship. Besides, her heart is probably fractured to some little extent along with her shattered ideals regarding soul-mating, which will also be a deserved and let it be hoped a useful discipline to her.

The man, as usual, is punished least of all, and will escape what he deserves along that line, yet he has some trouble, which is satisfactory as far as it goes, only there is not yet one-hundredth part enough of it. It is certainly disagreeable for an artist and a man of "refinement," as the matrimonial advertisements say, to lie in jail two days, and it seems his artistic and affinity-seeking soul is distressed because his soul-mate whose body he beat has gone and left him desolate. So far, well; but all this is only a drop in the bucket of scalding brine that ought to be poured over him by gods and men—or women. The law provides no adequate punishment for him, though a public whipping would be desirable in such a case, and it is not to be hoped that he will suffer mentally long or much.

Perhaps the only moral worth mentioning to be drawn from this little tale of real life is that when a girl takes up with an affinity who forsakes his wife for her, she is likely to get a good beating of the body ere long, besides heart-wringings, and no sympathy. If this detestable male creature were to be stripped, ducked in ditch-water, tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail and flung into a bramble thicket, this incident would furnish another moral that it would be pleasant to present.

WHAT IS COMING.

WHEN BOTH Harriman and Hill in real rivalry have invaded Central Oregon with trunk and branch lines; when both Hill and Harriman have built through the Nehalem country to Tillamook; when both Harriman and other parties have rushed railroads over to Coos Bay, and when, along with these great agencies of development, several electric lines have been built in the Willamette valley, connecting the larger towns with smaller ones and Portland with all—then the immigrants will come by thousands where they have come heretofore by hundreds; then production and business will increase by great strides, and then Oregon will fairly enter upon her true and destined career of development.

And all this is going to happen, and that within a very few years. Only one thing will prevent it, and that is a combination between Harriman and Hill to build no roads in opposition or rivalry to each other, to acquire the electric lines, and to divide the territory and, building as little as possible, charge all the traffic will bear. But we think this will not happen. Hill is not a man who likes or is accustomed to do things in that way. And then times are changing; the people will have more to say.

"THE FALL RAINS."

"HAVE the fall rains set in already?" several people have asked lately. If they are newcomers to Oregon they may readily be excused for asking such a question, but people who have lived here a number of years know better, of course. The light rains of the past few days are very welcome, and have done "a power of good." They have dampened the forests and the underbrush, started up the pastures, cleared the atmosphere, swelled the diminished streams, freshened all vegetable and even animal nature, and have done but little if any harm.

September is almost at hand, and the "fall rains" begin in September usually, though often that month is mostly warm and dry, and pretty nearly a summer month. And if it should rain considerably in September, there will be prolonged periods of clear, dry weather later, in October, or perhaps November. The same season of no two years is just alike but all are alike in this, that during the fall months there are weeks, in the aggregate, of weather without rain, although needed rains have fallen. How incomparably more satisfactory and comfortable this is than such a climate as that of Southern California, where it does not rain for eight or ten months, and then a destructive downpour comes.

No, the fall rains have not set in yet, or if they have there will be weeks upon weeks yet of fine clear weather before Christmas. There will be ample time and opportunity for all kinds of outdoor fall work. Though even the light rains do not interfere much with that. The generally bountiful harvest will be garnered and disposed of; building operations will go steadily on; if any have not had, and desire outings, there is no better time in the year than the fall; and so far as the weather is concerned everybody can be comfortable and should be happy in good old Oregon.

WILLAMETTE'S NEW BUILDING.

BY HER TRADITIONS, her history and her work, Willamette University deserved a new building. The news from Salem that the contract has been awarded for a splendid new structure on the university campus is glad tidings for thousands of old students, alumni and friends throughout the northwest. The service the institution has rendered through 60 years or more of existence has been incalculable. It is scarcely chance that Oregon has a citizenship so substantial, so sound in judgment and so intelligent in its discrimination on public questions. The soil, the climate, the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the valleys and the splendor of the rivers were doubtless contributing causes to this result.

In the midst of a nature so bountiful, mellowing and educative, influences for the citizen must have been an inevitable product. Yet, looming large as factors in the result, have been the schools and colleges, and prominent among them has been Willamette University. The influences that have radiated from there, the leadership that has been assumed by those who have gone out from the institution, the lofty ideals in civic and moral lines disseminated, have been a means of uplift for which there is no measure. The chief educational organ of the great Methodist Episcopal church, it has adhered closely to policies that make a community, a commonwealth or a nation great, and that are a foremost factor in providing safety and sanity for Christendom.

THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

IN AN address delivered in Iowa Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, a railroad president, said: "We still have hope that we are going to be let alone and allowed to run our own business. Destroy that hope and we will have in this country an era of misery that will send to eternal damnation those who are responsible for it."

How this idea does persist, that the transportation business of the country is wholly "our business," that is, the business of the railroad presidents and high financiers. Mr. Shonts is indulging in a vain hope. They will not be "let alone, and allowed to run our own business." It is not their business so much as it is the people's business. It is not a private business, but a public business. And until Mr. Shonts can get this primary, elemental, fundamental truth into his head, and act upon it, he may abandon all hope that he will be "let alone." There are many kinds of people who only want to be "let alone," but the country cannot afford to let them alone.

Mr. Shonts couples the expression of his hope with a dire threat. He says in effect, what he means to intimate is, that unless they are "let alone" to run "their own business" just as they please, obeying laws or not as they choose, they will bring on another panic that will ruin the people who have the audacity and temerity to demand that the railroads shall be run as they please, and in their interest and service. Mr. Shonts thus throws down an insolent defiance to the people: you let us entirely alone, let us do exactly as we please, or we will bring devastation and ruin upon you. When railroad presidents begin to talk in that tone, it behooves the people to prepare to show that they are greater than a group of these insolent, law-defying railroad magnates. The war is inevitable, and the sooner the people get on the ground and prepare themselves, the shorter and more successful it will be.

Mr. Shonts went on to talk about the necessity of fair compensation and reasonable rates, which is a threadbare attempt to divert attention from the main issue. Nobody objects to reasonable rates and liberal compensation to the railroads. The people will willingly pay even higher rates if it can be shown that they are reasonable. But the railroads won't show them. So far as can be ascertained the railroads are making good profits, some of them very large profits. This prating about reasonable rates has become tiresome. What is meant all the time is: "You people let us entirely alone, and leave us to determine what are reasonable rates. Don't try to regulate us in the least. The transportation business is wholly our business, and none of your business, and we will not brook any interference whatever. If you don't leave us entirely alone we will do all we can to ruin you."

This is the spirit behind Shonts' talk, and behind the talk of many of the railroad magnates. The people will have to surrender to this claim, this threat, and admit that they are powerless to regulate or have anything to do with the transportation business of the country, or they will have to prove by a determined, and perhaps prolonged battle that they are masters, that Mr. Shonts has a totally wrong conception of the subject, that what he calls "our business" is to whatever extent they choose to make it so the people's business.

O. R. & N. RECONSTRUCTION.

MR. J. J. HILL has been of great benefit to Portland and the region eastward, not only directly, in building the north bank road, but indirectly, by spurring Mr. Harriman into action. Not only has Mr. Harriman promised to build a road through central Oregon and discovered at last the Nehalem-Tillamook country, but he is now practically rebuilding the O. R. & N. from Portland up the Columbia, as far as Umatilla—the point to which it runs close and parallel to the new road. It is said that in this reconstruction work alone he will spend some $20,000,000. The north bank road is said to be the best constructed road in the country. Though in places it was very difficult to build, no expense was spared to make it the best road possible. Trains can run over it safely at a high rate of speed. With such a road, as to speed, if not as to weight of loads hauled, the O. R. & N., with its lighter rails and worn and somewhat neglected track, could not successfully compete. But Mr. Harriman, as without this competition he might not have done for years to come, will make his road along the Columbia equal to Hill's, or as nearly so as possible, so that trains can run twice as fast and haul greater loads. Thus the gorge of the Columbia, for some 200 miles eastward from Portland, will have two of the very best roads in the United States, competing side by side. This work will not only give employment for a good while to many men, and put a great deal of money in circulation hereabouts, but will be of much positive and permanent advantage to Portland and the upper country.

Here we get an idea of the vast value of competition, of worthy rivalry, as against monopoly. As long as Mr. Harriman had a monopoly of the business, he did not care very much how it was done or whether his road was in first-class shape or not. Trains might mope along at any old speed, and as long as the track would carry the sauntering trains it would do; but no sooner does Mr. Hill build a new road alongside, than Mr. Harriman sees the necessity of building one just as good. Thus will the people be far better served than they have been, not only by the new Hill road but by the reconstructed old road as well. Railroad competition, to some extent, is an absolute necessity to the people's welfare; railroad monopoly throughout any large and important region is oppressive, and it should be and must be made unlawful in fact as well as in terms of statutes.

