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## EDITORIAL

### COURTS OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE.

Courts are organized for the purpose of administering justice. By them the rights of the individual are upheld, those who are convicted of crimes against society are punished and evildoers are deterred. Without courts and officers of the law society could not exist. Therefore it is the duty of public sentiment, as far as possible, to uphold the actions of courts and to give to them hearty co-operation.

But sometimes courts apparently stand in the way of justice in their effort to observe all the technical points of law, and the result is that crime goes unpunished and criminals lose respect for laws. We could mention a number of cases to prove this proposition, but we will let only two suffice for the present. Several years ago there was an old Jewish citizen in Dallas killed in his place of business one night, and three arrests followed. One of these was tried, convicted, sentenced to be hanged, and executed. The second one was likewise convicted and sentenced to die. He was convicted on the same testimony, the same charge was read by the court to the jury, and their verdict was death. It went to the higher court, and two of the three members of that tribunal reversed and remanded the case for another hearing. No doubt of the man's guilt was expressed, but the case turned on some trivial point. In course of time he was tried again, the same evidence was used, the same charge was read by the court, but the technical error pointed out by the higher court was corrected. The jury promptly found him guilty as charged and the death penalty was assessed. Again it went to the higher court, and on some other technical pretext it was reversed and remanded for a third rehearing. Time went on and the case was again heard, the same testimony was used, the technical point again corrected, the man was convicted and given the death penalty. It went to the higher court and was the fourth time reversed and remanded for another hearing. So that this red-handed murderer has had four fair trials by a jury of his peers, he was convicted in every instance and given the death sentence; and yet he is no nearer paying the penalty of his crime than the night he killed in cold blood the poor, old, inoffensive Jew. His partner in the crime was hanged nearly five years ago on exactly the same evidence, but this brute is still unwhipped of justice. And all on account of some foolish technical pretext. It seems to us that were we in the stead of our County Attorney we would go into court and ask that the case be dismissed on the ground that it is impossible to secure a verdict that will meet the approval of the higher court—at least two members of said court. What is the use to go through the farce of a fifth trial and put the county and State to additional expense? It seems that a majority of the higher court have made up their minds that, despite the guilt of the man, no verdict of the lower court will meet their approval. And this is only one of many cases we might mention.

The other case is the night riders in Tennessee who wantonly killed Captain Quinten Rankin at Reelfoot Lake about one year ago. Several of those men were tried and convicted. Some of them were given the death penalty and others condemned to life imprisonment. That the sentence was just, we have heard none say to the contrary. A more willful and diabolical crime was never committed in the annals of Tennessee. Yet the other day, on some very trivial point, the higher court reversed and remanded these cases for a new hearing. The probability is that the witnesses are now gone and another conviction is almost out of the question.

When it comes to the crime of theft or burglary we have no trouble in getting justice administered; but in the case of murder—the foulest crime known in the teachings of criminal jurisprudence—it is almost impossible to get justice administered. These red-handed criminals manage to go scot free, or so wear out their cases in court as to make it necessary to give them immunity from the operation of law. This is the reason why we so often have mob law instead of the processes of courts. People get tired of the law's uncertainty and of its delay, and when some revolting crime is committed they rise up and take the law into their own hands. It seems that something ought to be done to make it possible for our courts to promptly deal with these fearful crimes against society without the possibility of thwarting justice through the technical quibblings of the law. We are sorry to say that we have reached a point in these matters at which a great many people are losing respect for the law and for our courts of justice. We hardly ever expect a murderer to be punished in Texas for his crime. But few of them ever go to the State prison for life, and fewer still of them ever go to the gallows. They, for the most part, are turned loose upon society and their bloody crimes remain unpunished. As a result we have a record for man-killing in Texas that is a disgrace to our civilization. And we are sorry to say that our courts are largely responsible for it.

### THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

All over Texas now there are parents who are beginning to plan to send their boys and girls off to college this fall. Many of these parents will have to make large sacrifices and practice the closest economy in order to give to these children this opportunity and advantage, and naturally they seek the very best place and those conditions which will result in the greatest good to their children.

There are very decided advantages in Texas boys and girls receiving their education in Texas. There are no friendships quite like those formed in college and none that are more enduring. One of our preachers who has been all over the State, who graduated from Southwestern University, tells us that everywhere he has gone in the work of the Church he has found an open door and a ready helper and sympathizer in the "old boys and girls."

It will be a distinct advantage to any young man or woman in whatever sphere of life and

activity they may be engaged to have these friendships and associations made while in college. Then, too, if these young men and women are to live in Texas they want their ideals and conceptions to correspond with those of the State in which they are to live. Every State has its own history, its own traditions, and has more or less of time-honored views and customs. Let Texas boys and girls know this history and these traditions, and they will naturally make better and more intelligent citizens.

For practically the same reasons we would have our Methodist people patronize our Methodist institutions. There is an atmosphere about a Church school that can not be found in other institutions which is one of the most valuable assets of these institutions, and while none of the colleges in Texas that are owned and controlled by any of the Churches teach or insist upon their peculiar doctrines, still for many reasons a Baptist boy or girl is, as a rule, better off at a Baptist institution, and so of any others, be they Methodists, Presbyterians, Disciples or what not.

