

# Bohemia Nugget

LEE W. HENRY, Editor and Prop'r.  
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

A good epitaph is all right in its place, but it comes so late.

A man likes to hear a woman say she has never been kissed, even if he doesn't believe it.

Clothes may make the man, but the boy who puts on his first top hat thinks they help a lot.

Why not prohibit shooting deer, and thereby save the lives of many hunters who are mistaken for them?

Another express flyer has gone into the ditch. But what of it? We must keep hunting, no matter what chances we take.

St. Louis will make a tremendous hit if it can secure the attendance of the shikoon of Swat also at the world's fair in 1904.

Another woman has been poisoned by eating candy sent to her through the mail. Evidently she did not read the newspapers.

John L. Sullivan says this is a thankless world. Still, there are foolish people who would be willing to take \$1,000,000 and call it quite generous.

A scientific person who has been investigating the phenomena of sleep reaches the conclusion that many people go through life without ever having been really wide awake.

The courts have decided that a one-legged man may, by the use of proper appliances, be almost as good as new. Perhaps the judge was having romantic twinges at the time the decision was handed down.

A profier into startling facts makes the astonishing statement that it costs as much yearly to keep a dog as it does to keep sixty hens, and thirty hens will lay 6,000 eggs while a dog will not lay any. Go to the head.

An excited Halifax paper has information of a plot on the part of Uncle Sam to annex Canada, and calls for an army of 500,000 to repel the Yankee invader. If you doubt this you can go to Halifax—and ask the editor.

A woman is advertising in papers "for a home in a family where there are no children, no washing and good wages." She should explain whether she will be satisfied with brasses carpet in her room or whether she prefers oriental rugs.

South American republics should not forget that there are two sides to the Monroe doctrine. It affords protection and at the same time imposes obligations. Because our policy saves those countries from the fear of acquisition by European monarchies, it does not release them from the obligations of courtesy and good behavior toward the other nations of the world.

One of the things in this changing world that ought to be preserved inviolate against the touch of innovation is apple pie. Properly constructed, with an ingenious regard for hygiene and for pleasing taste, an apple pie is the very apotheosis of cookery, and no trace of modern degeneracy is more manifestly apparent than the great scarcity of the sort of intelligence and discrimination necessary to the production of apple pie, pure and undiluted, and divested of all adjuncts and superfluities which vitiate the palate and impair the digestion.

The work on the New York subway was lately brought to a standstill at one point by a doll's five-cent hat. All was ready for an extensive blast. People in the vicinity were seeing at the sight of an Italian waving a piece of red cloth fastened to a stick. The workman in the trench waited for the signal to send off the blast. But the signal did not come. Something had happened. A three-cent-old girl was being dragged to a place of safety by two poorly dressed women, when the green-freighted hat of her pitiful doll fell into the street. The Italian dropped his flag as he heard the child scream with grief and saw the catastrophe. He seized the hat, rushed across the street, gave it to the mother, and in a moment the flag waved and the arrested work went on.

It is odd how we overlook the children at times. New York has just opened a babies' hospital. It is the first hospital in the world for the exclusive treatment of infants. The need of it has existed for years. Of course most mothers believe that the place for baby, sick or well, is at home. That isn't true in a great many homes in cities. Thousands of people are crowded into quarters where disease is invited by conditions and babies do not stand much of a chance. Hospital treatment would postpone many funerals that are caused as much by impure air, lack of proper treatment and crowding, as by disease. In New York for every 100 filled coffins twenty-six contain babies under one year old, and 30 per cent of the deaths occur among children under two years old. There are 10,000 beds in the New York hospitals, and only twenty-one of them were devoted to babies. That is why the babies' hospital was organized and constructed. It is expected to cut down the death rate.

