

THE JOURNAL

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THE NEW SYSTEM

THOUGH he opposed the bill because it did not provide for a central bank, President Frank Vanderlip of the National City or Rockefeller bank of New York, strongly commended the main features of the new currency bill.

Testifying before the same committee, Jacob H. Schiff, another prominent New York banker who opposed the bill because it provided no central bank, declared that the recent delay in the passage of the pending bill was the chief obstacle to the restoration of financial confidence and stability.

No testimony could be of more value. It is even better than the favorable testimony of Republican Senator Weeks, the only banker in the United States senate, who went out of his party and joined the Democrats in the final vote on the bill.

The new law is certain to mark the beginning of a new epoch in the financial history of America. It is designed to liberate credit, to free the financial life of the country from Wall street control and put it under public control.

The consequence was suspension of cash payments, bank failures and business failures. It spread ruin, and devastation far and wide. It brought upon millions the widespread misery of bankruptcy and sent idleness, despair and misery stalking through the land.

These financial upheavals were peculiar to this nation. They were a scandal to this nation in the fact that the causes have not been before removed. The change to an order free from such condition is what the new measure means.

It is an emancipation of finance, business and credit from private control to public control for the public interest. It is a new freedom that will beneficially affect the business life and integrity of every community by renewal of the open opportunity in vogue before a few seized dominion over American finance, and by restoration of faith in the financial establishment of our common country.

ANOTHER YEAR... OREGON is rounding out another year of progress. Portland is near another milestone which marks the forward movement.

There has been substantial growth by both city and state; this section of the Pacific Northwest is richer, better, further ahead than it was a year ago.

The Journal is proud of what Oregon and Portland have accomplished in a year's time. The story is worth telling to the world, and the Journal will tell it in a series of special editions beginning next Friday.

There is no question about the material development of city and state. Oregon has just harvested the largest aggregate crop in the state's history. There has been a gratifying advance in scientific methods on the farms, and the larger returns are now to the credit of farmers.

The same progressive spirit has been shown in Portland. The city has quit talking about doing things and is doing them. Railroad development throughout the state has been met by development of Portland's shipping facilities.

Public docks are no longer a mere dream; Portland is actually building them. The Columbia river is being devel-

oped by the Port of Portland; the Cello canal will soon be an actuality. There will be water transportation for the wealth of a great inland empire, Portland has been the center of activities which are still preparing for a greater material development.

But Oregon's year-end story would not be complete should it deal only with big buildings, big ships and big crops. All of the big world movements, social and civic, have been reflected in this state. Oregon's development has not been one-sided. People have made money, and they are in the way of making more. But Oregon people have also developed along cultural and humanitarian lines.

Three important laws were enacted during the year. They are the workmen's compensation act, the law creating the industrial welfare commission, and the blue sky law. All these enactments are for the purpose of looking after people who cannot look after themselves.

Oregon women have been active in public affairs as never before; the use they have made of the ballot is shown throughout the state. Their exact relation to Oregon's social and civic progress cannot be demonstrated, but their influence has been considerable.

The Journal wishes to impress upon all people that Oregon's and Portland's development the past year has been symmetrical. Neither state nor city has traveled ground which must be retraced.

AT BETHLEHEM... DARKNESS and confusion had come upon the world. The columns of the temple were cast down and shattered. The working tools were broken and scattered. A willingness to work no longer entitled men to bread.

The constellation of love was darkened and the mourners went about the streets saying: "How can there be a just God when his creatures remorselessly prey one upon the other? When millions make countless millions suffer? When ill-clad want and shivering hunger gaze through the brightly lighted palace window of dance and feast? When the last moan of the dying is mingled with the first cry of the newborn? When on the scales of justice the evil of men outweighs the good?"

Ever blacker grew the night. Ever crept the numbness of want and misery. Is the messiah, promised, never to come? Has Jehovah forgotten his children? "We have no hope, save in the mercy and goodness of him of whom the universe of worlds is but one thought."

