

# POINTS THE WAY TO LIFE OF USEFULNESS

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There is a beautiful thing. No one but God could give the investing of sick beds and broken hearts. We ought not to let a day pass without a visit or a letter or a message or a prayer consolatory. You could call five minutes on your way to the factory, you could leave a half hour earlier in the afternoon and fill a mission of solace. You could brighten a sickroom with one chrysanthemum. You could send your carriage and give an afternoon airing to an invalid on a neighboring street. You could loan a book with some chapters most adapted to some particular misfortune. Go home today and make out a list of things you can do that will show sympathetic thoughtfulness for the hardly beset. How many dark places you might illumine! How many tears you could wipe away! How much like Jesus Christ you might get to be! So sympathetic was he with beggary, so helpful was he for the fallen, and so stirred was he at the sight of droopy, epileptic, paralysis and ophthalmia that whether he saw it by the roadside, or at the sea beach, or at the mineral baths of Bethesda, he offered relief. Cultivate genuine sympathy, Christlike sympathy. You cannot successfully dramatize it. False sympathy Alexander Pope sketches in two lines:

"Before her face her handkerchief she spread  
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed."

So also is a word of warning. A ship may sail out of harbor when the sea has not so much as a ripple, but what a fearful ship company would they be that made no provision for high winds and wrathful seas. However smoothly the voyage of life may begin we will get rough weather before we harbor on the other side, and we need ever and anon to have some one uttering in most decided tones the word "beware." There are all the temptations to make this life everything and to forget that an inch of ground is larger as compared with the whole earth than this life as compared with our external existence. There are all the temptations of the wine cup and the demijohn, which have taken down as grand men as this or any other century has heard of. There are all the temptations of pride and avarice and base indulgence and ungovernable temper. There is no word we all need oftener to hear than the word "beware."

The trouble is that the warning word is apt to come too late. We allow our friends to be overcome in a fight with some evil habit before we sound an alarm. After a man is all on fire with evil habit your word of warning will have no more effect than would an address to a house on fire asking it to stop burning, no more use than a steam tug going out to help a ship after it has sunk to the bottom of the ocean. What use is word of warning to that inebriate whose wife was dying from wounds inflicted by his own hand? As he held the hand of his dying wife he made this vow: "Mary, I will never take another glass of strong drink until I take it from this hand which I now hold." In an awful way he kept the vow, for when the wife was in her coffin he filled a glass with brandy, put the glass into the dead hand, then took the glass out of the hand, and drank the liquid. Too late does any warning come to such a one. But many a man now high up in usefulness and honor was stopped on the wrong road by a kindly hand put upon the shoulder and a word fitly spoken. Ah, yes, fitly spoken—that is, at the right time, with the right accentuation, and the right emphasis.

Speak with Patience.

There must be no impatience in the warning we give others. We must realize that but for the kindness of God to us we would have been in the same rapid. That man going wrong may be struggling with a tide of evil inherited from father and grandfather and great-grandfather. The present temptation may be the accumulated force of generations and centuries. "No," you say, "his father was a good man. I knew him." But did you know his grandfather? Evil habit is apt to skip one generation, a fact recognized in the Ten Commandments, which speak of the third and fourth generations, but say nothing of the second generation.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck any one. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in America who by petulance and fretting and inconsideration and lack of economy and all manner of disagreeableness drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in club houses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are thirty-year martyrs in the fact that they are awfully married. That marriage was not made in heaven. Without asking divine guidance they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it, but all the neighbors know. Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune, be very lenient and exoneratory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that he would have gone down faster than he is going down if you had the same kind of domestic wretchedness.

The Gospel Bell.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, Russia, is what is called the "king of bells," but it is a ruined bell, and it has rung no sound for near 200 years. It is 87 feet in circumference and in height it is more than ten times the height of the average man, and it took a score of men to swing its brazen tongue. It weighs 200 tons. On the 19th of June, 1706, in a great fire it fell and broke. It broke at the part which was weakened by the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obsequy or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! Enthroned and everlasting quietude! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing car and empire and Christ and Mary and the evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell and one still ringing. It is the gospel bell, ages ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents and awakens echoes amid Alpine and Himalayan, and Sierra Nevada ranges. The jewels of affection throw into it at its casting by ransomed souls of earth and heaven have not weakened it, but made it stronger and more glorious. Evangelists and apostles rang it, and martyrs lifted their hands through the flames to give it another sounding. It will ring on until all nations hear it and accept its invitation, "Come! Come!" It will not fall, as did that of Moscow. No storm can stop it. No earthquake can rock it down. When the fire of the last day blazes into the heavens, and the crash of mountains and the groan of dying seas, its clear, resounding voice will be heard calling to the last inhabitant of the burning planet, "Come! Come!"

