

STRIKING THE MYSTIC CHORDS OF MEMORY

Did it ever occur to you that music will most effectively recall memories of other days? "A song will outlive all sermons in the memory" because "we love music for the buried hopes, the garnered recollections, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch."

Search your own heart and see whether hidden there is not some memory tender and true that needs but a note of the music with which it is indissolubly associated to bring it almost to life.

The note that has power to revive these memories varies, of course, with different men. But it is of these, even as it was with the men of Bayard Taylor's time: "They sang of love and not of fame; forgot was Britain's glory; each heart recalled a different name, but all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

What a mighty panorama of memories the singing of some of these old songs unfolds. How, while they quicken the pulses they take us back to the days of long ago!

See the panorama passing in review!

"A Mighty Fortress is our God!" And we see again the powerful figure of a fine old preacher—long ago gathered to his fathers—one with whom that song was a favorite and to whom it was not a mere compilation of words and music; a man who served God as faithfully in every day deeds as he praised him in Sabbath day ceremony.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul!" And we recall the death scene of a brave old chieftain in the Southern Confederacy, a fine old soldier of the cross who had expressed the wish—and whose wish was fulfilled—to die to the music of that splendid hymn.

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee!" And we remember that dear old woman who, though a mother of six children of her own served as the mother of the eight children of her dead sisters; a dear old woman who left the imprint of her perfect charity upon the hearts of those who were the beneficiaries

of her kindness, even as she had carefully provided for their current necessities.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains, From India's Coral Strands!" And we see again a sweet faced mother of the sixties, holding in her arms and soothing to sweetest sleep the babe of war-time birth.

"His Loving Kindness, oh, how Great!" And we recall what was an epoch in one family life when the elder brother was led to the baptismal font by a gray haired priest of God.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee!" And we stand at the bier of a faithful father concerning whom the officiating clergyman, speaking in perfect truth, said: "He gave to the world considerably more than the world gave to him."

"Faintly Flow Thou Falling River!" And we stand at the death bed of one of the world's grandest women. To fame and fortune she was unknown. She seemed destined for grief and trouble, and if fidelity and patience are considered in the selection of the burden-bearers of the world, the assignment in this instance was well made. As a maiden "none knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise;" as a wife she was constant and true; as a mother she so impressed her personality upon her children that, although she has been dead for many, many years, she still stands ever at their side, the recollections of her loving kindness, her self-sacrificing devotion and her superb example serving as an inspiration to those who have the proud privilege of calling her "mother." What a memory chord the sweet notes of "Faintly Flow Thou Falling River" strike in the hearts of some men and women now growing gray!

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus!" And we stand at the open door of a chamber where a little life has just gone out. Within that room there are no tears, there are no sobs—the pain is too acute for that. Even "great griefs are voiceless," and in this, the greatest of all the griefs which Providence in its infinite and inscrutable wisdom has inflicted upon men, there is no sound but the mighty throbbing of the parents' troubled heart; and that the heart of mere man can withstand

such tumult is one of the wonders of the world.

The shadows of night had fallen several years ago in a home where, for a week gone by, no one had slept. The baby of the household was dying. The father and mother knelt at the bedside and beside them stood a fine old neighbor—a gray haired woman, herself the mother of many children living and dead. During her whole life it seemed as though she had been commissioned to be a comforter for troubled men. When the end came it was this good woman who, with infinite tenderness, folded the tiny hands over the little breast. Then, placing her arms affectionately around the grief stricken parents, this good woman said, simply: "You needn't worry any more, now. He's safe in the arms of Jesus."

Do you wonder that even now the notes of that sweet song stir a tender memory within the hearts of that father and mother?

When the call: "Pass Under the Rod" comes to the parent who loves his child better than life itself, there is one story of love upon which he delights to dwell. It is the story of the Nazarene's concern for the children. As He cared for them, so, instinctively, they turned to Him. It is an oft told tale, but grows sweeter with the telling; and nowhere has it been better told than when, in vagrant verse, it was written:

They brought Him their babes and besought Him,
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought Him
With Holy hands laid on their hair.

Then, reaching His hands, He said, lowly:
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and then
Took the brown little babes in the Holy
White hands of the Savior of men;

Held them close to his heart, and caressed them;
Put his face down to theirs, as in prayer;
Put their hands to His neck, and so blessed them,
With baby hands hid in His hair.

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

"UNDER FIRE"

Washington dispatches say that George B. Cortelyou will not resign the chairmanship of the republican national committee, explaining that Mr. Cortelyou does not wish to retire from the position "while there is even a suspicion of the smoke of fire in the air."

