EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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It is not enough that you form, nay, and follow, the most excellent rules of conducting yourself in the world; you must also know when to deviate from them and where lies the exception.—Greville.

A GREAT ECONOMIC MOVEMENT.

THE GOOD ROADS movement has made a fairly satisfactory start in Oregon, but it is one that must be kept up indefinitely, persistently, and with constantly increasing scope. Considerable has been accomplished in several counties, but we are only in the very beginning of this great enterprise, if Oregon is to have the good roads that it needs, and that will ultimately be worth untold millions to the state.

Even in the older states, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and others, people are but recently awakening to the great necessity and value of good roads, and millions are being spent on them on account of this newly aroused apprehension of what they are worth to the people. And they are something that are of equal value to the business men of cities and towns, and the people of the country. In this matter all can pull together; the city and the country have no antagonistic or divided interest.

A little pamphlet issued by the board of trade of Williamsport, Pa., presents some facts and reasoning that it might be well for good roads workers to read. We summarize a few of them:

There are between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 miles of public roads in the United States, of which only 7 per cent are improved—that is, have an artificial covering of stone, gravel or other suitable material. For a large portion of the year, most of the unimproved roads are practically impassable for heavy hauling. Hundreds of millions have been spent on roads, with practically nothing to show for the money. The old system of "working" roads merely threw away time and money. Most of the people of the United States are traveling the same kind of roads today that our forefathers did when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

We have made astonishing progress in invention and application of new devices; we are the first nation in the world in agriculture, in manufacturing, in railroading, in mining, in industry generally, in political and religious freedom, "but to our lasting discredit, on the question of good roads, one of the greatest economic questions that can engage the attention of any people, we are last in the list among the leading civilized powers of the world. We have since the beginning of our national life made scarcely any progress either in building or maintaining our public roads."

The loss on account of bad roads is simply incalculable. The farm products of the country this year are estimated at $8,200,000,000, and most of them have to be hauled a considerable distance over wagon roads. Over bad roads American farmers, it is estimated, haul annually 250,000,000 tons, at an average cost of $3 per ton, or $750,000,000. Good roads would cut this cost in half, at least, a saving of $375,000,000 a year. But indirectly, sympathetically, everybody else suffers loss along with the farmer.

This cost, this loss, applies to every considerably populated community. Divide up the country and this almost inconceivable amount of money lost, and fit the fractions to your own state, county, neighborhood; figure out what these are losing, and what in a few years will be gained by good roads; ask if they will pay—there can be but one answer—and then turn to with all your might and with enthusiasm, and help along the good roads movement in Oregon, and in every county of it.

We cannot resist reproducing a few concluding sentences from this excellent Williamsport pamphlet, as follows:

We must get away from the old rut of cheapness and crudeness in which we have been traveling and meet this great economic question squarely and in a businesslike manner. Our past methods we know are inadequate. There is no question of our financial ability to raise the money necessary to put into operation and steadily carry out the same a system of good road building and repairing, in which the joint resources of the nation, state, county and township (precinct) may be called into action; and that the indebtedness that may be incurred in raising the money for that purpose can be so distributed as to make the burden light on this and future generations. The main question is to awaken our people to the true situation, and that they may be willing now to assume and bear their share of the burden and responsibility in this great undertaking. To do this we must agitate and educate. The time should soon come when the candidates for the national and state legislature should be pledged for national and state aid respectively for road improvement, and the candidates for county commissioners for county roads.

A GIFT THAT HELPS HUMANITY

A BOSTON MAN, George W. Parkman, left half of his $8,000,000 estate for the maintenance of the city's parks. On a very few occasions similar large bequests have been made either of grounds for parks or of funds for their maintenance, and it is an excellent way for a rich man to do something with the money that he cannot carry away with him. Unnumbered generations, with constantly increasing pleasure and profit, will bear the late Donald Macleay of this city in kindly remembrance. Verily, the memory of such givers shall evermore be kept green, literally and metaphorically, in a high degree.