That Coquille mother who pursued and "horse-whipped" a "Holy Rolleress" is deserving of commendation and even applause. The female fanatic had prevailed on a 16-year-old girl to burn her best clothes and a watch, so that she could become "sanctified," and the justly indignant mother very reasonably concluded that the insanity-breeding fanatic should pay for the things destroyed, or, that being impossible, should be "sanctified" with stripes. It is doubtful if the lesson will be worth much, but it was well intended, and perhaps a little switching of the girl would not be amiss. These Holy Roller and other like sanctifiers are a sort of crazy people that are allowed rather too much rope.

Outsiders, if men of travel, experience and keen observation, can often see Portland's advantages and opportunities, and its future, more clearly than most of our own people can. That the great packing plants building here will be of immense advantage to Portland and to all the tributary country we all know, in a sort of dim, indifferent way, but few of us realize it as clearly as some outsiders of the kind mentioned. Which observations are prompted by the expressions of a Fort Worth visitor, published in The Journal Friday. He said in part:

"I predict that within five years this city will be far and away ahead of anything on the Pacific coast as a live stock center, in fact it will be the only real stock market west of Denver. This means bigger things to you people than you now think possible. It made big cities out of Kansas City and Omaha and it will make Portland easily the metropolis of the Pacific northwest. It will also make rich and prosperous the whole stock raising territory tributary to Portland, for the reason that when a market is established here the stockraisers will raise 10 steers to where they raise one now."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S TIRADE AGAINST THE SOCIALISTS

In the September American Magazine, Octave Mirbeau writes an account of how William feels toward Socialism (given to the author by a friend who knows the emperor well).

"Do you know the large fountain which stands in the Schlossplatz? It was bequeathed to the city of Berlin by a very rich gentleman. The mayor, in accordance with the usual ceremonial custom, invited the emperor to take part in the dedication exercises. The emperor was absolutely outraged. He could hardly believe that they would dare to erect in Berlin a monument which had not originated with him.

"He exhausted all the administrative and legal tricks that he could think of to prevent the acceptance of the legacy, and, failing to arrest the project, sent a curt refusal to attend the dedication. He felt that this fountain was a direct blow at his authority, almost, indeed, a crime of lese majeste.

"I saw a good deal of him at this time, and tried to reason with him, but he flew into a rage and imposed silence upon me.

"'This fountain drives me mad!' he cried in French. (He always drops into French when he wishes to use violent language.) 'It is a Socialist plot! Mark my words, a Socialist plot!'

"I tried to calm him.

"'By heaven, you are a socialist, too! Everybody is a socialist nowadays!' he shouted. 'But they had better take care!'

"Imagine the surprise of the crowd and of the officials when, on the day of the unveiling, they saw the emperor appear. His face was somber and threatening, and his moustaches were more warlike than ever. Hurling himself upon the platform, he interrupted the good man who happened to be expatiating upon the virtues of the donor.

"'An evil spirit is hovering over this city!' cried William. 'Socialism is lifting its head. I will not tolerate it. I wish everyone to know that I have given orders for an immense barracks to be built right in the heart of Berlin. It will be filled with my loyal troops and my faithful cannon. If the socialists stir I will not hesitate to mow them down. Let them look out! I will mow them down. I have had enough of it!'

"With this he turned his back on the crowd and looked scornfully at the fountain.

"'As for this fountain,' he said, addressing the dignitaries on the platform, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'it is simply ridiculous—absurd!' So saying, he went as he had come, like a tempest, leaving the crowd stupefied.

"Strange to say, the story of this affair was not broadly circulated, even in Germany. I sometimes think we have a national modesty which causes us to cover with our mantle the ridiculous doings of the emperor, as Noah's sons covered the nakedness of their father."

John R. McLean's Cincinnati newspaper, the Enquirer, that used to pose as a Democratic paper but long ago went over to the plutocracy, to which McLean belongs, says that Bryan will gain no votes anywhere in the west, is no stronger than formerly. This opinion in that quarter was expected.

A Hill railroad man who has been traveling through central Oregon and across the mountains says that central Oregon is big and resourceful enough for two railroads. It is, certainly, and is likely to get two about as soon as it gets one, "and then some."

