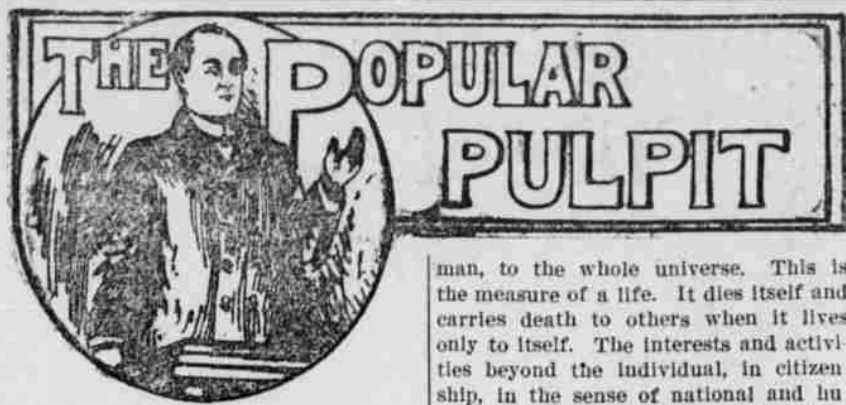




COWARDLY RIDICULE.

By Rev. C. Q. Wright.

"Whoever shall say to his brother 'Racca' shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say 'Thou fool' shall be in danger of hell fire."—Matt. 5: 22.

Ridicule is an edged tool, satire a deadly weapon, and scorn may become an accursed instrument.

These powers of speech may be used rightly to correct, heal and to save, but never to hurt, poison or destroy. The vast press, the multiplied facilities of speech and the ever-increasing forms and methods of art for the conveyance and display of ideas, together with the thousands of educational institutions and the wide ramifications of our magical modern delivery and transportation systems, have all joined to increase enormously the power of satire to help or to harm. Therefore it should be used conscientiously, discreetly and mercifully. Otherwise it is a cowardly, pernicious and fatal weapon.

Virtue and worth may be malmed or slain as easily as vice and meanness and misfortune. Adversity and misery are all too often the pitiable victims of the unspeakably cruel attacks of the satirist and the scorner.

What worse calamity could be brought upon sensitive women or high-spirited men than to make them feel that they are absurd or contemptible or outcast or that they are mentally disordered, materially ruined or spiritually lost? Day after day we see the results of this idle, mischievous fun or vicious satire in the forms of terror, humiliation, disgrace, loss, grief, insanity, suicide.

A sensational but unfounded story in the newspapers worked the professional ruin of a young hero of one of our wars—a man of loftiest attainments and faultless life. The idle, mischievous whisperings of a ship's company made to be overheard by a sergeant as he goes the rounds of the decks at night serve to drive him insane. Persistent ridicule on the part of his pernicious comrades in camp worked the mental wreck of a fine little bugler whom I knew and loved. But examples like these are without number, familiar to us all.

Society, trade and politics turn out victims of this order continually, and their misfortunes proclaim again that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Even one such victim should sufficiently admonish us against this too prevalent vice—the wicked use of satire. We should avoid it because it is cowardly and cruel and because it is so dangerous—so very dangerous. It is so often aimed at the helpless and unfortunate, whose condition or peculiarities they cannot help, and which should make them rather objects of compassion.

These are creatures for whom Christ died, and whose presence in the world entitles them to place, consideration, fellowship and the helpful word and hand. Let us follow the maxim, "Live and let live."

Let us learn to "enjoy the imperfect in a life that can never be perfect," and more earnestly to pursue the "golden rule" and strive after the grace to love our neighbor as ourself. To think to put ourselves in his place will serve to guide us in the way of kindness toward our fellow being in all situations.

Behold, I show you a terrible picture: Jesus mocked as a crazy king by brutal Roman soldiers; a filthy cast-off robe is put on Him, to cover the bloody stripes on His scourged back; a crown of thorns is set on His head, a weed is gathered from the yard and placed in His hand and then with guffaws and insults these ruffians bow at His feet in mock obeisances and hail Him in derisive terms as king. Last they smite and cuff the blessed sufferer and command Him to prophesy—to name the offender. Not one brave voice raised in protest, nor one hand raised to defend Him who was the most peerless man of his day, the most superb hero they had ever seen, and who was soon to defend them and all the race with His life.

Let that sickening scene of cruel mocking stand before the shamed eyes of all men as God's rebuke to human ridicule.

THE HEALING OF THE NATION.

By Henry F. Cope.

The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—Rev. xxii, 2.

There are lives so small that they never think beyond themselves; with others the interest widens out to the limits of the home, the business, the city, the state, and with the full-grown

man, to the whole universe. This is the measure of a life. It dies itself and carries death to others when it lives only to itself. The interests and activities beyond the individual, in citizenship, in the sense of national and human life, make the whole and healthful life.