It is quite common for men whose names have been connected with discreditable transactions to assert that they will not "resign under fire." So far as public interests are concerned Mr. Cortelyou's retention of the chairmanship of the republican committee is not altogether important. It has been admitted by Mr. McCall that he paid to the republican national campaign fund during the time when Mr. Cortelyou was chairman \$48,000. Another insurance official has said that he contributed \$40,000. As chairman of the republican national committee Mr. Cortelyou might say that other republican chairmen accepted similar contributions in their campaigns, and that the fact that the money was stolen from the policyholders is of no moment in the light of the fact that it was contributed for the success of "the party of God and morality." But Mr. Cortelyou is a member of the president's cabinet. Whatever justification he may be able to present in the way of precedent in the office of republican chairmen, he can hardly cite to advantage in the office of postmaster general. If Mr. Cortelyou does not care to retire from the chairmanship "under fire" he might retire from the president's cabinet. At all events so long as Mr. Cortelyou has no explanation for the discreditable affair with which his name has been associated his friends will do well to refrain from boast and bombast in his behalf.

AVENUES OF USEFULNESS—JOURNALISM

Few avocations offer a larger field for usefulness than journalism and few are more broadening. Like the lawyer the journalist is constantly engaged in intellectual combats and his wits are sharpened by the keenness of his adversary. The journalist deals with every question that affects humanity and is trained to look upon all sides of a subject. The business side of journalism offers large rewards for recognized

capacity; the reportorial side is furnishing mental discipline as well as remuneration to an army of young men and the editorial department is still more fascinating where the editor is permitted to write what he thinks. But nothing is more pitiable than to see a strong mind grinding out editorials which offend against the conscience of the writer. No one should consent to write against his conviction.

The greatest trouble with the large dailies is that they are huge business enterprises and the policy of such papers on political questions is too often controlled by the counting room. As nearly all the great dailies are published by corporations, the public is often ignorant of the real owner and sometimes those who desire to exploit the public take advantage of this fact and secure control of papers for the purpose of advancing their enterprises.

The weeklies require less expensive plants, and a much larger proportion of them are edited by the owners. For the reason that it speaks the convictions of one who can be identified, and has back of it a character and a conscience the weekly exerts far greater political influence, in proportion to its circulation, than the impersonal daily. It is likely that the daily will become more and more exclusively a newspaper, leaving the editorial discussion of political questions to the weeklies which are edited by their owners.

There ought to be in every state a weekly paper devoted to the advocacy of the principles of each of the great parties and applying those principles to state questions. The Commoner endeavors to apply democratic principles to national questions and to important state questions having a national bearing, but it can not possibly perform the functions of a state paper.

To one who desires to contribute to the advancement of his fellows by the improvement of economic, sociological and political conditions, journalism offers a most inviting field and the higher the ideal of those who enter journalism the more service they can render to the public.

THE GRAIN TRUST EXPOSED

Tom Worrall, a grain dealer of Nebraska, has just published a book entitled "The Grain Trust Exposed," and in it he presents an array of facts

to show the existence in Nebraska of a criminal conspiracy among a number of grain dealers to keep down the price paid to the farmers for their grain and to otherwise control the market. Mr. Worrall begins by showing how he was frustrated in his efforts to conduct an independent grain business and compelled to become a member of the "association." After several years' connection with this "association," and after having been elected to its directorate, he withdrew and undertook the work of exposing the criminal nature of the combine. Mr. Worrall does not mince his words, but proceeds to lay bare a state of things in the grain trade that should impel the attorney general of Nebraska to immediately institute criminal proceedings against a number of men whose names are mentioned in the book and connected by seemingly direct evidence with this criminal conspiracy. He gives attested copies of contracts and agreements, and his reports of some of the meetings of the men interested in the conspiracy show intimate acquaintance with its inside workings.

Farmers have known for years that they were being made the victims of a combination of grain buyers, but Mr. Worrall's book will be a revelation even to them. His story of the legislative fight against the bill to compel railroads to give sites for independent elevators, and his expose of the smooth but dishonest methods that were used to emasculate the bill before it passed, tells nothing new to those acquainted with the ways of the professional lobbyist, but it will be an eye-opener to thousands of farmers who have been made the victims of such tactics. Mr. Worrall has conferred a favor upon the people by publishing this book, and it is now the duty of the attorney general to proceed upon the evidence and land a few of these "respectable" criminals behind the bars.

A GENTLE REMINDER

The fact that Miss Roosevelt must pay a heavy duty on those valuable presents or give them up may serve to remind her distinguished father of the time when he was a prominent member of the Free Trade League.