

The Yale Expositor.

J. A. MENZIES, Publisher.

YALE, MICH

Farmers, beware! Counterfeit \$1,000 bills have been discovered in Kentucky.

And so a man has died from thirst a few miles from Yuma, Arizona. He couldn't do it in town.

There is talk of a compressed air trust. At last the combines have discovered how to squeeze money out of the atmosphere.

In France the people find great amusement in a new game called barrel-rolling. In this country log-rolling is a pastime with many.

Any Weary Waggle who is thinking of going to Alaska can assure himself a measure of respect by getting incorporated as the North Pole Cornucopia Company, limited, capital \$1,000,000,000.

Think of Timothy Reynolds of Oswego Falls, N. Y., who left home last week for the Klondike country with only \$15 in his inside pocket. There's nerve for you. Tim insists that he will get there, and get there right.

It was said recently that if women appeared in church without hats or bonnets the congregation would have "a more devotional and homelike aspect." Were women to bring their knitting the aspect would be even more "homelike." Nevertheless, the apostle's word about women being covered in church remains in force. The discussion between a pew and the porch of a summer hotel is a vital one, both for behavior and for dress.

Believers in the wooden nutmeg legend can say once more that time makes all things even. A stranger has appeared in Connecticut with a preparation warranted by him to keep flies and mosquitoes away from domestic animals. One package dissolved in ten quarts of water was said to be sufficient to protect twelve oxen, or twenty-four horses. After the seller had disappeared the stuff was examined and found to be oak sawdust scented with camphor.

Since the cities of this country have begun to give attention to the matter of street cleanliness the resulting benefits have been so striking that the movement has received an impetus that nothing can check. Clean streets mean a low mortality rate, and no other recommendation is of so great advantage to a city. One of the first requirements to enable a city to be clean in respect to its streets is smooth pavements. Paris has probably the cleanest streets of any city in the world, and the reason why its streets can be kept so clean is that most of them are smooth-paved.

At a recent annual dinner of the London association of correctors of the press a prominent publisher said that the great mass of English literature that will remain is the product of men who had other occupations than that of writing. Shakespeare, Bacon, Bunyan, Swift, Burke, Lamb, Scott, Matthew Arnold, were some of the men who held business or official positions or were engaged in other than literary work. The speaker referred to "the melancholy spectacle of young men and women, ambitious of literary fame, who are only too ready to throw up their positions in office or shop to buy an inkpot and ream of paper and set out on a literary career." The mistake of making a vocation of work which may be only profitable as an avocation is to be reckoned among the life blunders which involve grave losses and profound regret.

Japanese immigration is attracting attention not only in the South Pacific, where its effects have produced important consequences in the relations between Hawaii and Japan, but also on the Pacific coast, says Bradstreet's. The entrance of Japanese immigrants into California has attracted considerable attention there also, though the number of Japanese who have thus far arrived to obtain employment in the beet-fields is small. The men who arrived were engaged with great promptness, a circumstance which gave rise to the suspicion that they came to the United States under contract to labor. Up to the present, at any rate, the movement has not been of sufficient volume to justify the alarm expressed over it in some quarters. According to the best evidence obtainable regarding the situation it appears that while some Japanese are working in the fields, about 95 per cent of the labor of raising beets at Watsonville, one of the centers of the industry, is done by American laborers, so that unless there should be a great increase in the volume of immigration the fears that have been expressed from time to time regarding the threatening nature of Japanese competition on the Pacific coast would seem to be exaggerated.

The European powers, like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights who released the genie from his imprisonment, are finding it no easy task to crowd Turkey back into its former compass. The sultan, who has profited by the exhibition of vacillation and indecision which was given by the powers last spring, demands a slice of Greek territory, and adds with considerable force that if they could not dislodge Venizelos and his two thousand Greeks from Crete he is not afraid of their driving three hundred thousand victorious Turks out of Thessaly.

FAIMAGE'S SERMON.

LABOR STRIKES THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Text, Matt. vii 12: "Whatsoever Ye Would that Men Should Do to You, Do You Even So to Them."



HE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employees' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employees. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of work in a day," "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulate in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four millions hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never.