In the supreme moment of loneliness and desolation drear the shepherd guarding his flock on the Judean hills saw a gleam of light in the oriental sky. The constellations of faith, hope and charity sprang above the horizon. A burning star shone over Bethlehem and a voice called out of the silence "Fear not, for, behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the highest and on Earth peace is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in the manger."

The heavens were filled with the chorus of the angels. "Glory to God in the highest and on Earth peace and good will to men." A new day dawned. The working tools of love were restored. The temple was rebuilt.

EDUCATED DEMOCRACY... THIS article has to do with "the education of working people on lines devised by themselves." The soil in which this movement is at work includes the factory districts in Lancashire, Yorkshire and North Staffordshire, in England. The "Working people"—to use their own designation of themselves—are the workers in the great textile industries of Britain, and—strange to say—the clay and pottery workers of North Staffordshire.

Readers of Arnold Bennett's "The Five Towns," and Clayhangers, will best appreciate the wonders the last twenty years have wrought there. Twenty one of these personally operated and home taught classes are now at work in this last district. Each of them testifies to rare devotion and self sacrifice. The teachers are working men and women whose daily work is exhausting. They travel long distances to meet their classes. They neither expect nor receive remuneration. Their aim is to give to their brethren and sisters the benefit that they have gained in similar classes. The project was originally suggested by a woman student.

The attention of the authorities of Oxford University having been drawn to it, inspectors from the university have examined these self taught and voluntary classes. The favorite subjects of study are history—economic and industrial—Political Economy—English Literature, and Natural Science. Mr. Headlam and Professor Hobhouse inspected the classes for the Board of Education, and Mr. A. L. Smith for the University. All reported most favorably of the work done and of the teaching given, while Mr. A. L. Smith declared that twenty-five per cent of the essays submitted to him were equal to the work done by students who gained first classes in history at Oxford.

So eager and interested are these

worker students that distance does not keep them at home, nor rain and snow deter. At a class at Calve in Lancashire, during a snow storm so violent that no train could run, a tutor appeared to find twenty-three out of thirty members present, and among them all six of the women students. A Cambridge professor of economics, who was to meet a class, in a Midland county missed his train, and wired that he would be an hour late, and asked for instructions. The answer came, "Come on, we will wait." On arrival he found all the students present. His Cambridge class of undergraduates would have departed if the professor had been twenty-five minutes late.

These are all evening classes. Neither students nor teachers could afford to give up their labor in factory, shop, or home. Students are working for results, not for show, and their self chosen courses last for three years.

For several years prior to 1907 the good work was in progress. In that year it was first brought into public notice, at a small conference of well known men, where a trades union manager, and a dockyard worker from the Plymouth yard, and the president of the Cooperative Educational committee, met the Bishop of Oxford, and a well known scientific writer.

The whole story has been written by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, the secretary and chief moving spirit of the "Workers' Educational Association." His new book, "University Tutorial Classes," just published in England by Longman, is described by a most competent critic as encouraging and even exhilarating reading.

These students are most effectively helping themselves. The term "movement" is well bestowed, for both in inception and in its rapid development, it is a sign of the times that may counterbalance many pessimistic utterances on the attitude towards life of these men and women who glory in belonging to the "working classes."

RAILROAD WRECKS... THAT human life is still held cheaply in comparison with property is strikingly brought out in the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission in its discussion of conditions revealed by investigation of train accidents.

During the year ended June 30, 1913, the Commission inquired into 76 accidents which had caused the death of 283 persons and the injury of 1880. It was found that 56 of these accidents were directly due to dereliction on the part of employees, but primarily they were due to a lack of supervision on the part of officials.

In its arraignment of officials the Commission uses words that bite deeply, saying: "The lack of supervision and inspection with matters affecting the safety of trains is unexplainable when the careful supervision of all matters directly affecting the revenues of the roads is considered."

