

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
 THE NEWS ESTABLISHED 1881.
 THE JOURNAL ESTABLISHED 1877.
THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 W. N. HUGHES, President,
 E. F. HUGHES, Vice President,
 J. N. A. HUGHES, Secretary.
 Every Friday. By mail, per year, \$1.50.
 Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Virginia, as second-class matter. Telephone: Bell 22, Automatic 1122.

The colonel's two big appointments charged up to Nebraska were Paul Morton and D. E. Thompson.

As of course you can't cut ice with any comfort in cold weather, the price of ice will no doubt be higher next summer.

Why expect people to devote time to the study of literature, when they haven't yet read over the last telephone directory?

As it is proving wholly ineffective for Father Bryan to spank congressmen, he will have to try putting them to bed without any supper.

The recuperative effect of freedom is one of the most wonderful things on earth. The case of Mr. Morse, recently of Atlanta, proves this.

After careful reading of the congressional proceedings we fail to see anything about the advocates of a subsidy. Have they subsided?

Secretary Knox in visiting the Caribbean republics, must be gaining so many ideas on the most efficient methods of promoting revolutions.

It is claimed that Dickens said means things about America. But this country was a kid then, and few youngsters learn table manners without outside assistance.

From the way people are getting all het up over politics, we expect to see one or two hanging around this office the night of Nov. 5 to learn if the people have gone and done it.

In a few years the Chinese republic may be questioning whether it is better to be beleaguered by the Manchu dynasty, or have your insides squashed out by the political steam roller.

Already members of the Ananias club are anxious to bestow the presidency upon the man who initiated them. They're willing to give him three terms—or a term for life, for that matter.

The republican party may not have gone ahead as fast as it ought to in removing tariff abuses, but it realizes, as the democrats do not, that idle mills would create more suffering than tariff evils.

Mr. Shuster may have handled the Persian treasury successfully, but we would like to see what he could do in one of our cities with the aid of men of each ward hollering for sewers and sidewalks.

The express companies cannot lower rates because so much of their profits go to the railroad companies, and the railroads cannot reduce rates because so much of their profits go to the express companies.

The government is to investigate the lumber trust. The lumbermen cannot be expected to remember much about their own business, but they should at least recall their own names and where they live.

We learn that people don't go to the white house receptions until 9:30 to 11 p. m., and they stay until 1 a. m. Tactful persons would reflect that Mr. Taft may want to get up at 6:30 and shake down the furnace.

Roosevelt is on record as favoring President Taft's Payne-Adrich tariff bill, and helped to write its endorsement into the New York state republican platform. He also approved of the Canadian reciprocity measure.

If he has a profit-sharing contract with the Outlook, which he unquestionably has, the colonel can well afford to take a beating for the sake of increased circulation that the campaign will give his magazine, Bryan's found it a pretty paying proposition.

It is proper to ask presidential candidates to discuss such subjects as simplified spelling and rotation of crops, but stirring them up on the tariff, woman suffrage, and the trusts, is about like gossiping about their family skeletons and poor relations.

We see by the paper that T. R. is emulating G. Washington in one way at least. He's chopping trees. But all trees are not cherry trees. In connection with G. Washington's tree-chopping episode, he said—oh, well, any school boy can tell you what G. W. said.

Col. Roosevelt in his letter of June 17, 1911, said: "I have said always I would not be a candidate in 1912 myself and that I had no intention of taking any part in the nomination for or against any candidate." Yet he now denies ever having given anybody the impression that he wouldn't run.

When one remembers the number

of things that are now considered necessities which were unknown a few years ago, they realize how fast the world is marching in a civilization that means comfort and protection. Perhaps nothing brings this to mind more vividly than the progress of the wireless. It was only a little more than three years ago when Jack Dims gained a deathless fame in flashing the C. Q. D. signal from the deck of the ill-starred Republic and brought, by so doing, the Baltic to the rescue and saved the lives of hundreds of its passengers. Today the United States, Canada and most of the European countries forbid ships of any nationality of any size taking passengers unless they are provided with the wireless. If our expenses are growing we must admit that it is to take care of many things that add to our comfort, convenience and pleasure, that were not conceived of in the centuries and years that are past. If life costs more to maintain in these days it is largely because it is worth very much more than it ever was before.