The day forever has passed when we can think of the religious man as the one who puts his fingers to his ears and flees from this world to some other and quieter one, as a dreamy enthusiast who knows nothing of the gutters of earth so occupied is he with the glories of heaven. What we need is more religion in our politics and less politics in our religion.

We need more men who are determined that the grace of God shall be applied to our social, industrial and national problems, and that for our plous lamentations about the corruption and greed of wicked men we will substitute labor and personal sacrifice for political honesty and civil righteousness.

Piety and patriotism are inseparable; he cannot be a good man who is not a good citizen. He who talks of politics as a dirty business and who hopes to enter the delights of the city above by neglecting the duties of citizenship here, never will know what those delights are. For will not the good Judge of all ask him, "What have you done with your life, how much better is your world for you?" and in his silence the voice shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not for one of these, ye did it not for me."

Men are not patriotic because they enjoy processions and picnics, or because they applaud fire-eating speeches that revive buried animosities. They glory in the battles they never fought and the victories for which they did not pay. The most gallant veterans are the men who were drafted and switched around a few times in a box car before peace was declared. And now instead of paying the price of peace by wrestling with the problems and sacrificing for the security of to-day, they are boasting of a past in whose glory they had no part.

The man of religion needs to know that the best way he can serve heaven is by the service of earth, and the man of patriotic spirit that he can best serve his land by that sacrifice and devotion which we call religion. Too long have we gone lamenting the open sores of our national life, while yet carrying all the time the only balm that will heal them, perhaps cherishing that healing medicine as too sacred for such common, secular service.

The health of a nation depends on that of the individuals. The best thing a man can do for his country is to be a clean, honest, true and helpful private citizen. What he is in his heart is of more importance than what he may say or do in a public way. The glory of a nation is not in possessions, but in people; not in crops, but in character, and that which can set aright the human heart will heal and vitalize the whole nation. The ideals of religion in the individual lie at the basis of the reality of righteousness in the nation.

If men only will do for the affairs of their city and State now the things they expect to do for the city celestial, if they will be now only what they hope to be then, the kingdom of heaven speedily will come to the place and time to which it belongs, here and now. The healing for our woes, rest for our weariness, soothing for our sorrows, and relief for our oppressed cannot come by legislation. All this means new life and new life springs from within. Laws may make right paths, but the touch of the infinite, the dawn of divine love in the heart, and the power of heaven-born ideals alone will give them impulse to walk in them.

Short Meter Sermons.
Fear and fret make life's friction.
Heaven helps those who help others.
Heaven despairs of the man who despises men.

True religion nourishes the roots of right doing.

The church that courts the rich loses its riches.

Sometimes hiding another's faults heals our own.

The man who is too previous, is sure to get procrastinated.

The hardest work some folks do is telling how busy they are.

It does not make a man brave to lay his cowardice on his conscience.

No amount of laundry in your religion can make up for a lack of love.

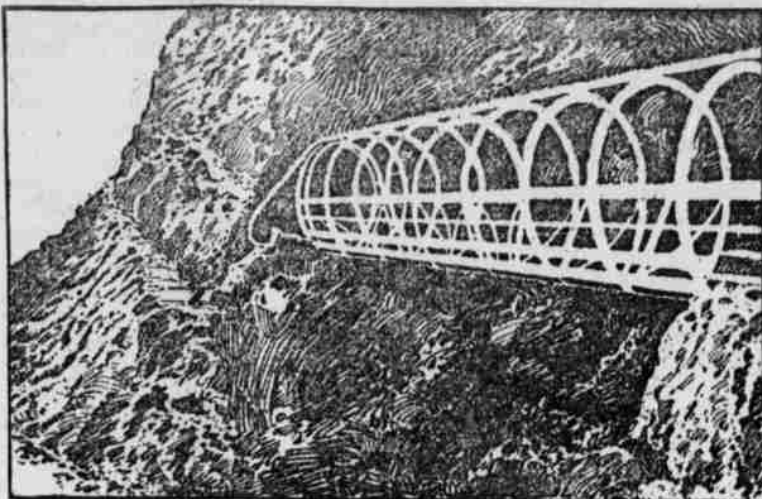
It's no use looking for a man's religion when it doesn't get into his looks.

You cannot keep your eyes on your watch and your heart on your work.

There's no special merit in casting bread on the waters with a hook in it.

Many a man's religion would be worth more if it had more office practice.

A CURIOUS BRIDGE IN IRELAND.



