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ARE YOU REGISTERED?

Every voter who expects to cast a ballot on Nov. 5 should see that his, or her, name is entered on the lists. He should take no man's word for it but see himself. Anyone who was registered and cast a ballot in the last, county election may vote this year without registering, provided he still lives where he did then. One may not vote who merely registered and did not cast his ballot. All newcomers, and all who have moved from one district to another must re-register.

The last chance to register will be on Tuesday, October 29.

CHURCH INFLUENCE.

The daily exponent of anti-"Mormonism" for revenue pretends not to know what we mean by accusing it of attacking the Church. And yet, we have tried to be very plainspoken.

The sheet referred to has, for instance, assailed with the malignant vehemence of a Caligula or a Nero, the character of the martyred founders of the Church, and apologized for the outlaws that stained the soil of Illinois with their innocent blood. By so doing it has assailed the Church and proved its kinship to the savage mob. If anyone, in our age, should undertake to maintain that Peter, or Paul, was slain because of their evil deeds, that would be recognized as an assault upon the Christian church in its various divisions. That is plain enough without argument.

Further, the sheet referred to has assailed the entire Church by charging that the members are subject to a mysterious, treasonable power that does not exist, if not in the diseased imagination of rum-soaked brains. The charge is a reflection upon the loyalty, the intelligence, the common sense of all Latter-day Saints, since it falsely represents them as serfs and aliens. It is one of the most contemptible assaults by that sheet upon the majority of the people of Utah.

Again, the sheet has assailed the Church by demanding that members of it be excluded from public offices and positions, because of that membership. That is introducing the guillotine and the stake into the politics of this State, metaphorically speaking. If the sheet had the influence of Ignatius Loyola, it would not doubt prefer the rack and the dungeon to disfranchisement.

Finally, it attacks the Church every time it holds up to public scorn and derision the men whom God has appointed to be its leaders and advisers in all spiritual affairs. The silly notion that you can aim a blow at the head without at the same time aiming it at the body, may pass for good sense in a lunatic asylum, but nowhere else. Every falsehood told about the leaders of the Church, every wrong presentation of facts for the purpose of deception; every vicious thrust at their character, is an indirect assault upon the Church. The purpose of the adversary in striking the shepherd is to scatter the sheep, that they may become the prey of the wolves. This, we trust, is plain enough.

But we are told that we fail to make clear the distinction between the Church and its officers.

Territorially considered, the Church consists of all the Saints—members and officers—in their various Branches, Wards, or Stakes. That is the Church on earth, sometimes called the "militant church." It is an organization which, like every other organization, speaks and acts through its representative assemblies and conferences. The Church with its various ramifications has been established by the Lord for the salvation of the human family in accordance with His laws.

Considered in the abstract, the Church is God's system of spiritual government. It is the divine form of government on earth in all things pertaining to spiritual affairs. It is as different from any man-made form of spiritual government, as a republican form of government is from that of a despotism, or from anarchy, speaking of civil governments. It is a government by common consent, this being the universal law in the kingdom of heaven.

The officers of the Church are the servants of the Lord in their various callings, exercising all the gifts and powers with which they are endowed for the guidance of the Saints and the building up of the Church, according to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to guide into all truth.

This form of spiritual government was established by the first Apostles of our Lord. It was overturned in the early centuries of our era, and for it was substituted other forms, other churches, just as the early free forms of government of Greece and Rome were overturned and other governments established instead. It was re-established through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph, and the purpose of it is the propagation of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus in all the world.

It is not political in its nature, and yet it is bound to have its influence upon all the affairs of life, just as the teachings of the first Apostles had. They did not interfere with any institutions of the empire that was the scene of their labors. But, as a matter of fact, when they taught that all men were equal before God; when they gathered the master and the slave around the sacramental table, slavery was doomed. In the same way, through their teachings women became emancipated. In this indirect way, the Gospel influences all the affairs of life. Those who believe it will become honest, virtuous, faithful. Through its influence righteousness will prevail. The Church claims no other political influence. But this kind it will exercise, until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of Christ.

THE RED FLAG.

A recent number of Appeal to Reason contains a contribution by Eugene V. Debs on "The Red Flag."

Mr. Debs takes the view that this flag is the symbol of liberty, the sign of progress, and that it is repudiated by "the corn-fed, ham-fat bourgeoise."