A gift of this kind may not become the source or nucleus of as great visible, tangible good to the human race as some others. Much smaller gifts many years ago have been the beginning of large and conspicuous growths, especially of educational institutions. The founder of Yale college could bestow but a comparatively small sum; Tuft's college was put on its feet with $500,000; Peter Cooper endowed Cooper Institute with $620,000, and many beginnings of grand things have been made with like or smaller sums, but in those days there were few millionaires and no man with very many millions. Now, what magnificent gifts for the benefit of mankind might be made. Stephen Girard was one of the very rich men of his time, worth when he died perhaps $10,000,000, and he used it so that his name lives, and will live on; yet few people outside his own city ever heard of the late John J. Emery of Cincinnati, who left an estate of $40,000,000, and he will soon be forgotten even by them. W. H. Leeds, a trust magnate, not long ago distributed $16,000,000 in gifts to his children, to which nobody can object, yet it is likely to do them more harm than good, and how much good, put to work in some ways, it might have done hundreds of millions of men.

But to revert: Consider for a moment how much future generations will owe to the man who gives or maintains a fine, large park in a great and constantly growing city. Even if it be said that the city would have obtained and maintained the park anyway, he relieves the people for all future time of a little portion of their burden of taxation. And shall not he be called blessed who eases, even in a slight degree, the burden of millions of men throughout all succeeding generations? What more binding or more Christian or more philosophical command is there than this: "Bear ye one another's burdens?"

In that beautiful spot, a modern park in or near a great city, thousands of lovers will tell the old but ever new and sweetly thrilling story; there millions of happy, innocent children will run and romp, and make the melody that child-laughter only makes; there, on the weekly rest day, workingmen and their families will picnic and recreate, and be thankful for such a privilege; there old age will sit, in summer sun and shade, thinking of life's ups and downs, and feeling that they are environed with something typical of the heaven they hope to gain. There nature will work with man to put forth her sweetest and loveliest productions of tree, shrub and flower; there myriads of birds will feel perfectly at home, and give forth their most charming, exultant songs; there one's eyes and soul can always be fed on things beautiful and pure; there rich and poor, high and low, happy and sorrowful, old and young, may repair to praise, to worship, to repent, to resolve, to aspire.

A park in a city is a healthful, hopeful, happy, inspiring place, a thing of beauty that is a joy forever, and the rich man who helps greatly to provide one, as this Boston man has done, has built to himself an enduring monument of life and beauty and cheer and health and hope and love, finding constant expression in ever-succeeding millions of human hearts.

WHEN TEACHERS GET THEIR DUE.

IF THE school board carries out its present purpose of advancing the salaries of Portland teachers the cause of education in this city will be well served. As The Journal has many times insisted, in order to attract the best talent and secure the best instructional service, there must be adequate compensation. If teachers must live a hand to mouth existence, they will only remain in the work as a temporary expedient, leaving it so soon as employment with a better salary is available.

The need of the schools is a stable corps of teachers who receive remuneration sufficient to fill them with appreciation of their calling and desire to remain in it. The spirit of permanency that results from such environments gives the teachers enthusiasm, inspires them to equip themselves most perfectly for their work, and to seek by merit to hold their positions—conditions absolutely favorable and the only conditions possible for securing the very best service. The ultimate of such a policy is to lift teaching to the plane of an honorable profession and to attract to it talent that would not otherwise be available. With such a standard established, the school board is at once in position to require the highest standard of work, to be satisfied with no other, and to eliminate from the payrolls all who fail to meet the perfected requirements. Such is the policy for which The Journal has so often argued, and by reason of which it regards the proposed advance as completely justifiable.

The responsibilities of teachers in the public schools are almost equal with those of parents. Upon the influences of the home and school largely depends the destiny of the republic. With more than 90 per cent of the people of the country receiving in the public schools their sole educational preparation for life work, the enormous responsibility that rests on the teachers becomes apparent. It is a responsibility that should not be committed to inexperienced and temporary persons, in the school work for the moment only because other employment is not available. Only to highly trained, highly interested workers, proud of their calling and purposeful in prosecuting it, should be entrusted a work so freighted with weal or woe for the future millions.

The school board of Portland is wise in its decision, and it will be well if its policy spreads to every district in Oregon.

HOW LONG WILL THE OREGONIAN PERSIST IN THIS GROSS FALSEHOOD?

IN THE NAME of common decency, and for the fair fame of journalism, will the Oregonian in mere justice to its readers, correct its statement in which, in a furious denunciation of the Taft tariff plank, it claimed that plank was Bryan's? Is the truth to be longer suppressed, and guilty falsehood to be further promoted?

Bryan's tariff plank is: "We favor immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of import duties. Articles entering upon competition with the trust controlled products should be placed upon the free list; material reductions should be made in the tariff upon the necessaries of life, especially upon articles competing with such American manufactures as are sold abroad more cheaply than at home, and gradual reductions should be made in such other schedules as may be necessary to restore the tariff to revenue basis."

