

Gems In Verse

ONE OF MORGAN'S MEN.
 GIRL of the yellow roses,
 In the glow of a bygone day,
 Dark were your eyes with dream-
 ing,
 Watful your smile alway,
 And I, your gay young lover,
 Had small change of wooing you then,
 For you were a girl of Kentucky
 And I one of Morgan's men.

I can see you yet as you waited
 'Neath the elm by the old yard gate,
 And your heart beat fast as my horse's
 hoofs.

For Young Love had found his mate,
 High were my hopes and my heart, dear,
 I laughed at your fondling then,
 And I left you, my Lady of Roses,
 To ride with Morgan's men.

Scurry of hoofs on the moonlit road,
 Flashing of swords in fight,
 Daredevil song 'midst the roar of guns,
 Daredevil charge through the night,
 Here with the twilight shadows,
 There when day broke again;
 Like the bolt of the fierce white lightning
 Was the rush of Morgan's men.

But the war was not for our winning,
 Girl of the days of yore,
 Outworn we were and outnumbered,
 Broken and bruised and sore,
 Yet from defeat you called me
 Back to your heart again
 And lifted your loyal lips to my kiss,
 Alas for Morgan's men!

Love, the breath of your roses
 Was never half so sweet
 As your smile when into the "way of
 peace"

You guided my weary feet,
 And that smile is still my sunshine,
 And the dreams you were dreaming then
 Have all come true for a fellow
 Who was one of Morgan's men.
 —Eleanor Duncan Wood.

FATE.

HERE is a rider—his name
 is Fate—
 He rides early, and he rides
 late,
 He rides for joy, and he
 rides for scorn,
 For courage and fear and hope for-
 lorn.

My men and I went on a raid,
 One of my men was sore afraid,
 He fell behind, the foe lurked
 near,
 Then Fate found him—he is not
 here.

One of my men delayed for this—
 To greet a maid with a soldier's
 kiss,
 The maid was false, but sweetly
 fair,
 Fate, attendant, found him there.

One of my men upheld a flag
 Torn and dusty, a woolly rag,
 Fate was there, and bustling and
 man,
 Grace the march of the foeman's
 van.

Shot and shell and the enemy's
 sword
 Poor, brave band of men adored,
 Forty, thirty, ten and three—
 Finally Fate left only me.

What am I that he sees me not?
 Waiting alone is the hardest lot,
 He, feet footed, comes so late!
 Long am I ready, Ha, there, Fate!
 —Alice Boise Wood.

OLD FAVORITES.

"HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE."

OME, listen all unto my song,
 It is no silly fable,
 'Tis all about the mighty cord
 They call the Atlantic cable.

Bold Cyrus Field he said, said he,
 "I have a pretty notion
 That I can run a telegraph
 Across the Atlantic ocean."

Then all the people laughed and said
 "They'd like to see him do it,
 He might get half seas over, but
 He never could go through it."

To carry out his foolish plan
 He never would be able,
 He might as well go hang himself
 With his Atlantic cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
 A fellow of decision,
 And heeded not their mocking words,
 Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
 And yet his mind was stable,
 He wasn't the man to break his heart
 Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried,
 "Three times—you know the fable—
 'Til make it thirty," muttered he,
 "But I will lay the cable."

Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah!
 What means this great commotion?
 The Lord be praised! The cable's laid
 Across the Atlantic ocean!

Loud ring the bells, for, flashing through
 His hundred leagues of water,
 Old Mother England's benison
 Salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
 And soon in every nation
 They'll hear about the cable with
 Profoundest admiration.

And may we honor evermore
 The manly, bold and stable
 And tell our sons, to make them brave,
 How Cyrus laid the cable.



SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PORTIS, D.D.

BEING A BEE.

Text: "And behold there was a swarm of bees."—Judg. xiv, 8.

