EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

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

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7173. HOME, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want. East Side office, B-2444; East 523.

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

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

DAILY.

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

SUNDAY.

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

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize
not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being
lacked and lost,
Why then we reck the value.
—Shakespeare.

THE LOGIC OF INCREASED SALARIES

THE CALL of the teachers has been answered by Portland taxpayers. The request for added remuneration has been granted. A yearly sum of $87,000 for increased pay has been voted. In return the teachers owe a duty to the taxpayers. So does the school board that recommended the advance. The money is not a mere benefice. It is not a philanthropy. It is an investment. It is to pay the price for bettered service. It is spent to get for the pupils increased attention and effort. It is the fee for a better organization of the local school system. It is, in short, the reward with which to secure perfection in the school work.

To the teachers the increase is incentive for enthusiasm at their tasks. It is a long step toward giving stability to the work of teaching. It is a move in the direction of lifting it to the plane of a profession. It is encouragement in the highest degree, and it ought to move every teacher to resolve upon a steadfast devotion to the duties of the class room. It ought to lead each to that preparation so necessary to intelligent work. If any teachers fail to realize this, and fail to respond, their services should be dispensed with. They are a barrier to that perfected instruction the taxpayers are paying for.

To the school board and the various principals there is a plain obligation. The sum the taxpayers have added to the school allowance is capital invested by Portland to secure for this city the best schools possible. That result is not to be attained through teachers who are in the business for the salary. Mere time-servers never yield results. If these are anywhere on the salary roll they should be weeded out. The dead tree never grows, and laziness is always lazy. Money spent on such is worse than wasted, for by it the pupils suffer. The schools are the nursery of the future republic. In the common schools all but 8 per cent of the people receive all the education they ever get. The charge that the taxpayers lay on the Portland principals and school board is responsibility itself written large. It lays upon the executive heads of each school the obligation to see that wherever there is incompetency there should be dismissals. It lays upon them the duty of seeing that the school organization is as smooth and perfect as that in a great business establishment. The taxpayers are paying the price for such organization, and if principals are not capable of securing it their services should be dispensed with. For their liberality in voting increased salaries the taxpayers have a right to expect no less. The school board will probably see to it that they get no less, and see to it that the Portland school system eventuates into one of the most perfect in the land.

A NEW FIGURE OF DESTINY

THOUGH AN exile, Castro with his retinue of retainers, continues to loom large in the public eye. The dispatches paint him as a sensation in Berlin. He spends princely sums in his daily expenses, and among other remarkable exploits, makes away with seven bottle of brandy per day.

A more curious mixture of man has been rarely seen. His figure is squat and barely five feet high. He was a barefoot cattle driver and with an army of 23 mule drivers nine years ago seized the government of Venezuela. He has since been the Venezuelan man of destiny. He is known in his late dominion both as the "Napoleon of South America" and as the "Monkey of the Andes." He ruled like an autocrat and filled prisons with his foes. Though no soldier he developed a genius for war, and though no diplomat he outwitted the trained diplomats of Europe. He negotiated favorable treaties with England and Germany and defied the fleets of France and Holland. He successfully bluffed the great powers of Europe and incidentally amassed the millions that make his travels on the continent a royal progress.

He appeased the populace with bull fights and free concerts. He proved his loyalty to his early companions by making his barber secretary general, and a mule driver friend minister of the treasury. The tawdry magnificence of his entertainments was as royally resplendent as those of a Roman emperor. He invited the beggars of the street to the palace banquets. The Indians danced in native garb at his balls of state, affording spectacles of courtly abandon equal to a tale of Arabian Nights.

There is a story that his father was a coffee planter and that he is of noble Spanish blood. There is another that he is the peasant born child of the mountains, plebian in every fiber of his extraction. Whatever the truth as to his lineage, the fact remains that he is unique in career, masterful in action and with a personality of remarkable originality. Genius in whatever guise deserves its tribute, and, as the New York World says, a certain admiration is not to be withheld from this Venezuelan demagogue, dictator and man of destiny.

KNOCKING PORTLAND

IT IS unfortunate that there are those who insist on underestimating the population of Portland. To belittle the population is to belittle Portland and Portland interests. To do so is harmful to Portland business and detrimental to Portland's reputation. We are probably the only city of consequence in the wide world in which a prominent influence is persistent in minimizing the point we have reached in numerical growth.