The Taft tariff plank is: "In all tariff legislation the true principle is best maintained by imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

September 14 the Oregonian said, editorially: "In his daily speeches Mr. Bryan tells us this: 'In all tariff legislation the true principle is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries.'"

It will be noted that the language attributed to Mr. Bryan was not Bryan's at all, but the exact language, word for word, of Mr. Taft's tariff plank.

Then, proceeding to denounce the Taft plank, under the pretense that it was Bryan's, the Oregonian said: "It means just nothing. Every protectionist, even the extremist, will accept the statement. Who is to decide what is a reasonable profit? Who is to decide what may be the difference between wages at home and abroad? The problem presents an infinite number and variety of facts as well as differences to be adjusted. Men never will agree upon them. They can't. Should Mr. Bryan be elected and the congress with him, and attempt be made to adjust the tariff by 'imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries,' we should discover at once the charlatanry and futility of the undertaking."

Thus the paper's utterances stand up before it, proclaiming its own falsity and, in the name of truth, demand correction. Uncorrected, they are a living testimonial of the Oregonian's perfidy, of its falseness to the truth, and of the deliberate deception it practices upon its readers. If, in the beginning, its denunciation of the Taft plank as Bryan's was inadvertence, its refusal now to correct that falsehood is not inadvertence, but deliberate and willful deceit of readers who may be without other information on current political news. The significant question then becomes, is decency or indecency, is honesty or dishonesty, is falsehood or the truth, to be the path the Oregonian will select?

The climax, however, in this incident is reached in the boast of the Oregonian that it is a superlatively fair newspaper. It proclaims itself more "impartial" than all others. September 25 it boasted of its fairness thus: "No Bryan journal in the northwest nor we think in the Pacific states, prints the political news of both parties. The Oregonian does it steadily, and thus far it has given more space to the Bryan than to the Taft campaign, and everything is given impartially by the Oregonian."

When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be. The inexpressible "impartiality" of the Oregonian, thus proclaimed with becoming modesty by itself, is, in view of its "impartial" denunciation of Taft's tariff plank for Bryan's, most sublime. Since, therefore, by its own words its particular specialty is "impartiality," will it not as a guarantee of good faith, explain to its readers that the impossible and "charlatan" tariff plank is not Bryan's, but Taft's?

For more than a month in the heat of the campaign, while The Journal has urged and demanded, and while others have waited and watched for a correction of this known slander upon Mr. Bryan's tariff plank, this magnificently "impartial" newspaper has remained doggedly and guiltily silent. Now, since it boasts of its fair virtue, since it vaunts its "impartiality," will it make good its boast, or will it, by further silence, continue to wallow in the slime of its own and known untruth? Its acknowledgement is demanded and awaited by thousands, and the test of an unspeakable dishonesty will hinge on whether it speaks or remains silent.

A STRIKING PARALLEL

A LATE political event vividly recalls the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. A more striking parallel of identical details is rarely presented. Substitute the name of Bryan for that of Lincoln and the name of Roosevelt for that of Douglas, and the history of the Lincoln-Douglas debate is the exact history of the late discussion between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt.

Senator Douglas in his great debate was in office, and a leader in a party long dominated by the slavery interests, just as President Roosevelt is now in office and a leader in a party in which Aldrich, Cannon and the other stalwarts of plutocracy have long been in control. Douglas was trying to check the aggressions of the slavery interests without offending them, just as Roosevelt is now attempting to check the aggressions of the Wall street pirates without losing their support.

Conversely, Mr. Lincoln was a private citizen, with no public experience save a term each in the legislature and congress, but a deep student of public questions, just as Mr. Bryan is now a private citizen with no official experience beyond two terms in congress, yet a deep student of public questions.

But there is more of this parallel. In his debate, Douglas was arrogant, ill-natured, vituperative, brutal and given to misrepresentation with Lincoln, just as, Mr. Roosevelt was arrogant, ill-natured, vituperative, brutal and given to misrepresentation with Mr. Bryan. On the other hand, with patience, simplicity, fairness, self-respect and kindness, Mr. Lincoln replied to Senator Douglas, just as Mr. Bryan in his rejoinders to Mr. Roosevelt was patient, self-respecting, gentle, kindly and fair.