THE VOTE ON ARBITRATION.
 On March 5th, the United States senate has agreed to vote on the ratification of the arbitration treaties. There is every indication that the senate will approve them. It is probable that as soon as these treaties with England and France are ratified Germany and the other great foreign powers will come across and join in an agreement for arbitration of all international disputes. If this proves true to history it will be one of the chief glories of the Taft administration that such a magnificent and long stride has been taken in limiting the armaments and in establishing the eventual peace of the entire world.

PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.
 One of Col. Roosevelt's statements serves particularly to emphasize the type of administration that President Taft is giving us. The colonel declares that any president, by using the federal patronage, can renominate himself. And it brings home the fact that Taft is the first president who ever had the courage to set in motion a plan to rob the white house of political patronage by placing the entire government, from heads of departments down, on a civil service basis. No man ever used federal patronage to perpetuate himself or his candidate in the white house, more awkwardly than Col. Roosevelt. He first renominated himself and four years later he renominated his secretary of war, W. H. Taft.

And it remained for Taft to recommend putting the government work entirely on a civil service basis, as it should be.

STIMSON FOR TAFT.
 The acquisition of Secretary of War Stimson to the Taft column is a notable incident in the present campaign. Mr. Stimson was Roosevelt's candidate for governor in New York two years ago. Stimson was nominated through the popularity of the colonel. Naturally Stimson has reason to feel under deep obligation to Roosevelt and naturally he personally regards the colonel very highly. When Stimson entered the Taft column he did so with a distinct understanding between himself and Taft that he would be in no way bound to take part in the president's campaign for renomination. So his voluntary pledge of support to the president, as the greatest progressive of them all, is significant.

Secretary Stimson entered public life under the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt. But he believes those who are forcing Roosevelt, against his original intention, into the arena against Taft, are jeopardizing instead of helping real progress. He believes that President Taft has faithfully carried out the republican platform pledges. He believes Taft has been falsely vilified and abused. And he cannot follow Col. Roosevelt in his judicial recall plan, which he declares "would bring the courts down to the welter of politics."

ROOSEVELT IS EXPLAINING.
 Col. Roosevelt is on the defensive—a disadvantageous position for any political candidate. Day after day he is busy issuing new statements explaining why he is doing what he said he wouldn't do. He rebuffs a good deal of the same story over again but new developments constantly demand new explanations.

First the colonel told us he would not accept another nomination. Now he explains that what he meant was that he would not accept another "consecutive" nomination. Then the colonel wrote letters to dozens of people saying he "would not be a candidate in 1912." Now he explains that it is "perfectly true" that he did write such letters, but "utterly false" that he ever said he would not be the nominee in 1912. What he meant, he now explains, was that he would not "seek" the nomination but that he would accept it if it was thrust upon him by overwhelming popular demand. He "was finally obliged to come to the conclusion that there was a real demand." So he told the agents of that demand—the seven politicians who had been elected governors in seven states—that he would accept the nomination.

He has now established lavish headquarters in the Munsey building in Washington, thousands of dollars are being poured into his campaign fund and he has selected the leaders in his own hand for the nomination—but he is not a candidate in 1912. He is just "willing to be the nominee."

And the colonel's manager now explains, in a reply to a statement that Munnery, the magazine man to whom Taft owes millions to defeat President Taft's recommendations for an increase in postage rates, is furnishing Roosevelt's headquarters free of rent, that "we selected Taft four years ago in the harvestor trust building in Chicago without paying rent." Who selected Taft? Who was running Taft's campaign? Who selected Taft in the first place for the presidency? Does Dixon mean that Roosevelt is merely writing the same help now, in his own behalf, that he enlisted for Taft four years ago?

The colonel merely issues a statement in which he does not charge that under our system of choosing national convention delegates, the "public leaders" try to thwart the "people's will." It was under this same convention system that Roosevelt nominated himself in 1904 and renominated Taft four years later. Were those moves of thwarting the popular will? The statement is hardly borne out by past experience. It's pretty hard to thwart the popular will in America.

Roosevelt's manager, Dixon, declares that he is ready to shoot any amount of personal animosity into the campaign. Nobody who has watched the colonel's entrance had anticipated anything else.

"If the people do not wish me to serve," the colonel says, "most certainly I do not wish to serve." Which is really a very interesting and philosophical view of the situation.

T. R. WOULD SUPPORT TAFT.
 There could be only one possible condition that might be construed by Col. Roosevelt as warranting him in making the renomination nomination. That condition would be the absolute willingness of President Taft for his fellow.

