

Gems In Verse

COULDN'T BE DONE?
SOMEbody said that it couldn't be done.
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it!"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat.
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin.
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done.
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you,
One by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you,
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it,
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.
—Anon.

THE SIMPLE NEEDS.

FAME is but a fleeting thing;
Money oft is quickly spent;
Conquests do not always bring
Happiness and real content.
Heroes die and are forgot;
Great men's graves are thick with weeds.
He lives longest who has not
Scorned to do the simple deeds.

MEDALS often gather dust.
Men have reached the highest goals
And have been afraid to trust
Unto God at least their souls.
Cheers are heard, then heard no more.
Some new youth each day succeeds
To the robes another wore.
Lasting, though, are simple deeds.
—Detroit Free Press

THE OLDER SISTER.

ALL the days of my life I've sat by
While the others
Was havin' their fun.
I was oldest, you see, of the sisters
And brothers.
'Twas me that looked on
While I helped with the washin' and ironin'
and bakin'.
The mendin' maybe,
Or I'd have to run up 'cause the baby
was wakin'.
And cryin' for me.
When the girls and the lads would be
strollin' come May time
In the moonlight,
With a joke how they'd be a sad sight
for the daytime.
Their love locks turned white
With the fall of the blossoms the orchard
was sheddin'.
I waited inside.
Oh, the nearest I've ever come near to a
weddin'.
Was dressin' the bride,
And the nearest to home was the hob
and the oven—
The day's bite and sup—
And the nearest I've come to the children
was lovin'
And takin' 'em up.
—Anne W. Young

ASPIRATION.
I WOULD not be, I freely own,
The trombone by your father blown;
Nor do I long to be the drum
On which your brother goes tum-tum;
Neither would I that banjo be
And have your mother pick on me.
And as for envying the flute
Your gran'pa toots—there's nothing to't.
But, oh, to be the violin
That snuggles underneath your chin!
—Exchange.

ORION.
OUT of the ancient east he comes,
The radiant hunter, clad
In stars,
Nor noise of war, nor beat
of drums
The deep supernal stillness mars.
Above the shadow of his eyes
A starry helmet circling lies.

Infinite suns about him gleam—
Bright Bellatrix, with warlike ray,
And Betelgeuse, whose sullen beam
Was crimsoned in aeonian fray,
And Rigel, flashing at his feet
In fierce, white lightning, young
and fleet.

Stars gem the bright sword at his side,
Forged in the fire of seething suns,
And round his strong loins, circling wide,
A starry girdle flaming runs,
And, leashed in silence, star with star,
There follow him his dogs of war.
—M. E. Duhler.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

THE city streets are drab and dry,
No matter where I look,
And memory travels back along
A brown and babbling brook
Where catkins on the bending boughs
Were fuzzy, green and new
And in the springtime long ago
The willow whistles grew.

An ancient knife with hair a blade,
Dull, too, and nicked and bent,
Was all I needed when I wrought
My simple instrument.
I chose a straight and sturdy twig
And slipped the bark away
Till smooth and white as ivory
Upon my palm it lay.

I cleaned it of the pearly pith
And cut the notch with care
And played upon my sylvan flute
A wild impromptu air—
So piercing sweet the silver strain,
So long and loud and shrill,
The dulcet pipes of Pan replied
From every rock and hill.

I hear the operatic stars
In all their glory now,
Their music lacks the witchery
Within the willow bough,
And when the purple lilac shakes
Its feathers in the rain
The willow whistle calls to me
Across the years again.
—L. L. L. Weekly.

THE CYNIC.

A LOT of toil, a little play,
A heap of gloom, a moment gay;
An ounce of peace, a ton of strife,
And there you have the dish called life.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oregon weather is now the best in the west.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

Text, "Behold the birds of the air."—Matt. vi, 26.