The best road is kindness.

apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the heart of all the fine arts—the art of doing good, the art of helping others, the art of saving men. An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony; an art to be studied like sculpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man, not in the cold statue, but in immortal shape, that will last long after all pentecostal marble has crumbled; an art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens, but an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Otherwise saved by grace divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnificent result. The Lord said to the prophet Amos, "Amos, what seest thou?" And he answered, "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty, common sense Christian adviser, for a word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

So also is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come." It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity. Not a sequipedalian word, spreading its energy over many syllables, but monosyllabic. Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction, many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled all the places of dissipation and dissoluteness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of persons what brought the offender there, and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say, "The word 'Come!' brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of infection, and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and woe.

The chief baker in prison in Pharaoh's time saw in dream something quite different from apples of gold in baskets of silver, for he said to Joseph, "I also was in a dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head, and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the baskets upon my head." Joseph interpreted the dream and said it meant that the chief baker should be beheaded and the birds should eat his flesh. So many a man has in his own bad habits omens of evil—evil that peck at him and foretell doom and death.

But oh, the power of that word "Come" when aright uttered! We do well when we send young men into schools and colleges and theological seminaries and by nine years of instruction and drill hope to prepare them to sound aright that sweet and enrapturing and heaven descended word "Come." The gospel we believe in is a gospel of "Come!" That word speak all the churches. That word is now building thrones for conquerors, and burnished coronets for kings and queens. That word is to sound so clearly and impressively and divinely that the day is advancing when all nations shall respond, "We come!" And while the upper steep toward God and heaven will be through with redeemed souls ascending there will not be one solitary traveler on the road to sin and death.

An Indian Millionaire.

Melvin Dempsey is the richest Indian in America. He is now in Chicago, which city he left three years ago, a poor man, going to Alaska as the agent of a number of capitalists who had confidence in his ability as a mining engineer. Today he is a millionaire. He has 15 claims duly recorded and has just sold one for \$100,000. But he has done more than prospecting in Alaska; he has done religious work, having organized a Christian Endeavor society. He is a full-blooded Cherokee and is a famous man among his race, being a chemist, assayer, miner, musician, linguist and poet. He speaks besides his native dialect, English, Spanish, and six Indian dialects as much different from his own Cherokee as German is unlike French. He is a college graduate. Among the instruments he plays are the guitar, piano and mandolin.

Historic Vessel's Mission.

Admiral Farragut's old flagship back up Minister Lincoln's reputation in the Venezuelan controversy.

# Current Topics

Senator Proctor's Coup.

Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, who has just acquired the celebrated Carrara marble quarries of Italy, has by this coup placed himself practically in control of the entire output of supreme marble in the world. He is now in Italy closing the deal, which will make him the owner of the quarries, for which, it is said, the interests he represents will pay the stupendous price of \$10,000,000. Senator Proctor was governor of Vermont from 1878 to 1880, and since 1884, when he was a delegate to the Republican national convention, has been eminent in American politics. He was secretary of war in the early part of President Harrison's administration, and resigned that portfolio in 1891 to go to the United States senate as an appointee to succeed Senator Edmunds. In 1892 he was regularly elected to succeed himself in 1898.

HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR.

Tricks of Seedmen.

The seed catalogues of the country last year noted 692 different kinds of cabbages. The seed section of the Department of Agriculture has been working on a general classification of American vegetables with the object of eliminating all the duplicate names which have been given to varieties, owing to the fact that each seedman has his own specially named vegetable of each species or variety—always described as an "improved" or more select strain than the ordinary variety offered for sale by the rest of humanity. The department has sifted these 692 cabbages down to a little over a hundred actual varieties. The seedmen have catalogued 813 different lettuces, whereas the Department can find only 57 actually different kinds. Beans, peas, cucumbers, etc., have likewise been taken up and classified and each variety has been found to have from three to four names.—Guy E. Mitchell.

The All-American Idea.

Why should England refuse to accept the compact that the senate is now formulating as a substitute for the outgrown Clayton-Bulwer treaty? asks the Chicago Inter Ocean. The British government must understand by this time that the American people will have an American canal or none. Lord Salisbury must realize how greatly the world position of the United States has altered in the last fifty years. He must also realize that to attempt a perpetual veto of American aspirations is a task certain to involve the greatest hazards for England.

