

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"I guess you could not class me in the pioneer class. Probably I would come under the title of native sons," said Arthur Holman.

"You were born in 1857, and I am the youngest of 11 children. My father, Charles Holman, came to Oregon, as did my mother, in 1852. When they came here there were three others who came from the East with them. Though my father and mother came in '53 they did not meet on the same ship. My father came in 1854. My mother was married in 1854. My mother was a native of Indiana, while my father was born in London, England. He was 30 years old when he came here and got a job working

"My father took to the river, because he came a steamboat man and by the time he was 30 he was running the John H. Couch. Where the city had no new stands was our home and that is where my oldest brothers and sisters were born. My father established the Holman Transfer company. He was a member of the firm of Harris & Holman."

Pointed Paragraphs

Huntington stopped at the residence of Benjamin Harrison, who was then living on the land in 1852 with his cattle while the rest of the party went ahead to spy upon the Indians. Harrison was unable to find a claim. While they were gone a heavy storm came on and as morning dawned he found his cattle and horses dead and his horses and cattle and horses they started to death. In place of having a herd of cattle and horses, which was wealth in those days, he was left to start life in the wilderness with a family and one ox. Instead of coming to the Columbia valley he went over into the Cowlitz valley and took up a donation land claim at what is now Eastserock. He and his wife and children was a road down the Columbia river and he is doing now is spending every energy

"When I was 19 years old I went to Clackamas county and taught school for \$30 a month and boarded around."

"In some of the other counties it is the custom for people to have crest coats of arms and things of that kind. If ever I had a coat of arms it would

Pointed Paragraphs

Handsome isn't always as handsome as he thinks he is.

The last person a man usually learns to know is himself.

Every woman needs a pocketbook in which to carry her powder bag.

Many a man has been pronounced heartless who later died of heart failure.

When it comes to marrying, the one thing a girl doesn't think she needs is advice.

Consider the man who is always on time—also the time he wastes in waiting for the other man.

If people were as good as the obituaries the recording angel would

The Ragtime Muse

"Like As a Thrush in Winter"
Like as a thrush in winter, when the
skies
Are drear and dark and all the woods
are bare,
Sings undismayed, till from his melody
Odors of spring float through the
frozen air
So in my heart, when sorrow's
breath

is strong,
Leaps up, defiant of despair and death,
A sunlit fountain of triumph.

Sing on, sweet singer, till the violets
 come
And south winds blow; sing of
 prophetic bird!
Oh, if my lips which are forever
 dumb,
Could sing to men what my
 heart has heard—
Life's darkest hour with songs of joy
 would ring.

Life's blackest frost would blossom
into spring.
—Edmond Holmes in the Detroit Free
Press.

The Rich Man's Monument.
By Felix O'Neill.

Why stands that monument on livid
land?
Who gave the sacred right on God's
free soil?
And who could money buy the skill
to build it there with all that he
less toll?

Why build it there in honor to
name,
Where many humbly sleep beneath
the sod
And poverty and virtue there to
same
Together all are trampled in the
clod?
Above the lowly there that scorn
sight
Raised o'er the grave for fame a

But from the humble graves the glad
Of light
Will come and shame that brave
monument.

That bare and barren shaft grow
barren more,
And long on earth the sorrow sit
With last
While all the humble graven grow
greener o'er
And live behind the sorrows of the
past.

His monument that stands upon the
way
Where all the world their journey
log along,
Upon a path for each another day
Will only be a relic of the wrong.

And shall his spirit live to see
stand,
And shall he see that his name has

And yet another to a different land
And o'er, and o'er again, that dim
kneel.

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