There must be a gospel of things. Christ seemed to be forever finding lessons in objects about him. The implication is that we, too, ought to draw lessons from all we see and hear. Like the bee that can gather honey from any flower, we ought to gather wisdom from every source. As a mirror gives back our image, so all material things, cloud, leaf, tree, floating atom of dust in sunshine, flying worlds glowing in evening sky, give back to us meanings and speak to us in parables—the sun an emblem of the Sun of Righteousness, rock of God's eternity; withered leaf emblem of human life as it fades. Christ says, "Behold the birds of the air." And of all living creatures they seem more like spiritual beings, creatures of earth and heaven, hovering between the two. There is a fascination in study of their habits and bodily structure. They are to the animal world what flowers are to the vegetable, precious stones to the mineral, what brilliant rainbow is to the darkened sky. Flower, perfume, singing birds, arched bow, are added touches of nature from the fingers of God's love. I like the birds' freedom from care. Whether migrating north or south, it is with happy voices of pilgrims. Two homes have they, one here, another there. Born into one, when winter comes something calls them to a sunnier clime. Get that, Christian—child of two worlds?

A Lesson In Faith.

Notice their brilliant robes. All the artists in the world couldn't equal in delicacy of color peacock's feather or silvery light about dove's neck. Will God not provide garments of immortal splendor for the soul poised for eternal flight? Sometimes food is plentiful, sometimes scarce, for the little songsters. They chirp content on empty stomach or full one. Recently, while the snow was yet on the ground, I saw my first robin of the season. He bowed and chirruped with a grace and audacity and courage that seemed to say, "You may think it's winter, but I know better." I looked all around and there wasn't one living thing besides himself that gave evidence that spring would ever come. The trees looked as lifeless as dead sticks. Not a bud was swollen with hope or promise; not even

a crocus bud dared to thrust its nose through the cold earth. As I walked down the street my heart was lighter. I said: "That robin redbreast knows better than I if it is true that spring is near. He has the faith to sing before there is anything visible to sing about. He sees the spring and summer while it is yet cold and dark." Thank you, Mr. Robin Redbreast, for your lesson of faith. I know that faith is the evidence of things not yet seen.

The Wings of the Almighty.

David prayed to be kept under the shadow of God's wings. O yearning heart of God, whatever is meant by wing of mother bird—warmth, shelter, nearness of love—all is realized for the human soul under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty. Are we feeling from the justice of broken law? Get to the mercy seat. Covering before threatened storm of anguish? Make for the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High. Are we surrounded by strife of tongues? From that hell blast flee as a bird to your mountain, to the hiding place under the shadow of God's wing. That wing is slow to anger—slow as flight of crow, quick to help as flight of swallow. That wing is broad as eagle's, strong as condor's. "Not a sparrow falleth," says the word. That means care. See that mother bird leave its nest? Deserting its young? It is off to the berry bush, the barn door, the plowed field. Soon she is back. The fluttering feathers are stilled as the mother spreads out her wings. God seems to leave you for a time. He'll return. "Weeping may endure the night; joy cometh in the morning."

"Behold the Birds of the Heaven."

Behold them! They are up with the flush of dawn, busy with their tasks, nest making or food gathering. They do not turn day into night and night into day. There are no drones among them. Every grown bird must pick his own living. All they ask is to be let alone. I pity the "society folks" among us. Make me think of the little canaries in their gilded cages. Men despise the bat, half bird, half mouse—creature neither of earth nor sky, like the Christian holding on to earth and heaven. I dislike the vulture, carrion bird; fattens on the carcasses of the dead. One thinks of gossipy folks who prey on character and feelings of others. A few weeks ago a bat crept into my soul, morose, melancholy bird of the night, doleful and hideous. It was some time before I could drive him out, and a lark came in and sang, "There's sunshine in my soul today." The dove is a sacrificial bird, like the one which vulture and hawk swooped down upon at Golgotha. It is emblem of the Holy Spirit. The dove flies home. Beside bed of dying child yesterday I saw soul take its flight, the little girle spirit poised like bird on sunset tipped tree-top, spirit wing fluttered as she heard call of angel mother bird in far distant land—and she was gone.