The interesting structure shown in the picture spans a ravine on the Irish coast near Belfast. The north coast of the Emerald Isle is very broken, and in many places the public highways are maintained with the greatest difficulty on account of the winter freshets. So many ordinary bridges have been carried away by the storms that much ingenuity has been exercised in order to secure permanence. One of the latest is this skeleton structure of steel hoops firmly secured at both ends with anchors of the same metal.

ROSE FROM POVERTY.

H. H. Rogers, Standard Oil Magnate, Was Once a Newsboy.

Henry H. Rogers, "the piston rod of the Standard Oil engine," rose to his present commanding position in the world of finance from the work of a newsboy in the village of New Bedford, Mass. But there were members of his family in the town of Fairhaven, Conn., where he was born, who needed his help and he found a job as delivery boy in a grocery at \$3 a week and board. He sent the \$3 home and after five years of service became head clerk. To this day he recounts to his intimates his rise to a salary of \$8 a week as the proudest achievement of his life.

New Bedford at that time, for Henry H. Rogers is now nearly 70 years old, was the home port for fleets of American whalers and the sperm oil traffic was large, kerosene being unknown. Young Rogers knocked about the whalers and oil refineries with his eyes open and with an increasing appreciation of the commercial value of oil. Then came the discovery of coal oil in Pennsylvania, an event that instantly took the life out of the sperm oil industry. Rogers joined the rush to the oil fields and found profitable employment. Here he began to give evidence of the genius for organization and executive ability that carried him to his present position, where he may defy States with impunity. With astonishing grasp of the possibilities of the oil trade he proposed to the big operators one plan after another for the saving and marketing of the products of the wells, and many of these ideas were adopted.

Mr. Rogers has not been known as one of the nation's very rich men who have gone in for any special form of charity or philanthropic work. His sentimental fondness for the town of his birth, however, has been evidenced by his lavish expenditure of money for Fairhaven. Fifteen years ago he began to make Fairhaven famous by donating a school house costing \$100,000. Two years later his children, three daughters and a son, built a library as a memorial to a sister, stocked it with books, statues, pictures, and endowed



H. H. ROGERS.

it with \$100,000. In 1893 Mrs. Rogers, now dead, presented Fairhaven with a Town Hall costing \$250,000. His country home at Fairhaven cost him more than \$1,000,000, and is one of the show points of New England.

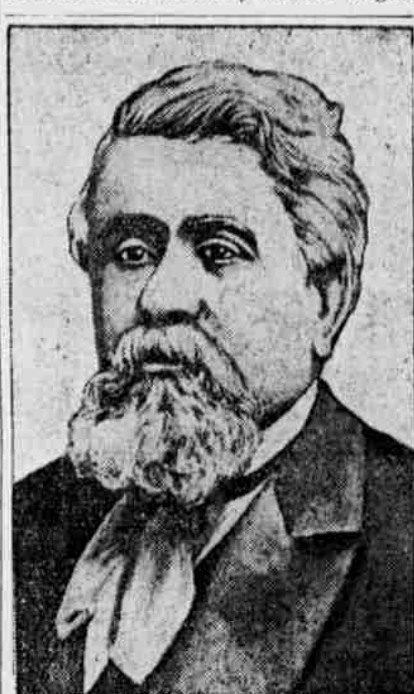
But nothing he ever did in or for the town of his birth created the sensation he made when, in 1896, he made a trip to Fairhaven and presented a petition to the selectmen that he be made superintendent of streets. The salary was \$3 a day and the work more than any man of millions would want to give it. He was promptly elected "super," to the consternation of the first families of Fairhaven and to the disgust of most of the other families, each of which had a member that wanted the job himself. Previous to that time the streets of the town had been neglected. Mr.

Rogers was an enthusiastic wheelman. Thus, in a small way, he was being thwarted in a desire. With characteristic promptness he applied the same aggressive methods in this as in a deal involving tens of millions. On his election as super he got out the snow plows and kept the streets clear of snow. This was followed by a general cleaning up, repairing and overhauling of the streets when the weather permitted. He gave Fairhaven the best streets boasted by any New England town.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Grandson of a Blacksmith Now Head of Republic.

M. Fallieres, the man who was elected President of France to succeed M. Loubet, is of extremely humble origin.



M. FALLIERES.

His father was a magistrate's clerk and his grandfather a blacksmith, whose forge and cottage, propped up against the walls of the Cathedral of Mezzin, have only recently disappeared. Fallieres, who has been President of the Senate, has a stainless political record. He has managed to keep himself free from all scandals, notably that of Panama, which tarnished the reputations of so many public men in France. On the other hand, he is without any striking individuality, conveys the idea of lack of backbone, and has offended a number of people by his weakness for the pomp and ceremony of office and for aristocratic associations. He will probably be an entirely passive executive of the will of the Chambers of the National Legislature. He is terribly fat, not particularly decorative, and will in his fondness for the trappings of his high estate at the Elysee Palace recall many of the amusing idiosyncrasies of poor Felix Faure.