Again, loyalty to their own Church, and to offset the effort now being made in some quarters to secularize all Christian institutions, should prompt our Church people to support in every way possible our Christian institutions of learning.

In this connection we commend to the authorities controlling our denominational colleges the vigorous words of Bishop Hoss in his address to the Educational Convention which met in Dallas in 1906: "I do not wish to coerce the beliefs of any man, but I do frankly confess that I desire the services of no man in the training of our youth who can not freely and gladly say 'credo.'"

To the presidents and professors of our Methodist schools we commend his further utterances, found in the close of the same address:

I am somewhat sick of milk and water, and hunger after a diet of strong meat. It is my rooted conviction that Methodism is the best interpretation of the gospel of Jesus Christ that the world has ever seen, and I am not in the least inclined to take up an apologetic attitude, or to enter a plea for outside favor by publishing that it is not my desire to propagate Methodism. That is my desire. What are we here for? The other Churches are entitled to do the same thing. They are actually doing it. I honor them for it. If they should take any other course, they would be tacitly or openly confessing that they put no high estimate on the value of the mission which they are set to accomplish.

When a man becomes so wise and knowing that he understands too many things that are not true, he is developing backward. But the trouble with him is that his backward growth is understood by him to be progress. He calls himself liberal and an advanced thinker. He mistakes the rattle of his mental machinery to be intellectual development.

Most people would rather be entertained than made to think. Entertainment gives momentary pleasure, but thinking imposes mental labor. Hence the preacher or the writer who has learned the art of entertaining easily gets a reading or a hearing. But the man who makes his people think is the man who leaves a light behind him when he departs.

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## "INNOCENTS ABROAD"

By REV. HUBERT D. KNICKERBOCKER.

### JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

A Kissing Bee—Farms Along the Nile and Oriental Farm Life—Curious Animals.

Article Four.

Every wave of the Mediterranean Sea has borne upon its bosom historic ships and fleets, and the route along which we passed in going from Naples to Alexandria, Egypt, was peculiarly freighted with ancient and sacred memories. Over and over again Paul, the great apostle, pursued this route, and touched these lands that we are now seeing in passing. We read with renewed interest that chapter in the Book of Acts that gives with dramatic and convincing power the story of the shipwreck of that vessel that was bearing Paul up to Rome, after his appeal to Caesar. When we read that in that storm they went without food for fourteen days and nights, we knew how to sympathize with them a little—I say a little, because our three days' seasickness on the Atlantic was only a light affliction compared to that awful, sunless, starless, foodless, almost hopeless fortnight on board that storm-driven vessel in the long ago.

Our voyage was across a calm and radiant sea, and after about three days we came to

#### Alexandria and Egypt.

Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, and is a lasting memorial to his Egyptian campaign. It was built in the fourth century and has been there ever since.

Coming into the harbor we saw in the great coal-loading cranes run by steam, instead of hand-power, in the massive wharfs and warehouses, the great masonry break waters, etc., evidence of the British control of the land. Next to the United States this Great Britain is the nation of the world. You see the foot-prints of its power and progress all around the globe. At the pier we were treated to a

#### Kissing Bee.

A newly married French couple were on board, just returning from their honeymoon. All his kinspeople and all "his wife's folks" were there to greet them. The women all kissed the women, and the men all kissed the men, and then they all kissed each other and such a kissing time I never saw. The method of kissing was first on one cheek and then on the other, and then reciprocate. It was "lips all round" instead of "hands all round." That cheek kissing didn't commend itself to my romantic judgment. It may be all right from a sanitary point of view, but for thrilling responsiveness, ruby lips it seems to me have more love messages in a minute than a cheek could communicate in a life time. The above passage, of course, refers only to a husband kissing his wife's ruby lips.

We did not stay in Alexandria but a few hours, as we knew we could see the same things better at Cairo than there. I did observe, however, the palace of the Khedive, on the shores of the sea. In this palace the Khedive has 3000 rooms and two wives. I asked an Egyptian what in the world the Khedive could do with 3000 rooms. He said that there were 1000 servants in the palace. My own conjecture was that he needed about 2000 of the rooms to make up insulating space between the two wives lest there be domestic friction. The Koran allows every man to have four wives, but very few men are daring enough in these days of "suffragettes," "woman's rights," etc., to take his allowance. An educated Egyptian on board ship, who told me many interesting facts about Egypt and her people, said "not many men can afford to have more than one wife." And yet the women don't have any hats in Egypt and the Moslems have no Easter.