The effect is everywhere and in every respect injurious. It harms the business man, harms the commercial life, harms real estate values, harms everything connected with or related to municipal well-being. Its effect is seen in the figures of the Red Book recently issued. The Red Book is a publication circulated everywhere and found everywhere on railroad trains, in hotels and other places where the public seeks information for homeseeking, travel and other purposes. It is semi-official and for that reason is generally accepted as authoritative.

In the latest edition of this publication the population of Portland is placed at 130,000 and that of Seattle at 256,000. Seattle is accordingly heralded to the world as twice the size, as twice the importance and twice the desirability of Portland. It is a statement that sways men in their plans and determinations. It sends travelers, tourists, capitalists, capital and homeseekers to Seattle that would otherwise come to Portland. It causes men who are touring the Pacific slope for business or other reasons to cut Portland out of their itinerary. It leads men of large means to eliminate Portland from consideration as a place of investment. It is an altogether and entirely unfortunate condition and one that is the direct consequence of the belittlement of Portland's population by Portland influences. It is a consequence of shortsightedness, a shortsightedness of policy that, through a long period of years, retarded and held back this city and Oregon in development.

The Journal would not exaggerate Portland's population one whit. It does not believe in claiming for the city a distinction that has not been earned. But it does, in common with all business interests of the city, resent the opposite policy of known and notorious detraction. Every circumstance at the present time points to a population of at least 200,000. Statistics from whatever source taken establish it. The figures of the school population justify it. The birth rate, the school attendance, the postoffice receipts and shipping and building statistics all warrant it. The claims of the Polk directory people are for even larger figures. They give the city an estimated population of 250,000 to 265,000. They have better facilities than any other instrumentality to reach approximately accurate estimates. It is their business to deal with the units of the municipality. Yet, for the sake of conservatism, The Journal discounts their figures 25 per cent and believes its own estimate of 200,000 at this time within sound limits.

In any event it is wrong to detract from Portland's numerical strength. The policy of all interests should not be to pull down but to build up. The common purpose should be, not to destroy but to construct. Any other policy is destructive of Portland, wasteful of her prestige and damaging to her property owners, her business life and her people.

We spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in advertising Portland abroad. We maintain at great cost commercial clubs and other organizations for the express purpose of heralding our advantages, our importance and our attractions in distant parts. What is the use of spending all this money, what is the use of going to all this trouble if the work is to be undone by understatement of our population, statement that other and rival cities will use for their own purposes and to our detriment? How discouraging for the great body of our people to engage in constructive movement while a certain agency persistently and deliberately undermines!

A USE FOR THE APPENDIX

IT WAS not many years ago that the little part of the human body that was named the appendix was discovered, and it has since been a source of much revenue to doctors, and its discovery has no doubt resulted in saving many lives for a greater or less time. For thousands of years the doctors, with all their dissections and investigations, did not discover this little particle of the human anatomy, or did not recognize it as of any importance. Great numbers of people have died from "inflammation of the bowels," or some other ailment, according to the attending physicians, when the trouble, as at present understood, lay in this miniature, "measly" and apparently useless appendix of the intestines. But it is a maxim that nature never makes anything in vain, and it seemed unreasonable that the appendix was made merely for a little concealed assassin; so a surgeon kept making investigations, and according to a report has discovered that it may be utilized as a means of pumping medicines into the lower intestines, a portion of the digestive area difficult to reach with drugs. The process is said to be very simple, but the bills of the doctors who resort to it may not on that account be very small. And so the outlawed appendix may at last redeem its reputation and prove that it was not only not constructed in vain, but for a good as well as for an evil purpose, like all other organs.

INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS

THESE ARE days of national and international cooperation. Governors of all the states of this country are planning, in connection with leading congressmen and other prominent men, to preserve natural resources, improve waterways and in other ways contribute to the people's welfare. The nations of the world have joined in a warfare upon tuberculosis. And among these many efforts to benefit humanity those embraced in the term penology are not the least important. In 1910 the eighth meeting of the International Prison congress will be held in this country, and preparations for it are already being made. As long ago as 1871 President Grant sent a commissioner abroad to secure the cooperation of European governments in the prevention and best treatment of crime, and since then international congresses have been held in London, Stockholm, Rome, St. Petersburg, Paris, Brussels and Budapest, to study criminal environment, heredity, alcoholism, administration of courts, treatment of defendants and convicts, criminal labor, international comity and international law. The mere mention of these topics is sufficient to show the vast importance to society of the subject as a whole. Entirely too little attention has been paid in the past by those in authority over criminals, to these details. One of the large duties of society is to investigate criminality thoroughly with a view to its own improvement.