And if President Taft were unfit for the office, then it would be the duty of Col. Roosevelt, as a citizen, to use his utmost efforts to prevent Taft's return to the white house.

But Col. Roosevelt has declared that if Taft is renominated, he "surely" will support the president in his campaign for reelection.

If Taft is worthy Roosevelt's support for reelection, what possible excuse is there for Roosevelt's demanding a third term, except his ambition to hold office or his desire to punish Taft because Taft chose to run his own administration without dictation from the colonel?

One thought that comes to men's minds in the present political crisis is this: Out of 99 millions of people, how many only one man to whom we can trust the government of the United States? Is Theodore Roosevelt the only man in America to whom it is safe to trust the presidency? The "call" of the seven governors inferred as much. Roosevelt's willingness to heed that call, implies that this must be his opinion. And is there any charge involved in that theory, that we are unfit, as a people, for self government? Then why not elect a king and be done with it?

Lawyers throughout the country are eagerly awaiting the opinion of Senator Root as to Col. Roosevelt's new doctrine for the "reversal of judicial decisions." Root is regarded as a great lawyer and his words will be closely read. One exchange interprets this new theory as a "bill with the courts of justice" plan. It is a radical departure from the constitution and it is theory that not even the populists in their populists days dared to advance. Senator Lodge, Roosevelt's lifelong friend, finds himself unable to follow the colonel in this new scheme and many newspapers believe that the colonel uttered it not in the thought that it would ever come to pass, but in search for a political issue upon which to make a campaign for votes.

Col. Roosevelt has been for years the apostle of the "square deal." And many people are wondering today whether he has not temporarily put it aside. In his ambition for a third term, Roosevelt owes much to the republican party. He has been honored by that party as few men in history have been. By a word he could have assured the success of his party at the 1912 next November. If he had turned a deaf ear to personal ambition and had endorsed his old friend Taft, who in all fairness has been a constructive president, he could have absolutely convinced the republican party together and could have made a continuous of republican principles an assured fact. As it is, he has created a condition which will render victory in November a very difficult matter to say the least. Has he given us a square deal to the republican party? Again, Roosevelt owes much to Taft. In the Roosevelt cabinet, did he not help make the Roosevelt administration popular. Has he given a square deal to Taft? And even La Follette now charges that

Roosevelt urged him to run and promised him that he would not enter the conflict. Has he given a square deal to La Follette? These are some of the questions that people are thinking about.

Col. Roosevelt has declared that any president can, by using the machinery of government, renominate himself. What assurance have we then, in case Roosevelt should be elected for a third term, that he would not use this government machinery to perpetuate himself in office for a fourth term and a fifth and so on, just as Diaz did in Mexico? And this is no silly question as might appear at first thought. Any statement made by Roosevelt now to the effect that he would not run for a fourth term, would be absolutely without weight. He has gone back on one pledge of that kind, and no utterance that he could make would now be convincing. Verily, there may have been some sound common-sense in George Washington's idea, after all, that it is wise to limit the presidency to two terms.

If Roosevelt had disregarded personal ambition and the temptation to seek for a third time the power that goes with the presidency, if he stood firmly upon his former declarations that he would never accept another nomination because he still believed as he believed in 1904 and in 1907 that it is a "wise custom" that limits a president to two terms; if he had for the moment forgotten his personal animosity toward Taft or Taft's independence in framing his cabinet and given earned credit to the president for the constructive things that he has done; if he had refused to turn his popularity into a means of again seeking office in a country which had already bestowed upon him every possible honor and had retained the prestige and independence that such an attitude would have given him, he could have carved for himself a name and a fame such as is possessed by perhaps no man in American history—save possibly Washington and Lincoln, and could have been while he still lived the greatest power among 99 millions of people shaping public opinion, in fighting public evils and in influencing legislation. Having tossed his hat into the ring as an endeavor to once again taste the wine of office holding, he has forever sacrificed much of the prestige that was his for the taking and having repudiated his former declaration not to accept another term, his words have become those of the office-seeking politician rather than those of the great moral leader, unswayed by personal ambition.

ROOSEVELT IS EXPLAINING.
 Col. Roosevelt's latest statement, explaining why he entered the race for a third term after he had said he would never accept another nomination, is even more disappointing to many of his former admirers than was his letter to the seven governors launching his candidacy. The new statement seems to fall of the belief on the colonel's part that he is the only man in the country able to creditably fill the job of president.