#### The Country Between Alexandria and Cairo.

all being in the Valley of the Nile, was the most interesting I ever passed over. The journey we took by rail and accomplished it in three and one-half hours. Every moment of it was replete with interest. It was like a combination menagerie and panorama. The landscapes, with their rich, flat, alluvial lands covered with cotton or rice, and relieved by groups of graceful date palms, were constantly varied by the change of the figures in the foreground. Now we passed a mud village of the Fellahs, or Egyptian peasants. This village was built not of buck or adobe even, but of plain

mud. The houses were flat-roofed, with an occasional jag-shaped dome appearing, and were so huddled together as often to form practically one big mud dwelling with many rooms. The roofs were made of mud-plastered straw. Inside these mud mansions the peasants and all their families, consisting of wives, children, donkeys, goats, chickens, geese, sheep and fleas, etc., abide peacefully. The camels and water-buffaloes would go in too but the low doors and roofs won't let them. Then there would appear a whole caravan of camels, not in a circus procession, but bearing great pack-nets of rope loaded with hay, or fruit, or freight of some description. Then a herd of water-buffaloes would "show up." These creatures look like slate-colored oxen, with humps on their shoulders and much awkwardness distributed all over their anatomy. And there were donkeys of all sorts and sizes and colors. Many of the donkeys are large and fine; some of them milk-white and almost pretty, and altogether fine as saddle animals. They are related more closely to the wild ass and less closely to imbecile specimens of the genus homo than the American species.

In this field they were plowing with a big beam of wood, having a sharp stick attached "slantindicularly" on its end. To the plow was hitched a camel and an ox. To that plow a little further on was hitched a water buffalo and a mule. To another was attached a donkey, a water-buffalo and a horse. It was the rice harvest season and the peasants were threshing their grain on threshing floors dating back to Adam. The grain was piled in circles on a flat, hard piece of ground and then round and round over it was driven a conglomerated team attached to a big beam of wood with harrow-like teeth on its underside. This was the tribulum that broke the grain loose from the straw. Then they winnowed the grain from the chaff by throwing it up into the air and letting the wind do the rest. Here was a water wheel with which a peasant was irrigating his land. The wheel was as simple as it well could be. It consisted of a rude wheel of wood to whose rim large earthenware, open-mouthed jars were bound, and these dipped up the water as they passed under and poured it out as they came down on the other side.

Now and again a flock of buff-colored sheep would appear or a flock of black goats. Once in awhile a flock of straggly-looking chickens would catch my preacher eyes. The only bird I saw was one that looked like a cross between a jay bird and a crow—in color and size. It had the wing-color of a crow and the body-color of a jay bird.

#### "Farmer Ed" Wants to Trade Some Texas Land

for some of this rich Nile valley land over which we passed; but he was willing. I think, only from a sentimental standpoint that he might say "I own land in Africa." However, he acknowledges that this level, rich-looking, harvest-covered country can in some respect come up to Texas. If any of my readers are thinking of going East to grow up with the country however I will tell them a few things further.

This land costs \$500 an acre, and is already peopled with 790 people to every section, or square mile. The country people, however, all live in town. Nobody in Egypt lives in the country. For mutual protection and association they congregate in hamlets and villages, and then they crowd their houses together so closely that there isn't room to swing a cat by the tail anywhere unless you go out on the flat roof. To stock his farm the Texan in Egypt would buy a few camels at from \$50 to \$500 apiece. He would get him a white riding donkey for \$200. His plows wouldn't cost much. He'd buy a lot of very heavy hoes with mattock-like blades and handles 2 feet long. If he worked like the natives he'd chop cotton with these bent almost double. I asked a Egyptian why they used such sh-handles. He said, "They think they can hit harder when they are nearer to the earth." A few water wheels, a one-room house of mud, a few goats and sheep and a personal hide indurated (that is, hardened) to the at-

tacks of fleas, and other impolite insects, would set our Texan up in business in Egypt.

It never rains in this country. All the water comes from the Nile that renders fertile a strip of country from 4 to 13 miles wide for 2000 miles or more along its course. In former times the Nile was allowed to overflow its banks and the whole country was inundated annually, but now a system of dams and canals are used that control the water so that irrigation is at the will of the farmers. As a result two and three crops yearly are raised. Two crops of cotton and one of wheat are sometimes produced from the same land in a year. This Egyptian cotton brings twice as much as Texas cotton, being a very fine, long-stapled variety. The Sea Island cotton of South Carolina is, however, more valuable than Egyptian cotton, so I was told by a cotton buyer who was just landing in Alexandria to begin buying next year's crop. He said it was the regular practice of the English firms to buy the cotton before it was grown. That, it seems to me, is as nefarious as the gambling-cotton-future control of cotton prices in America.

Sugar-cane, rice, wheat, dates, fruits and vegetables of all sorts were growing along the way as we traveled.

The Fellahs, as the Egyptian farmers are called, have a hard time. They do not own the land, and they get only one-fourth of the crop they raise. They, however, are the bone and sinew of the nation in many respects.

#### The Animals of Egypt

Are deserving of more than passing mention, and as I saw nearly all species on my ride here described, I'd tell something about them now. The camel is first. His marvelous adaptation to this country is a wonderful evidence of God's providence and wisdom. First he is cushion-footed and can travel over these shifting deserts with perfect ease. A friend of mine was telling me yesterday that not long ago he was out on the desert and he saw the track of a camel, an automobile, a man and a donkey. The camel with his cushioned-foot and the automobile with that last invention of modern ease-loving man, the pneumatic tire, made hardly any impression in the deep sand, but the man and the donkey sank to the same level; that is about eight inches deep at every step. The camel can drink a barrel of water at one swig and then travel a month across the Sahara desert without another drop to drink. He stores it in a water stomach that has a "thermos-bottle" outside covering it that keeps it cool for thirty days, so that after twenty-nine days' travel the camel has one more crystal, cold drink at his disposal in his own water cooler. This is a serious truth and not a joke. Then the camel's docility and strength are remarkable. I've seen one with mighty near a dump-cart load of bricks on his back placidly meandering down the desert way. A racing breed of which I've seen some specimens are built like those bred race horses and are very swift. Their value runs up as high as a thousand dollars.