A man that has taken reasonable care of himself ought not to be old at fifty. But at fifty David Loeb of New York felt that he had lived too long, and so committed suicide. Loeb was not poor. He retired from business two years ago, and had since seemed dependent because he had nothing to do. He was a bachelor. If Loeb had married he would have had his wife and children to love and think of instead of being obliged to concentrate his thoughts upon his bored self. It keeps the heart young to be interested in the welfare of others. Or if when he was in active business he had had the sense not to let it absorb him to the

exclusion of everything else he would have remained young and able to enjoy life. No man that desires to avoid a miserable old age will permit the work habit to enslave him. He will read books, go about among people, form friendships, cultivate his tastes, ride a hobby—do anything rather than narrow himself down to a money-making routine that is sure to harden the feelings and atrophy the mind, and so make a walking mummy of him. Any one that starts with a good constitution and a decent outfit of brains should not be exhausted at fifty. If he finds himself world-weary and fatigued with life at that age he has only himself to blame. And he can freshen his spirits and revive his energies by searching out ways to do a little good. Loeb, if he had become the friend and helper of children, or had made it his business to be a special providence to some poor family in his neighborhood, would not have been troubled with the despondency that led him to the disgraceful crime of suicide.

Cynics have declared that tombstones are the greatest liars in the world. This is only another way of saying that the ancient maxim "Tell nothing save good of the dead" is respected everywhere. Humanity agrees that anger, malice and hatred should stop at the grave. Hence the grave-stone recites only the virtues of him who sleeps beneath it and says nothing of his failings and weaknesses. It must be admitted, however, that in some cases charity is heavily drawn upon in the effort to find virtues to ascribe to the deceased, and it is this consideration, undoubtedly, which has influenced the elegiacs of Hamilton, Ohio, to declare by a unanimous vote that they will no longer preach funeral sermons save in cases where they can conscientiously ascribe to the dead merits warranting eulogy. They decline any longer to compete with the tombstones in indiscriminate praise of people simply because those people are dead. There is something to be said for this attitude of the clergyman. A philosopher once put the case thus: A dead rascal is no more admirable than a live rascal save that he is incapable of further rascality. Why, therefore, Ohio, to declare by a unanimous vote that they will no longer preach funeral sermons save in cases where they can conscientiously ascribe to the dead merits warranting eulogy. They decline any longer to compete with the tombstones in indiscriminate praise of people simply because those people are dead. There is something to be said for this attitude of the clergyman. A philosopher once put the case thus: A dead rascal is no more admirable than a live rascal save that he is incapable of further rascality. Why, therefore,

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# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### The Rush for New Land.

ANY one seeking to understand the movement of settlers into the Canadian Northwest from the United States has only to look at the conditions in Illinois and the other Cornbelt states where the Mississippi carved out of the fertile lands a very large proportion of the farms are cultivated by men who do not own them, while the real owners, who are either descendants of the original settlers or men grown wealthy in trade, banking or other pursuits not directly connected with the soil, reside in the cities and towns that dot the region. With wealthy men everywhere seeking profitable investments for their idle thousands the price of the fat corn lands of the West is prohibitive so far as the farm tenant is concerned. If he pays a cash rent of \$5 an acre, which he does in many instances, he is gambling heavily on the beneficence of the seasons that make up the year. When he can go to the Canadian Northwest and get cheap land in a country of wheat and cattle the temptation to be his own landlord is likely to be irresistible if he is of an enterprising disposition.

There are many farmers, also, who have small holdings in the Middle Western States and who are tempted to sell by the high prices which such lands now command. To take their money and go to the new regions of Canada, where one acre of Illinois land will buy 200 acres of equally fertile soil, seems to them a highly sensible action. The descendants of those pioneers who "tamed the wilderness" have lost none of the enterprise which was their chief heritage from their fathers.

While the United States dislikes to lose these enterprising men of its own blood, it cannot think that they will cross the border with any desire to be false to the new flag which protects them. On their own fertile acre they should be loyal Canadians as they have been loyal Americans.—Chicago Daily News.

### Revenge Costs Too Much.

IN politics, business and in society generally the man who spends his time trying to get revenge is a fool. Even when he gains his revenge he loses something more valuable. Revenge may be sweet, but it costs too much. It was the wise maxim of an ancient sage that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. Most enmities spring from misunderstandings, and it happens often that bitter foes, when they come to know each other, become the best of friends. One's enemy is seldom as black as he is painted, and as none of us is perfect all of us ought to be charitable. It is better to win one's enemies by kindness than to intensify their enmity by doing them harm.