"Intelligent legislation, not subsidies, is the great need of our ocean carrying trade," says James J. Hill. What he means by "intelligent legislation" is exactly what the country won't get from any congress like the last one.

The Pendleton Tribune says the farmers rule now just as much as their grandfathers did. Maybe that is so, but the farmers are wiser and more progressive men than their grandfathers were — or ought to be so.

Springfield, Illinois, is learning its lesson, and will have to provide means for paying the mob piper. But the money Springfield will have to pay is not the worst of the damage.

Wealth in Onions.

From the Technical World Magazine.

The onion farmer is a comparatively new arrival upon the scene of industrial activities in Texas. He is now one of the large contributors to the wealth of the state. In a little more than eight years the value of the annual production of onions in Texas for the market has reached approximately $2,000,000. When the fact is considered that this enormous wealth is derived from only about 2,500 acres of land, some idea may be had of the abundance of the yield and the good prices that are obtained for the product. Onion growing has done another thing to help Texas. It has been the direct means of adding more than $2,500,000 to the intrinsic value of her lands. Inasmuch as the growers put a good portion of their annual earnings from the industry into property improvements in town and country the increase of taxable wealth from this source has also been considerable.

The wonders which were wrought by the magic touch of Aladdin's lamp were no greater than the transformation which onion growing has brought to certain portions of Texas during the last few years. Land which, from the time of the early visit of the Spaniards to the Rio Grande border section, was thought to be almost worthless, and at very most only fit for goat grazing, is now bringing in an annual net return of from $300 to $500 per acre from the onions which it produces. Before the inauguration of onion growing any of this land could have been purchased at prices ranging from $1 to $2 per acre. It has now no established value for the reason that none of its owners are willing to sell. They will not fix a value upon the land. Some of them are free to say that land which has such large producing qualities ought to be worth not less than $1,000 per acre. Some of the onion growers say they would not be willing to accept less than $2,000 per acre for their lands. Even at that price the annual net return will average nearly 25 per cent on the investment.

The Harrisburg Mill.

From the Harrisburg Bulletin.

Harrisburg has a fine flouring mill. Its equipment is said to be as good as that of any of the mills anywhere within miles and miles. But not a peg is moved, a wheel turned. It stands there a relic of the past. Perhaps at various times it may again be placed in commission by those who have more confidence in its earning capacity than the present proprietors, but it is a safe prediction that the grists will never again be taken to mill as of yore. Like the old stage coach, it has seen its day. The truth of this assertion will be seen more clearly year after year.

It might seem a little hard to be rapping Harrisburg's one-time big industry like this, but, to be brief, what good is a mill without wheat? The country in this vicinity is no longer a wheat-growing country. The acres that used to yield rich returns are barely affording the farmer a fair profit on his labor and his investment. Like all other countries where wheat has long been the staple crop the land has been drained of its humus and its owners are compelled to adopt the diversified mode of farming. It seems as though nature forces the proper course upon us. Dairy and fruit industries will soon predominate. There will be a larger pay roll for each home and there will be many more homes in the pay roll.

The Veiled Sisterhood.

From the Omaha Bee.

The easiest way for the Sultan of Turkey to induce the women to begin wearing the veil again is to supply them with automobiles.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

Hidden sins grow fastest.

Condemnation cures nothing.

No man is undone as long as he has a work to do.

You cannot bless men until you believe in them.

Revenge never is so sweet as when foregone.

The critical eye remains longest in ignorance.

He is lost already to whom sacrifice appears as folly.

Spiritually the most helpless are those who refuse to help.

The doors to heaven are often in earth's lowliest places.

Keep the heart healthy and happiness will take care of itself.

Life barriers that resist all force crumble before friendship.

Men are to be known by their aims rather than by their origins.

The weariest man in this world is the one who is running from work.

Sometimes fleeing from the devil is only a pretext for fleeing from duty.

The man who has grit in his makeup will not throw it in his neighbor's face.

The enemy soon would be on the run if saints were not so strong on the rest.

The man who is worthy of a world mission never is too busy for small ministries.

The religion that comes from heaven will not fail to make all things heavenly wherever it goes.

France Will Do Honor to Gambetta.