Then there is the much-abused donkey. They are ubiquitous here in the East and range in size from "vest pocket editions" to "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" in one volume. They are stronger than an ox in proportion, and they can live off of straw and meditation. They are very different from our American donkeys, being both swift and docile. They are ridden without bridles, and with saddles that have no stirrups; but their principal use is as pack animals. A whole herd will cheerfully trot along loaded with mountainous burdens, and obey the voice of their driver, who follows behind. I saw one here in Jerusalem the other day, loaded with at least 500 pounds of grain, come down a long flight of stone steps that sloped at an angle of at least 45 degrees. It wasn't a circus animal either, but just an Arab's donkey coming to market. The steps I will explain were the street, were the street, mind you, not in the street. Many of these Eastern streets in these mountainous towns consist of a long flight of stair steps of stone. Then there is the water buffalo that gives more milk than a cow, and the goats that live off herbage and shrubbery and make a gallon of good, rich cheese-like milk out of a handful of thorny twigs and a drink of water. The sheep are buff-colored and fat-tailed. Their tails must weigh ten or fifteen pounds apiece, and are used, I suppose, in lieu of hog fat, as there are no pigs raised in this country. There are some ordinary cattle in Egypt, but not many, and the ordinary cattle, affected by the climate and conditions of the country, become very

peculiar in appearance. The climate of Egypt is hot in summer and "middling" in winter. The Sunday before we got there it was 120 degrees in the shade in Cairo. This must have been pretty hot. I have been in Yuma, Arizona, where it was 116 degrees in the shade, and could appreciate that joke about the Yuma man who sent back from hades for his blankets, saying that it was too cold "down there" for him. But these natives use blankets for the heat. I've seen an Arab here in Egypt with all his robes and a heavy overcoat on in the blistering sun. The men and women wear voluminous and heavy clothing, wrapping up head and ears in the hottest weather. They proceed on the theory that clothing is made to keep the heat out. Their "fezes," however, are built on exactly the opposite theory apparently. They are little brimless caps of thick felt that leave the eyes and face exposed absolutely without protection from the pitiless sun.

As it drew on toward evening the tall and stately palms along the way threw longer and longer, cooling shadows across the grateful fields. The Fellahs, coming from every direction, were driving their goats and camels toward home, and all nature was sinking into rest and quiet, when we pulled into the bustle and turmoil of Cairo, Egypt, a little town of 600,000 inhabitants on the edge of the Sahara Desert, but also on the banks of the Nile. Of that city and its sights, sounds and smells, more anon.

#### CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND THE SECULARIZATION OF EDUCATION.

The Southern people owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop E. E. Hoss and Bishop Warren A. Candler. That they will ever appreciate the magnitude of that debt I very much doubt. Through the efforts of Bishop Hoss Vanderbilt University was saved to the Church and to Christian education. Bishop Candler has called attention through the press and through a recent pamphlet to a movement freighted with great possibilities of evil to our Southern manhood and to our civilization as well. I very much doubt whether his pamphlet will have a great immediate effect. Mendacity has become so much a habit on the part of our educational institutions and their eyes are so blinded by the glitter of gold that they fail to see the taint that clings thereto, and their necessities are of such a pressing nature that they must have their mess of pottage even if their glorious birthright is bartered thereby.

But the time will come when an aroused public sentiment will vindicate the wisdom of our leaders. The ethical revival that has swept over America is the only revival in the history of the world in which the Church did not take the leading part. There are evidences, however, that the Church will soon take her place in the vanguard contending against the evils of our modern industrial and commercial life.

In this article I shall confine myself to Mr. Carnegie's evident purpose in breaking into the educational field. What is that purpose? His evident purpose is to divorce our educational institutions from any kind of ecclesiastical control and to completely and finally secularize all education in the United States of America.

#### Who is Mr. Carnegie?

Mr. Carnegie is a shrewd, long-headed, successful Scotchman, who came to America a poor boy, and through his genius for finance, coupled with the smiles of a paternalistic Government, has made a great fortune. He has many canny, kindly traits and would like to distribute his best wealth in benefactions. We will not inquire too closely as to how he obtained it. Like every other man he wants to propagate his views and make dominant his ideas.

Religiously, I am informed, Mr. Carnegie is not simply an unbeliever, but a disbeliever. I am informed that a noteworthy American author, who is also a clergyman, was Mr. Carnegie's guest in Scotland. Whilst there he was forced to listen to puerile blasphemies, oftentimes put in the form of questions. I have been informed that Mr. Carnegie refused to do anything for our Southwestern on the ground that we had too many men there studying for the ministry. (Let us thank God, first of all that he refused, and then that we have the young men studying for the ministry. There is something in this world that is worse than poverty, namely, the compromising of high ideals.) Mr. Carnegie is entitled to his beliefs and disbeliefs. I have no

bitter word to utter concerning them; but no Church ought to trade her beliefs to Mr. Carnegie for his gold or even compromise them by placing her institutions without her direct control.