Only a coward will refrain from doing right for fear of making enemies, but only a fool will make enemies for the gratification of his own petty passions. Every man relies in some measure on his friends. We cannot live or prosper except by the good will of our neighbors. Shrewd men, knowing this, never miss an opportunity of making friends, and they endeavor to conciliate, rather than antagonize, their enemies.

Every positive man, and especially every man that does his duty, will have some enemies. That cannot be helped. Human nature is inhuman and human interests are so conflicting that one cannot be everybody's friend and remain an honest man. But one can exercise some worldly prudence and endeavor to multiply friends rather than enemies.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Don't Worry.

ONE of the most curious phenomena of human life is the way in which troubles and misfortunes exhaust themselves and vanish into nothing. Something may occur or may threaten to occur which will worry a man exceedingly. His spirits will sink, his appetite will leave, sleep will quit his bed, and he will go about mooping, dejected and thoroughly unhappy. In company

### WHEN SUMMER DIES.

Glories of a Summer Day Down on the Old Farm.

Let's go back to the old farm for a day just to catch a glimpse of fading Indian summer and the waning time of year. It is a lovely month. Old Mother Nature is sleepy. She sits with hands folded and waits for the white mantle and the long rest. The country is beautiful in spring and gorgeous as the summer wanes and every valley becomes an art gallery.

In the early morning we leave the old farmhouse, snuff the crisp, keen air and start out on a tramp. There is no smoke, no rumble of trucks and jar of trolley cars. Miles away a bound on the trail is baying, and the sound is wafted over hills and meadows clear as a bell, and it arouses the wildness in our breast and takes us back many years.

Let's walk, let's cover miles and get just as far from trouble and worry and business as we can. Why, this is the abode of peace. It doesn't seem possible that strife and passion and wrong can exist so close to the earth's bosom.

We pass through the old orchard, gather late apples that, somehow, have a flavor that is lost when the fruit leaves the orchard; follow the crooked path that winds like a great serpent across the pasture, labor across the new plowed fields and find the smell of fresh earth grateful. Here's the brook. We fished there once with bent pins. There was only warm sunshine in those days—sunshine and butterflies. How good life was when we were young! And there is the woods, no longer gloomy and mysterious, but gorgeous with all the glow of the peacock, painted by frost and sun, every tree a rainbow, every bush a bouquet. Isn't it strange that nature makes death so attractive?

Listen. Do you hear the music? Children are laughing. There is a harmony more tuneful than anything that man has ever written. It is so sweet that even the phonograph is called to reproduce it, and it never rings clearer than down on the old farm when there is a nutting expedition on.

Take us back about 40 years—doesn't it—back to the time of stone bruises and battered fingers and red cheeks and healthy appetites and a thousand things that fade away when we are no longer young. We used to be in just such a party, and the dog looks just like the stump-tailed dog we had. Why it must be—Come here, Sport, come here, good dog.

It is useless! That was 40 years ago. Time doesn't turn backward, even for old men who have made fame in the business world. We can watch the happy children, breathe the sweet air of the country once in a while, gaze at the show, and memory must fill the gaps and do the rest.

We've seen the bags filled with nuts, the dog chase imaginary game into a

he will be sad, however gay the others. He will carry about with him that dull pain in the breast which is the symptom of worry and proves it really a bodily as well as a mental ailment.

For a few days this state of mind will last. Then, gradually, the clouds will clear away and the mind will have peace again. Nothing may have happened exteriorly to produce this pleasant effect. The facts which gave rise to the worry may be just as they were before. The change has taken place within the mind, and the cause of it lies not in any outside event, but in the interior of the mind itself.

Worry and grief consume energy and soon exhaust the mind and body. With exhaustion comes quiescence, which is the beginning of ease. Reaction sets in, and the spirits, like water, soon regain their proper level. \* \* \* Worry cannot alter a fact. It is, therefore, a foolish waste of energy. The man who worries is as silly as a man who starts upon a journey with an awkward state of facts by worrying only more than he could overtake an express train by running; and after worrying a while he finds himself in the same case with the man that has chased the train, baffled and clean forsaken. He has had his trouble for nothing.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Crime Is Decreasing.