The single difference in the parallel between Douglas and Roosevelt is that while Douglas tempered his savage retorts with humor, those of Mr. Roosevelt reeked with vindictiveness and malignity. No apologist has ever appeared to give Douglas any of the splendid credit that Lincoln's gentleness and greatness earned, and, to complete this remarkable parallel, none has appeared or will appear to rob Lincoln's great prototype in this later debate, and bestow credit on the eruptive person in the White House.

The supreme court of the state of Washington having upheld the primary law, in many respects similar to Oregon's, the Spokane Spokesman-Review says: "The enemies of this valuable reform will now attempt, by every artifice at their command, to bring about the law's repeal. They will have the support of a number of newspapers. Some of the papers that will advocate the law's repeal may be honest, but most of them will be influenced by ulterior and improper motives. Some will be the mere mouthpiece of politicians who hate a reform which destroys their oldtime power and restores the controlling influence of the people in the party primaries." Just the same here in Oregon.

AN IMPORTANT REFORM

SOMETHING has happened, in connection with the presidential campaign, and something very important, too, that has never happened before. That is the publication to the country of all large contributions to the Democratic campaign fund—who gave them, and how much. This very important reform in the conduct of a presidential campaign was brought about solely by W. J. Bryan. He has argued for it for years, and insisted this year upon a declaration by the Democratic national convention that this would be done. He declared, prior to the convention, that if such a declaration was not made he would not accept a nomination for president.

The total fund is not large, as compared with the campaign funds of recent years, especially those of the Republican party. In 1896 and 1900 the Republican campaign fund ran far up into the millions, and there were no scruples in its use. This year it is not so much, though it is no doubt several times, as large as the Democratic fund. The managers of the Taft campaign decline publicity, and in one way or another the trusts and all the protected and predatory interests are contributing to it, as usual.

The Democratic committee started out with $42,000 out of the $100,000 raised by Denver to secure the Democratic national convention. No contribution over $10,000 has been accepted, and indeed the largest individual contribution was but one half this sum. All those over $100 are made public, and the greater part of the total is made up of small contributions from a multitude of people—raised by newspapers.

Whatever may be said as to any other feature of the campaign, this action of Mr. Bryan and the Democratic party must commend itself to the masses of honest citizens. They know now who and what are supporting Bryan with campaign money. As to who and what are supporting Mr. Taft, they are left entirely in the dark by his managers—though the people are not in entire ignorance on the subject.

The New England states, it is said, are safe and sure for Taft. We don't doubt it. At least four of them are absolutely controlled and represented in public life by the trusts and one or two big railroads. Nationally, Massachusetts is in the same category, but in state legislation it is one of the most progressive states in the union. Maine is not such a rotten borough of the trusts as the four smaller New England states are, but is considerably inoculated with the same virus. O, yes, New England, the corruptest corner of the union, is for Taft.

The Taft press of the country is trying to prejudice voters against Bryan with the misleading statement that "Mr. Bryan refuses to use to union label in his Commoner because he wishes to be considered for both organized and unorganized labor." This is absurd. The contention is absurd. The truth is that the Commoner is a union office. So is the Oregonion, so is The Journal and so are nine-tenths of the papers of the country. Do any of them use the union label? They do not, as everyone knows.

According to railroad reports, 90,000 more idle cars were put to work during September, leaving the number idle at the end of that month 138,793, as against 413,000 idle cars last April. This is "going some," and indicates that the railroads must be doing pretty well, and that notwithstanding the possibility, not to say probability, of Bryan's election, they are doing something besides "waiting."

Among the letters on presidential choice in the New York World is one from a Missouri man who had just visited New York. He said he was undecided how to vote when he left Missouri, but since he had visited Wall street, mentioning especially hearing John W. Gates offering odds on Taft's election, and being told (in Wall street, mind) that Bryan's election meant hard times, he had made up his mind to vote for Taft.

The president has written another letter (the correspondence being of course pre-arranged), this one to try to convince organized workingmen that Taft is their very great, good and especial friend. But possibly workingmen will rely somewhat on their knowledge gained from other sources, and not entirely upon the President's opinion. He was rather moderate, though; he did not call Gompers a liar.

President Roosevelt is also prophesying "chaotic conditions" and calamity to "all our people and especially to workingmen" if his candidate be not elected. Such talk or letter writing on the part of a president of the United States is reprehensible and shameful. What has he to say of conditions last fall and winter, under his reign? Nothing, of course.

The mikado and his government are slowing down; have discovered that a comparatively little nation cannot swell itself up into the biggest one on earth in a few years. The mikado is a sensible ruler, and there is almost as much danger of his provoking a war with the United States as there is of Belgium forcing one on Germany.

