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OUR DREAMS TEND FOR SUCCESS

Rev. A. F. Bassford Delivers Strong Sermon to Marshfield Graduating Class

The service in connection with the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of the local high school was held at the First Baptist church Sunday evening. The church was prettily and tastily decorated with ferns, green foliage and red roses, which were emblematic of the colors of the class. A large chorus choir, under the able leadership of Mr. George Ayre, sang several appropriate anthems with their customary power and impressiveness. Mr. Alexander Martin rendered "Lead Kindly Light" as a solo, to the evident pleasure of all his auditors.

A splendid audience, numbering over 300 people, filled the auditorium to the doors, but apparently without discomfort, as but two or three found it necessary to stand. The young ladies of Miss Alice Tickell's class served as ushers and the quiet yet skillful manner in which they seated the people contributed much to the comfort of the large audience. The class and faculty were seated together in the body of the church. The other pastors assisted in the service.

The sermon was preached by Pastor Bassford, who took for his subject, "The Dreams of Youth," basing his remarks upon the dreams of Joseph and the words of Paul: "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." The sermon was delivered in an earnest and impressive manner and held the closest attention of the audience to the end. It was an intensely practical discussion of the dominant life ideals of the day and was calculated to furnish helpful guidance to the young people to whom it was especially addressed. The speaker declared that while men have ever been inclined like Joseph's brethren to look upon the dreamer with scorn, if not something akin to contempt, yet after all the dreamers have been the pioneers of human progress. The ideal must ever precede the actual and so men have first dreamed their dreams and seen their visions, then they or their successors have transformed them into actualities. Achievements, however noble, progress, however rapid, all wait upon vision; they must first be dreamed before they can be realized.

Youth is the dream time of life. It looks forward in anticipation while age is backward looking and lives not so much in anticipation as in realization. It is in youth that we feel the mighty tug of elevating ideals and are consumed within by the passion of achievement. If one does not dream in youth, the probability is that he will never dream at all and life will lack zest, interest and worthfulness. It was when the Athenian youth cried out, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep," that Greece reached the heyday of her glory.

The first dream discussed was of a life devoted to ease, pleasure seeking and self indulgence. The character and consequences of this dream were fully exhibited in the lives of many today. It is inadequate, it is not big enough to lay hold of the best and deepest in us because it is supremely selfish and leaves one immature and superficial and unsatisfied. Life at its best is not a perpetual quest for "a good time." Pleasure is a by-product, an incident to a more worthy pursuit. To live wholly for self-gratification, to toil and labor only when necessary and the moment one is free or even while one is working, to be

engrossed in a passion for pleasure is to live the life of an infant and issues ultimately in the tragedy of a useless, misspent life. A second life ideal discussed was the dream of a life of selfish ambition or material success. This is often the dream of the energetic, the vigorous who are more likely to fall before this insidious temptation. Ambition is neither a virtue nor a vice in itself, though it has been called the "infirmity of noble minds," but to misdirect this desire for mastery so that life becomes a sordid struggle to pile up gold is to prostitute one of our greatest powers. This is a dream that oft has turned into a nightmare. Men have found at the end that they have played the fool and that they arrive at the end of life's brief day not nobler, kinder and more generous, but empty-hearted, unsatisfied and bitterly disappointed.

The third and last ideal discussed was the dream of a Christ-like life, a life of extensive industry and usefulness crowned with a good name and honor unsullied. There, the speaker said, is a dream worthy the best and highest in us. That has been the ideal of the world's benefactors, and the men and women of our own time whom we delight to honor. No one is excluded either by race or color from realizing this ideal—it is the privilege of all. It is a dream that ends well. It leaves behind no pang of regret, no bitter remorse, but fills the hearts of men with joys and satisfactions that abide. To look back at life from the end, for it is the fruition of life that tells its true worth, it is plain to see that the only life that can end well is that dominated by the ideal of Paul, the reproduction of a Christ-like spirit, a Christ-like character and a Christ-like service. Then, to die is not to dream, but to die is gain.

The speaker then addressed a few personal words to the graduating class as follows: "My young friends, graduates of the class of 1914, just a more personal word to you in closing. Your future rests in your own hands. Your teachers and your parents have done their best to fit you for what now awaits you. You have the power to choose and to decide whether you will rise steadily in the scale of being to Christlikeness or whether you will gradually sink into the moral degradation of a life of selfishness. Many eyes will watch your future with keenest interest mingled with anxiety. Whether these hopes and the present promise of your lives will be realized depends wholly upon yourselves. If you are determined to ride, God and all good people are on your side and the universe itself will fight for you and help you; but if you choose to go downward neither your friends nor heaven can save you. I heartily congratulate you on the work done, on the splendid progress you have made and the alluring prospects which stretch before you. May the wonderful potentialities wrapped up in each of you be realized for the highest ends of human existence. May the dominant desire of your life be to reproduce the spirit and character of Jesus Christ, then when the final summons which comes to us all comes to you, you will be able to say, confidently and cheerfully, to die is gain. May God's choicest blessings rest and abide upon each of you."

TACOMA WOMAN WAS LOST. TACOMA, Wash., June 2.—Eva E. Searle, reported lost on the Empress of Ireland, was on her way from Tacoma to the bedside of her mother in Brighton, England. She was a church choir singer and was a buyer for a department store here.

'Villa---Man of Destiny' And The Mexican Problem

A Series of First-Hand Facts by John Reed, The Metropolitan's Special Correspondent.

(Continued From Monday.)

When Villa proclaimed himself military governor of the state of Chihuahua he began the extraordinary experiment—extraordinary because he knew nothing about it—of creating a government for 400,000 people out of his own head. It has often been said that Villa succeeded because he had educated advisers. As a matter of fact he was almost alone. What advisers he had spent most of their time answering his eager questions and doing what he told them.

