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BURNS.

The bard whose birthday was celebrated by various Scottish societies throughout the world Friday night, holds a unique place in the sentiments of nearly every Scotchman. Next to the Bible, which is a nation the Scotch know well and quote largely, the sons of Scotia esteem Burns as their best philosopher and the happiest exponent of their national character.

His honest Burns, in word and action, the very plainness and straightforwardness of his speech on all occasions, his poverty and misfortunes, have all served to appeal to the imagination of his countrymen in a manner somewhat unique in the history of races.

That Burns did not get on so well with the influential class of his countrymen in his own day, was due largely to the constitution of society at the time. Human affairs were so monarchic that one hundred years ago that so thoroughgoing a man of the people as Burns was could not fail to offend in spite of all his genius, versatility, and personal good humor.

Even his friends, Dr. Blair and Dugald Stewart, great men of his day, did not take much pains to know him, and never met him on frank, cordial, and brotherly terms.

Burns' ideal of worth was a very simple one—achievement. An entry in one of his written unpublished fragments makes this clear. He says:

"There are few of the so-called under the sun give me more uneasiness and chagrin than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received everywhere, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futilities of fortune meets. Imagine a man of abilities, his heart glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving honor to whom honor is due; he meets at a great man's table a Squire Somebody or a Sir Somebody . . . a fellow whose abilities would scarcely have made an eightpenny falter, and whose heart is not worth the notice, [who] receives attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty."

Here, then, was both the worth and the folly of genius: Burns knew something of his own greatness, yet was impatient to have it recognized by those "in position." Yet to many of them real genius such as his own must have been a thing strange and wholly inexplicable. Even the Edinburgh literati did not quite know what to make of this (to them) eccentric character. A genius is something new and cannot be understood by a resort to precedents and decided cases.

But Burns was foolishly impatient and indignant that even his professed friends could not seem to understand him. They patronized him kindly, heartily for the most part, but still he knew it was simply patronage and not genuine appreciation. Had he been able to be content with the consciousness of his own genius, had he not so distrusted, at these times of despondent mood, that very Providence in which he so fully believed in a general way, he might have known that "some time and somewhere" his worth, integrity and well used talents would be recognized at their real value.

In less than the four-score years of a human life, the relations which embittered and exasperated the man of genius have been entirely reversed. Today the image of Burns, in unaltered clearness, has come out in bold relief and brilliant colors before all the world, while that of his condescending patrons has lost outline, dwindled, and become shadowy.

The sayings, the songs, the wit, the love poetry, of Burns are now known wherever the English tongue is spoken; and an understanding of the Scottish brogue is almost as general, largely by reason of the songs of this poet of the people. This fact is clearly expressed in the lines of Wallace Bruce carved upon the stone of the poet's monument at Ayr:

"No summer sky, no cloudless noon,
Nor here the banks of bonnie Doon,
There is no heart but fondly turns
Responsive to the land of Burns."

As for these contemporaries who added unnecessary bitterness to his hard lot, they are remembered, for the most part, because Burns mentions them in his writings. He has thus kept the whole literary generation of his day from speedy oblivion.

Burns hated condescension and was passionately suspicious of personal affront. The men with whom he mingled at the height of his fame were at ease, clad in soft raiment, with all the social properties and traditions at their back. But he was without predecessor or antecedent, and could "roll in no grove made smooth by custom."

Hence when he makes, in his bitter moods, his startling comparisons between the man of genius and the dull rich man, or mediocre men who had yet been financially successful in their professions, it was merely an indignant cry wrung from one who knew that his sole claim to their notice was his genius and that genius and personal worth ought to be the measure of man. It was not an expression of class hatred, but of a desire for justice.

For literature had not become, even in the day of Burns, a profession, and therein lay the tragedy of his life, since among those who had already an established place in the world, he was doomed forever to be an outsider. It is probable, too, that under the most fortunate circumstances he would not

have been a contented and happy man, for his ideals could never be realized "here and now."