He finds a great inconsistency in the attitude of the "bourgeoisie. "The revolution," he says, "that put the bourgeoisie in power was great and its red flag was glorious; the revolution now under way, whose historic mission it is to drive the bourgeoisie out of power, is infamous and its red flag is treason. In other words, the bourgeoisie, the capitalist class, glorify all the revolutions of the past and shake their fat fists at all the revolutions of the future. The capitalist class has been put in power by past revolutions; therefore they are glorious. The capitalists yearn to remain in perpetual power; therefore, there must be no more revolutions. The earth must come to a halt; evolution to a standstill; progress to a dead stop."

This suggests the questions: "Does the red flag symbolize liberty, progress, evolution? Is revolution the best remedy for the defects of society, whatever they may be?"

As for the last of these questions, it cannot be denied that revolutions have had their beneficent effect upon the affairs of mankind. At times no other solution of the most important problems have been possible than the sword. But is revolution, as Mr. Debs seems to take for granted, a necessary, perpetual condition of human society? We recognize the necessity of an operation, at times, to save human life; but an operation every day must prove fatal to the human body, sooner or later, according to the seriousness of the wounds inflicted. Revolutions may be necessary to remove the malignant growths from the body politic, that will yield to no other treatment, but in the due course of evolution, society will some time outgrow the stage when the application of the knife is needed, and reason must be appealed to. That stage is reached when a country enjoys liberty and each citizen has a share in the government. No revolutionary movement can improve on that condition. The red flag, therefore, becomes an anomaly in a free country.

We are aware that the present century has many questions to wrestle with. The past century was a century of production. Immense fortunes were made by various means. The question of distribution was not considered. The result is that the gap between luxury and poverty is immense. It must be filled. But not with the dead bodies of the victims of revolution. The bridge must be built by brotherly co-operation, intelligently directed.

If we want to have an object lesson on the folly of continuous revolutions, we need only turn to Cuba. And most of her revolutionary outbreaks were just, too. In the last eighty-five years that island had seventeen patriotic risings. The effect has been almost disasterous in this respect that many Cubans, knowing no other politics than that of the machete, seem to be helpless in the handling of constitutional means for the furtherance of reform and progress. The Cuban today has come almost to regard non-submission to government, insurrection and revolution as demonstrating in the man the highest qualities of manhood, independence and love of liberty. The idea everywhere protrudes; it is met in convention, we are told, and is seen especially in the frequency and popularity of such newspaper and cafe names as the Rebel, the Revolter, the Insurgent, the Revolutionist and the like. God forbid that the people of the United States should ever turn from the Constitution to the red flag for a remedy against existing wrongs.

And yet, the danger is not wholly imaginary. The fact seems to be that all around us are elements brewing that may produce trouble. Appeals to the passions can but result in evil. Where frenzy rules, liberty is enchained. And the red flag has more often been the symbol of frenzied passion than progress and development.

BOERS JOIN THE CHURCH.

Since the days of the ever memorable Boer war, matters pertaining to that heroic race are of general interest. But the first baptism at Bloemfontein is of special interest to the Latter-day Saints. A letter containing a brief report of this event was received the other day by Elder George M. Cannon in this city, and we have been permitted to make the following extract. The letter is dated Sept. 2, 1907:

"Yesterday marked the event of our first Bloemfontein baptism. The candidate was a gentleman named Alfred N. Smit van Wijk, a very religious young man of under 25 years of age. Elder Grow was mouth during the confirmation, and the other of the two Bloemfontein missionaries performed the ordinance of baptism. The events transpired under most auspicious circumstances, and were marked by the presence of the Spirit of the Lord.

"The Bloemfontein baths was the place of baptism. Around a long pool of any depth one desired, and which was enclosed merely by a high corrugated iron fence, a crowd of 12 earnest listeners were gathered including three Kaffirs. The principles of the gospel were taken up and explained, principally among them being that of baptism.

"When the purpose and significance of the gathering had been explained one of the most peaceful baptisms I have ever seen was performed. The warm rays of the African sun beat upon the water, and the day was one of the very choicest. We need hardly mention our joy and satisfaction on seeing this branch yield her first fruit. We are feeling splendidly in the work. With love from your son,

"GEORGE M. CANNON, JR."