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Siberia as an Attraction.

M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, who has just embodied the results of a long journey through Asia in his book, "The Awakening of the East," leaves an impression of Siberia which makes it more like America than any other part of Europe. He even mentions the miserable streets of Tomsk, one of the leading cities of the land, as reminding him of the thoroughfares of Chicago, they are so bad. In all the large or towns the telephone is in use, and at a smaller rental than is charged in the country of its invention. Electric lighting, too, prevails in the three or four larger towns, and trolley cars are far from being unknown; in fact, the innumerable poles with swinging, crossing wires in all the streets make the city view a most American one.

Tomak boasts a thriving university with 500 students already enrolled and the numbers increasing annually. Law is studied, and a school of medicine is soon to be added. There is a library connected with the institution containing 200,000 volumes, nearly all privately contributed. At the theater, while M. Leroy-Beaulieu was there, an excellent performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" was given in Russian, with "Mme. Sans-Gene" as an afterpiece.

He Defends Slavery.

Major Richard H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school,



MAJ. RICHARD H. PRATT.

who has created a sensation by writing a letter to Francis H. Hill, colored bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church, in which he defends slavery of the negro, is an officer of the Tenth United States Cavalry, a negro regiment. The major was appointed to the army from civil life. He is 69 years old, and began his military career as an enlisted man with the Ninth Indiana Infantry. He afterward joined the cavalry and fought with distinction during the civil war. He entered the regular army in 1867 as lieutenant, and was brevetted captain for gallant services in the war of the rebellion. Major Pratt is a native of New York state. He will retire in 1904.

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# RECORD OF MARRIAGES IN SEVEN DAYS

The National Daily Record of Marriages in Seven Days.

As a sequel to a Fourth of July quarrel renewed Christmas day in a saloon at Vergennes, eight months of Murphyboro, four months of one fatality, and two of the other are in the county jail. James Davidson, who was shot by Riley Crane's saloon, was shot and immediately killed. James Davidson was shot across, as Fox and James Davidson quarreled at a picnic last July and were yet sore. Davidson shot Fox in the chest, and the principals was on. Davidson shot Fox in the chest, and the principals was on. Davidson shot Fox in the chest, and the principals was on.

Miss Grace Giller was shot with a block of her home in Whitesboro, Albert Shankel, charged with abduction, carried to the rear of the Presbyterian church, assaulted and killed. In less than an hour afterward Davidson was arrested and was transported to the county jail at Vergennes to avoid a threatened lynching. Miss Giller is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Giller. She is 18 years of age, a member of the senior class in the school, and an accomplished pianist. Shankel was indicted for the murder for money of A. J. Allison, of Burlington and Quinn, 20, 1898, and was released by a dismissal of the Attorney Sullivan, who since at head was a convict.

Concerns May Qu.

Inquiry was made concerning a report that the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Illinois had been refused to do business, and that it would move to New York. It would seem that the action it would accept turning policies. Concerning the company's state superintendent of the company has not been reported, but it has been doing business in Illinois. In an opinion of the general holds that the kind of business transacted by the company does not come under the insurance laws. The concern is run by E. M. Hibbard, in whom the department never has had the greatest confidence. As to what he is now doing toward moving away, I know nothing, but I should like to know.

My Railroad Deal.

It is reported at Charleston, Ill., that the Toledo, St. Louis and Western (Cleveland Leaf), Missouri Pacific, Northern and Ohio Southern railroads are to be consolidated, and that it will be announced in a few days by officials. It is said that President Norton of the Cleveland Leaf will be president of the new system, and E. Troup, who is master mechanic at Frankfort, Ind., is to be treasurer of the Missouri Pacific system, and superintendent G. A. Gehring will remain in Charleston and will have charge of the entire system. The consolidation, if effected, the system will have a mileage of more than 2,000 miles.

Illinois Justice.

The Illinois State Bar Association met in session at the Hotel Hamilton, Thursday and Friday, July 23 and 24. Over 1,000 attorneys were in attendance. A general session was held each morning in the afternoon hall at the state house, and several of the state judges and the judges of the circuit courts were present Friday morning.

Accused Wrong Man of Murder.

Merrill Washburn, arrested for the murder of Dick Rivers, Warrensburg Sunday, has been released, being the wrong man. The coroner's jury found Anderson, the side, a farm hand, guilty. Rivers has led.

Was Made Victim of Fraud.