THE average man, if asked for his opinion on the subject probably would say that crime is increasing. Matt Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton detective agency, and one of the most expert and experienced criminal catchers in the country, takes the opposite view. He grants that carefully prepared statistics of crime tend to sustain the popular impression; but, he says, these statistics and the circumstances on which the popular belief are based are both deceptive.

The principal cause of the common opinion that lawlessness is growing is undoubtedly the wide publicity now given to crimes by the newspapers. Every murder, embezzlement or highway robbery which happens in any part of the country is telegraphed within a few hours, not only as formerly, to the newspapers of the immediate vicinity where the crime was committed, but to those of the entire country. The morning paper presents a complete panorama of the criminal, as well as the business, political and social events of the preceding twenty-four hours—not of any particular section of one country, but of the world. The average reader makes the mistake of failing to consider that the crimes he reads of now are those of the civilized globe, while those he read of a few decades ago were mainly those of his immediate neighborhood.—Kansas City Journal.

### English Words Good Enough.

WHY should the operator of an automobile be called in England or America by the French word "chauffeur," instead of by the good old Anglo-Saxon word "driver," which the English apply to their locomotive and other engineers? For no reason in the world, except that sort of intellectual dandyism which causes some to say that they "transpire" a thing instead of that they "carry" it; that they "purchased" what in reality they just "bought"; that an author's or a painter's best work is his "chef-d'oeuvre," instead of his "masterpiece"; and that causes many literary faddlings and most scientific and philosophical writers to clothe their thoughts in long, sonorous words—not infrequently invented by themselves—which nobody but a pedantic professor of rhetoric can understand or be excused for using.

"The bane of philosophy," says Walter Bagehot, "is pomposity." And mental and verbal dandyism is the bane of the talking and writing of too many men who have got sufficient education to despise the simplicity of those less learned than themselves, but not enough culture to appreciate the beauty and power of simple, clear English, nor to see how it is emasculated when words from other tongues are mixed with it.—Kansas City Journal.

### TABLE CRICKET AS PINGPONG'S RIVAL IN LONDON



Pingpong is to be matched by table cricket, which is expected to soon have as many devotees as the other young game. A demonstration was given at a public hall in London recently and the thing pronounced a success.

The bat is a diminutive affair, as are also the wickets. The chief feature of the game, however, is the "bowler," which is an ingenious arrangement of springs which pitches the ball at the wicket in a most baffling way. After a little practice even a novice at the game makes a first-class bowler. The real skill is demanded on the part of the batsman. He has a small bat, about an inch and a half long, with which he must guard his wicket. The field is arranged with pockets for catching out the batter, and the whole plan is arranged to conform closely to cricket.

The game has already become popular in London, and is likely to spread to America. It is thought its predicted success here may increase the interest of society people in real cricket itself.

brush heap; we've eaten lunch in the woods and drunk from a spring and our hearts are filled with the glory of it all. We have been closer to the power that rules the world and makes the seasons, and we are glad that it has been given to us to live out another October day.—Cincinnati Post.

### Dining at Yale Men Board.

About nine hundred men board at the University dining hall, or "Commons," as it is known outside of the official catalogue; and they have their cushtons, drop a platter or dish upon the mosaic floor, and a prolonged cheer will go up from every man in the room. Without any feasible provocation, one man can start a din by tapping with his knife upon a plate or pitcher, and his small part will then be overwhelmed, for hundreds will join in the unharmonious clatter. After a successful football or baseball game the variety of "stunts" is wide. The score is rhythmically counted and a Yale cheer is appended; all the adapted songs of the day are sung and then resung. And

### NEGROES GROW RICH FAST.

Many of those living in the Creek Nation are well-to-do.

It is not to the south that the richest negroes are found, although many in that region have amassed a goodly store of property since the war. Doubtless the wealthiest community of colored people in the world is found among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory. There are about 7,000 of them, and they are worth on an average \$3,000 each. The wealth of the more industrious finds its way to the owners of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of land each.

These negroes are the descendants of slaves of the Creek tribe of Indians and are known as Creek negroes. They are entitled to a share in the division of Creek Indian lands, also a part of the trust funds. Together the 7,000 negroes own 22,000,000 acres of land. And yet their education is far from complete. Their social environments are crude in the extreme and progress goes slowly amid their huts and fields.