May 3 In American History.

1782—Washington threatened to retaliate for the murder of American subjects by British soldiers.

1864—The Federal Army of the Potomac began to cross the Rapidan river on its march toward Richmond. It numbered 122,000 men of all arms. The opposing army, commanded by General R. E. Lee, numbered 62,000.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Constellation Cassiopeia is due north in the early evening, forming the outline of W at the center of the Milky way.

May 4 In American History.

1775—Washington started on horseback from Mount Vernon to attend the Continental congress in Philadelphia.

1864—The United States congress voted against recognition of the empire of Mexico. General R. E. Lee marched his army into the Virginia Wilderness to confront the Federal Army of the Potomac. General W. T. Sherman's army, 100,000 strong, began its march toward Atlanta.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Constellation Perseus, including the noted variable star Algol, approaches the northwestern horizon in the early evening.

May 5 In American History.

1814—British force, 1,750 strong, attacked Fort Oswego and was repulsed by the American garrison under Colonel Mitchell.

1864—A day of battles. The Army of the Potomac opened the attack on General R. E. Lee's forces in the Wilderness. The army under General W. T. Sherman fought General J. E. Johnston at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; General P. H. Sheridan's troops encountered General J. E. B. Stuart's Confederates at Craig's Church, Va.; the Confederate ironclad ram Albemarle was repulsed by Federal wooden ships in Roanoke river, and Admiral D. D. Porter's Red river squadron fought Confederates on shore at Dunn's bayou, Louisiana.

1904—The Panama canal zone formally ceded to the United States.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. The Pleiades, setting, due northwest about 9 p. m.

May 6 In American History.

1783—Washington and Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander, arranged for the evacuation of New York and other places by British soldiers.

1864—In the battle of the Wilderness the Federal army was decisively beaten in an attack on the works held by General R. E. Lee's army. Losses in two days' contest, 15,000 Federals and 11,000 Confederates (estimate).

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. The dull red star Betelgeuse, setting about 9 p. m., belongs to constellation Orion.

May 7 In American History.

1789—First inaugural ball held at the DeLancy house, New York.

1864—The Federal Army of the Potomac marched off the Wilderness battlefield by the left flank and set out for Spotsylvania Court House. General R. E. Lee's army retreated to the same point.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Castor and Pollux, the twin stars, due west, midway between zenith and the horizon, about 9 p. m., are in constellation Gemini.

May 8 In American History.

1814—The first steam ferryboat service between New York and Brooklyn was installed.

1864—The advance column of General R. E. Lee's army seized the heights at Spotsylvania, driving off General Sheridan's Federal cavalry. Lee's army began trenching.

1902—Volcanic disasters in the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. The eruption of Mont Pelee destroyed 30,000 lives at St. Pierre.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. The first magnitude white star, Procyon, of constellation Canis Minor (the Lesser Dog), seen near the southern extremity of the Milky way about 9 p. m.

They Never Saw Rain.

The driest place in the world is that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travelers when told that water can fall from the sky.

UNIQUE DOUGH THIEVES.

They Sprung a Surprise on the Strangers in Central America.

More than one insect tribe has solved the problems of communal discipline and scientific efficiency as mankind has never been able to solve them. The following story in illustration of the workmanlike methods of the tropical ant is told by a cook employed by the construction corps of a Central American railway:

We made camp about thirty miles from the Caribbean sea and 100 miles from Guatemala. The first thing I did was to set a sponge, and before I went to bed I mixed it and set it to rise in four ten-gallon pans. At daybreak I was up, intending to work my dough into fifty loaves of bread for my family of 100. To my astonishment my pans were as empty and as bright as when they came from the shop. We thought that possibly the buzzards were the thieves, for they had swooped down on our kettles the night before and snatched large pieces of meat from the boiling liquor right under our noses. But how could buzzards come into the mess-room without our knowledge?