The auditing and checking systems used for detecting the dishonesty of employees are marvellous in ingenuity and careful attention to detail, but means of determining whether trains are operated in accordance with the requirements of safety and in conformity with rules are almost entirely lacking.

When it comes to economy in the use of coal and oil there is a rigid supervision and instruction, but when it comes to a question of safeguarding the lives of passengers, operating officials seem to proceed on the theory that when they have issued certain rules their responsibility ends.

When it comes to the saving of lives there is careful instruction in the use of the air brake, but when it comes to a question of breaking the bones of passengers operating officials overlook the fact that "no rule, however good it may be, is effective unless it is obeyed."

Either a great majority of railroad accidents are unavoidable or else there is a widespread lack of effort to minimize the mistakes of employees. With due allowance for human proneness to make mistakes it is up to the railroad officials to show that all reasonable measures have been taken to prevent accident. It seems inconceivable that in their desire to make money railroad operators should pursue a penny wise and pound foolish policy by saving oil and shock of equipment and disregarding the larger economy of life. That this is their policy the record proves.

Checks are provided to detect the dishonest employee who handles the funds of the road but there is no check on the careless employee who controls the movements of trains. The dollar is greater than the man.

This condition will probably remain until public sentiment crystallizes in a law requiring supervision, instruction and examination of train service employees at stated intervals as is recommended by the Commission.

"HUMANITARIAN" POLICY... BY THE title "humanitarian" policy the (London) Nation labels the course pursued by the United States, under the guidance of President Wilson, in handling the burning problem of Mexican government.

Two questions are discussed by that influential paper—the first, how far diplomacy may rightly include "humanitarian ends" among its purposes, and, second, how far it may go in "intervening" by one method or another, in the internal

affairs of disturbed or backward states. So far as Great Britain is concerned Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, is the official exponent. In a recent speech he declared that "the using of the humanitarian influence of this country to promote humanitarian objects in the world is the 'fourth great branch' of British foreign policy."

President Wilson declined recognition of General Huerta, even as de facto President of Mexico, because he had usurped power, and had, at least, connived at the murder of President Madero. An almost exact precedent is found in the refusal of Great Britain to recognize King Peter of Serbia, when he had secured the throne through the murder of his predecessor. In that refusal Great Britain was followed by other European powers, and a general principle of far reaching authority was established.

President Wilson was faced with the necessity of action. His subsequent policy has been based on and has logically followed on his refusal to support an usurper and a murderer by the recognition of the United States. If this is intervention in the affairs of Mexico the word must receive a new meaning. But there will be little dispute that while President Wilson has resolutely declined to be "maneuvered into war" with Mexico—to borrow an expression from the London paper—yet the effective use of the financial boycott that he has succeeded in establishing, with the aid of Great Britain and other European powers, is surely if slowly tending to the downfall of the usurper whose reliance is only on outside financial support.

If this be intervention it is neither the "folly nor the crime of attempting to shoot the Mexicans into respect for constitutional government." To quote once more, "the world would suffer incomparably graver intellectual and moral damage from the spectacle of such a war than from the momentary success of a ruffian like General Huerta."

It is ignorance or insincerity that claims the calm and patient adherence to a definite and proclaimed plan of action to be mere "drifting into war?" The nation and the world may well thank President Wilson and his Secretary of State as well, that so far no act has been committed by the United States that would serve as pretext for uniting all sections of the Mexican people in resisting a powerful invader who had his purposes of establishing constitutional government behind screens of infantry, cavalry, and machine guns. A campaign is a poor teacher of the ideals of democracy and national social progress.

