



The Two Extremes.—You can make your life a low-down, mercenary thing, or you can make it a glorious achievement.—Rev. Frederick Danker, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Mighty Gospel.—Theodore Roosevelt lives to-day in the heart of the American people, and a mighty gospel is springing from his daily life.—Rev. J. S. Montgomery, Episcopalian, Denver, Col.

The Mind.—Find out the central characteristics of a child and you have the central characteristics of a healthy mind. Find a healthy mind and its religion will be optimistic.—Rev. H. R. Rose, Episcopalian, Newark, N. J.

Joy and Rest.—Religion has been as light and joy and rest and peace, it has been and it is now, though unseen, the conservative, the preservative power in this republic.—Rev. William Wilkinson, Episcopalian, St. Paul, Minn.

Non-Belief.—Heaven has sympathy for the earnest non-believer. But to sneer at religious belief, to battle against it, to make all possible effort to destroy it, there is where the religious offense is unpardonable.—Rabbi Tannenhaus, Hebrew, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Real Americans.—We are all the children of immigrants; we are all intruders on this continent. The only Americans are not now citizens, but live on pensions. We have stolen everything they had that was in sight.—Rev. M. W. Stryker, Methodist, Clinton, N. Y.

The Love of God.—To the first disciples the gospel was a love story—the love of God for man; and until we get back to their point of view we must not be content with a stunted Christianity, a maimed religion.—Rev. W. R. Huntington, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Enemy of the Church.—The church seems to be afraid to attack certain forms of sin in the world. The liquor traffic is to-day one of the devil's greatest agencies arrayed against the kingdom of God. It is the enemy of the church.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Between Two Masters.—The honest laboring man is in a dilemma; he is trying to serve two masters. He wants to obey the laws of the land and at the same time serve the union labor dictatorship. No union dare usurp the union of States.—Rev. T. S. Hornblaser, Lutheran, Chicago, Ill.

Motive.—No man can buy character, but a Christ motive can redeem any transaction and make even the giving of a cup of cold water an act of Christian development. In the realm of motive no one can judge but God. It would be uncharitable in the church to suspect or judge the motives of those who contribute to its purposes.—Rev. W. W. Landrum, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Profit.—Men everywhere are affected by the consideration of profit, and alas! too many there are who seek it in these times of the accumulation of great material wealth; but there are others who are following God's call to duty and find that "Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.—Rev. J. A. Henry, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Work and Duty.—It is not enough for a Christian to study the Bible in order to know God's will. Any Christian who loves Jesus Christ will do all in his power to fulfill His great command. The more we know of people the more we will love them. We must seek to know the conditions of these multitudes to whom we are charged to bring the blessed tidings.—Rev. J. W. Currens, Presbyterian, Colorado Springs, Col.

WOMEN IN NEW EMPLOYMENT.

Hired to Run Elevators in Buildings Devoted to Female Interests.

Women always seem to be able to establish some kind of new work. Now Boston has in several buildings devoted to women's interests, or patronized by women, girls employed to run the elevators. The idea was introduced by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and the Young Women's Christian Association soon followed.

"Except for one janitor," said the superintendent of the latter institution, "we are all women around here, and to have two or three boys about to run the elevator was an unmitigated nuisance. So we discharged the boys and hired the girls. Since then we have been much more comfortable." The New England Hospital for Women in Roxbury has also introduced elevator girls, and some of the millinery and women's furnishing goods stores in Boston are taking up the idea.

The girls are all doing the work to the complete satisfaction of their employers and have at the same time suggested a solution for the perplexing question of what to do with a girl who has to earn money at an early age. She can run an elevator until she is old enough or has acquired the necessary training for something better. Formerly she might have been a cash girl, but now various mechanical devices are taking the place of the cash girl and leaving her without employment. Several of the girls employed as elevator girls in the buildings just mentioned are studying for better positions, and one is glad to earn \$3 a week while her eyes are recovering from the strain of her high school course.

To run an elevator is not difficult work, but requires careful attention to business. For this reason, according to the testimony of their employers, girls can do it better than boys. They are more conscientious and trustworthy. The girls seem to enjoy the work, and though the hours are long the work is not tiring. At the Young Women's Christian Association the elevator girl goes on duty at 7 o'clock and works till 12. Then she has two hours' rest. In the afternoon she works from 2 o'clock until 5, when she has an intermission of half an hour, resuming work at 5:30 o'clock and continuing till 7.