But some have sold out. Some few of our Methodist institutions attempted to sell, taking advantage of every legal technicality possible. The feeding trough was too great a temptation; appetite was stronger than loyalty. But where loyalty was weak the lash has thus far proved availing.

Lest my reference a few moments ago to Southwestern University might lead some one who is not well informed to conclude that this school was of the number that possessed an appetite more developed than their ethical qualities, I hasten to say that Southwestern was not of that number.

**Mr. Carnegie's Foundation What?**

"On April 16, 1905, Mr. Andrew Carnegie placed in the hands of trustees \$10,000,000 in 5 per cent first mortgage bonds of the United Steel Corporation" (a notorious trust), "the income of which is to be applied to the payment of retiring allowances to professors and officers of universities and colleges and technical schools in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland." At first this was applied only to the privately endowed institutions, but no institution under ecclesiastical control could hope to profit by the same. Last year Mr. Carnegie enlarged this by adding \$5,000,000 more to the endowment and admitting all State institutions whose Legislatures would bow the "pregnant hinges of their knees" by making request for the same. Louisiana bowed herself before this calf of gold, this image of Andrew the First, set up in Wall Street. Marvel of marvels, at the sound of the sackbut and dulcimer and various brass instruments, down in the dust dropped poor Georgia to worship. It needed no burning fiery furnace to compel this homage, but only a sight of the golden image. No wonder Bishop Candler's pen scorches the paper on which he writes. But no enlargement of Mr. Carnegie's bowels of compassion will ever include a Church school, unless it shall renounce its ecclesiastical control. Never in the history of the world has there been concocted so gigantic an educational scheme or one fraught with so much danger to the Church or society.

**Is This Secularization Wise?**

After all, is not secularization wise? Does it not mark a distinct advancement in education? Ought not the relationship of the Church to education be platonic? Are the Churches really fitted for such a grave task? Mr. Carnegie's answer would be a decided "No."

**The Church, the Mother of Education.**

I would like to remind Mr. Carnegie that the Church is the mother of education. He is attempting to separate her from her child. Every great revival of learning has been preceded and accompanied by a revival of religion.

In America we find this relation to be eminently true. "William and Mary" was designed as a missionary institution. Harvard was named for a devoted young minister who gave to it half his fortune, amounting to two thousand dollars, and all his library. Its first charter clearly set forth its aims, which were "the education of the English youth and the Indian in this country in knowledge and godliness." Its Board of Overseers was charged "with furthering the college in piety, morality and learning." Its mottoes were: "Veritas" and "Christo et Ecclesiae."

James Pierpont, in connection with nine other Congregational ministers, established Yale. I need go no farther. The denominational school created the demand for State universities. The Church has created the sentiment out of which has flown the stream of gold that has made institutions rich and powerful. The overfed ass would bite the hand that has passed it food.

**No True Religion Without Education.**

What are the elements that enter into man's nature that it is the function of education to develop? I cannot better answer this question than in the words of Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University:

"We may approach the analysis of our civilization or spiritual environment from many different points of view, and perhaps more than one classification of the results of that analysis may be helpful. The classification which I suggest, and which I have stated elsewhere in detail, is a fivefold one. It separates civilization into man's science, his literature, his

art, his institutional life, and his religious beliefs. Into one or another of these divisions may be put each of the results of human aspiration of human achievement. Education must include knowledge of each of the five elements named, as well as insight into them all and sympathy with them all. To omit any one of them is to cripple education, and to make its results at best but partial. A man may be highly instructed and trained in science alone, or in literature, or in art, or in human institutions—man's ethical and political relationships—or in religion, but such a man is not highly educated. He is not educated, strictly speaking, at all, or one or more of the aspects of civilization are shut out from his view, or are apprehended imperfectly only and without true insight.

"If this analysis is correct, and I think it is, then religious training is a necessary factor in education, and must be given the time, the attention and the serious, continued treatment which it deserves. That religious training is not at the present time given a place by the side of the study of science, literature, art, or of human institutions, is well recognized. How has this come about? How are the integrity and the completeness of education to be restored?"

If Mr. Carnegie will not listen to Mr. Butler perhaps he will listen to Mr. Huxley. Says he: "I hold that any system which attempts to deal with the intellectual side of the child's nature alone, and leaves the rest untouched, will prove a delusion and a snare, just as likely to produce a crop of unusually astute rascals as anything else. In my belief, unless a child is taught, not only morality, but religion, education will come to very little."

**Secularized Education the Mother of Crime.**

Some years ago I chanced to read a speech by a distinguished Tennessee educator. He gave an account of a poor mountain boy who for some crime was brought to Knoxville and placed in jail. He figured up the cost of that crime to society and it was quite a likely sum. He then told how much the education of that boy would have cost and wound up with a flourish, quoting the saying of Victor Hugo, "Open a school and close a prison." It sounded "mighty" good. I began to look about me and I saw schools opening everywhere, but I had read of no jails being closed. I began to inquire, and this is what I found.

**What I Found.**

I found that despite our education we are fast becoming a nation of criminals.

In 1850 there was one criminal to every 3442 of population.