The Mormons chose a beehive for their symbol, which choice is one of a number of wise and significant things our Mormon brother has done. However, I think the bee inclines to socialism. The beehive is a perfect equalitarian product of state socialism. But, most of all, bees illustrate the successful working of the republican principle. That beehive constitutes a republic—not a monarchy. The queen bee is simply a mother bee. All the population is the issue of a common mother, and any bee of the family may become a queen—that is to say, a mother bee—if it receives proper nourishment and becomes by popular election head of the little republic. The beehive would make a fine symbol for our suffragettes. That beehive is a city of 25,000 to 30,000 population. There you will find streets, but no pavements, for the residents walk along the walls. No windows, for each house has only a door. In this wonderful city each citizen obeys the laws, going or staying only when it is legal. The drone is the male bee, supported by the labor of the workers—the female bees. Not the workers of human society accumulating honey or money are to be dreaded. It is those who inherit—the drones, enemies of wealth, labor and society.

"A Human Little Fellow."

No other member of animal creation shows greater home love than the honeybee, no matter how humble or unloving his hive may be. The guards patrolling the front door at the end of the day show how keen is their sense of ownership rights, for which they will freely give their lives. Sometimes they "light out," take "French leave," for parts unknown, hear the "call of the wild," and they leave you and your glittering civilized hive for a hollow log in the forest. Wonder if it is the "back to nature" movement that we higher folks get now and then? We think of a bee as always mad, in a towering rage over something. Buzzing doesn't always mean anger. However, when a bee buzzes angrily or a woman scolds it is wiser to walk away. Usually the bee is the most pleasant, social and good natured little fellow you ever met. Yes, if you pinch him he will sting you. But I have had church members who would sting you before you would pinch them. After a rain, when they are idle, bees get cross and vicious. I've seen strikers in the coal region of my state in that condition. When a bee is

POETRY.

IT is the chime, the cadence heavenly sweet,
 Heard on the loftiest tablelands of thought—
 The melody of large minds when they meet,
 The vast perfections that their souls have sought.
 —Selected.

COMRADES.

HERE are the friends that I
 knew in my Maying,
 In the days of my youth, in
 the first of my roaming?
 We were dear; we were real,
 Oh, far we went straying!
 Now never a heart to my heart comes
 homing,
 Where is he now, the dark boy slender
 Who taught me bareback, stirrup and
 reins?
 I loved him, he loved me, my beautiful,
 tender
 Tamer of horses on grass grown plains.
 Oh, love that passes the love of woman!
 Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
 When the breath of life with a throb turns
 human
 And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart
 set?
 Ever, forever, lover and lover,
 They shall cling, nor each from other
 shall part
 Till the reign of the stars in the heavens
 be over
 And life is dust in each faithful heart.

stealing honey he stings—reminds us that "the thief goes armed." You can tell a robber bee by the cool and wicked way he stings you. When he approaches a hive he has a sly and guilty look. If another bee is coming out he quickly dodges back. Thus "conscience doth make cowards of us all." If he gets in, his outcoming is in a hurried, guilty manner, and he is almost always wiping his mouth, like a man coming out of a saloon.

Stinging—Honey Gathering.
 Bees cannot bite like dogs, kick like mules or hook like cattle, but to a person stung the first time he would rather be bitten, kicked and hooked altogether than get the full, keen and exquisite pain of an enraged or robber bee. The pain is harder to bear if you keep thinking about it. Indeed, any pain is. The hardest sting is injustice, and it becomes worse if you brood over it. Do not stand in front of a hive nor get in the way of workmen at a factory. They'll jolt you or swear at you. Perhaps stinging is a bee's way of swearing at you! As a pastor over many people the more I see some folks the more I think of some bees. The bee is all right if he is kept busy. In love and understanding he is sometimes slyly lacking. When smitten on one cheek he doesn't turn the other. He is hot headed and quick tempered. However, I know folks who are not only busy, but busybodies, and their sharp tongues sting on very slight provocation. On the other hand, near me is a cherry tree that has not borne fruit for years. Last year it bore. Reason—a neighbor had started a hive of bees; they carried the pollen needed to fructify and fertilize the blossoms. I've had church members who couldn't preach themselves, but they could carry the truth. How they enriched the Sunday dinner table and the prayer meeting! What suggestions they brought to the pastor and Sunday school superintendent from other fields!