THINK, AND BE THANKFUL

MILLIONS OF people are worrying today over trifles, compared with the troubles that afflict the living remnants of the people who till a few days ago inhabited western Calabria and eastern Sicily. These sections comprise but a spot on the earth's surface, yet within a few hours, at most, some 200,000 people there were killed, many of them suffering prolonged physical as well as mental torture; still more are maimed, wounded, bruised and practically all the rest, a yet greater number, are homeless, destitute, cold and hungry, bereaved, desolate and despairing. Their nearest and dearest ones have been suddenly and awfully snatched away from them; fate has been relentlessly cruel to them; the earth is a terror, the heavens a lurid mockery, hell has burst upon them from the depths, and God is cold, dumb and merciless to them. Stack up your petty troubles, your little "setbacks," your miniature pains, your "light afflictions," beside these, and silence the spirit of complaint and be thankful.

History can never record, no future novelist can do more than fragmentarily depict—even a Zola or a Sienkiewicz—the thousands of heart-rending scenes consequent upon such a calamity. A mother or father whose life companion and children have been destroyed, or who may be slowly dying of starvation, thirst and agonizing pain; little children, perhaps wounded, left alone in the midst of cataclysmic devastation and desolation that would appal the stoutest hearts; every sort of human being thrown, tossed, whirled, felled, pinioned, crushed; homes with all their sacred treasures engulfed and ground to atoms, consumed by flames or swept with insweeping seas; life in a twinkling rendered to those who survived such a tragedy as portrayers of the inferno could scarcely conjure—imagine briefly all this and be thankful that your sorrows are in comparison light.

It is passing strange that in the midst of general congratulation on Portland's enormous growth, there should be an agency, alleging itself reflective of the general sentiment, that has and does, for some unknown reason belittle the city's population. It is passing strange that the very statements that rival cities want for the detriment of Portland and their own gain should be deliberately handed out by a Portland newspaper. But it is not strange in view of the policy that Oregon, the parent, has been outstripped in the race for numerical growth by Washington, the child. It is fortunate for Portland and Oregon that there is no longer a monopolization of the channels of local publicity, and that another news medium has arisen here to maintain Portland's importance before the world.

THE PERIL OF HUMAN OVERWEIGHTS.

THE menace to life of overweight as compared with age and height is extremely interesting. The measure to which overweight is a menace is accurately known to life insurance companies. By experience and observation, they have arrived at what is the standard weight for a given age and height. They have demonstrated that when the weight is 30 per cent or more in excess of this standard, the mortality becomes a grave consideration. With such overweight at the age of 40 the mortality chance is doubled.

The subject is interestingly discussed in the current issue of McClure's. The point of view is that of the life insurance companies, and the information is accordingly exact. In the table below, the standard weight in relation to height and age is given in 10 year periods, as follows:

	24	34	44	54	64
5 ft., 6 in...	132	139	146	153	152
5 ft., 7 in...	135	143	150	157	155
5 ft., 8 in...	140	147	155	161	160
5 ft., 9 in...	144	151	159	166	165
5 ft., 10 in...	147	155	163	170	169

A case is not considered overweight unless it is 20 per cent above the standard weight for the height and age. For example, at the age of 40 the standard weight of a man five feet, six inches in height would be 150 pounds. He is not an overweight until he weighs 180 pounds or more which is 20 per cent above standard. Below this overweight the mortality increases, but at this point it begins to be a serious matter. Moderate overweights are those between 20 and 30 per cent above standard, and excessive overweights are those above 30 per cent. Thus, men of 40 and five feet six who weigh 180 to 195 are "moderates," but those above 195 are "excessive."