There was the financial question. It came to Villa in this way. He noticed all of a sudden that there was no money in circulation. The farmers who produced meat and vegetables refused to come into the city markets any more because no one had any money to buy from them. The truth was that those possessing silver or Mexican bank notes buried them in the ground. Chihuahua not being a manufacturing center, and the few factories there having closed down, there was nothing which could be exchanged for food. So, like a blight, the paralysis of the production of food began all at once and actual starvation stared at the town populations. I remember hearing vaguely of the relief of this condition put forward by Villa's advisers. He himself said, "Why if all they need is money, let's print some. So they inked up the printing press in the basement of the Governor's palace and ran off two million pesos on strong paper, with Villa's name printed across the middle in large letters.

This first issue of currency was guaranteed by absolutely nothing but the name of Francisco Villa. It was issued chiefly to revive the petty commerce of the state so that the poor people could get food. And yet almost immediately it was bought by the banks of El Paso at 18 and 19 cents on the dollar because Villa guaranteed it.

Of course he knew nothing about the accepted ways of getting his money into circulation. He began to pay the army with it. Then on Christmas Day he called the poor people of Chihuahua together and gave them \$15 apiece outright. Then he issued a short decree ordering the acceptance of his money at par throughout the state. The succeeding Saturday the market places of Chihuahua and the other nearby towns swarmed with farmers and with buyers. Villa issued another proclamation fixing the price of beef at seven cents a pound, milk at five cents a quart and bread at four cents a loaf. There was no famine in Chihuahua. But the big merchants, who had timidly reopened their stores for the first time since his entry into Chihuahua,

placarded their goods with two sets of price-marks—one for Mexican silver money and bank bills and the other for "Villa money." He stopped that by another decree, ordering sixty days' imprisonment for anybody who discriminated against his currency.

The Mexican Robin Hood. Villa was an outlaw for twenty-two years. When he was only a boy of sixteen, delivering milk in the streets of Chihuahua, he killed a government official and had to take to the mountains. The story is that the official had violated his sister, but it seems probable that Villa killed him on account of his insufferable insolence. That in itself would have not outlived him long in Mexico, where human life is cheap, but once a refugee, he committed the unpardonable crime of stealing cattle from the rich hacendados. And from that time to the outbreak of the Madero revolution the Mexican government had a price on his head.

Villa was the son of ignorant peons. He had never been to school. He hadn't the slightest conception of the complexity of civilization, and when he finally came back to it, a mature man of extraordinary native shrewdness, he encountered the twentieth century with the naive simplicity of a savage.

It is almost impossible to procure accurate information about his career as a bandit. There are accounts of outrages he committed in old files of local newspapers and government reports, but those sources are prejudiced, and his name became so prominent as a bandit that every train robbery and hold-up and murder in northern Mexico was attributed to Villa. But a number of popular legends grew up among the peons around his name. There are many traditional songs and ballads celebrating his exploits—you can hear the shepherds sing them around their fires in the mountains at night. For instance, they tell the story of how Villa, fired by the story of the misery of the peons on the hacienda of Los Alamos, gathered a small army and descended upon the Big House, which he looted and distributed the spoils among the poor people. He drove off thousands of cattle from the Terrazas ranges and ran them across the border. He would suddenly descend upon a prosperous mine and seize the bullion. When he needed corn he captured a granary belonging to some rich man. He recruited almost openly in the villages far removed from the well-traveled roads and railways, organizing the outlaws of the mountains. Many of the present rebel soldiers used to belong to his band and several of the Constitutionalist generals like Urbina. Everywhere he was known as "The Friend of the Poor." —Metropolitan.

Appreciates, But Doesn't Own a Car

Yes, we discovered this man and it proved a great shock to learn that he didn't own a car. He wore a fairly good hat—shoes that look like they cost seven large beans—a suit that was perfectly good and other accoutrements of dress which clearly proved the man made more than \$11 a week, every week. He didn't own a car, though. We asked him why. "Well, you see it's like this: I can get a bunch of enjoyment riding in some other fellow's car (if he knows anything at all about driving), but when I think what it would be like to get behind the wheel and steer clear of that old lady, who's too old even for the Old Lady's Hum, then I dodge the "jay-walker," who ran out from the curbstone without looking to see if we were coming—oh, no, too much nerve—not for me.

"Then again the dad-blamed things 'aint right, yet. Think of some seven thousand pounds of air in those tires. No man, who values the dependance place upon him by his family, has any business riding around with that much potential energy stored up in four rubber things. I don't care whether they are no-rim cut or guaranteed for seven million miles; they do blow up, and Lord help the mutt who's driving fifty miles an hour when the blow-up comes. No, me for the job lighting a pipe on a windy day in a powder magazine. "Then those self-starters—gee, they start all right, but first they whizz and whirr something inside, something that you can't see, and I know that they cost nearly as much as a year's course in tangoing. If they ever get out of whack! "I believe in progress, but progress dies dodging progress and young innocents being swept aside, is too much. A \$1000 a week ad man writes pages of extensive dope about the engines inside these cars. Fine stuff—but, when you get your car,

how do you know whether the mechanic or engineer, whoever it was who put her together, wasn't drunk and made a botch job of your \$1500 beauty? If he did, you don't know it, and supposin' it would blow up! Oh, it's really terrible to think of it all! "Of course when I have to walk about the streets, I sometimes wish I owned a car, just so I could run over some of these pinheads who like to drive like h—, but then, maybe, if I bought a car, I might not be able to catch these racers; so there you are."

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