Humble Bees—Unknown Service.
 If the humble bee died so would our clover. In Australia clover wouldn't grow till a human head brought a bee head and a clover head together. These humble bees go about doing a lot of good for the world they know nothing about. No one can tell the influence of any act of our daily toll. The bee toils a season—his whole life—for one-half teaspoonful of honey, which you eat at a single meal. Marvelous sacrifice! The honey of two or three flowers would suffice himself, but he visits 200 in an hour for treasure he will never taste. Ask him why, he knows no answer. Neither does the genius know why he works and dares and does for a good that is yet unborn. He lives by faith. Of the power that leads the worker on he knows not much more than the bee. He hears the voice, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." So he toils on by darkness or dawn, through heat and cold. From humblest mother to world's Redeemer, he who gives most gets least.

A Haughty Reply.
 A story about William Pitt I read or heard somewhere many years ago represented a noble mediocrity as assuring the great statesman with some condescension that he might fairly expect an earldom for his magnificent services.
 "I an earl!" was the haughty reply. "I make dukes."—St. James' Gazette.

HYPOCRISY IN LARGE PACKAGES

Stole Livery of Heaven to Serve Devil in.

HYPOCRITE IS EVERYWHERE.

Man Loves Gold and Hates to Be Imposed Upon by Counterfeits—Goods Shipped in Plain Packages—Many Local Merchants Deficient in Knowledge of Advertising.

[Copyrighted, 1914, by Thomas J. Sullivan.]
 The first hypocrite was the man who stole the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.
 Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined only to religion, but they are everywhere, people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming a culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold and pretending honest business roles which are far from the legitimate.

As a man loves gold, in that proportion he hates to be imposed upon by counterfeits, and in proportion as a man has regard for that which is above price and better than gold he abhors that hypocrisy which is but its counterfeit.
 Lying before the writer is the acme of hypocrisy. It is a catalogue of one of those mail order houses, and on one page three sewing machines are advertised. The first is declared to be the "most perfect sewing machine on the market," the second is said to have "more good sensible ideas than any other," while the third is praised as being "the most superior sewing machine on the market."
 Now, which of these machines really is the best? Which of them is as good as the one your retailer sells and guarantees? Can any reader of the above triumvirate of ads tell? Most assuredly not.

The lesson should be plain to all who receive these catalogues. They contain glowing descriptions of goods, but the senders of money do not know what they are going to get for their money when they send it to a mail order house.

Goods in Plain Packages.
 Were it not so serious it would be amusing to read some of the smooth arguments the catalogue houses advance to their readers in an effort to induce them to send in orders. They say that goods are sent in plain packages because many merchants who buy of them to sell again object to having their name appear on the boxes. We know we are safe in saying there is not one single merchant in the whole United States who ever ordered any goods from these concerns. The statement is made in an effort to make the consumer believe that he can buy as cheaply as his local merchant can.

But printed matter that will sell goods is within the power of almost any local retailer. Most all the expert advice is little more than empty generalizing about nonessentials. It is not literature, remember, but advertising, that you want to write. Knowledge of words and type and the ability to write fine introductory paragraphs and striking headings are not to be despised, of course, but the facts, not fancy ways of saying them, are what induce the people to spend their money in the local stores.