His reason for entering the race, the Oyster Bay dispatch reads, was that men sharing his political beliefs "convinced him they needed an effective leader." It rather goes against the grain of Americans to have any man come out in so many words and tell us that he is convinced that he is the only effective leader. Somehow it doesn't seem quite as modest as we might desire a great political leader to be.

"Col. Roosevelt expressed the opinion that on a popular vote he would be the choice of his party by a big majority," the dispatch continues. He may be right about it and he may be wrong. But right or wrong, the American people don't like to have any man, big or little, arise and tell them how popular he is. It's too much like boasting and boasting is not a trait that the American people, as a rule, are ready to applaud.

Col. Roosevelt said he supposed a great many people would not believe it, but that he had not wished to enter the race," the dispatch goes on. And that paragraph will cause a smile to spread over the continent. He supposes a great many people will not believe it, and his supposition is correct. A great many people will not believe it. The circumstantial evidence will make it impossible for them to believe the sincerity of that remark. Col. Roosevelt himself laid the foundation for public distrust in his utterances when he violated the pledge that he never would run again. So he can't blame the public if he is disbelieved now in his effort to stretch it. In fact, in another Oyster Bay dispatch on the same day, the colonel is quoted as saying that in his letter of June 27, 1911, he certainly stated that he would not refuse the nomination. That was a year ago—and, according to his own word now, he had fully decided at that time to accept the nomination if he could get it. Yet he would give us the impression that not until the seven governors renominated him the "call of the people," and then only after two weeks' careful deliberation, did he finally decide to toss his hat in the ring. That doesn't support the colonel's declaration that he has been forced in against his

will. It rather supports the belief that he has been planning ever since he left the white house—ever since Taft decided to select his own cabinet—to get into the race for a third term, either in the hope of personally winning out again or of defeating Taft and the republican party.

The colonel says he thinks he could be nominated if it were left to popular vote, but he doesn't know how he can succeed against the presidential federal patronage machine. He keeps assuming that Taft is using unfair means of getting support. He realizes that there is no way to disprove his statement that he is the most popular man in America, because in many states delegates are chosen in conventions. And he might be able to work up sympathy by such argument if it were not for the fact that he, himself, when in the white house used that same machinery that he now complains of to renominate himself and then to nominate Taft—and in those days he called it popularity instead of machine power that had wrought the victory.

The colonel says "many supporters" had come to him and represented that they needed a leader and that there was a widespread demand for him. And who were these "leaders"? They were the disgruntled politicians and office seekers who, sore at the administration for one reason or another, had everything to gain and nothing to lose by inducing the colonel to run. They were the Pinchots who were thrown out of the Taft administration for insubordination and apparent violation of orders; the Garfields who failed of appointment under Taft; and the little band of so-called "governors"—self-constituted agents of the people—who were being left off Taft delegations and saw a possible chance for state leadership or but appointment in case Roosevelt could win. This was the "widespread demand" for the colonel to go back on his word and seek a third term. It was a "spontaneous" uprising, for press agent purposes; yet we find that for months a well-oiled Roosevelt machine had been under construction in every state in the union, the leaders always in close personal touch with the colonel. And upon his return from Africa we find him hiring a special train for a swing around the circle from New York to San Francisco, for speechmaking purposes. At the time it was a sort of farewell tour, but it apparently was only the first farewell tour, like those of Sarah Bernhardt.

Yes, the colonel is right about it. There will be a great many people who will not believe him when he boasts that he was dragged into this campaign by widespread popularity against his will. He has excellent back for presuming that there will be some little doubt as to the sincerity of that statement. The colonel's former reputation for absolute veracity has been considerably diminished within the past few days.

AROUND TOWN.
 All of which reminds one that Easter bonnets are under construction, soon to be occupied—and that one Easter bonnet may represent the price of two or three tons of coal.

It is perfectly true that we said we'd never again play golf on March 1. But in case of overwhelming demand, all promises are off.

Here little lamb! Here little lamb! Come on in—don't be afraid. That lion's asleep. He won't hurt you. And besides, his teeth are worn out—or at least they ought to be by this time.

We see by the paper that one of Teddy's own brothers-in-law is against him. Now there'd be genuine human interest if some reporter could only get the inside of THAT story.

What's become of the o. f. barber that played the fiddle between slaves?

We see by the paper that a Norfolk mail carrier has twenty-one miles to his credit every day. And "twenty-one miles" ought to be a winning hand almost any old time.