In 1860 there was one criminal to every 1647 of population.

In 1870 there was one criminal to every 1021 of population.

Now comes the educational period par excellence.

In 1880 there was one criminal to every 837 of population.

In 1890 there was one criminal to every 715 of population.

In 1904 there was one criminal to every 300 of population.

At that rate our jails are being closed with a vengeance.

In the United States one death out of every sixty-five is either a murder or a suicide. In Chicago alone there were 17,300 prisoners under sixteen years of age. Two thousand out of Denver's 10,000 boys have been in jail. At least education has not prevented crime.

**Secular Education the Cause of Crime.**

Is there any reason why a merely secular education should produce a criminal? Are we guilty of the fallacy of contriving a post hoc into a proper hoc? Is there any psychological connection? Education increases the desires. Teach a man to read and he will want books; teach him music and he will want a piano; teach him to love the beautiful and he will want pictures and rugs and bric-a-brac. Education multiplies his temptations and must strengthen his moral and spiritual faculties or else it has cursed the individual. In this connection it would be well for us to remember the inspired words of Washington in that memorable Farewell Address, "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Pari passu with the development of the intellect must go the develop-

ment of the religious nature or else society must suffer. France and Germany and America have witnessed a tremendous revival of criminality, but England has actually had a decrease. Why? England has consistently refused to secularize her education, although the difficulties have seemed insurmountable. We must place Christ not only in our universities, but in our common schools as well, or our civilization will be lost.

**Government Ought Not to Disown Religion.**

Religion lies at the very basis of government. Rousseau has said: "There was never a State founded that did not have religion as a basis." Bently has said: "Religion is not only useful to society, but fundamental to its very birth and constitution." Says Edmund Burke: "We know, and what is better, feel inwardly that religion is the basis of civil society." Hume has said: "If you find a people without religion they do not differ much from beasts." Is it not anomalous, in view of these facts, that government should exclude its founder and protector from any recognition? Is it not strange that men who call themselves patriots should deliberately conspire together to force from educational institutions that religion that made the flag that floats over the school buildings?

**Religion the Basis of Civilization.**

Christianity is civilization. Says James Anthony Froude: "All that we call modern civilization is a visible expression of the transforming power of the gospel." Lecky has said: "Christianity, which is the life of morality and the basis of civilization, has regenerated the world." Was Lord Macaulay wrong when he said: "Whoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind." Christianity is all that and more, but she is now denied a seat in the councils of the great. For shame! Yes, and let him be thrice ashamed, who would sell his Lord to these modern high priests of learning even though the price offered be golden pounds and not paltry silver pence.

**Social Advance is Conditioned on Education.**

Mr. Kidd, in his highly instructive book on "Social Evolution," has conceived, not only the chief, but the only factor of social advance to be religion. He fancies an inhabitant of a neighboring planet coming to visit our earth and writing a book on our civilization. First of all our visitor would note our great material resources, the externals of a civilization. He also would note the fact that we have built great churches, magnificent cathedrals and that these are visited by thousands upon the Lord's day. He will find on further investigation that our society is grounded upon a competitive system, where the strong receive the greater part of the earth's wealth. He will notice that the strong, however, gradually give up their prerogatives, not because they have to give these up, for they are the strong, but because they begin to doubt their right to hold them. The reason for this doubt grows out of the teachings of the temple and the religion of the Christ. We will allow Mr. Kidd to state his creed in his own philosophic language: "A religion is a form of belief, providing an ultra rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual, where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution, which the race is undergoing."

Perhaps there is the rub. Religion was demanding a higher ethic than that of the Homestead Mills and was making its demands felt especially in our great institutions. Fifteen years ago our colleges were alive with a holy zeal for the uplift and enfranchisement of the poor. Our young men in the universities were dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Their prophetic fury had died away with the passing of deep religious convictions and with the pouring forth of Rockefeller's conscience fund and Carnegie's "dazzlement" for the eyes of weak saints.

**Effect on the Institutions Themselves.**

These institutions that have expelled the Christ are to-day in a lamentable condition. They do not lack for money, nor for beautiful and commodious buildings, but they lack sobriety, they lack ideals. They are in a chaotic condition. They are feeling in the dark. Moral earnestness has departed from their halls. Mr. Risk, of Glasgow, has recently very aptly described them when he said: "It is a

great country, America. In university matters, as in social and political affairs, it does not know where it is going; but it is determined to get there."

Says Mr. Birdseye: "The awful fact is that for thirty years we have been debauching the moral character of our youth by helping them to devise and carry out the deceit, chicanery, dishonesty and dishonourableness of modern intercollegiate athletics. Witness the evident palsy of our college authorities, and alumni, and their fatal inability to grasp the situation or propose a solution."

Says Mr. Garfield: "The charge of vagueness of aim brought against the American college is, in part, well founded, and to this fact is largely due the weakening of intellectual stamina observed among undergraduates."

Mr. J. McKeen Cattell has said recently: "The college is a club for the idling classes. It is not at all clear why the public should pay a thousand dollars for the expenses of each boy who goes through college to enjoy the pleasure of drinking clubs and betting on athletics."