Under a Strain.
"But," asked Miss Mattie Noy, "did you never have stage fright?"

"Only once," replied the actor, "and that was before an audience of only five or six people."

"My! Where was that?"
"Out West. You see, the audience informed us that if our show didn't suit them they'd fill us full of holes."—Philadelphia Press.

Presbyterians in Africa.
The Central Presbyterian of Richmond, Va., says: "The largest church and the largest congregations in connection with our general assembly are not in America, but on the Kongo river in Africa. The membership of our two churches there is over 2,000. The attendance on each church is upward of 1,000—sometimes 1,500 or more."

A Contradiction.
"An heiress is rather a contradiction to the usual order of things."
"Why so?"
"If she wants to save her money, about the last thing she should do is to husband her resources."—Baltimore American.

When the ladder isn't down in the world it is up against it.

NOT HIS LINE.

Not all men are fitted for all things. The fact that an individual shines in one profession is no proof that he may adopt any career with equal success. Rob, whose adventures are recorded in Mr. Whitmarsh's "The World's Rough Hand," was a good fellow, and doubtless played his part in the world with credit to himself, but he was not born to be a diver, as his experiences show. One of the greatest dangers in diving is that of panic.

The quality a diver needs more than any other is presence of mind. A young Scotchman, six feet tall, by the name of Rob, applied to me for a position as diver. He had a sweetheart at home, and, tempted by the high wages, was anxious to learn the business. One time, when work was slack, I let him go down.

I told him minutely how to manage, screwed on his face glass and sent him under. I felt him land on the bottom and signal that all was right. Then he walked away from the boat, paying out most of the line. After a little he stopped. I imagined him resting, and thought he was doing remarkably well.

All at once I noticed a dark, bladder-like object floating at some distance from the boat. At first I thought it was a turtle. Something made me look at it more carefully, and then I began to haul the line in. The "turtle" was Rob. As he drew nearer we could hear him screaming his loudest inside the swollen dress. I got him alongside, unscrewed the escape valve, and hauled him on deck. All the time he was crying, "Let me out!"

When Rob came to his senses, we learned that he had become frightened lest his dress should burst, and had screwed the escape valve the wrong way, keeping in the air instead of letting it escape. He lost his presence of mind altogether, and fell down. The confined air accumulated in the bulkhead part of the dress and floated him.

The second attempt Rob made as a diver nearly cost him his life. He made the very same mistake with the valve. Then, crazed by fear, he began to unscrew his face glass. Fortunately for his sweetheart, he lost consciousness before he got it off. He was delirious for some hours after we had hauled him up. We decided he was not fit for a diver, and that his road to fortune lay in some other direction.

HOUSE KEPT ON PROBATION.

After a Week's Trial Widow and Widower Are Duly Married.

Lamar County furnishes a case of marriage after probation that is unique and suggestive.

A widower farmer desiring a wife was introduced by a mutual friend to a widow with children temporarily abiding in a charity institution.

Both were favorably impressed at first acquaintance, but the woman suggested that she keep house for the farmer for a week and at the end of that time each could more intelligently determine the grave question of a union for life. Accordingly she went with her children and was duly installed as housekeeper.

The experiment was eminently satisfactory to both parties and at the end of the week they were married.

Perhaps it will shock the sentimental and the romantic, but the incident contains the wise suggestion that folk desiring to become husband and wife should be sure of knowing each other in their common clothes and under workaday conditions.

Parlor manners on the part of the woman and picnic gallantry on the part of the man are not conclusive indexes of character, nor is the jumpy ecstasy of infatuation sufficient evidence of compatibility.

Keeping company nowadays runs too much to bonbons and embossed stationery. Of course, there is abundant opportunity to get acquainted after the engagement, but it is before the avowal that the pair ought to put each other through the practical paces.

It would save many a headache, though it may play the dickens with the business of the divorce lawyers.—Fort Worth Record.

A Good Thing.

"This is an interesting clock, Miss," said the salesman, "you really should have one, especially if you're bothered with tiresome callers."

"It's merely a cuckoo clock, isn't it?" asked Miss May Pechels.

"Yes, but beginning at 10 p. m. instead of saying 'cuck-koo' every quarter hour it yells, 'Go home! Go home!'" —Philadelphia Press.

Not His.

"I don't see why Peckham should make a poor mouth all the time. He commands a good salary every week of his life."

"He may command it, but his wife demands it every week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Best Thing to Do.

Cremnitz White—I'd do anything in the world for art.

J. Caustic—Well, why don't you quit painting?—Judge.