Elder George M. Cannon, Jr., as many of our readers are aware, left home in the latter part of February, 1906 on a mission to South Africa. After arriving at Cape Town he was assigned to labor with Elder Fred A. Sheffield in East London, Cape Colony, a seaport town on the Indian ocean. While in East London and vicinity six converts were baptized by Elders Sheffield and Cannon. In April of the present year Elder Cannon was directed by President Badger of the mission to proceed to Bloemfontein, the former capital of the Orange River Free State, where he was soon joined by Elder Charles I. Grow.

THE HOOK.

Back in Chicago Amateurs' Night is a great institution every Friday evening. There at certain theatres "sacred to burlesque," after the regular performance the amateur entertainer is given a chance to show his paces. If he, or she, is impossible, the hilarious audience calls, "The hook, the hook," and the would-be vaudevillian retires like magic. His disappearance is not always voluntary because invariably the back drop is raised a few feet and a long pole with a stout stage hand at one end and a strong steel hook at the other is introduced. The hook catches the individual around the waist and the next instant he is whisked out of sight despite his frequent protests to be given a chance.

Right now the regular fall political drama is being enacted in Utah and—Oh, for a hook!

If the hook could only be utilized mercifully and painlessly upon numerous quick-change artists, monologists and knockabout comedians who are occupying the spot light, what a sigh of relief would ascend!

For two years past reckless amateurs have been posing before a disgusted audience of taxpayers in a rule-or-ruin drama that had for its plot the villification and slander of a people who are responsible for making this State habitable. For two years disgruntled politicians have indulged in cheap heroics at the cost of strife, bitterness and all uncharitableness. The price has been too great. Whirling Dervish Dubois in Idaho got the hook early in his appearance.

The farce has been played long enough in Utah.

Register on Tuesday and then give this aggregation of barnstorming looters of the public treasury THE HOOK.

A CURIOUS THING.

Perhaps the most curious thing in local politics today, is that argument of the "American" party that because the Democratic city leaders are unwilling to fuse, therefore there is no Democratic party in Utah, and because the Republican leaders are willing to fuse, therefore there is no Republican party in Utah.

The argument works equally well both ways, and the same old conclusion follows no matter what men or parties may do.

The organ might truthfully add that since the "Americans" are willing to do anything whatever in order to handle the people's taxes in this city, there is surely no "American" party here, but only a gang of office hunters who are seeking to deceive the non-"Mormons" into voting them into office by using the "Mormon" Church as a sort of bogey to frighten them into doing something that sane men would not ordinarily do.

The party supposed to have been founded as a protest against the so-called "Church" domination in politics is now grasping at every straw that might be so looked at as to show that the "Church" is in politics. The party organ says:

"The church expects to carry with it the vote of both the parties for this thing which it has done in wiping out all party lines on the Council, and vindictively trampling 'Democrats' and 'Democracy' under foot."

But how can the election of Democratic nominees be trampling Democrats and Democracy under foot? The Republicans placed the names of certain Democratic nominees on their ticket. The Democrats declined in some precincts to put the names of the Republican nominees on their ticket. If any result follows, it will be the election of the Democratic nominees. And this result is figured out by the "American" party organ as a "trampling upon Democrats!"

The organ is sorely in need of some better proof than it has yet offered as to why its party should be continued in office; also some evidence of its own sanity.

AS HE SEES MORMONISM.

Sidney Brooks, the noted English journalist devotes a column in the London Daily Chronicle of Oct. 8, to the subject of "Mormonism". He mentions the fact that the Saints in London recently gathered in a semi-annual conference, and that the statistics prove the vitality of the Church in the British Isles. Then he asks, "What is is Mormonism?" and proceeds to answer as follows:

"To most people, I imagine, the beginning and end of the creed is polygamy. It is all they know or have heard about it, its distinctive and predominant feature. I have no hesitation in pronouncing such a view grotesquely and unpardonably inaccurate. Polygamy was never more than the ornamental buckle on the Mormon shoe. Even before it was declared illegal by Congress, and before those convicted of it were disfranchised, fined and imprisoned, not more than 10 per cent, perhaps not more than 5 per cent of the Mormons contracted plural marriages. At the highest I question whether there were ever 3,000 heads of polygamous families in the United States. Today there are not more than 500.