The critics of President Wilson and his policy—personified at this time in Professor Woolsey of Yale in the New York Independent, and in the no less dogmatic columns of the Oregonian—are apt in setting up a scarecrow in order to knock it down. They omit to notice that General Huerta was not, and has never been either the de facto or the de jure ruler of Mexico. He was not nor has he ever been more than a blood stained usurper, climbing into a tottering chair, whose occupancy was disputed by much more than half of the territory of that republic. They forget the disappearance at his hands, behind dungeon walls, of the only duly elected representatives that Mexico has ever had. They hide the daily records of bloody and savage war that have disgraced Mexican history ever since this admitted despot claimed to be the head of the nation.

On the other hand the "derision of an uncharitable world" will be the portion of these self appointed objectors to a policy which is daily more and more justified by events. But, even if it were true that "nothing succeeds like success," in diplomacy, in war, or in the struggles of ordinary life, it is yet more true that a higher standard is being applied today than ever before in the world's history. Men stop to ask themselves "is it right," rather than to put the question to themselves, "will it pay?" Observers of President Wilson's official acts recognize his purpose to measure public affairs of the nation in relation to the wide world by the plain rules of right and wrong binding the community no less than the individual. When we come to gauge and measure his dealings with the Mexican usurper suppose we try to adopt his measuring rod and line.

A banner carried through the streets by a crowd of fifteen or twenty so-called unemployed yesterday was inscribed, "You give us work, or we will give you hell." No real workman makes such threats. No worthy person utters such sentiments. The carrying of such a banner through the streets ought not to be tolerated. This is a government by law and not a government by bluff.

The Safe Way... From the Washington Star. "Why don't you run for office?" "I've thought about it," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "but I'm satisfied to subscribe to campaign funds. The fact that a man is willing to give prizes for airship flights doesn't put him under obligation to aviate."

Competing Consumers... From the Washington Star. "You used to say 'competition is the life of trade.'" "So it is," replied Mr. Cumrox, "only instead of competing to sell things the idea now is to corner 'em up and get people competing for a chance to buy."

CHRISTMAS

By Dr. Frank Crane.

My Dear Friend—Christmas is coming, the great human festival. It is making me realize as it approaches that the best possessions I have been able to get from life are my friendships.

I want to give something to my friends. The other night, after thinking it all over, I was surprised by the old truth, which came strongly to me, that what friends want most is to know we think of them and love them.

Therefore I am going just to tell you I think of you, that Christmas to me means you, that you are a part of the spirit of these times in my life. I want to tell you that the thought of you is sunshine to me. What memory brings back our days and words together, I am glad.

If I were Fate I should make you very happy. I should write success upon your hands and brow, every day, and bring restful sleep to you every night. Each impulse from my heart goes out to you in well-wishing.

I like you. And I am angry with the space that separates us and the circumstances that render our meetings few. You are "my kind of folk," and I have a constant desire to be near you.

I do not believe any of us realize how much friends mean to us, how their spirits subtly touch and stimulate ours when we are far apart, and what a glorious companionship they make for us when their faces gather around us in fancy in our moments of loneliness. Your face, my friend, is often with me, and I wish you could know what cheer it always brings.

So here's to you! I raise the glass of memory brimful of happy recollections and drink to you. All my good wishes fly to you as doves. I appreciate what you have meant to me. I value you personally, when you are near my hand and through the intervening distance. From the bottom of my heart I say "God bless you."

I think of you when I recall these words of Goethe: "This world is not waste and empty. When we figure out towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know that every one is living on with us, even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden."

The national capital is at the height of its preparations for the Christmas season. So far as official Washington is concerned, there will be little business of importance transacted during the coming week. The number of congressmen who are going home for the holidays is very small, in comparison with former years; but the fact that the bulk of the members remaining in the capital is not taken to mean that they will overwork themselves during the holiday season.

Many department heads and clerks have obtained leave of absence to enjoy the holiday season at their homes in other parts of the country. It will be merry Christmas at the White House, where President and Mrs. Wilson will be surrounded by nearly all the members of their immediate family, and a number of relatives. There will be interesting Christmas celebrations also at the various embassies and legations, especially those where there are children.