Had he secured a career in which his fancy and intellect could have had full sway; or found a wife refined and accomplished as well as affectionate; or learned a contentment and willingness calmly to await the judgment of time, if the present proved unfavorable—had any such combination of circumstances aided him, his work, great as it now seems, would no doubt have been much greater and better than it could be after his own passionate blindness had bound him with fetters which he would not even attempt to break.

The most natural, the most directly inspired, let us say, of all the modern poets, he wrote quickly, impulsively, and finished his work at a single stroke. Tam O'Shanter was written in a day, and every Scotchman will tell you that it is the best single day's work in Scotland since Bruce fought Bannockburn.

He was a nature poet. Every other line contains its rural picture or reference on earth, blossom, river, or hill. He was a love poet. No other songs more simple and tender, no others more widely sung or more true and delicate in sentiment. He was the people's poet, and found inspiration "in the cottage rather than in the tree that overshadowed the stream that flowed by it." He was the sympathetic poet, and brought his genius to the hovels of the poor. He was the poet of humor, as well as of satire; and "take him for all in all," mankind may never look upon his like again.

THE FIRST CAUSE.

A writer in the February Century makes the statement that life must have been called into existence upon this earth by the process of cooling. It could not, he says, have reached this globe from without. Life germs might have come with meteors, but the heat developed in the fall of those bodies, must have killed them. For this reason life could not, he says, have come from without. It must have evolved spontaneously, something after the fashion of Topsy who "just grewed." Is that a rational hypothesis?

Biologists, it seems to us, transcend the legitimate boundaries of their field of research when they attempt to explain the origin of life; when, in other words, they undertake to account for causes instead of stating the processes by which, in all probability, the different varieties have been called into existence. Evolution should not be regarded as the creative force but as a method by which that force reaches results. In polishing a surface various methods may be resorted to; but the method employed, whatever it is, is not the directing force, or the first cause. Behind the method we find the intelligence of the working man. So evolution may be a method by which the Creator attains His objects, but it can never be the first cause. The question of the origin of life does not, therefore, belong to biology. It is one for philosophy to answer, if it can be answered at all. But philosophy, too, is helpless without revelation.

In the Book of Genesis God is represented as the Organizer of the earth and the Power by which all forms of life are called into existence. "And God said, let the earth put forth grass." "Let the waters bring forth abundantly moving creature that hath life." "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind." Such are the divine commands in obedience to which forms of life appeared. It is evident that the account gives wide room for speculation. It used to be considered almost an axiom that Genesis taught a special act of creation for each new species of life. But at present this view is abandoned as untenable. It is admitted that Moses rather suggests that life forces were "resident" in the water and the earth, since the divine command was directed to these elements. There is a suggestion of heredity in the command to bring forth "after its kind," and the law of survival is certainly suggested in the evident subordination of the lower species to the higher.

But while the cosmogony of Genesis admits of the widest latitude of speculation as to the methods and processes of creation, it ascribes with authority all to God. On that point there can be no dispute. "In the beginning God [for Gods] created the heavens and the earth." There is no hesitation, no equivocation in that. Philosophy has never offered any more satisfactory answer. It never will. Let geologists try to explain the methods by which God accomplished His purposes. Let them argue for the nebular theory, or any other that may seem to them to account for the known facts. Let the biologists try to explain how life has evolved from primitive forms, and trace it from its first beginnings, if they can, but let both geologists and biologists acknowledge the Supreme Power in which all existence begins. For, only the fools say in their hearts, "There is no God."

THE WORK IS DONE.

Today Salt Lake is bidding Goodspeed to the parting guests who were welcomed so warmly half a week earlier. The second session of the Trans-Missouri Dry Farming congress is no more.

Ten sessions in all were held, and a feature of them was the freedom with which the man of the soil mingled with the man of the college, and traded actual experience in dry farming for experiments and theories. Both have profited much by the transaction.