Unlike the other Indians of the rich five civilized tribes, the Creeks insisted upon freeing their slaves to give them an equal share in their lands and money. At that time there were few slaves, but the number grew through descendants, until now fully 7,000 have laid successful claim to a "head right" on the Creek rolls of citizenship. They have their own representatives in the Creek Indian Legislature, their own schools and their own churches. Everything bids fair to make them the model community of negroes in the United States when Indian territory is recovering from the tangled wilderness of reconstruction, its laws made uniform and itself a state of the Union.

There is little culture among the Creek negroes. They have a social set all their own, to which not even the Indians are invited. Their characteristics are in a great measure different from the negro of the South or the North. It is a mixture of both, with additional peculiarities. Like the Indians, these negroes have their dances in the open, which have come to be a sort of religion with them. And, following in the footsteps of the Southern Negro, they have barbecues, "possum hunts and the like. As a Northern type of the negro they are more industrious and independent of the whites, know how to work hard and save their money, and, like the type from the city, are well dressed—gaily, but at the same time wearing expensive clothes.

These 7,000 Creek negroes live in a tract of rich land called the Canadian River bottoms, and Okmulgee in their town and trading point. Okmulgee is the capital of the Creek Indian nation, and has been for years a negro town. Recently, however, white people flocked in and have taken possession. The negroes are starting their own towns along the branch of the Frisco Railroad.

Notwithstanding that many of these Creek negroes are industrious, there are some among them who rent out their estates and lounge in idleness about the railway stations. It is a common sight to see a 500-acre tract of rich land in the Canadian bottoms being tilled by a white man. Invariably, upon inquiry as to his landlord, he will refer to the negro owner in no complimentary terms. Meanwhile one will find the owner shooting craps or enjoying himself eating turkey and "possum in a neighboring village.

When the Creeks freed their negroes in 1834 the two fraternized for a time, and even intermarried, but that has all passed now. In accordance with the terms granting their freedom, the Creek negroes are allowed a voice in the tribal government, and so they have their own members in the Council, have their own schools and all that; but the Creek Indian feels above the Creek negro and refuses to associate with him.

### VICTIM OF WOMAN'S WHIMS.

The Fate of a Hungry Composer on a Fashion Paper.

He was a tramp compositor down on his luck and he had not had a square meal for a fortnight.

In desperation he applied for work on a fashion magazine and was taken on as a "sub." The copy with which he was furnished read something like this:

"Terrapin green with garnitures of lemon white lace and champagne colored velvet constituted the lovely gown on our cover page.

"Brown braid is a fashionable color in crapes and harmonizes well with butter colored lace.

"A gown of tomato red was delightfully contrasted with lettuce green velvet and oyster white applique.

"Vegetable silk braid is one of the new trimmings.

"A charming breakfast gown is shown in beet red cashmere.

"Egg blue and melon green are delightful new tints.

"Claret silk makes a charming waist.

"All shades of brown are popular, including chocolate, butternut, chestnut and hazel and the biscuit shades are also prominent.

"A coffee colored dinner gown had sleeves of cream mousseline in soufflé style.

"Prune color promises to have a great run.

"Apricot, orange and banana are the newest shades of yellow.

"Almond white galkoon appears on a wine colored broadcloth gown, and motifs of pistache velvet were introduced for contrast. Crushed strawbery has given way to the grape shades, and mulberry to bou-bou pink.

"Tobacco is one of the most becoming shades of brown."

His fellow printers noticed that he acted strangely and gazed at times, but before they became aware of the seriousness of the case he fell to the floor and expired. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Acute dyspepsia, superinduced by overeating."—New York Sun.

### Enforced Athletics.

"Joe is a great walker."

"Indeed? How long has he been walking?"

"Lemme see. I believe the twins are 5 months old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The female bookkeeper is entitled to the title of countess.

# SERMONS OF THE WEEK

The World's Life.—Christ is the world's life.—Rev. F. K. Taylor, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

True Means.—The religious element is the true means of settling disputes.—Archbishop Ryan, Roman Catholic, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Nation.—The nation will always be just as good and as safe as the individuals composing it.—Rev. P. Barr, New Bedford, Mass.