All signs point to a "Merry Christmas" throughout the length and breadth of the land. The threatened industrial depression has not yet materialized, and though some of the railroads and other great corporations are reported to be shortening sail, there is as yet no evidence of hard times. The weekly reports of the mercantile agencies, issued today, show that the Christmas business has been satisfactory in practically all lines of trade.

Few fixed events of importance are scheduled for the week, as is to be expected at the season of the year given over by practically every one to family celebrations. Educators, scientists, sociologists and economic experts from all parts of the country will gather in Minneapolis at the close of the week for the annual meetings of the American Economic Association and the American Sociological Society.

The appeal of former Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, and other stockholders of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad from the decree of the public service commission of Massachusetts authorizing the railroad to issue \$67,552,000 convertible debenture bonds, will be argued in the Massachusetts supreme court on Saturday.

It is expected that the choice of an engineer for the interstate bridge will be made this week. The motion picture exhibitors of Oregon are to meet in convention in Portland Monday and Tuesday.

A Sermon in One Paragraph... From the Denver Times. Penned away from his fellow man for a score of years, herded and caged like a wild and dangerous beast, one Murphy, whose name is not recalled, and who, at Stillwater, Minn., wrote to the state prison board seeking a pardon: "Twenty years! Can any man really realize what that means? To be shut

out of light just in one's prime—I was 31 years old—to toil unceasingly and unprofitably from day to day for 20 long years, and being, above all, contented and contented by the thought, 'No, hope, no hope for life. I can say and beg no more. Only pray the supreme judge, who always tempers his judgment with mercy, may so lead the hearts of the honorable board to show me mercy from the rest of my life.' I want to give something to my friends.

The other night, after thinking it all over, I was surprised by the old truth, which came strongly to me, that what friends want most is to know we think of them and love them. Therefore I am going just to tell you I think of you, that Christmas to me means you, that you are a part of the spirit of these times in my life.

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Each impulse from my heart goes out to you in well-wishing. I like you. And I am angry with the space that separates us and the circumstances that render our meetings few. You are "my kind of folk," and I have a constant desire to be near you.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"Early in the spring of 1848, I quit my job hauling logs for Kibben's saw mill," said C. Mulkey, Oregon pioneer of 1847. "I'm company with two brothers, Ben and Houston Crisp, who hailed from Texas, and the two Davis boys, John and Tom, and Elnah Eider and Mat McCulloch, all five of whom had come from Missouri, the same year I did, 1847. I struck out prospecting, strictly speaking, you couldn't call it prospecting for you could strike gold most anywhere."

"We went to Yubaville, and laid-in enough supplies to last us all summer, and then struck out for the hills. We went up the north fork of the American river. On the third day out, in the afternoon, we came to beaverdam country, where we had a good deal of trouble in getting across with our outfit. A few miles on the other side of the beaverdam we struck a small creek coming through a beautiful little valley. It was nearly noon, and as we probably had a better camping place, we decided to stop for the night. I am going to tell you this story to show you what weighty consequences sometimes come from trivial incidents, and to show you how some of the rich strikes were made in 49."

"I was 17 years old, and I loved to joke and play tricks better than to eat. When it came to fun, I was willing to do more than a man was for. We discussed what kind of a trick we would play on him, and finally decided to pull off an Indian scare. Each of us had a leather bag, and four or five horses. The Mexicans call these McCarty's. "John said, 'We'll take the five or six of our McCarty's together, tie one end around Mat's leg and the other end to that tree, and let the fire three or four shots, yell like Indians, and Mat will wake up, think the Indians are after us, and run like a tow-head.' I was so afraid Mat would wake up that I didn't stop to finish my horse. I went to the different saddles, fastened one end securely around Mat's leg and tied the other to a bush. Then we got our guns, went up on the hillside, where we could see the fire four or five shots. Mat rolled over, sat up, rubbed his eyes and started to yawn. We fired four or five more shots, and when several of the boys gave the Indian warwhoop, I yelled, 'Come to run for your life, that the brush was full of Indians. In fact, I you, Mat stopped his yawn in the middle. I thought I had seen things move fast, but no jackrabbit or coyote ever lit out so fast as Mat. In fact, he jumped straight up and lit running. He never noticed the rope around his foot, and when he came to the end of his rope, it threw him so hard that he bounded up on the hillside. "Mat had an ugly temper. He saw how we had played a trick on him, and he was furious. As he sat there he began cursing us, and swore he would kill the first man that he saw, and that he would kill every one of us for playing the trick on him."