Personality Brings Trade.
 The nearer the local merchant can come to making his advertising sound like his talk the more effective it will be. Personality is what brings and holds trade; personality secures to your competitor trade likewise difficult to wean away from him.
 The modern retail merchant must make sure that his displays in his windows and in the store itself are such as will interest women. A general variety ought to be shown, with prices clearly indicated in plain figures. Make inspection easy and then let shoppers inspect undisturbed, for in this manner many new wants will be developed in the minds of the shoppers. The merchant or salesman who stands over a shopper and attempts to press a sale invariably annoys the customer and hastens his or her departure.
 The merchant who has not advanced with the times must come to a full realization at once that many changes are

necessary before he can hope to compete resultfully with retail mail order houses, and the first and principal change is the manner in which his stock is displayed, and in the process of this arrangement he must take into consideration the fact that men have almost completely ceased to figure in the day to day purchases of household necessaries.

What He Would Keep.
 When the late Francois Coppee was elected to the academy he told his friend, Theodore de Banville, that he wished he were in too. Banville declined to canvass.
 "Suppose your nomination were brought to you one fine morning on a silver salver."
 "I don't know what I should do with the nomination," said Banville, "but I should certainly keep the salver."

Jim's Response.
 Because of her own good looks, Mrs. Hatch felt she married beneath her when she "took up" with one eyed Jim. For six months she was faithful to her vow never to twit her husband about his deformity. Then one day her sharp tongue got the better of her.
 Jim listened quietly to his wife's estimate of himself, physical and otherwise. "Ellen," he spoke at last, in his calm voice, "you're my wife now, but if I'd had two eyes, I'd 'a' looked fuder."—Judge.

ABOVE THE LAW.

Courts Have No Jurisdiction Over a Foreign Ambassador.

The chief of an embassy is an august being and one who boasts some remarkable privileges. It may be mentioned, to begin with, that in the land in which he is officiating an ambassador ranks immediately after princes of the blood royal.

The ground on which an embassy stands is in theory as well as in practice the territory of the nation to which its principal occupant belongs. Even if a criminal were harbored in an embassy the police could not enter the premises without permission.

An ambassador is above the law of the country to which he is accredited. The courts have no jurisdiction over him, and, strangely enough, his subordinates and even his domestic servants are also inviolate. The humblest employe in the embassy if he committed a punishable offense could not be arrested without the consent of his master, nor can an embassy official be imprisoned for debt.

Ambassadors are to be envied most of all perhaps for their freedom from the burden of taxation. They disburse not one penny in taxes, either directly or indirectly, and, as for the custom house, it is nonexistent so far as they are concerned. No duty whatever is charged in respect of wines, cigars, cigarettes, etc., that are consigned to them.

So their excellencies need not bother about taxes unless they please. That they do so is purely an act of grace on their part. They are not legally exempt from these tantalizing demands on the purse, but if they declined to meet them there would be no means of enforcing payment.—Casell's Journal.

Cromwell's Appearance.

Sir Philip Warwick left this picture of Oliver Cromwell: "The first time that ever I took notice of him was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband."

Mozart and Bretzner.

When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music of Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From the Seraglio") at the request of Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipziger Zeitung: "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedures. (Signed) Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, Author of 'Rausch-chen.'"

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All Goods and Prices Are Right

AT
Falls City Lumber Co.
STORE

Spend Your Money Where You Make It

By HOLLAND.
MONEY that is kept in the community helps every one in that community. It is a part of the common fund on which any one with anything to sell—merchandise, labor, farm products—can draw. Money that is sent away from home is withdrawn from this common fund. It helps to impoverish the entire community. Send all the money away and all the people in the community would be "broke."
 The dollar that you spend with the local merchant will continue to circulate in the neighborhood, paying lawyer, doctor, blacksmith, carpenter, teacher. Ultimately it may return to you to be again started on its journey of purchase and payment. The dollar sent to the mail order house goes to swell the bank account of a concern in Chicago or New York. It is lost to your community forever. Your neighbor can't get it, and you will never see it again.
 Can't you see that self interest tells you to do your buying at home? Can't you see that it is the part of wisdom to spend your dollar where you are likely to get it again?
 The advertisements in this paper will aid you in deciding where to make your purchases. Only the more reliable merchants can afford to advertise continuously, and only the better grade of goods can stand such publicity.