The congress is an important one in the history of organized effort to reclaim the desert wastes. A year ago the congress met first, with preparations for 200 delegates. A slight lull on life was the best that was given it, but in this meeting it sprang into sudden and vigorous life. One incident, however, was typical of the spirit of two great states. Utah a year ago sent to Denver 30 delegates, all earnest, sincere, and thoroughly interested. Colorado sent back this year in return some land boomers, seed sellers, and magazine solicitors.

The spirit of co-operation in Utah for the upbuilding of the general welfare is one to be admired, and one that has

made itself felt for good through all the years of pioneer struggle, in whatever field. That it comes to the front in this congress is only typical of its normal functions.

The plans for the future will be national. Today's resolutions have to do with things Congress is expected to do, and demands that will be made on Congress for dry farming interests. Among them will be the passage of the measure introduced by Senator Smoot to make it possible for a settler to acquire sagebrush lands in acreage enough to make a dry farm practicable. Another measure will be to demand from the nation the establishment of experimental farms and stations more extensively, and the gathering of all the data secured into a central office, where it will be distributed in bulletins, possibly in a monthly magazine. Altogether the accomplishments of the West have been remarkable. For Salt Lake the congress has demonstrated that the people will stand together to offer hospitality, and carry the expenses of it, and send away the several hundred visitors, thoroughly convinced that there is not a better convention town in the Western mountains.

A TEMPLE IN EGYPT.

One of the interesting discoveries made recently in Egypt, the land of mysteries, consists of a number of Jewish-Aramaic writings of the highest historic importance. The hope is entertained that other documents may be found later, and that perhaps even a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures antedating by centuries any manuscript now known, may be brought to light.

According to a contributor to the Paris Temps, the papyrus referred to was found by a German explorer, Dr. Rubensohn. It contains a petition dated from the twentieth day of the month Marchesvan of the seventeenth year of the reign of Darius (408 B. C.) and addressed to Bagohi, Persian governor of Judea, by Yedoniah and his colleagues, priests at Elephantine, of that city. After calling down upon the head of Bagohi (in phrases identical with those of the Turin papyrus) the blessings of the "God of gods" and after expressing wishes that he may retain the favor of Darius and all the royal family, the petitioners set forth the following facts: Three years before, in the absence of Arsam, satrap of Egypt, who was called into the king's presence—the Egyptian priests of the god Khnum at Elephantine, intrigued with Oudrang, the local governor, and got from him an order instructing the military chieftain at Syene to go and destroy the temple of Jehovah, on the Island of Elephantine. This temple, they set forth, had been built by their fathers long ago. It must have been an imposing edifice, built entirely of hewn stone, with seven monumental doors, stone pillars and a roof of cedar. Oudrang's order was pitilessly carried out. The squad of soldiers, assisted by an Egyptian mob, wrecked the sanctuary, smashed and burned everything inside it, and made off with the vessels of gold and silver, and all the other precious things. The entire Jewish population of Elephantine—men, women, and children—were overwhelmed with affliction by this disaster and mourned, fasted, and called upon Jehovah, the God of gods. No more anointing, no more wine; the women became as widows. Some time later the governor, Oudrang, fell into disgrace (the text seems to refer to a tragic end) and was forced to make restitution. Those who had obeyed his orders were all slain. Nevertheless, the petitioners had not yet secured permission to rebuild their temple. At the time of the catastrophe they vainly appealed to Bagohi himself as well as Yohanan (high priest of Jerusalem), to the priests (his colleagues), to his brother (Ostian Anani), and to the Jewish princes of Judea. Their requests remained unanswered. That is why they again supplicated Bagohi, asking his permission to rebuild their temple on its former plan.

The strange fact revealed by this literary find, which seems to belong to the time of Nehemiah, is that the Jews had a temple in Egypt, in which anointings, sacrifices and other ordinances were performed. This temple of Jehovah had been reared on the Island of Elephantine. It is regarded as not improbable that a Bible may be found there antedating our era by five centuries.