A reporter of Le Temps of Paris lately asked the superintendent of the Pantheon, "Which are the tombs that visitors at the Pantheon most frequently ask to be shown?" and was told: "That of Victor Hugo and of Gambetta, nothing is easier than to see the tomb of Victor Hugo, but the remains of Gambetta are not here."

It does indeed appear strange that the remains of the great patriot, to whose memory all parties render homage, do not rest in the grand necropolis of his country. According to the account of M. Arene who was one of his intimate friends in the celebrated tribune when Gambetta died his father wished his son buried at Nice, where he lived. It was this sentiment of paternal piety against which it was not possible to proceed. If the father of Gambetta had lived in Paris, nothing would have prevented his accepting, as public opinion demanded, the resting-place for the remains of his son in the Pantheon. But the father of Gambetta, on account of his advanced age, could not make the journey from Nice to Paris, and preferred that the body of his beloved son should rest in the family cemetery at Nice, where he could visit it. No difficulty now exists in the way of removing the body to the Pantheon. It is simply a question of proper opportunity when the public authority, in accord with the family, shall think it legitimate to renounce the wishes of the father in deference to the wish of the people and take the initiative in removal to the Pantheon. No doubt this tribute will soon be rendered to the memory of that great man who directed with so much tenacity the defense of Paris during the siege and who struggled indefatigably against forces vastly superior to those of France.

The Editor Was Scared.

The East Oregonian tells this on R. E. Kennedy, editor of the Baker City Herald, who was at the time of the occurrence in a Pullman car berth:

"As the night was warm, and in order to be as comfortable as possible, Mr. Kennedy left the curtain of his berth partly opened. Suddenly he was aroused from his fitful slumber and to his immense astonishment saw a lady crawling into his berth. From a remark which she made he knew immediately that she had made a mistake in the number of the sleeping compartment.

"However, the consternation of the newspaper man was so great that he could utter no words of welcome. But a moment later when a tender kiss was emplanted upon his brow he could hold his feelings no longer.

"'You act very strangely, my dear,' uttered the fair visitor, and when she caught sight of Kennedy's face a moment later, she uttered an 'oh' that was heartbreaking. By the time the echo of the exclamation had died away Kennedy was entirely alone, wondering whether he had been dreaming or had actually seen someone.

"The woman had made a mistake in going to her berth, but soon found her husband, who was in the adjoining berth."

This Date in History.

1483—Charles VIII of France came to the throne.

1708—French and Indians destroyed Haverhill, Mass.

1813—Massacre at Fort Mimms, Alabama, by Creek Indians.

1814—Alexandria, Va., capitulated to the British.

1833—The Amphitrite, a ship laden with female convicts, being taken to New South Wales, lost on Boulogne Sands, and nearly all on board perished.

1850—Dr. John White Webster, professor of chemistry in Harvard college, executed in Boston for the murder of Dr. George Parkman.

1855—Feargus O'Connor, leader of the Chartists, died. Born July 18, 1794.

1862—Second battle of Bull Run ended in a victory for the Confederates.

1877—Turks defeated in a desperate sortie at Plevna, Bulgaria, by the Russians, who captured the town.

Judge John I. Worthington, Republican candidate for governor of Arkansas, is stumping the state in a vigorous fashion.

A Sermon for Today

Fellowship, Greater Good.

By Henry F. Cope.

"But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that better part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x:42.

WHEN you read that story of the Good Master commending the sister who seemed to slight her share in the household duties, especially when you hear the usual interpretation of the incident as showing that Martha was neglecting her soul while Mary was caring for hers, you cannot but wonder that the apparent laziness of the one should be praised over the kindly, hospitable activity of the other.

But the Good Teacher was not condemning the hospitality of Martha; he was commending the larger, deeper hospitality of Mary. To him, as to us all, there is but one thing that is absolutely necessary. That is not food and dainties; it is not furniture and luxuries—it is the open heart of friendship. There was greater refreshing in the friendship of the one who sat at his feet than in all the food that the tables might bear.

Do we not all need often to hear his saying—we who are careful and cumbered about many things, about food and tables, about clothes and houses—that we are likely to miss that good and imperishable treasure of friends and human fellowship? And when we would entertain our friends might we not well think less of the things we would set before them than of the riches of personality, our own selves, we can give them?

The great need of every life, that for which our hearts are hungry, is not food and drink, it is not even books or thinking, is not silver or gold—it is just folks, people, to know one another, to read open hearts, to taste the fruits of friendship. The one thing needful, that which gives happiness, peace and prosperity, is just this openness of heart, this thoughtfulness of others that wins and makes friends.