The effect of overweight is influenced first, by the excess of overweight and second, by the age. Thus, using 90 per cent as normal mortality, the mortality of moderate overweights aged 29 to 42, is 103 per cent, and excessive overweights 124. From the age of 43 to 56 the mortality of moderates rises to 133 and excessives to 162 per cent. Curiously enough, after passing 57, the mortality of each lessens and that of the moderates drops to 125 and the excessive to 150 per cent. From the viewpoint of life insurance moderate overweights of 29 to 42 years are bad, while among the excessives it is very bad. Still worse than either come the elderly moderate overweights, while on the apex stand the excessive overweights with a mortality of 162.

Below the age of 29 an overweight up to 30 per cent above standard is not harmful, provided the person does not get heavier with advancing years. An overweight of 33 per cent at 22 is exactly equal to an overweight of 20 per cent at the age of 45. Beyond 30 years of age, the mortality among overweights rises rapidly with the age and with the weight. Long-lived family history in which neither parent had died below 70 improves overweight mortality by 10 to 15 points. If the family history is short lived the mortality of overweights will be increased 5 to 15 points. An increasing abdominal girth is a very serious matter with overweights. When this exceeds the expanded chest, the mortality is markedly increased by 15 points at least, and much more if the abdomen greatly exceeds the expanded chest. A combined excessive overweight, with a large abdomen and short-lived family history may easily increase the mortality to 200 per cent. Overweight adds greatly to the gravity of any other defect. Overweight foreigners are considered worse life insurance risks than overweight natives. Overweight women show practically the same mortality as overweight men. They are fewer in number, for women do not often permit themselves to become fat.

THE MURDER SEQUEL

IT WAS an awful scene that took place in the court room of Judge Bronaugh Saturday. A man in the prime of life, a member of one of the learned professions, one whom by every consideration of environment and social relation, should not have been there, stood at the bar and heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. It was a decree entailing the supreme tragedy of an official removal of a human life. It is not to be wondered that the defendant heard the sentence nervously and that when the last words were spoken he sank with white face into his chair. If the atrocious act that brought this last and greatest of all penalties upon the prisoner could be forgotten a meed of sympathy would force itself upon the observer.

The spectacle is one to warn all men of the madness of murder. There is no condition in any man's life happenings to justify a capital crime. A self-controlled manhood will always find a better way than with a revolver to right a personal wrong. This truth is proven by every incident in the whole history of civilization. There are a thousand avenues for righting wrongs, and a thousand influences ready to assist any and every man in such an effort. The common sentiment of men is just and if wronged Finch would, had he appealed to that court, have been given justice. His unwillingness to appeal to that court was proof of the weakness of his case and the occasion of his undoing. He was doubtless misled by the notorious law's delays, and legal technicalities into the false course that brought on his doom. Perhaps to the folly of some of the courts as much as to the man's own madness is due Finch's present distress. The whole situation is one for the most serious reflection, for it is both eloquent and pathetic in its moral.

GOLDWIN SMITH

AT THE age of 86, Goldwin Smith sent from his Toronto home a notable Christmas message to the Cornell University Era, in which he succinctly reviewed the progress of humanity during the eighty years through which his yet undimmed memory runs. No living man could do this better and it is to be hoped that this notable man will leave when he dies a more elaborate and comprehensive summary of the world's advancement during the past four score years. He has been a professor at Oxford, tutor of a king, champion and critic of the American union and the author of more than twenty very valuable political and historical works, besides numerous briefer essays and magazine articles, all replete with information, instruction and wisdom.

His principal thought in this brief message is the resistless insweeping of democracy during all these eighty years, overbearing the "Metternichism" that afflicted Europe after Napoleon's downfall, and which has invaded the stagnant east and left the United States "almost in the rearguard" instead of the vanguard of democracy.

What wonders this great mind has observed and pondered during these eighty years, not only in material things, but in the realms of politics and religion, in which Goldwin Smith has been and perhaps is yet the truest interpreter. And at 86 his intellect is vigorous, his perception clear, his expression lucid and convincing. A great light will go out ere long, when he dies.

Back in Tennessee a judge whose official duty it was to hold court and try some murderers has taken to the woods and is in hiding, believing he would be killed if he attempted to perform his duty. This is not heroic conduct, but he may reason that he is not bound to sacrifice his life to the performance of official duty. In that case he should at least resign, and give some other man a chance to wear a crown of martyrdom. And this is in one of the United States in the year 1909!

The proposition to tariff-tax tea and coffee has been revived. This would be a revenue producing tax, but the politicians will not dare to impose it, realizing that the cry of a "taxed breakfast table"—and a taxed supper table too—would arise all over the land. The tariff tax must be rendered inconspicuous.