And in the meantime the theory must be abandoned that Jerusalem is the only place on earth in which the worshippers of Jehovah ever had a temple. This is a very important discovery.

ROCKEFELLER'S ADVICE.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is interested in Sunday school work, is said to have told a Bible class that it is very wrong to lend anyone even a dollar, except on good security and with adequate interest. That is good business doctrine, but it is claimed that it is against the teachings of the Scriptures. This is not true. The Scriptures draw a line between a reasonable profit and oppressive extortion. In the parable of the talents, the Lord rebukes the slothful servant who failed to place his master's property where it would have brought "usury." (Matt. 25: 27.) At the same time our Saviour denounces the extortion that was practiced and promulgated as the higher law: "Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again." "Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." (Luke 6: 30-35.)

This higher law our Lord promulgated as a complement to the older statutes. By the law of Moses the people were forbidden to take "usury" from their brethren, and this was done for the benefit of the poor. In the case of strangers, however, a reasonable interest was permitted. Gradually, however, the usury system became oppressive, resulting in the literal bondage of the debtor. This is condemned in no uncertain language. On the return of the nation from Babylon, Nehemiah charged the people to "leave off this usury," and to restore to their brethren what they had exacted from them—"their lands, their vineyards, their olive yards, and their houses; also a hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine, and the oil." (Neh. 5: 10, 11.) From which it is evident that when the Scriptures condemn "usury," they refer to that exorbitant price for the use of money which was common in ancient times in oriental countries, and to which we now confine the name of usury, and not a fair and reasonable compensation for the use of the savings of the thrifty.

Mr. Rockefeller knows that there is a class of individuals who care not how they get money belonging to others. We suppose what he meant to say was that it is a Christian duty to stop, as far as possible, the operations of that class. It is far better to give money to the worthy poor than to place it at the disposal of thieves who pose as "borrowers."

Georgia would be a good state in which to hold a dry congress.

Leaders of the unemployed are but too apt to employ themselves in mischief making.

Tetrazzini must be a great singer, for already she is endorsing various musical machines.

Taft sure-to-win tables are being sent over the country. But the tables may be turned on him.

The President's desire to have the Panama canal widened shows that he takes a broad view of the matter.

Uncle Sam faces a deficit of a hundred million dollars. Such being the case he had better face about and reduce his living expenses.

The attempt to overthrow the Portuguese monarchy and set up a republic, must have reminded Carlos of the night of November 1755.

A Japanese has been caught sketching Pearl harbor. And the Japanese enlarge the sketch into a great big war picture.

Professor Hugo Muensterberg of Harvard declares that American universities would be better off if two-thirds of the professors were killed.

Admiral Converse did not disagree with Admiral Brownson in the matter of placing medical officers in command of hospital ships; the very converse was true.

William Cross, the secretary of state in Oklahoma, signs his name officially Bill Cross. With that name he would naturally be expected to make his mark.

Dr. Edward A. Steiner of Chicago says that European counts have cost American women \$900,000,000. But the doctor forgets that women never count the cost of things.

A man in Kansas robbed a hen roost and dropped a roll of bills in the coop. This is more than poetic justice; it is cash in hand far in excess of the value of the chickens stolen.

A New York court holds that telephone conversations are sacred, and must not be listened to except by the parties to them. If they were sacred and not gossip, no one would ever think of listening to them.

"When the American people start in to wear their old clothes, it does not take long to bring business back to normal," says John W. Gates. And when people start in to trade new lamps for old ones it means that business is abnormally good.

Americans very readily make colonels out of private citizens, but of late they have more readily made generals in disguise out of Japanese laborers who chance to look at an American coast defense. For months it has been the silly season when things Japanese have been mentioned. Isn't it time to stop it?

President Elliot of Harvard asserts that it is perfectly proper to enact laws giving teachers authority to assign boys and girls to the trade to which they are best adapted, and then compel these children to be trained for those trades. This means, of course, that mothers and fathers and children are to have no voice in choosing an avocation for the boys and girls. But when and by what process were teachers made so omniscient that such power should be entrusted to them? Dr. Elliot simply champions tyranny and the ignoring of parental and personal rights. His scheme might do for serfs but never for free born Americans.