"Even as a tenet of the Mormon faith polygamy survives, if at all, only in a more or less passive state. That is to say, Mormon missionaries are forbidden to preach or advocate or even to mention it unless challenged. If we were all Mormons, no doubt we should all be polygamists. But the Church has bowed to circumstances. It has recognized its helplessness as the Church of an insignificant minority; it received in 1890 an opportune 'revelation' that enabled it to repudiate polygamy; and since then as a practice it has been virtually abandoned."

He quotes Senator Cullom of Illinois as corroborating this statement, and then he continues:

"If I were asked to give the essence of Mormonism in one word I should say not polygamy, but co-operation. Take an institution like the Army and Navy stores, penetrate it with the fervour, the self-sacrifice, the obedience of the most devout religious sect you have ever heard of, plant the resultant in a land of endless material possibilities—and you get Mormonism. Mormonism, in a word, has brought to the spirit and system of co-operation and mutual helpfulness, in all the social and business relations of life, the unique and immense stimulus of religious faith. It tells its disciples that their first duty is to live. It assures to a convert not only security in the world to come, but security here and now, the consolations of religion plus three square meals a day. It has organized and directs—always on the co-operative plan—vast department stores, banks, trust companies, theaters, light and power companies, pleasure resorts, sugar factories, wagon and machine companies, book stores, newspapers, irrigation canal companies, in fact, nearly all the industries that a modern community requires.

"But its greatest successes have been agricultural. If the Colonial Office wishes to learn the secret of settling and developing a new country it could not do better than study the history of the Mormons' reclamation of Utah in the 'forties and of parts of Wyoming and Mexico today. There are not in all the world any finer examples of how to colonize; and the co-operative principle that alone made them possible permeates not merely the activities but the very mind of Mormonism.

"It works in a hundred forms. Every member contributes a tenth of his income to the Church. Every member is liable to be called by the President to go forth at a moment's notice as a missionary. You rarely hear of lawsuits between Mormons; disputes are settled by the Church officials. The social instinct, particularly in the form of dancing, is strongly cultivated. The Mormon relief societies reach distress with unsurpassed celerity and effectiveness. The care for the aged and infirm is equally remarkable and praiseworthy."

M. Brooks continues in this vein. In some respects his praise is almost too generous, but it is certain that he has grasped the very spirit of "Mormonism." The Gospel teaches men and women to live right in this life, as the best preparation for the future. Were its principles generally applied to the affairs of life, there would be no trouble between the various elements of which human society is made up, for all would co-operate for the benefit of all. In "Mormonism" is found the solution of the many problems that now are troubling society. It is the only solution, as will be apparent in due time.

It is a gratifying fact that thinking men and women in all parts of the world are unmoved by the tales of slanderers and falsifyers for revenue. They form their own conclusions, and many of them dare to speak the truth, notwithstanding opposition.

A tip in time saves nine.

Just now it is hard to transmute copper into gold at any price.

Milk buyers at least are entitled to pure water in the milk they get.

The weather is too pleasant to get enthusiastic over anything but football.

It is said that a cocktail will kill a candidate quicker than cyanide of potassium will.

It is easier to restore a drowning man than it is to restore confidence in a panicky market.

J. P. Morgan and J. D. Rockefeller were to Wall street a very present help in trouble.

Governor Cutler is going on a bear hunt. As good a time and better luck to him than the President had.

The flurry in Wall street sent the shivers down the backbones of financiers as no flurry of snow ever did.

The Utes on the Cheyenne reservation are reported to be growing ugly. Nature gave them a splendid start.

Vesuvius suddenly quit smoking and Calabria was shaken to its very center. Let Vesuvius resume its smoking.

"A two-foot rule has no trouble getting there with both feet, of course," says an exchange. As a rule, that would be so.

The attack of the ex-comptroller of the currency on Attorney-General Bonaparte was not that of a jackdaw but of a Charles J. Dawes.

"Hang the proved libeler," is the counsel of E. Benjamin Andrews of the University of Nebraska. That cannot be termed a counsel of perfection.

U. S. Judge Alston G. Dayton has met John Mitchell at Philippi (W. Va.), and with the same result as when Octavius Caesar and Marc Anthony met Brutus and Cassius.

Doesn't a savage onslaught on the department of justice by an ex-government official in the annual meeting of the Civic federation itself come very near being "a gallery play?"