"We sneaked back away and held a council of war. The boys all decided they had better stay out of camp for a while, and let Mat cool off. The rest of them thought that I was just a kid, and Mat wouldn't hurt me, and so they told me to sneak into camp, get two or three picks and a shovel, and go to work. We would spend the rest of the day prospecting. "I watched my chance, and got the tools and took them out to where the boys were. I started to dig, and traveled for about a mile and a half, when we came to a small gulch, with a little running water in it. We crossed the gulch and traveled up beside it for possibly a couple of hundred yards to where a dry gulch came in. We struck up the dry gulch and went up that for maybe a hundred and fifty yards, to where it made a short turn around a point of rocks. "I had spent most of the summer and fall of the previous year, 1848, in prospecting and mining, and somehow or other, I had a hunch that this would be a good place to dig. We could see that water had run in the dry gulch for a few days, and right where the point of rocks cut across the gulch I stopped on the upper side of it and said to Ben Crisp, 'Let's sink a hole here.' We had been out on our trip for three days, and this was the first time we had gotten out our tools to do any prospecting, and this was the first time since we had left camp that any one had mentioned stopping to prospect."

"I was carrying one of the picks, and began digging. The other boys all stopped and said, 'All right, we'll sink a hole here to bedrock, and see what we get.' We struck in about a foot or two feet. I got a pan of dirt, walked over to the little gulch with water in it, and washed it and found a good sized nugget and a lot of coarse gold. We weighed it after dark, and it weighed \$82. Well, that was all we wanted. We all struck in and worked like beavers. The dirt ran from \$6 to \$8 to the pan. There wasn't a spot where we struck in that wasn't rich. We stayed here between three and four months, and the lowest we made was about \$75 a day, and from that up. We named this camp Crass Valley, and proved it to be one of the best and richest strikes in that district."

Letters From the People... (Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on plain paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reforms. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them into the open market place of common sense, reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions as their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Primaries and Candidacies... Yoncalia, Ore., Dec. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—A gentleman, probably a member of the Oregonian staff, is in the Oregonian and seeking to boom H. A. Booth for United States senator, evidently does not believe in the primary law, allowing any one to come before the people for an office, but prefers to let a few men do the nominating, and call at the houses of rich men and hold paid meetings in different portions of the state by a few boosters and writing up resolutions extolling their good qualities and saying they will vote for him, and so on, for selfish interests. Viewing it from this point, none but rich men can have the right to run for office. Ben Selling spent many thousands of dollars in trying to get the views of the people, but they were not actually put out their views until after the election. Rich men like Mr. Booth and Mr. Bourne can spend large sums of money in getting some people to demand that they run for office. They are some of the best men in Oregon who are some of the poorest men, and who can't afford to advertise themselves and get up a demand that they offer themselves for the good of the dear people, and from my viewpoint they will stand as good as dead. I have accumulated a good wealth in a very few years. A. L. MILLER.