The American Historical Magazine announces that among its features for next year will be contributions on "Mormonism" by Theodore Schroeder, "The authority" on that subject. No one here recognizes Mr. Schroeder as "authority" on "Mormonism," whether great or otherwise. He has perpetrated some essays on the subject, and they prove that he is not an authority on Christianity. And we hope the friends of the French infidel will pardon us for mentioning Schroeder, in this connection. It is only by way of illustration. Schroeder is a shallow reasoner, a sophist, but he never was, and never will be, a great authority on any subject that requires serious, patient investigation and an unbiased mind. The magazine also announces that a series of controversial articles treating the subject from a "Mormon" point of view, will appear during the year.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN CITIES.

The thing which must be brought about in Cleveland and in other American cities before a trial of the municipal ownership and operation of street railroads might be tolerably safe is the creation of a deep and strong and overmastering civil service reform sense or spirit in all civic affairs. There must be a public sentiment which can be trusted to make the merit system in the conduct of city affairs a matter of course. That change is still in the uncertain future. Mayor Johnson's warmest admirers will hardly claim that he has brought it nearer by his management of the municipal business of Cleveland.

A SERMONET FOR WORKERS

[For the "News" by H. J. Hapgood.]

Suppose you had an idea of your own and went abroad with something snappier than a lantern in search of a post to express that idea in words, so that people would understand it and try to make it all their own. In all the world there's but one such post—and he is yet to be born. Among available songsters there are probably a few who can chirp your idea to their way of piping, and you can pick the likeliest twitterer. Add to this task the sordid fact that you want to see that idea of yours travel out among your fellow-beings, and extract dollars from their jeans rather than penniless praise from their lips, and you are faced to face with the composite problem of finding the right advertising man for the right bundle of goods.

There are many politicians, but few statesmen; philosophers in plenty, but few sages; publicity experts galore, but few advertising men.

Of all the employees, a good advertising man is the rarest bird to catch, and most of them are known to lose their voice in captivity. You risk the reputation of the house every time you go gunning for one; and the victim is liable to risk his, too.

The fact that some wonderful young man boasted your worst competitor sales campaign to you, and ripped your channel, sooner or later the permanent record will take the place of the vivid, partial, artistic, but vital, report of the comedy and tragedy of life; but the whole survey, if it should appear that for the moment men are more interested in fact than in fiction, in the serial story told by the newspaper than in that told by the novelist?—The Outlook.

JUST FOR FUN.

A Strange Result.

According to the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch the attack at Grimsby on a rabbit, or, as another contemporary has it, a rabbit—the details still lack confirmation) had an unexpected sequel: "The rev. gentleman was conveyed home, where he is now under medical treatment. Result: Motherwell, two goals; Third Lanark, one goal."—Punch.

A Reserved Secret.

Madge—How do you know you can keep a secret?
Marjorie—I know something about Dolly, and I'm keeping it from her until some time I get angry with her.—Puck.

"I don't know anything good about that Jones girl; do you?" "Yes; but I won't tell!"—Life.

Magazine Writer (to stenographer): "Break up these compounds; and cut out the hyphens. Don't you know I get paid by the word?"—Judge.

He—"It has been said that a woman can make a fool of any man. Do you believe it?" She—"Of course, not. The best she can do is to develop him."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Houlihan (sobbing)—"I never saw you till the day before me unforehnt marriage." Mr. Houlihan—"An I often wish ye hadn't seen me till the day after!"—Puck.

Woman of the House—"A big, strong fellow like you ought to be willing to work and earn his own living." Langridg—Laurel—"That's not all me, madam. Me muscles is all right, but me will power is all gone."—Chicago Tribune.