Among the achievements of 1908 the progress made in "the conquest of the air" stands out prominently. Within the past few months aviation has passed from the realm of speculation and experimentation to that of reality. The Wright brothers, Americans, are the principal victors. One of them on December 31 traveled 90 miles at a stretch, guiding his airship as he pleased, and this is the last of several similar feats. We may expect much progress to be made and greater victories to be won in navigating the air during this year, and for years to come, though traveling by this means may never become very common. And again, it may.

Organization of the legislature a week from tomorrow ought to be effected promptly, without wrangling, and that body should then immediately settle down to business. There is much important business to be done, and to do it well will require earnest and disinterested labor during the forty days. The people care nothing about political maneuvers; they want and deserve service.

The first payments under England's new old age pension law have just been made, and the scheme will be observed with much interest in this country. Terms and conditions are very strict, and under such a law the plan is to be commended. But it would scarcely do in this country, where congresses are both wasteful and cowardly.

Mr. Charles P. Taft has exhibited political tact and wisdom. If he had forced his election he would have embarrassed the administration and greatly weakened his party in Ohio. Burton was the right man for the place. If there is an agreement to elect Taft two years hence, that is censurable, but a future legislature cannot be bound.

President-elect Taft is soon going to Panama. So is a bunch of congressmen. Pulitzer with a staff of news gatherers is on his way there. The little isthmus is becoming more and more conspicuous on the map.

Mr. Carnegie advocates profit sharing by employes. But he opposes an income tax. He is one of many who preach one thing and practice another.

A Poem for Today

Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth.

By Arthur Hugh Clough.

[Arthur Hugh Clough (Liverpool, England, January 1, 1819—Florence, Italy, November 13, 1861), educated at Rugby and Oxford (Oriel), an examiner under the English education department, was the writer of many poems rich in feeling and insight. Yet, save for the one given below and a few others, they are scarcely known to our day.]

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breathing,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Walter Harrison Evans' Birthday.

Walter Harrison Evans, the eminent botanist, author and expert on botanical subjects, was born at Delphi, Ind., on January 3, 1863. He received his early education at his home town and graduated from Delphi high school in 1882. Then he studied botany under Dr. J. M. Coulter at Wabash college, from which he graduated in 1887. After he had received his degree he became instructor of botany at Wabash college. In 1891 he was appointed special agent of the department o. agriculture and held that position for one year. In 1897-1898 he made an agricultural exploration of Alaska for the department of agriculture and in 1900 represented the department at the congrers of horticulture, forestry and experimental stations at Paris. Since 1902 he has held the position of chief of the bureau of insular stations of the United States department of agriculture. He has written and published a number of books and articles on botanical subjects and has been botanical editor of the Experimental Station Record for a number of years.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"The Eloquence of O'Connell"—By Wendell Phillips

(Extract from the centennial oration at Music Hall, Boston, August 6, 1875.)

Broadly considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak the English tongue in my day!" I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had; it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribute of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive, like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him, in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face, and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal. Nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the whig party thought of dissolution, and went down to Faneuil hall to protest. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before the listening thousands, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am a whig, a Massachusetts whig, a Fanuel hall whig, a revolutionary whig, a constitutional whig; if you break the whig party, where am I to go?" And, Lowell says, "We held our breath, thinking where he could go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Who cares where you go?'" So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it, what Webster had not, but Clay might have lent, grace. Lithe as a boy at 70, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature; nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him.

He had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunderstorm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking." You seemed to hear the tones coming back to London from the Rocky mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while all Exeter hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, 5000 men wept. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness—

"Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed."

A Sermon for Today

Your Work and Your World.

By Henry F. Cope.

"The Lord hath need of him."—Luke xix:31.

YOU are never worth much until some one needs you. Happiness depends on being useful, or, at least, believing that we are. The superfluous person is always in danger. He is out of place in a universe so ordered that its perfection depends on each one taking his place and doing his work. There never was a normal life of which it could not be truly said that the world had need of him.

It is better to make the vain man's error of thinking that the fate of the world hangs in suspension, dependent on your existence, than to fly to the opposite extreme and to lie inert, believing that it makes no difference whatever whether you are alive or not, whether you do your work or not. The value of any life depends much on its sense of being essential to all lives.