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses; result misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortunes. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!"

They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if today capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief and it points from my text roseate and jubilant and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the home-spun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity downstairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil and he will say to him: "Why it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crass goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Towards evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and he settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister or religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever."

But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world today is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivet. All the political economists under the archway of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corpora was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! ye heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift that timber? It is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." "I was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift."

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hill-lock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies: by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and contentances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

An Italian Solomon. The Duke of Ossone, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite named Bertrand Solus, while lounging about in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder.

The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The Viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him.

When the case came on, and Solus had made his complaint, the Viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

"What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an imposter. I assure you he is not dumb. Before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way.'"

"Then," said the Viceroy sternly, "if you heard him ask you make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the incident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

Victoria—Queen Victoria shines brightly as a ruler in a galaxy of poets, painters and men and women of genius in her own country and in every land.—Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Adam.—It was not a punishment but a blessing that Adam was shut out of Eden, shut out from the tree of life, shut out from immortality of sin.—Rev. C. M. Coburn, Methodist, Denver, Col.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Widow's Personal Property—Tough Times and the Parrot—An Unwarranted Boast—Flotsam and Jetsam.

Love's Greeting. MOLLY meets me at the door. When the toll of day is o'er, When the summer sun at setting, Flashing through the leafy fretting, Flecks with molten gold the floor,— With a smile of Love's beguiling, Molly meets me at the door.

Molly meets me at the door, Fair as in the years before, When our vows of love were spoken, And I begged the ribbon token At her dainty throat she wore. With our love-knot still unbroken, Molly meets me at the door.

Molly meets me at the door, Ah, pray God, for evermore, Till my last faint breath is fleeing, Till my heart has ceased its beating, May she meet me as of yore: Grant for aye, with cheery greeting, Molly meets me at the door.

Ought to Have Told. Molly meets me at the door, Fair as in the years before, When our vows of love were spoken, And I begged the ribbon token At her dainty throat she wore. With our love-knot still unbroken, Molly meets me at the door.



Nephew—How did you like the parrot I sent you? Uncle—Rather tough. Nephew—What! did you eat him? Why, he was a great talker. Uncle—Well, why didn't th' darn fool say so?

In European Style. "This hotel is run on the European plan, isn't it?" asked the hungry-looking guest, with the long hair and buckskin trousers.

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "Well, I haven't time to look over the bill of fare," rejoined the other resignedly. "Bring me some English breakfast tea, a Hamburg steak, Swiss cheese, some German fried potatoes and French coffee cake or Vienna bread—I don't care a darn which."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Advantage. Mrs. Stalensmate—Only to think of the way in which Mrs. Smarte snapped up that wealthy Mr. Goodie! It's positively disgusting.

Uncle John—Naturally some of the other ladies are disappointed; but they had no chance against Mrs. Smarte. She's a widow, you know, and she hasn't haunted the matrimonial bargain counter the last two or three years for nothing.—Boston Transcript.

His Unwarranted Boast. Louise—Do you know that Charley Finnicks is going around town bragging that he kissed you the other night?

Jessie—Why, the horrible story teller! He did no such thing. It was I that kissed him, and he nearly fainted when I did it, too. But that's the way with cowards. They always are the greatest boasters.—Cleveland Leader.

Very Personal.



Wilson—Has that charming widow any property?

Bilson—Yes, considerable. Wilson—Real estate or personal? Bilson—Personal; she has six children.

It Wasn't Necessary. "Did you permit him to kiss you?" asked the old gentleman. "I didn't have to," replied the sweet young thing.

Indeed she had caught an up-to-date young man who knew too much to ask.—Chicago Post.

Fun for Her. "Does Miss Merry smile upon your suit, Chumpley?" "Smile? She laughs till you can hear her a block every time I propose."—Detroit Free Press.

Rugs Made From Your Old Carpets. Latest improvement, new method of making reversible rugs from your old carpets or rag-carpet, with border all around. Send for circular and prices to S. Kross, 6211 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To learn to play the trombone it is necessary to have good lungs and indignant neighbors. The old soldier is gittin' too many friends that wants to help him.

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