Modest request of awakened householders: "Pray don't let me disturb you; but when you go—if it's not troubling you too much—would you be so very kind as to post this letter? It must go tonight. It's my burglary insurance!"—Punch.

"We thought," said the reporter, "you might care to say something about these charges against you." "No," replied the crooked public official. "I believe that silence is golden." "Well," replied the reporter, "perhaps the public might believe it's merely gilt in this case."—Philadelphia Press.

From The Battleground of Thought.

A Newspaper During the past decade is a serial story of action and life, achievement in many fields has been of unsurpassed interest; the whole race seems to be in motion, and in religion, politics, economics, social organization, science and business the restless and the outgo of energy have been on a colossal scale. The newspapers of the period have printed a kind of serial story which for pathos, humor, tragedy, dramatic situation, contrast of character, vivid picturing of human conditions has made some of the most powerful fiction seem a faint reflection of an almost blinding light. This story in which many minor plots have run together has been so engrossing, not only in the vast variety of character it has brought to light, but in its connectedness and its surprises, that a host of men and women look eagerly for the newspaper as they once looked for an installment of a fascinating serial story. To a degree of which we are unaware, the affairs of the whole world are now spread before us at a moment of rapid and dramatic change; scenes are being shifted; old actors pass off and new actors come on the stage; yesterday the stage setting was Russian, today it is Japanese, tomorrow it will be German or French. Nowhere has this story of real life been more dramatic, fuller of surprises, more commanding in its interest, than in this country, where the newspapers are as interesting as the novels, and many of the novels have the timeliness and current interest of the newspaper. Sooner or later such a tide of vitality will find its way into literature; but for the immediate spending of its energy, the newspaper offers the most available channel. Sooner or later the permanent record will take the place of the vivid, partial, artistic, but vital, report of the comedy and tragedy of life; but the whole survey, if it should appear that for the moment men are more interested in fact than in fiction, in the serial story told by the newspaper than in that told by the novelist?—The Outlook.

Perplexing.

Nothing in all the realm of periodicity of political economy is so perplexing to the theorists, than what we call the periodicity of commercial panics. The occurrence of the larger disasters of this sort, in 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893 and 1907 in this country, and in 1825, 1844, 1856 and 1890 in Great Britain, has fixed a man in both of practical and theoretical finance what we call the "twenty-year cycle of prosperity." Intervals of exactly 20 years since a period does not seem to be the average of the cycle, but it is a fact, evidence—but that approximately two decades elapse between these successive wrecks of financial and industrial credit, which when placed in the fact, that the intervening period is made up of slow and toilsome recovery, followed by renewed prosperity, then by returning speculation and extravagance, and finally, after several more or less plain periods, a new breakdown of the credit system—to this the whole history of Anglo-Saxon finance and trade bears witness.—From Alexander D. Noyes' "The Cycle of Prosperity" in the Century.

When Science PENTADECYLPHAR-Is At A Loss.

ATOLYCEKELTON.—To Find Words. This is indeed a wonderful word involving a considerable mental effort to commit to memory; a word, indeed, which evokes a feeling of congratulation that the composition of the English language was not left to scientists and to delivers in chemical research, who so delight in coining impossible words, when plain English would suffice equally well, and spare up needless expenditure of brain tissue. In ordinary English, however, this stupendously bewildering word represents one of those salts of the mysterious metal, barium (the platino-cyanide), which when placed in the neighborhood of a minute grain of the still more wonderful substance, radium, immediately become beautifully fluorescent and luminous, like uranium and several other natural products, glowing with a lambent, glistening luminosity in most lovely hues. And this newly discovered element, radium, is surely the most amazing, and the most inexplicable and mysterious wonder in all nature. Like the sun, it gives out energy emanating, without intermission and without apparent variation, both light and heat, this strange substance, if it could be discovered in large quantities, would revolutionize the world. For, so far as can be gathered from our limited experience, its light and heat-giving properties never vary nor diminish, continuing, it is assumed, for ages after age without diminution or reduction. Coal mining would come to an end, for the same piece of radium in the fire grate would give out heat and light for the benefit of many generations of a family; and gas and electric light bulbs would be no more. Motive power, too, would be so inexpensive and so facile that horses would be almost entirely superseded except for pleasure riding; and traveling in

