THE COMMONWEALTH.

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EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

OBSERVATIONS OF PASSING EVENTS.

Keep Out of Politics.

THE COMMONWEALTH believes intensely in the Southern Cotton Association and its mission. We believe in its great power for good, not only to one class of persons, but to all classes of persons in the South. No one can prove that the organization has not helped the price of cotton since January 1905, although we have heard one man say he thought the organization had hurt rather than helped the price. The spinners of the world in the end will be profited by the Southern Cotton Association, if it is held within the proper bounds, for it will eventually work out a stable price for cotton and then both producer and manufacturer can work on an intelligent basis, But by all means let all matters political be kept out of the organization.

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Left a Good Estate.

BESIDES being one of the most effective gospel preachers in the country, the late Rev. Sam Jones was a good business man. Somewhere we have found the following item concerning the estate which he left: "Rev. Sam P. Jones, who died last week, left an estate valued at $250,000. He owned valuable properties in Atlanta, Cartersville, his home town, and in other places. He sold out a fine Kentucky estate because he could not give it necessary attention. Property belonging to Mrs. Jones was sold some years ago in Atlanta for $80,000. His income annually from lecturing and evangelistic work was between $35,00 and $40,000. He annually gave away about two-thirds of this sum to charities. His benefactions were so numerous, varied and widely scattered that even his family did not know of them. He rarely spoke of what he gave away and sought to keep the knowledge from the public. His life was insured for $75,000."

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The Noble Profession.

THE following editorial in Collier's Weekly is a high compliment to the noble profession of teaching: "What nobler profession can there be than that of passing on to younger human beings the best there is in us? It is rather a strange contradiction th... while education is highly valued in our country, teaching on the whole has less honor than it deserves. 'It is a pity, that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children.' We do not pay our teachers enough for our own good, since a liberal salary attracts talent not only in itself but because it is a symbol of success. Half a million Americans are now engaged in doing what they can with 20,000,000 younger minds. Surely no half million Americans are employed in more important work. 'Teach self denial,' said Walter Scott (and something might be said of other virtues) 'and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.' Teach anything that is good, and you touch the depths. The ablest and truest men and women are required,—those who know life and are not pedants, not machines with notions of suggestion no higher than the ferule and the copy-book. By formal and uninspired instruction, children, to borrow the rich vocabulary of Milton, are 'mocked and deluded....with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge.' The teacher works with living minds and hearts and souls. On no man or woman rests a higher or more inspiring task."

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Improved at Last

FOR years and years there has been criticism of the State Fair for the admission of gamblers, fakirs, immoral shows and the like. Every time such criticisms have been made there has been a prompt and reassuring promise that it should not occur again. So many promises for improvement had been made and broken it became to be a sort of joke with the people of the State and many had almost lost hope that there was to be any improvement at all. But the press comments this year have been most favorable towards the Fair. President Daughtridge has been warmly congratulated on his success in keeping out many of the objectionable features which have heretofore been the subjects of so much rigid criticism. Of course, nobody yet has come to think of the fair grounds as a Sunday-school and doubtless the Biblical Recorder puts it right when, in its words of commendation for the great improvements it says: "Not a few offenses are committed in its name, however." But from all accounts the fair grounds were largely free from the operations of gamblers, robbers and those who would parade immoral influences to the point of disgust to the good people of the State. Another feature and influence concerning the Fair to be commended is the fact that Chief Marshal J. V. Blades allowed no liquors at his headquarters. At almost any fair of the kind, State or county, one who will make a little observation (and sometimes the observation is almost forced upon him) will see evidences of considerable drinking about certain quarters of the fair grounds; but to the credit of Chief Marshal Blades and the fair management generally, such was not the case in Raleigh at the late State Fair. It means a great deal, and is a step in the direction of more improvement in the Fair in the future. It cannot be denied that when there is promiscuous drinking it is easier for other evil influences to get a hold and it is harder to shake them loose. We rejoice that the North Carolina State Fair has at last been improved in the matter of morals and this improvement in its moral tone will lead to improvement in other things. May such management continue and may it receive the moral support of all the people.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By F. E. Davison Rutland Vt.

EARTH'S HIGHEST MONUMENT.

Nov. 4, '06—(Matt 26:17-80.)

To build commemorative monuments has been the universal ambition. Wherever men have gone they have erected memorial pillars, mountainous pyramids, colossal statues to mark the spot where great discoveries were made, or battles fought or heroes were entombed.

The traveller in his journey around the world visits these gigantic memorials, and hears again the story of their creation. So it is with the Pyramids of Egypt, those mighty mountains of stone, overlooking the fat valley of the Nile, the famous tombs of the Egyptian kings which the eyes of Moses saw when he was a school boy in Goshen.

So it is with the mighty pile upon the battlefield of Waterloo, which marks the spot where the ambition of the great Napoleon was crushed. and the death blow to his career was given.

So it is with Bunker Hill monument, a modest shaft as to altitude, testifying to a seeming defeat, but in reality to the birth of a nation. These are but samples of a desire on the part of all men to perpetuate the memory of great deeds or of great men to the generations yet unborn.

It is a natural craving, and men are not to be criticised for it. For even the Son of Man erected a monument higher than all others, more enduring than all others, more significant than all others, when he instituted the Eucharist—the feast of love.