But let us listen to Mr. Woodrow Wilson on modern university conditions. Sometime ago Mr. Wilson said that he did not care to be at the head of a modern country club. The other week in an address he said this: "So far as the colleges go, the side shows have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue under those conditions as ring master. There are more honest occupation than teaching when you cannot teach."

When Jesus Christ was resident within the halls of our educational institutions there were no such complaints as these. There was moral earnestness, purpose, high idealism. These affected not only the Christian youths, but tempered the life of the wicked. It is to such conditions as these that secularization, in which Mr. Carnegie has such a profound belief and to which he is directing the stored up energies of his wealth, is reducing our educational institutions.

**Our Duty.**

In this time of crisis what is the duty of the Church? First, we need the moral courage of the old apostle who said, when offered gain, "Your money perish with you." There is something greater than magnificent endowments, and that is the presence, as an honored guest, of our divine Lord. We need to quit begging these oppressors of their fellows, these Captain Kidds of the financial seas. A recent writer has given us the prayer of a modern college:

"Give me a million of dough, Mammon,  
Give me a million of dough—  
To keep the little life I have—  
You'll never miss it, you know.  
"My best professors leave me.  
They're out of coin, and so.  
If bigger wages offer,  
Quite naturally they go.  
Then give me a million of dough,  
Mammon,  
Only a million of dough.  
I can't afford a football coach.  
I make a sorry show.  
A stick full on the sporting page.  
Oh, do not say me no,  
But give me a million of dough, Mammon,  
Only a million of dough."

We must continue to educate. Says Bishop Hendrix: "The Church that educates always wins. That is how the Jesuits recovered Austria to the papacy when not one in thirty of the population adhered to Rome and when nearly for a generation scarcely a man was found to enter Roman priesthood." Their Vanderbilt University won them an empire. Let us not lose ours.

Lastly, we must insist on Christ being taught both in the public schools and in the State universities. Some way must be found to do it. Our civilization is more precious than our prejudices.

I know of no better way to close this article than in the language of our great naval officer and author, Captain Mahan, who says: "If the world is to be brought up to a high moral plane it is not to be done through education, but through Christianization, and all that is good in our civilization bows from the outstretched hands of the crucified."

J. W. MOORE.

There are too many saints who want to distribute coal in summer and ice in winter.

**IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH.**

Be sure to use that old and well-tried remedy Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pains, cures wind colic, and is the remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' SELF-CULTURE CLUB

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### SALAMIS.

In the year 480 B. C. the Greeks under Themistocles defeated the Persians in a naval battle in the bay between Attica and the Island of Salamis, near Athens. Only ten years before this the Greeks, with an army of about 10,000 regulars, utterly routed the Persians with 110,000 under Datis on the plain of Marathon. But Salamis was a natural sequence of Marathon. Xerxes, son of Darius, King of Persia, was to avenge the defeat of his father's armies at Marathon. In the battle of Salamis the Persian armies, according to Herodotus, numbered 1,700,000 foot soldiers and over 1200 ships. A four days' storm destroyed nearly half of the fleet before the battle. Meantime the foot soldiers of the Persians had passed through Thessaly, and the memorable battle of Thermopylae had just occurred, where Leonidas and his 700 Thespians and his 300 Spartans had perished. But the Greeks were completely victorious in the battle of Salamis. It was a decisive battle, because it once more saved all Europe from Persian domination, and preserved the art treasures of Athens, and guaranteed to the future ages the wisest laws and institutional ideas of this remarkable people.

### MADAM DE STAEL.

Her maiden name was Germaine Necker. She was the daughter of a Paris banker, and she always felt flattered if addressed as the daughter of Necker, for her devotion to her father was very beautiful. There is an interesting romance in her mother's life. Both Necker and the historian, Gibbon, were suitors for her hand. Necker won and Gibbon lived an old bachelor. Later, when Germaine was the wittiest and most brilliant young woman in Paris, Gibbon was invited to visit the Necker home, and he accepted. During his stay he was treated with the utmost consideration, though it is said there were signs of the pain of his old disappointment.

It is said that Madam de Staël was the most charming and brilliant conversationalist in the world. She is credited with the gift of being able to bring out the best that was in any person with whom she conversed. "Anybody can be eloquent in her company," was the common remark. Her husband was Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish Ambassador to the French court. He was a very gifted and cultured man. She was herself one of the most cultured women of all time. She wrote a great deal. She was dubbed the High Priestess of Literature, the Minerva of Poesy, the Sappho of Modern Times. The most eminent people were her intimate friends—not only French people, but men and women of distinction from every country in the world. She had great power in molding the affairs of France. She was a great politician. For this Napoleon hated her and banished her. She was in his way. She was also a leader in society and fashion. She was inordinately vain, requiring the praise of all who came, and yet seemingly deserving every term of praise bestowed upon her. She sacrificed every other consideration—even family ties—in order that she might reign in society and gloat in applause. The Chateau de Necker is at the beautiful village of Coppet on Lake Lemane, wealthiest man among the French people. Her father was perhaps the ple, and when the country was in the throes of absolute bankruptcy, he furnished money to redeem its losses. And yet, though he saved France from financial ruin, he was afterward banished.