the air would be considerably simplified. And who knows whether the continued intense heat of the interior of the earth, which all the long aeons of the past have failed to cool down, except only the thin crust enclosing that terrible furnace of molten metals and earths, may not be fed and maintained by radium? But although the crust of the earth is not comparatively thicker than an egg shell compared with the egg, yet notwithstanding all our powers we have not yet succeeded in boring over half-way through it. Surely it would be worth an effort to probe down in search of this precious and costly product. And this is one more evidence of the omnipotent power of the Great Creator, who by a word has called into existence the perpetual host and light giver. And these His wondrous works of creation emphasize more and more the greatness and the infinity of His love in laying aside for a time His august majesty in the heaven of heavens in order to give Himself a sacrifice for us, that we may, if we will, inherit an eternity of happiness. A Banker.

Fifty Years Of Wonderful Advancement.

Progress is always in the comparative degree. Fifty years ago the world was a very different place from what it is now. The remarkable past belief to them, and we looking back, smile at the pygmy work then accomplished and remember what wonders the magician's wand has produced in our own day. It is but a few decades during the handling of ships available during the Civil War and the proud fleet that recently sailed out of Hampton Roads, members of the 13,772-mile peace cruise into the Pacific—spectacular, powerful, awe-inspiring, even to the greatest among the nations. Then, too, the East, the wonderful railway systems which link the Atlantic and Pacific shores by a few days' luxurious journey were yet unexplored. Now, railroads, engineering knows no obstacles. Once, thought hardly dare travel from Florida's mainland out along the treacherous coast reefs, prevailing vegetation, infested with hideous reptiles and within reach of no pure, fresh water supply. How long could a laborer's camp last there? But these same roads now connect the East with a new railway linking the mainland with Key West and bringing Cuba 100 miles nearer the United States. It is but a few years since any old hull that could keep afloat was a valuable member of its navy; but recently the whole world watched with breathless interest while England took the "Hera," one of her oldest war vessels, and sacrificed it as a target for her modern battleships. Life-size photographs that require an entire room with a lens in one wall as a camera is the startling advance in this line. What a contrast to the little highly-prized daguerreotypes the Boys in Blue were sending home only forty-five years ago! For the first time, the fourth stage has been eating away the cliffs on the Holderness coast of Yorkshire, England, at a rate of 1,904,184 tons a year; now a system of reinforced concrete has been erected, and so the sea's ravages.—Popular Mechanics.

Bread Made Of White Flour Is The Best.

The United States Department of Agriculture, through its Office of Experimentation, has carried on at the universities of Minnesota and Maine extensive tests, the results of which are published in a report on the digestibility and nutritive value of all types of flour, including ordinary white flour, Graham or wheat meal, which is prepared by grinding the entire wheat kernel without removing the bran, shrun or germ—those portions commonly known as the wheat offals—and the so-called entire wheat flour made by grinding a part of the bran and grinding the material finer than for Graham flour. The conclusions reached from these experiments are given in one of the reports as follows: "According to chemical analysis of the Graham, entire-wheat and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch flint wheat, the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein (glutenous matter). But according to the results of digestion experiments with these flours, the proportion of digestible protein and available energy in the patent flour was larger than in either the entire-wheat or the Graham flour. The digestibility of the protein in the Graham flour is due to the fact that in both Graham and entire-wheat flours a considerable portion of the protein is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion. Thus while there actually may be more protein in a given amount of Graham or entire-wheat flour than in the same weight of patent flour from the same wheat, the body obtains less of the protein and energy from the coarser flour than it does from the finer because although the including of the bran and germ increases the percentage of protein, it decreases the digestibility."—Professor Harry Snyder, in Harper's Magazine.

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