Again widespread and unrestrainable fires are devastating portions of Michigan, and doing damage in other eastern states, but the blessed rains in good old Oregon render such a calamity impossible here at this time of year.

Perhaps the fact that thousands of little American children go hungry to school, or remain hungry away, is another evidence of the country's "marvelous prosperity" during the past 12 years.

The horse show being over, as well as the baseball season, the election can get full attention, after which the Thanksgiving turkey will come into his annual place of prominence.

Mr. Taft has been down in the state of Elkins, alias West Virginia, praising the high protective tariff. Not a word, now, about any reformatory revision.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

Love leads; greed drives.

• •

Charity always goes farther than it is sent.

• •

Good nature ought to be natural to the good.

• •

Coals of fire are not intended for roasting purposes.

• •

Honey on the lips does not cure hatred in the heart.

• •

Many think they are shining when they are only glaring.

• •

The sins we wink at today are the ones we wed tomorrow.

• •

Tomorrow's burdens always prove too much for today's back.

• •

The saddest slavery is that of being ruled by our pleasures.

• •

You have no right to set up your fad as another man's faith.

• •

If you would be farsighted you must learn to live on the heights.

• •

The fool is known by offering his forethought after the event.

• •

You cannot improve the breed by polishing the brass on the harness.

• •

The secret of success lies somewhere between wishing and willing.

• •

It's a sad day when a man lets his interests determine his principles.

• •

Religion has no home in the man who does not show his religion at home.

• •

It's usually the man who opens his mouth widest who drinks in most scandal.

• •

The man who talks to please himself soon has a select audience well pleased with itself.

• •

It's a waste of time to fix up your statistics for the benefit of the recording angel.

• •

There may be more religion in cursing as though you liked it than in praying as though it hurt you.

• •

When a sermon only reaches back to Saturday night you can't expect it to last much beyond Monday morning.

BEASTS OF BURDEN OF THE CAMPAIGN

Having been requested by the Republican management to do all it could for Taft, The Dalles Optimist says it has been doing and will do so, but proceeds to say:

But there is another side to this question of particular interest to the country weeklies of Oregon, as well as to the same class of papers all over the country, and that is the financial side. To that problem we wish to call the attention of the Republican state central committee, and the other committees and the newspapers and committees of other states.

We hear a good deal about the campaign funds being collected for the expenses of the campaign, but would like to ask what the need is of such a fund? Presumably if the newspapers, the country papers, are to be asked to do their work for nothing, those who solicit their support will also work for the glory of the labor. If they do their work for nothing, the speakers cannot consistently ask for any compensation; if they work for nothing, then we support the other work, printing, lithographing, etc., is done free, for the committee certainly would not ask the country printers to pay for their own paper, ink, postage and labor and donate it all for the good of the cause unless others were doing the same. Sure not. They would not be inconsistent enough to ask us to render our services free and pay others!

An ordinary politician, at least the Oregon politician, looks upon the country paper as a beast of burden, which is bound to do the bidding of the committees and others during a campaign for the love and glory of the cause. As to paying any part or portion of the expenses the country editor is forced to incur, they never think of reimbursing him. He is supposed to look pleasant, support the ticket, keep in line and shout for the cause—and pay his own expenses!

The speakers get paid, at least get their expenses; the job printers get paid, the halls and rooms the committees rent are usually paid for, the bands that toot the music get their price, the railroads, express companies and stage lines get their money for what services they render; but the country editor can whistle for his pay!

"Beasts of burden!" That is what we are. And yet where would Mr. Taft be on November 4 without the support of the country weeklies? Where would the Republicans stand on the morning after if all the country editors quit shouting for the ticket—shouting at their own expense?

The 15,000 country weeklies in the United States are the power that keeps the Republican party in control. If they all "went back" on the ticket tomorrow Mr. Taft would be as dead, politically, as Julius Caesar. And yet we are offered not a cent for our labors! Mighty campaign funds are solicited and collected, and extortionate rates are paid for the services of a few pets; but the country papers can go to the very devil for all the committees care. We must support the ticket or be called traitors to the cause, while others get the money, money which they get but do not earn, and which we earn but do not get!

A Sermon for Today

The Soul and the Sod.

By Henry F. Cope.

"But I keep my body under and bring it into subjection."—I Cor., ix., 27.