Not Always Orange Blossoms.

Only in England, France and America is the orange blossom the bridal flower. When the German fraulein becomes a frau her head is garlanded with myrtle, except in certain sections, where gaudy wreaths of artificial flowers replace the natural blooms and are treasured from generation to generation. In Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland white roses are dedicated to the brides as well as the dead, but in Spain red roses and pinks lend an additional touch of color to the bridal dress of black and yellow. Greek brides are garlanded, appropriately enough, with vine leaves, and in Bohemia rosemary is supposed to bring luck to the bride who wears it. In most of the countries of Europe, however, the bridal wreath is considered as essential as the veil and pretty sentiment clusters about the faded wreath that is laid away, whether the wreath be of orange blossoms or laurel.

Heard at the Summer Resort.

"Maw, is Mr. Gouger the man what keeps our hotel?"
"Yes, dear."
"An' they call him proprietor, don't they maw?"
"Yes, my child."
"Why do they call him a proprietor, maw?"
"Out of politeness, my son. To call him a highwayman would not sound nice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A pup looks so mild and innocent that we hope it will turn out better than others of its kind; but it always turns out a dog.

The prudent man opens his eyes and shuts his mouth.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen was as loving and simple as a child, and as sensitive. The first part of his life was embittered by the fact that his native country had failed to recognize him. "How strange," he wrote, "that all my books are flying over the world and that at home I am so little appreciated. There I am still only a poor schoolboy always in the lowest form. If I am wronged, Denmark, it is thy shame. Still, let me forgive as I wish to be forgiven."

He was not, at the start, personally popular among his countrymen. He was too fond of talking about himself and the honors and compliments he had received. His outspoken pleasure in his own pursuits came from the most candid and ingenuous interest; but it irritated people. Perhaps they wished to talk about themselves.

Yet in time the great men of Copenhagen came to take him at the valuation given him all over Europe. He was a privileged friend of the king, and was finally accepted as a great institution. His vanity—or what seemed to be vanity—was but skin-deep, and his true modesty comes out in a reflection like this, taken from one of his letters:

"When people hear that I am Danish, they speak about Thorwaldsen, Oehlenschlaeger, Oersted; and when I say, sadly, 'They are dead,' the reply is, 'Andersen is still living.' I feel so small, and almost believe it is a vain dream. Can it be that I am mentioned with these three?"

Toward the close of Andersen's life public honors reached their climax. Odense, his native town, bestowed its freedom upon him, and had an illumination when he came to receive it. His seventieth birthday was observed as a national holiday. Copenhagen was in festal garb, and his statue was unveiled there. That year he died.

COUNTESS POTOCKA.

The Woman Who Sang to Chopin as He Sank to Death.

As the great Chopin lay dying his soul was ushered out by the song of the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, who had been his dearest confidante and friend. The romance of their friendship, one of the sweetest in history, is related by Gustav Kobbe in the Delineator. The last tragic scene in the life of the composer has often been described and has been painted by Barrios, and it is so touching that one may well read another version of it. Mr. Kobbe writes:

"Then came what is perhaps the most touching scene that has been handed down to us from the lives of the great composers. When Delphine entered what was soon to be the death chamber Chopin's sister Louise and a few of his most intimate friends were gathered there. She took her place by Louise. When the dying man opened his eyes and saw her standing at the foot of his bed, tall, slight, draped in white, resembling a beautiful angel, and mingling her tears with those of Louise his lips moved, and those nearest him, bending over to catch his words, heard him ask that she would sing.

"Mastering her emotion by a strong effort of the will, she sang in a voice of bell-like purity the canticle to the Virgin attributed to Stradella—sang it so devoutly, so ethereally, that the dying man, 'artist and lover of the beautiful to the very last,' whispered in ecstasy: 'How exquisite! Again, again!'"

"Once more she sang, this time a psalm by Marcello. It was the haunted hour of twilight. The dying day draped the scene in its mysterious shadows. Those at the bedside had sunk noiselessly on their knees. Over the mournful accompaniment of sobs floated the voice of Delphine like a melody from heaven."

Some houses always look as though the occupants were in the midst of a house cleaning.

Turkish women do not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. Then they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent.

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