President Roosevelt intends to order the return of Admiral Evans' fleet within ninety days after its arrival on the California coast. Seeing it is so soon to be done for, people will wonder what it is to be sent for.

The Lusitania has just broken the eastward record (her own) from New York. It is expected that the Mauretania, a sister ship that has just reached the Mersey from Scotland, will beat the Lusitania. Truly it may be said of the breaking of records there is no end.

EFFECT OF HIGH PRICES.

When one learns that wheat is 20 cents a bushel higher in price than it was a year ago, and sees how potatoes, and apples, and beefsteak are going up, commanding prices that turn empty purses in bank deposits, he feels like selling out his home in the city, cutting loose from business, to hie himself to the country, and buy a piece of land and a cottage, and sit on the front porch, talking to his wife and smoking a 10-cent cigar, and watching the wheat grow and the beafsteak browse.—Ohio State Journal.

BEWARE OF STRETCHERS.

The loose constructionist of the constitution of the United States occupies the same debatable position as those who argue that "the end justifies the means." When a man begins to stretch the constitution for the sake of reform, he opens the door to stretchings for other purposes.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WORTHY OF STUDY.

In some southern states a would-be voter has to satisfy the registering officer that he understands whatever section of the constitution may be read to him. It would not be a bad idea if candidates for office in Illinois, from the highest to the lowest were called on to give the voters some evidence of [illegible] with the state constitution, which, if elected, they will take an oath to support.—Chicago Tribune.

Gathered On The Battlefield of Thought.

Take a Rest By Bathing And Dressing. The matter of dressing up is worthy of consideration by every reader of this page. Whether you have been doing housework, or teaching school, or working in an office, or a grocery store, or a blacksmith shop, I honestly believe that if you have half an hour before supper at night, it will rest you more to take a bath and put on fresh clean clothes, than to lie down and "relax," as some of the physical culturists would have you do. It is like getting into a new self. It gives a boost to your self-respect and a corresponding elevation to the regard your neighbors will have for you. One word on the subject of clothes themselves; I have always maintained that the best clothes you can afford are none too good. It is not given to many of us to look distinguished in whatever raiment we may happen to have on. The careful study of dress in relation to our own individual merits or defects in form and feature and with particular reference to its appropriateness for our special needs should be beneath the dignity of no one. An elaborate waist and a trailing skirt are as unsuitable for an office as a short-skirted walking costume would be in a ballroom. A loose negligee with flowing sleeves which may seem exquisitely dainty in my lady's chamber looks untidy in the kitchen. Far be it from me to dictate in the matters of fashion; I gladly leave that to the fashion editor. But I wish to emphasize my belief that the earnest consideration of our clothes is not only eminently proper, but in fact a sacred duty.—Woman's Home Companion.

Vast Fortunes And the Public Improvements. In the last twenty-five years large fortunes have been made in the United States by the exploitation of great public utilities. In that brief period the developments of modern science have completely revolutionized urban and rural life. Discoveries in gas and electric illumination have transformed the fairly flickering cities of a generation ago into nightly blazes of light; the all penetrating trolley car has linked city with city and knit whole states into social and economic entities. As a result of these improvements every city has had its traction speculators; nearly every one can point to its traction millionaires. As usual, however, the richest opportunities have fallen to the lot of a few energetic men. Far outdistancing all their rivals, in the magnitude of their operations and the fortunes realized, are the five men popularly and somewhat loosely known as the Widener-Elkins-Dolan-Whitney-Ryan Syndicate. If we were to assess under a few names the wealth and influence represented by the public utility corporations in the United States, these five men would have a larger share than any other group. In the last thirty years working separately or working together, they have entered city after city, state after state, acquiring street-railways, gas and electric lighting companies, and developed them on an enormous scale. They have built up the street railway systems of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and at least one hundred cities and towns in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. Upon them at least 10,000,000 people, or one-eighth of the nation's population, are dependent for such daily needs as electric transit, and gas and electric lighting.—Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's.