This is a saving sense. It makes earnest souls. It gives life purpose and so gives it power. The man who go wrong are those who have no sense of wide responsibilities. The young man without this belief that the world needs him drifts and easily becomes the prey of baser purposes and passions. Give him work, awaken a sense of himself as essential to the welfare of others and you have taken a long step toward his salvation.

This high faith that the world and the whole order of earth and heaven need us is something we all need. There has been a type of theological thinking, a custom of speaking as though man was altogether an insignificant and negligible factor, as though the infinite being could do all things without our aid. No wonder we have learned to call ourselves worms of the dust, and to act agreeably thereto.

You cannot attain to high character without high purpose. If we are the helpless dust of the ages, then we cannot rise above the level of the dust. It is the sense of a divine work that gives the dignity of a divine character. The order of this rational universe is such that the father of all cannot fulfill his high purposes without the service of the least of his family, so that even I am essential to its fullness.

The least life has its place in the plan of the great all. High heaven has need of you; your fellows have need of you, your times need you. It may seem that if you dropped out none would note your going, but if you do not live your full life all life will be the poorer and if you do not do your full work the worlds will halt in their ways.

Few of us have any intrinsic importance in the world; many fall because they forget this. But all have potential importance and more fail because they neglect this and lack the energy or the vision to take up their work, develop their powers and play their part in the affairs of their time and so in all time.

We are too easily contented with visions of an angel's dignity in the future and an angel's work to do then. We feel that over there we will amount to something; here we must be content to go on as obscure nonentities. But greater far than anything we have dreamed of for angels is the honor and importance of a man's work here. There can be little hope of development in the future for souls that have remained dwarfed in dull content here.

Every life is an essential part of all life. This makes my life explicable; it makes it more than endurable, enjoyable. I begin to see life, not as a chance to suck the orange of experience dry, not as a chance to get or gain alone, but as a chance to serve, to do a man's work in the world, to become cooperator and partner with the most high.

A mother's greatness comes out through her child's dependence on her; the man finds himself as he finds how others need him. New high resources of idealism and noble endeavor show themselves in us all under the stress of necessity's call when great issues or events await our endeavors.

All the sacrifice, the heroism, the devotion of the past have sprung from this sense in men—that others needed them. The best thing that can happen to us might be some burden of responsibility. To make our lives worth while, high and holy, to give life purpose and power, we need to see ever how true it is that the master of all has unceasingly need of the least of us all.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

Practice is the one preservative of religion.

• •

Austerity to a thief is no evidence of honesty.

• •

Sitting still is always the most trying situation in life.

• •

When love lies it is better than when hatred tells all the truth.

• •

Love has a language the deaf can hear and the dumb can speak.

• •

The best evidence of a healthy soul is its hunger for work to do.

• •

Every man must buy the riches of experience with his own coin.

• •

No man can own any more than he can carry in his own heart.

• •

No man can take iniquity into his creed and keep it out of his character.

• •

No prayer meeting is long enough that does not reach to the market place.

• •

The things you really stand for are revealed to those you run after.

• •

There never is room at the top for the man who thinks it was built only for one.

• •

The man who hasn't the vigor to be vicious usually prides himself on his virtues.

• •

The welfare of the world may depend partly on whether you can whistle in the rain.

• •

Most users of sarcasm think more of its sound than of the service it might render.

• •

Some of the virtues of our friends grow out of the graves where we have buried their faults.

• •

Too many when they attempt to leave their sins make the mistake of holding farewell meetings.

• •

Our example when we are on parade has no influence at all compared to the effect of our everyday living.

• •

You may have a right to your own sorrows, but you have no right to throw their shadows in another's way.

• •

When a man makes a distinction between his creed and his conduct he will discover a breach between his aspirations and his heaven.

This Date in History.

1521—Martin Luther was excommunicated.
1724—Philip V of Spain abdicated in favor of his son.
1777—Americans defeated the British in battle at Princeton, N. J.
1858—Madame Rachael, the celebrated tragedienne, died.
1868—Switzerland renewed diplomatic relations with Mexico.
1898—A score of lives were lost by the collapse of the city hall at London, Ont.
1907—The French church and state separation law was promulgated.
1908—Night riders made raids in the tobacco districts of Kentucky.