The hospitable home is the one where people have time to know you, where there is always a place by the hearthside and an ear to listen, where the love light glows from face to face. We soon forget what we have had or eaten in the homes we have visited, but we never lose what our friends have given us of themselves.

The house that has the great treasure may be one where there is no plate to be stolen but where hearts are rich through habits of soul communion. The weary man lifts himself with renewed vigor as he looks along the road to the home where love waits, where eyes will look deep into his; the woman knows not the toil and drudgery of the day's work for the thought of the fellowship with those she loves.

Many are making Martha's mistake, missing the riches of friendships in the machinery and ministrations of hospitality; we are so anxious to entertain our friends that we drive them away; we are so anxious to feed them that we starve their hearts. Whatever else people want this they want most of all and first of all, just to know people, just to have the open way into our real lives.

No matter how much work a man may do he will do nothing worthy if he is too busy to make friends. The value of our investment in the world depends largely on the manner in which our own self is drawn out and enriched through the touch of other lives. No man can be great by himself alone; all greatness is a gathering in to ourselves of other beings.

He who chooses to find friends has that better part. The snare of our modern living is that we are so busy here and there doing many things, most of them perhaps good things in themselves but bad when they stand before the better and higher things, we are so full of business that we miss life's real blessings.

He who chooses friendship chooses that which he can never lose. No man can take from you the memory of your friend; none can rob you of the enriching of mind, the enlarging of heart and sympathy that came as you lay with him by the campfire under the far off stars or sat by the hearthside in the home. Friends become inseparable soul possessions.

So if you would show true hospitality to any, let your first concern be that his heart is fed. He who comes to your home wants you more than he wants your bread and butter, your dainties and guest delicacies. There is a feast wherever friendship freely flows, there is emptiness and hunger, no matter how the board may be laden, where hearts are closed to one another.

A Poem for Today

The New Prophets.

By Richard Watson Gilder.

[Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, was born at Bordentown, N. J., on February 8, 1844. After a brief experience in the civil war and in railroad service he entered on his journalistic career, beginning with the Newark, N. J. Advertiser. He has been prominent in public movements in New York. His poems are collected in several volumes. The selection given below is taken from a poem written and read by Mr. Gilder for the Wesley bi-centennial celebration at Middletown, Conn., in June, 1903.]

Increase thy prophets, Lord! Give strength to smite
Shame to the heart of luxury and sloth!
Give them the yearning after humble souls
That burned in Wesley's breast!
Through them, great God,
Teach poverty it may be rich in thee;
Teach riches the true wealth of thine own spirit.
To our loved land, Celestial Purity!
Bring back the meaning of those ancient words—
Not lost, but soiled, and darkly disesteemed—
The ever sacred names of husband, wife,
And the great name of Love—whereon is built
The temple of human happiness and hope!
Baptize with holy wrath thy prophets, Lord!
By them purge from us this corruption foul
That seizes on our civic governments,
Crowns the corrupter in the sight of men,
And makes him maker of laws and honor's source!
Help us in memory of the sainted dead,
Help us, O heaven! to frame a nobler state,
In nobler lives rededicate to thee—
Symbol and part of the large brotherhood
Of man and nations; one in one great love,
True love of God, which is the love of man,
In sacrifice and mutual service shown.
Let kindle, as before, O Heavenly Light!
New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
And courage for our day! So shall the world
That ever surely climbs to thy desire
Grow yet more toward thy purpose and intent.

Sir Denzil Ibbetson's Birthday.

Sir Denzil Ibbetson, who has been regarded for many years as one of the ablest members of the Indian civil service and who only recently resigned the lieutenant-governorship of the Punjab, was born in Gainsborough, England, August 30, 1847. He received his education in schools in Australia and at St. John's college, Cambridge. In 1870 he entered the Indian civil service and received rapid advancement. He served almost entirely in the Punjab and his census report and gazetteer of the Punjab have made his name familiar to all students of Indian affairs. In India he was famous as an authority on agriculture and irrigation. He had charge for several years of the department of revenue and agriculture in the viceroy's council, and his [illegible] the stroke which sent Lajpat Rai and Rajit Singh into exile at the time of the Punjab disturbances a year or two ago, and which was the beginning of the state of unrest throughout the Indian empire that for some time has caused the British officials great uneasiness.