The great problem of the hour is this: Will Washington, D. C., a year from today, be a golf town or a tennis town?

Roar, you lion. Roar your lungs out. Then remain forever silent when the little lamb does begin to bleat.

Speaking of lions, it was three years ago this month that that famous lion hunt, just now re-entering the limelight, was undertaken.

To show you how bad the storm in Norfolk was Saturday, there wasn't a street car running in the entire city at any time during the day.

Make a record of it: On March 1, 1912, two Norfolk golf enthusiasts went out and played two holes of golf. Or would "enthusiasts" be just the word? Tell who they were? Not on your life.

Isn't it queer how there are always more fish jumping on the other side of the river? The grass is always greener just over the fence. Two families of covers met in Norfolk Saturday. One was headed from a South Dakota town to a Nebraska town. The other was headed from that very Nebraska town to that

identical South Dakota town. Both looking for better conditions. Both dissatisfied with their lot where they had been living. Both saw greener fields across the state line. Isn't it queer?

Many of our 40,000 daily readers have accused us of either being ignorant in, or having guilty knowledge of that game of golf that was played amid the bleak snowdrifts and fields of ice on the Country club grounds last Friday. But we refuse to be smoked out. We won't discuss it, but a word for publication. We neither deny nor affirm.

P. S.—Our hat is in the ring and you'll have our answer tomorrow.

We see by the paper that Sandow got a bad fall and had the wind knocked out of him. Sandow ought to take a course of training under some pollockian.

How the fence and a fellow wear shoes with holes in the soles through continuous snow drifts for three months, and escape taking cold?

When you're well you sometimes think what a snap it would be to be sick for a day or two. Now, with all your life time, you could do a lot of reading that you ought to do, or sew, or sew on, and sew on, and sew on. But when you get a little fever all those dreams vanish into thin air. Another case of anticipation and realization.

Of course, there is such a thing as being too easily satisfied. Personally, when we're playing billiards we believe that's the greatest game ever invented. When we happen to be playing golf, we're convinced that that's got all the rest backed off the map. When we're playing tennis, we feel equally enthusiastic about that. Maybe that's a case of one's being too easily satisfied. But after all, it's a mighty comfortable feeling.

Speaking of tennis—we understand that we've been drafted to play as a side partner to S. G. M. in a game against J. S. M. and B. M. as soon as another permit, and that there's a new hat slated on the result. We anticipate that S. G. M. will win a crown. There's another case where "the hat is in the ring." Or would you say the hat is on the net, in this case?

T. R. is getting several million dollars worth of advertising a day, if it were charged up at space rates.

We promised our answer today about that golf game. Here it is, in one word: "Golfy."

But never again on the first of March.

We promised you we'd not smoke the pipe during Lent. What we meant was that we wouldn't smoke it consecutively.

Speaking of pipes, we presume that you, following that fatal stabbing with a corn cob pipe at Cleveland, every man found carrying one in his pocket will be arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.

A Norfolk man broke his wrist crashing an automobile. These accidents do now and then get violent.

England with its million men idle from result of strike, with its suffragette hammering windows and property to pieces in their intelligent campaign for the ballot, with its attempted assassination of Rothschild, with its home rule controversy, etc., etc., really doesn't seem to heaven, just at this time, that it is sometimes painted by loyal former subjects.

We see by the paper that rattle snake venom will cure tuberculosis, and of course we all know what to take to counteract the rattle snake venom. Gee, but we've got a bad cough today.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

How we all love to hear our jokes repeated!

No soup is good enough to warrant making a meal of it.

Life insurance agents are apt to be just a trifle too friendly.

So many men are willing to worry themselves to death with the Cares of public office.

Some men are noticeable because they are too lazy to argue.

Another reason there are so many Uplifters is because it pays.

Very few madders are so bold they don't require encouragement.

Speed the departing guest sufficiently so he won't miss his train.

It can't always be said of a candidate that he is running for office.

One doesn't have to be so awfully well known to get booze circulars.

Sometimes a Prohibitionist makes the mistake of thinking all sin is wet.

A loafer who thinks the world owes him a living, doesn't usually live very well.

Sometimes an automobile burns up and wears out a little faster than usual.

Some women marry for love, and others get a divorce for the same reason.

A girl, you may have observed, devotes a lot of her enthusiasm to additives.

SATURDAY NIGHT
ADVENTURE
BY
DR. SAMUEL
W. PARVIS, M.D.

THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS.