As the Master bids.—If one love God as the Master bids he can grasp every hand offered in the same love.—Rev. Dr. Byrd, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Downward.—The man who continues downward only accelerates his own movement, and return becomes more and more difficult.—Rev. J. C. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Outward Vision.—The kind of life one leads even leaves its marks upon the outward visage. The body we wear is self's externalization.—Rev. R. M. Black, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deathless Hope.—Christ emancipated the soul from the thralldom of self and sin, and supplied us with energy for victory by girding us with the might of deathless hope.—Rev. J. D. Freeman, Baptist, Toronto, Canada.

Good of Humanity.—It is good to feel the heart beat stronger in anticipation of some object when that object embraces not alone our little selves but the great good of humanity.—Rev. Dr. Blaise, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

Church Stronger.—The church is stronger today than ever before, and what gives the church its present power is the fact that it has proved to be the greatest agency under God for the elevation of the race.—Rev. C. J. Hall, Denver, Colo.

Fundamental Thing.—If the spirit of honor and righteousness is not present among men we cannot expect the laws to work well, for the fundamental thing is the kind of men behind the laws.—Rev. F. Phalen, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

For Eternity.—It is well to live for today, but he who lives his best for today lives also for eternity. Heredity is a fact that reaches further than we think. A Christian father sends his religion down to generations.—Rev. Dr. Burrell, New York.

In the Best Sense.—A man may be great in many senses, but he cannot be great in the best sense unless he recognizes somewhat of the divine in his own life and regards himself as being led by the Almighty.—Rev. Dr. Wrigley, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Good Thing.—It is a good thing for both capital and labor that the whole country is a little chilly. Consciousness is being stirred, new laws will be enacted, both capital and labor will see their mutual relations more clearly.—Rev. Dr. McCollister, Detroit, Mich.

Close Up Her Rank.—If the church of Jesus Christ ever does the work which her divine Lord has asked her to do, she must close up her ranks. A church divided into sects and denominations is not the church which he organized.—Rev. Dr. Harlan, Omaha, Neb.

Christian Life.—What men need to make them Christians is not to be better convinced of Christian truth, but to fall in love with Christian life. The world is not reading the Bible much; it is reading the lives of those who profess to believe it.—Rev. P. Finch, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

The Future.—The future has never saved any man. If he is saved at all, it was in the present—now. We have no lease on the future; no. It is dangerous to trust the soul's salvation to the deceptive future. To-day the Savior calls; not to-morrow or some time in the future, but now.—Rev. J. F. Blair, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Material Good.—Make it your first business to be right, to do right, to live according to all the commandments of God, and the question of material good will settle itself naturally. The laws of God have to do with the body, as well as with the soul, and make work as truly a religious duty as prayer.—Rev. Dr. Raymond, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Larger Scope.—The church of the future has a larger scope and a larger mission than the church of the past. Christianity is becoming more intense and more practical. At this time, when the commercial spirit is leading with such sway, it will require the assistance of conscientious, consecrated manhood to counteract this spirit.—Rev. P. T. McWhirter, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

A False Impression.—It is a false impression that God hates a sinner and that his son gave up his life to make him love them. The opposite of this is true. Every sectarian god is cold and distant. The Bible holds up a God of genuine love and kindness. "He so loved the world that he gave up his only begotten Son."—Rev. Dr. Crawford, Methodist, Akron, Ohio.

Separate and Distinct.—The state has nothing to do with the church, and the church has nothing to do with the state. They are separate and distinct. And yet the state is doing the work of the church by appropriating money to support the poor members of the church. The state has to do this because the church will not do it. Shame on the church!—Rev. A. H. Holderly, Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.

We were recently compelled to quit a book in the middle of it, and have been wondering ever since how it came out. Three women, all good and handsome, loved the same man. Two men, both rich and handsome, loved the same woman, and one woman, lovely character, didn't love her husband, but did love another man who was very fond of his wife. Now, how did they straighten it out?

There is nothing dogmatic about the photographer. He is willing to exchange views.