Plea for Christmas Spirit... Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have seen many letters written by members of The Journal, and thought this letter to the public, which I first wrote on my birthday while I was behind the bars, might be valuable enough to occupy space in your paper. To the Men and Women on Our Side: Yes, this is the "open," my home, for the past two years. Oh, how that day looms up—the black day of my life when the whole world looked at me and said: "Yes, he is guilty. Away, away with him." I said, "Not guilty," and say it now. Who sees who's eyes? I have love, as I sit by this cold wall, or will put a hand on this swollen head and drive away the pain. You have stolen my youth, my love, my health, my honor, my all, and you have given me a bed of disgrace. A. L. MILLER.

One of the Very Thiest... Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—I in the list of weebabies, I would like to enroll my own daughter. She weighed barely 21 ounces at birth, and she was born in 1912. She was only prevented from taking nourishment in the natural way because her mouth was too small at first. I could slip my wedding ring clear to her shoulder. She now wears it as her own. She has three brothers and one sister, and is the mother of three children. She is 12 years old. She slept her first two months in a large cigar box. She was born in Iowa. MRS. M. HANSEN.

CHRISTIANITY IS A LIFE... From a Sermon by Edward Everett Hale. Now, when we say that Christianity is a life and not a creed, we mean that, whether a person can read a creed or not, whether he has been taught it in words or not, if he sees the Christian life, he can enter into it and follow it. We mean just what the Savior meant when he insisted upon action instead of expression. And it is very interesting to see, in his own personal history, how closely he held himself to his own statement.

Take that most pathetic conversation with the young nobleman of Edom. So far as verbal expression went, he and the Savior were at one. The young man says, almost sadly, "I have kept the Ten Commandments—that is, I have obeyed the written law 'from my youth up.' Jesus tells him what is the one thing which he needs. "The one thing he needs, it seems, is action. 'Follow me; do as I do; lift up that which has fallen down, bring comfort where there is no comfort, make men see and know that the kingdom of God is at hand.'"

All the established churches, when young men come to them who wish to be ministers of the gospel, say, "Yes, if you will go into such and such a school and study such and such languages and read such and such books, and pass an examination in those books, at the end of such and such a time, if you believe what we wish, we will give you a license which shall enable you to go out and say to all the world that the kingdom of God is at hand."

But Jesus Christ took no such precaution for good grammar or for conservative utterance. He found some fishermen washing their nets. He did not say to them "learn anything," but he said, "Follow me."

He found a man changing money at the tax broker's stall, and he did not say to him "learn anything," but "Follow me."

There is not the slightest indication that one of the 12 apostles had made any study whatever in the formulas of the Jewish church, or of the Christian church that was to be. They were simply men who, as Jesus thought, had black and empty heads for the position to which he was appointing them, who had followed so far that they knew something about them, and whom he therefore appointed, because they were men of action for the emergency.

And the Master is willing that his church shall stand on the same basis as he leaves fisherman, apostle, young nobleman and repentant sinner. It is the same test for kings and emperors and fishermen, for artists and blacksmiths, for the test of thistles and vines and fig-trees.

All of them, the emperor like the blacksmith, shall be judged by their fruits. The fishing net and the church will be judged by what they do. The doctrine will be judged by the doctrine. At this point of his doctrine-makers will always be dissatisfied. The men of words will skillfully twist words to say it were better the other way. How glad would you and I get over the need of traveling 19 miles on foot this morning if it would answer to say we have done it! But it will not answer. To live as one lives who knows that God is here has not proved to be easy. But to say, "I believe in God, the Father, the Mother, the Holy Spirit, and the earth," proves very easy.

Religion is not a creed, but a life. Fishermen washing their nets. He did not say to them "learn anything," but he said, "Follow me."

Pointed Paragraphs

It's easier to boast than make good. Encourage kindness—even if you have to practice on yourself. When poverty comes in at the window it is getaway day for love. Don't expect the world to laugh with you if you are laughing at the world.

The Woman's Page

The Journal each evening presents a number of striking features. Many of them are of exclusive interest to women; others are of general appeal. They all are worth while. Cultivate this daily feature page; you will find it profitable reading.