Text: "And the Lord shall bring thee into Egypt again by ship." (Deut. XXXII, 43)

This marks fearful prophecy against the faithless, renegade Jew of ancient times. Then came fulfillment when numbers of captives were sent back by sea to the bondage and hardness of Egypt. They were said for slaves at a vile price. Thousands perished from want. A multitude were never heard from again. Catastrophes of faith they were. Recently I saw that book of unique title, "The Port of Missing Ships," the "Bureau Veritas" of Paris with its accurate record of casualties at sea shows 1,101 steam and sailing vessels lost each year, the sea's toll of over three a day. Some go out from port with flags flying and crews cheering. They're never heard from again. "Missing" is the sad message to waiting ones. They are somewhere—yes, at the port of missing ships. We talk with wonder of ocean's treasures buried beneath the waves, but who can tell the treasures hidden in the deeper, darker sea of human life gone down in the waters of defeat and hope? Oh, the wretched gifts, long lost hopes that are now buried beneath the surface of our better selves! Now and then we get a glimpse of them when the reefs are left bare by receding tides, squandered treasures, pearls and gems of life that have gone down in the sea of our past.

• The Voyage of Life.

We are not at rest, but on a journey. Life is a movement, a constant progress toward an unseen harbor. What is our haven? Where is that port? What is the end toward which we are either steering or drifting? Since our life's ship was first launched on its sea we have been sailing somewhere, but where? I've written a new hat slated on the result. We anticipate that S. G. M. will win a crown. There's another case where "the hat is in the ring." Or would you say the hat is on the net, in this case?

Who are these comrades of boyhood, these friends of youth? Where are the honor men of your class at school or college, those brilliant fellows who carried off medals and prizes? Some have arrived; some have disappeared. Your alumni catalogue does not bear their name. Out of your business friends only 2 per cent arrived; 98 per cent failed. Some weakness, intolerance, dishonesty, instability, some uncomprehended sin, has wrecked their careers. Life has bereaved them, they write their own epitaph.

I have lost the race I never ran. Napoleon's racing the beach of his life. St. Helena with their Waterloo lost.

Life's Lost Ports.

In one sense all life is a losing. Every autumn sails on. But to lose "temporarily." The most painful sob I hear from the wrecks in the almshouses, insane asylums, prison cells, is, "My life has been a failure." Men who've missed the mark; some who are stopping in time's purgatory on the way to eternity's hades. However, not every storm tossed craft fails for eternity. Looked as if Jonah had reached his last port when he was flung over the gunwale, but Nineveh was yet his. Moses stood on Pisgah's lofty height, life's dream unrealized. Failed of his port? We know now 'twas far more important to make pebbles character than the load of milk and honey. Many another has been called by death before he has reached his last harbor. To be the port of earthly success. There's a pathos in Robert E. Lee's teaching school after the Army of Northern Virginia is no more. I seek, but in vain, tear stained cheek, before the monument marked "Appomattox." Some thing in the sad, weary, dejected face of the Confederate private made me think of my own lost causes. On the day the executioner's ax fell on John the Baptist and Paul the Christian it looked like failure. Friday afternoon, April 7, A. D. 30, the man on the cross gasped, "It is finished." Failed of his port?

The Last Port.
 God pity the derelict! I've met him on the high seas, mistletoe buff, unmurged, a manure for fertilization, no eye on the compass, no hand on the helm, driven with wind and tossed, now drifting. His craft the bark of skepticism. No freight remains his port! No passenger deserves a pang, pink to great joyous friends. "Ignominate the derelict!" is the order from every nation's capital. Without faith it is impossible to please God or bless man. Say, mariner, don't drift into that unmarked, uncharted wilderness of waters that indelibly spells. Don't drift out of track of home ships, away from Bible, prayer, church, God. Say, sinner, have you been sailing away from God off toward the cold north of sin and unbelief? Turn home, it's getting late, eight bells, dog watch. Start home though colors torn, ragged sails, battered ports. Make port. There will be waving of hands and tears of joy. What boots it if start of journey be pleasant, middle portion smooth and sunny. If in end craft is wrecked, cargo sunken, crew drowned? Too late now? No; send out the "S.O.S." of distress. God's mercy will find you. The pilot of Galilee will steer you home. Out beyond the sky there lies the small land of heaven. Make your port, cross your anchor, you've reached your soul's haven.

The real estate ad that impresses you right is apt to be well worth your investigation. And you never answered a real estate ad without seeing something of value