Achaean League, Socialism in Ancient Greece. Mr. Freeman, the historian, has made familiar the Greek experiments in federal government. The Achean League, of the third century, B. C., is the first of his great Federal Commonwealths, of which our country is the fourth, and he declares that "probably no two constitutions, produced at such a distance of time and place from one another, ever presented so close a resemblance as that which exists between the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the Achaean League." Mr. Freeman says also, that "Greece was the true home of independent city commonwealths, the land where the system reached its fullest and its most brilliant development, and the land where its good and its evil results may be most fairly balanced against each other." Each schoolboy knows that the Spartan men had common "messes" in time of peace as well as on campaigns of war; that no Spartan was allowed to possess treasure of gold or silver, their ordinary money being of iron; that the magistrates directed the exposure on the mountains of any infant which was so deformed or sickly that it was not likely to prove a strong citizen; and that in every way the advantage of the community of the state was held in honor before that of the family or the individual. For the common weal the true Spartan was ready at any time to undertake any service or to submit to any privation. In principle, the Spartans had neither poverty nor riches. They suffered no want, yet they knew no luxury; the ordinary food of the best of them—the "black broth,' which had a great name in the ancient world—was more like to oatmeal porridge than to any other viand which often appears on our tables. The subjects of the Spartans, living in their country, shared neither their privileges nor their principles, and doubtless often were the owners of more material wealth than the Spartans themselves possessed, while they also were liable to suffer from the woes of poverty—Professor Thoms D. Seymour, in Harper's Magazine.

A Pen Picture Of "Boss Ruef," San Francisco. A Latin Jew, Ruef has a cunning mind, but at heart he is an artist, a histrionic artist. He is always playing a part, and while he picks his play with sharp intelligence, he fools himself and he forgets that the side boxes can see him making up. Ruef knows how he became boss. Most bosses don't. They have certain unconscious personal gifts, and by instinct take advantage of circumstances which lift them into power. Ruef knew as a very young man how to rise in politics. He told me his story one forenoon. He lied; he always lies—extravagantly, foolishly, even when he knows you know the truth. Abe Ruef never had that virtue which is so commonly attributed to the political boss; he cared little for his given word. And it is for "lying" that many of his friends and his worst enemies condemn him most severely. Heney, for example, despises "the . . . liar" so utterly that he won't have any personal dealings with him even in jail and as a state's witness, ,but Ruef's lying is harmless. It doesn't deceive Heney; it shouldn't deceive anybody; it isn't deceptive at all. It's imagination, subjective but vivid. Ruef is "Sentimental Tommy." When he was telling me his story that morning (a month before he pleaded guilty), he created for me a wonderful image of himself; a young political genius, educated at a university; born master of the ward game, but with the ideals of a cultured mind. He planned great things for a great city. As he painted his picture, he was fascinated by it; as he told of his fight year by year, he lost himself in the warmth of creation. But there were facts in the tale, and it seemed to me that I could feel the difference every time he struck the foundation of truth.—Lincoln Steffens in American Magazine.

Strange Work Of Dwellers In the Deep. When, standing on the sea-shore we look up at a lofty range of pure Snow-like chalk cliffs it is difficult to realize that these mighty buttressed ramparts and beetling cliffs were formed by the gradual deposition upon the bottom of an ancient sea of the shells of minute organisms, so small as to be practically invisible to the unaided vision, and yet so delicately and so beautifully fashioned that they compare in symmetry and in elegance of form with any of the larger shells which are thrown up from the depths upon the sea-shore. If examined with a powerful microscope the varied species of these strange minute dwellers of the deep may be readily observed. Some are exactly similar to the beautiful and graceful nautilus, which, in the Aegean sea, may be seen sailing along upon the placid waters with their white membraneous sail full set; some are shaped something like a Whitehead torpedo, pointed at both ends; and some exactly like a tiny starfish, but so minute that even the microscope almost fails to reveal them; together with a multiplicity of other forms too numerous to describe. And in addition to these infinitesimally diminutive shell fish—for those warm primaeval oceans teemed with exuberant life—ther are also in the chalk vast quantities of other marine organisms; some similar to those of the present day; some extinct for aeons of time. Great ammonites, an animal curled round and round in a massive shell, some of which, if extended, must have been many yards in length; cuttle fish and other cephalopods; spiny sea-urchins; pear-shaped sponges, kept rigid by a multitude of flinty apparatus like double-headed grappling irons; with innumerable other strangely diverse forms. And so it went on, generation after generation, age after age, vast myriads upon myriads of living beings continually starting into existence, living out their span of life, and then, sinking prone down to the depths, forming a great submarine deposit, which at a subsequent aeon, by a great convulsion of nature, was upheaved from the abysm of the deep, and now form those upreared snowy ramparts, which so add to the striking beauty of parts of our shores. And so with all terrestrial life, from man, down to the minutest organism. We all live out our span, longer or shorter, then pay the debt of nature, then vanish from the scene. But, unlike the lower creation, man, at dissolution, starts into a new existence, not the temporary life of a day, but an unending spirit life. And as the earth-life, so the spirit life. If lived in defiance of the laws of God, a terrible banishment from His presence; if in accordance with those laws, and if the punishment for mis-deeds having been borne by Another, the Accuser can bring no accusation, a life through all eternity of joyous, rapturous felicity.—A Banker.