How did he do it? He did not put his disciples to quarrying rock with which to rear an imperishable memorial. He gathered them around him in an upper room, and partook of a plain supper with them, and then said, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

And that monument stands for the utter breaking down and destruction of the spirit of cast among men. At that table when the feast was inaugurated there were "many men of many minds." It would be difficult to find a company of men more unlike in temperament and disposition. Yet they were held together as with bands of steel by their allegiance to their Master. They were all equal at that board.

Every man, in all time, finds himself represented among the apostles. The doubter finds himself in Thomas; the fiery, hot-headed, quick-tempered man finds himself in John, the Son of Thunder; the opinionated, impulsive man in Peter; the hard-headed, practical man, desiring the first place in the kingdom, in James; the dreamer in Nathaniel Bartholomew; the business man in Matthew; the cautious, far-seeing, careful, full of the sense of difficulty man, Andrew; the slow-witted, but solid and substantial man, Philip the practical; together with the business economist Judas, and Simon, the Canaanite, a man of zeal, enthusiasm, independence and patriotism. We are all there.

One would think to hear some people talk that the Lord's Supper was only for members of a particular church, or particular members of any one church, the cream, as it were, of devout people, the men and women who have reached the calm and holy heights of perfection. But a glance at the lives of the men who were present at the inauguration of the Eucharist, the men who are the foundation stones upon which the church is built, will forever dispel that idea. One of them was a doubter, one was a devil. One of them broke out into profanity and blasphemy and denied his Lord before the morning light, and one of them sold him to his enemies for the price of a dog. True, all but one of them, were sincere, honest, intended to do right, and they overcame in time their defects of character, with the exception of one. But it ought to be a comfort to men of this age who are tempted and tried, and sometimes fall even though they are church members, to realize that they do not necessarily forfeit their right and title to partake of His supper because they have slipped and stumbled. The church glorifies the men who gathered around that first Paschal feast; let it not too readily condemn modern disciples who show by their lives that they belong to the same human brotherhood and are tempted like as they were.

And so it is ever. Whether in great cathedral or in barren chapel, whether with ornate or with simple services, whether in golden chalice or with plain cup, the emblems are received, we are all entitled to them, and proclaim our loyalty and allegiance to the mighty founder when we participate in His ordinance. The rich and poor, the high and low, stand on the same plane when we "remember Him."

And we must never forget that this monument means victory and not defeat. "Till I come," is the thrilling watchword with which the foundation and the capstone were laid. It does not mark the grave of a slain hero; it is the stepping stone to the throne of universal dominion. It is not a place to drop a tear over a conquered warrior; it is a place to shout a hallelujah chorus with a victorious chieftain. It is not funeral baked meats, it is an anticipatory banquet. It is a constant testimony to a redeemed earth and a prepared heaven.

It's unsafe to bury the dead past—better cremate it.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The time of year has come when in accordance with the wise custom of our forefathers, it becomes my duty to set aside a special day of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty because of the blessings we have received, and of prayer that those blessings may be continued. Yet another year of widespread wellbeing has past. Never before in our history or in the history of any other nation has a people enjoyed more abounding material prosperity than is ours; a prosperity so great that it should arouse in us no spirit of reckless pride, and least of all a spirit of heedless disregard of our responsibilities; but rather a sober sense of many blessings and resolute purpose, under Providence, not to forfeit them by any action of our own.

Material well being, indispensable though it is, can never be anything but the foundation of true national greatness and happiness. If we build nothing upon this foundation, then our national life will be as meaningless and empty as a house where only the foundation has been laid. Upon our material well being must be built a superstructure of individual and national life lived in accordance with the law of the highest morality, or else our prosperity itself will in the long run turn out a curse instead of a blessing. We should be reverently thankful for what we have received, and earnestly bent upon turning it into a means of grace and not of destruction.

Accordingly, I hereby set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and supplication on which the people shall meet in their homes or their churches, devoutly acknowlege all that has been given them, and pray that they may in addition receive the power to use these gifts aright.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixted.

Done at the city of Washington, this 22nd day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six and of the independence of the United States the one hundred thirty-first.

(Seal) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:

ELIHU ROOT.

Secretary of State.

You try His Place.

Selected.

—We presume that some people think newspaper men are persistent dunners. Let a famer place himself in a similar position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose that he raises a thousand bushels of corn, and his neighbor should come and buy, and the price was one dollar or less, and say, "I will pay the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter, he says "All right." Another comes the same way, and another, until the whole thousand bushels of corn is trusted to a thousand different people and no one of the different persons concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount they owe the farmer and of course that will not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away his entire crop of corn, that its value is due in a thousand little driblets, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because his debtors treat it as a little matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could as well as not, it would be a large sum to the farmer and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty.

A Four-Story Farm.

Columbia Herald.

From Howard county comes the tale of a four-story farm.

Charles Ridgeway is its owner, and the farm is located near Fayette. Mr. Ridgeway has a fine clover field. Beneath the clover is one of the richest beds of coal, and underneath the coal is a fine bed of shale, from which excellent building brick are made. In and above the clover is an apple orchard, on which there is an abundant crop of apples. This makes a four-story farm—shale, coal, clover, apples—and shows how the wealth is piled up in Missouri.