The next night I took every precaution, covered the pans, fastened the openings and moved the tables away from the outside walls, but in the morning the pans were empty and polished, as before. Outside the mess tent we found a flour dusted path that looked as if people had used it for weeks in going to and coming from a flour mill. We followed the path, and every few yards we found tiny scraps of dough. We walked a quarter of a mile, a half mile, three-quarters of a mile, when suddenly the path ended at a queer looking round black object that projected a few inches above the ground. Round it were creeping big ants—good big ones, at that. They were apparently keeping guard.

Still we had no idea what the object was. The men took picks and shovels and began to dig it out. A few more ants appeared, but not a great many. A moment later, however, when the round object rolled out on the ground, literally tens of thousands of ants came out with it. The nest was fully eighteen inches in diameter and riddled with holes as large as a lead pencil. One of the natives told us that if we burned the nest near the camp we should have no more trouble from ants or mosquitoes. For a long time the black mass smoldered, and we slept in peace.—Youth's Companion.

Scorned the Spectacles.

Here is an excerpt from the Gentleman's Magazine of 1732: "Nobody doubts but that the natural Guide given to Man by God is Reason; if this be duly attended to, we shall act agreeably to Order and good Sense, and do nothing odd or extravagant. Wherefore it may not be amiss to expose the Oddness of a Custom among the Portuguese of wearing Spectacles for no other End but an Affectation of Gravity; so that if a person had a mind to be respectable, he must not appear in any Assembly without a pair on his Nose. And this is even affected by young Persons and Ladies."

The Flow of Rivers.

The flow of rivers, as might be supposed, is the slowest at the bottom of the water and swiftest at the top. The average velocity of the entire stream is found, as a rule, at about six-tenths of the depth. The friction of the bottom which retards the movement of the deepest water is much greater, relatively to the whole volume of the stream, in a shallow river than in a deep one.

Nothing to Eat at Home.

"I'd invite you up to dinner, old man, but I know you're hungry, and you'd better stay downtown and go to a cafe where you can get something solid to eat."

"What's the matter—without a cook?"

"No, but somebody gave my wife a chafing dish a few weeks ago, and she hasn't got through experimenting with it yet." — Detroit Free Press.

Broken With Care.

Mistress—Now, Sarah, I want you to be careful about breaking this vase. It cost a great deal of money, and I should hate to have it carelessly broken the first thing.

Sarah (three days later)—There's your vase, ma'am, and I couldn't have broke it more carefully if I'd tried for a month.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Prosperity For One Is Prosperity For All

By HOLLAND.

If you are a farmer the value of your farm depends on the value of the adjoining farm, and the value of both depends on the value of property in the nearest village or town. Farms near prosperous towns are always more valuable than those near dead or dying settlements. And this is true without regard to the fertility of the soil.

The farmer depends on the town just as the town depends for prosperity on the farmer. Their destinies are interlinked; their interests are common. What hurts one hurts the other. Poor crops will affect the city resident who does not even raise radishes, and depressed business affairs affect the farmer who depends on soil, weather and muscle for his living.

Money sent to mail order houses helps to turn thriving towns into dead hamlets. It thereby depreciates the value of farm land. It decreases the population of the towns that most directly use the products of the farm. It lowers the price for butter and eggs, for chickens and for fruits and vegetables.

So, Mr. Farmer, if you deal with a mail order house in a distant city you are taking a course that takes from the value of your farm, that renders it less desirable as a place of residence and less productive of profit. You can't follow a system that injures your neighbors without being compelled to shoulder some of the expense yourself. Take the safer course and SPEND YOUR MONEY WHERE YOU MAKE IT.

L. C. Eastman has sued the S. F. C. & W. railway company for \$1770 for damages because a freight train ran into his motorcycle, at Falls City, not long since.

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