A MAN'S religion is whatever he esteems most worth while, whatever he sees on top in his life. One does not have to be told to to make sacrifices to his God; he makes them to this or that because this or that is his god. The test of any religion is whether the things which it sets up as supreme are those which are rightfully superior to all others and whether their service calls forth the best in the worshiper.

You can find people who pour out the best adorations of their beings before steak and onions. It needs little insight to indicate the type of existance to which such worship tends. There are those who lavish all their love on money. Theoretically, at least, we all know the sordid meanness, the dwarfing of soul that results from such a religion.

Yet he would be a fool who should say because meat and money are unworthy objects of worship, "I will have none of either." This was the mistake that the early Christians made; it is the mistake that many make today. They learn that many lose their souls through unworthy loves and they therefore say these things shall have no place in our lives.

Once the ideal religious person was a disembodied spirit. The nearer one could come to the grave, the more the glory of the creator was established. Since suicide was forbidden, men showed their loathing of the flesh by hovering on the brink of its dissolution. They heaped anathemas on the body. They talked of their bodies as belonging to the devil while their spirits belonged to God.

The modern lopsided religionist talks about his vile body. Often he goes a step farther and affects to deride the intellect, a gratuitous exhibition of pure envy. If he is sincere he is sadly mistaken; the engineer might as well talk about saving the steam by destroying the engine. The one is but the instrument of the other. There can be no holiness with half a man.

No one doubts that the soul is supreme in man. It makes no difference by what name you know this inner life, we all know that it determines all the outer life. The difficult thing is to discover its relations to this so easily apprehended life of feeling. This body, with its passions and possibilities is not ours to mock us, nor for to destroy. How may we find its right place in the full life?

Everything falls into its right place when we find that which takes rightly the first place in life. When man thinks of himself as the child of the divine, the first, the supreme thing is the life which is his as a spiritual being. This I, this consciousness separating me from the beasts, sets me beside the throne of the infinite.

Here, within, is the true self; here the enduring life; here, within the walls of flesh take place the real battles of life; thence issues conduct and here is shapen character. Here is a body and a form that goes on perfecting its fashion of glory or of grossness irrespective of the accidents that may happen to the physical body.

Here, where conscience speaks, where I feel the touch of the divine, where I can apprehend the infinite of whom I cannot reason or debate, here is the soul life, the seat of authority, in the right life. Here dwells the I, the personality, bringing the body into obedience, training it to do its will, and compelling intellect to exert itself to carry out the plans of the soul.

Make the lower to serve the higher, the lesser the greater, and the passing the permanent. Set the soul on top. Order the life for its beauty. Perhaps you cannot conceive of this soul in set terms; nevertheless, you can live for its ideals, for the things you know to be best regardless of whether they have market quotations or not.

Cultivate your soul. Think of yourself as a being with unending and infinite life. Make the most of the body that it may the better serve this higher life. Set all the faculties in their places as its ministers. Then all life is seen in new light and much that was mysterious is plain. When seen as minister or to this life of the spirit. The sod becomes the servant of the soul and the true man comes to himself as the son of the great soul of all.

A Poem for Today

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

By Robert Burns.

(The lines below form only a part of the fine poem which Burns inscribed to Robert Aiken. It is one of the few directly religious works of the poet, and the whole well repays reading.)

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal king,
The saint, the father and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphal wing."
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their creator's praise,
In such society yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottages retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That he, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside.

Harvey Washington Wiley's Birthday

Harvey Washington Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry and originator of the famous "poison squad," was born in Ment, Ind., on October 18, 1844. He graduated from Hanover college in 1867 and from Harvard in 1873. In the following year he became professor of chemistry at Purdue university, which position he held for nine years. For three years he was state chemist of Indiana and in 1895 he became professor of agricultural chemistry at the graduate school of Columbia university. Since 1883 he has held the position of chief of the bureau of chemistry of the United States department of agriculture and during that time he has become prominent by the series of investigations undertaken by him to determine the effect of certain foodstuffs and adulterations, particularly those belonging to the class of preservatives. He has represented the United States at several international congresses of applied chemistry, and is a prominent member of numerous scientific societies in this country and in Europe. He is also the author of a large work on agricultural chemistry and of numerous scientific papers, lectures and essays.

This Date in History.

1744—Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, died. Born May 29, 1679.

1775—The Continental congress adopted the Pine Tree flag.

1815—Napoleon Bonaparte arrived at the island of St. Helena.

1907—The Hague peace conference closed.