New York Harbor The Greatest Port In All the World. Kurd and Pole, Kurd and Lett and [illegible], Wallachian gypsy in their red [illegible] strange peoples babbling a hundred languages, cargoes of spice from the Indies, sugar and coffee and ivory from the hot, lazy ports to the south, teas from China, milk from Denmark, rugs and drugs and silks from Singapore, fully one hundred million dollars' worth of merchandise a month—all cast in heterogeneous confusion and tumult by a thousand ships into that hungry, eager mouth, the port of New York! Warships, heavy with menace, steam slowly up the narrows, visitors from Russia, Germany, France, from the yellow Eastern Seas Ferry-boats splashing their smooth way across river and harbor tugs plying criss-cross like clucking, crazy hens in the choppy waters; a string of freight-cars, ten strings, fifty strings, go floating by; a big liner, black with travelers, docks at its North River pier; oyster-boats bob in the Gansevoort Market basin; Massachusetts fishermen in the East River cluster about the Fulton street slip coastwise steamers back away from their moorings and float outward; there, on the Brooklyn shore, the greatest warehouses in the world welcome the commercial booty of the earth—thirty million tons of it a year. And wheat from the great western prairies moves through these narrows to supply the whole world with energy, and cattle by the tens of thousands and provisions by the tons. Oil from the Texas and Kansas fields, bound for London and Amsterdam, machinery for digging ditches in Arabia and Panama; typewriters for Persia; phonographs for the idle lords of Mozambique cash registers for the Boers; threshing machines for Cape Town. Here is the sally port of the American invasion!—From the New Broadway Magazine.

JUST FOR FUN.

Admirals Must Dive and Swim.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Great consternation is felt in the navy over an announcement made by Assistant Secretary Newberry that rear-admirals must shortly undergo a test to show whether they can swim or not. In the army a test of whether colonels can ride horseback has already been ordered. Mr. Newberry's declaration in favor of a swimming test for admirals, however, is considered far worse, although the average colonel weighs several times more than his horse. The assistant secretary's plan is to have rear-admirals dive from shore and swim to their ships. Many admirals who have not moved a step for years except from the navy department to the club, are indignant. It is felt that what the assistant secretary is really proposing is a general hari-kari among the most eminent naval heroes of the age.

Fortunate.

"Walter, these are very small oysters."

"Yes, sir."

"And they don't appear to be fresh, either."

"Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it, sir?"—Punch.

Father—"I wish you'd invite that young man of yours up here tomorrow night." Daughter (surprised at the request)—"Why, father, I thought you said you had no use for him?" Father—"So I did, last summer. But tomorrow I'm going to put up the stove."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you believe there is any future for me in politics?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but in these days of graft you want to take mighty good care not to be one of those fellows who start in with a fine future and come out with a terrible past."—Washington Star.

"The more poets the better," remarked the commercial-looking person. "Ah, you are a lover of poetry," ventured the literary man. "Not so you could notice it," replied the commercial looking person, "I'm a manufacturer of waste baskets."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Newed (sobbing) — "Oh, J-John! The c-cat has e-eat all the angel cake I b-baked this m-morning. Boo-ho-o-o!" Newed (consolingly)—"Well, don't cry, dear! I'll buy you another cat to-morrow."—Chicago Daily News.

Humorists who took down the stove-pipe joke may now earn a little money putting it up again.—Puck.

"Now, Johnny," asked the gentleman who had kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us?"

"It teaches us," said Johnny, whose father reads practical articles on practical people, "that you cannot keep a good man down."—Harper's Weekly.

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