### ANALYSIS OF VIRGIL'S AENEID.

Nearly every nation has its own epic poem—that is, a poem celebrating the heroic events in its career. The United States has none. Virgil's Aeneid is the Latin epic. It is divided into twelve books. As a whole it tells of the fortunes of Troy and the wanderings of Aeneas. In Book I we have the downfall of Troy, the escape of Aeneas, his wife, father, and son, Ascanius. The departure by sea of the surviving Trojans, the tempest, loss of ships, and of his wife, his landing at Carthage and reception by Queen Dido. In Book II Aeneas recites the story of the sack and burning of Troy, of the treachery of Sinon with the Wooden Horse, and their flight. Book III tells further of their voyage and

the storm and the death of Anchises, his father. In Book IV we find that Dido has fallen in love with the Trojan hero, but that he secretly sets sail, whereupon she suicides. In Book V Aeneas reaches Sicily, where he celebrates certain games in memory of his father. This book closely resembles next to the last book of Homer's Iliad, while in Book VI of the Iliad there is another parallel to the XI book of the Odyssey. In this book Aeneas reconnoiters Hades. In Book VII Aeneas is received by Latinus, King of Italy, and pledges his daughter to him in marriage, but Turnus has already obtained the mother's promise of the girl. War is imminent, and both suitors prepare their forces for the struggle in Book VIII. In Book IX Turnus, Aeneas being absent, burns some Trojan ships and attacks his forces. In Book X we have the recital of the war, and in XI it is continued with varying fortunes. In Book XII Latinus proposes a settlement by duel. Turnus makes the challenge, but is slain. In this work the art of poetic expression is carried to great perfection, the imagery and machinery are on a mighty scale, and the entire story which Virgil wanted burned because of its unfinished condition at his death is one of the immortelles of literature.

### FLOWERS ON NERO'S GRAVE.

An illustration that no man is ever utterly friendless may be found in the life of Nero, the last of the Julian line of Roman Emperors. He had been mercilessly cruel to the Christians. He had been tyrannical to all his subjects. He had caused his own mother to be put to death. He was universally feared and hated. He had come to the throne by the poisoning of Claudius, his predecessor, whom his mother had caused to be poisoned. But Nero himself, at the beginning of his reign, was a most gentle and tender-hearted and humane man. So much so that when he came to sign his first death warrant of a fellow-man he declared that he wished he could not write. But the habit of cold-bloodedness is like every other habit; it grows insidiously and rapidly, and thus it grew upon him till he could command the death of his own mother. For the first year or so of his fourteen years' reign (54-68 A. D.), his administration was merciful and kind, but for the last ten years it was made horrible with increasing brutality till it stands almost without parallel. And yet, when he died, somebody put violets on his grave. Only the person who did it ever knew who it was, but it was some human heart that, holding his memory dear, would have held his life sacred also.

### MONUMENT TO A BIG FIRE.

One of the queerest monuments in the world is one to commemorate a big city fire. This fire occurred in London in 1666. It was designed and built by Sir Christopher Wren, who designed Drury Lane Theater, Hampton Court Palace, the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and many other buildings. It is on the bank of the Thames, not far from London Bridge, and is 202 feet high.

### CAMP-MEETING.

An old-fashioned camp-meeting will be held on the Morgan and Kopperl work August 15-23, half-way between these two places, on Mr. Ansell's place, at what is known as the Dorothy Ansell Camp-ground. This is a splendid situation at the intersection of three principal roads leading to Kopperl, Morgan, Union Hill and Kintall.

There is a natural arbor right on the bank of a splendid creek, which is constantly supplied with artesian water; there is also artesian water and a new surface well to supply the wants of the people. Plenty of good thick shade suspended upon tall trees that allow the cool breezes to blow through at all hours of the day. There will be telephone connection right on the grounds, thus allowing one the privilege of the phone as well as the telegraph. The rural route passes right by the place, and mail will be delivered every day on the grounds.

The purpose of this article is to extend a warm and hearty invitation to all Methodists and their friends who are in easy reach of Bosque County to attend this camp-meeting. The expense to those who come will only be a trifle. Tents can be rented on the grounds for \$1.00 or \$1.50 a week. There will probably be a restaurant and light lunch stand accessible to all at a reasonable price. Sorry that we can-

not entertain free of cost to all who come, but such is not possible. We want hundreds of our city friends who want to enjoy a two weeks' rest at an ideal resting place under the influence of a camp-meeting to write us so we can reserve tenting space for them.

A special invitation is extended to the preachers who with their families want a good rest and outing in a splendid country to come and join with us in our effort to bring these people nearer to God, and to pray for a great revival of religion to sweep over our country and the entire State. Let's gather with that purpose and see whether this year cannot be made memorable on account of a great outpouring of God's spirit.

Those who will come and be with us, kindly send me your names at once, and also the number of tents and tenting space you want reserved. This is important, that all may be well taken care of. We are in earnest, and want the people of this section to meet at what we consider one of the best places for this purpose, and with one united effort to see the salvation of the Lord in wonderful results. Nothing better for your family than to put them under the influence of a good meeting for two weeks or more. Write us at once if you think that it will be possible for you to be with us. We would be glad if the preachers who see this notice and think it worth while, will call the attention of their people to this splendid opportunity of a good rest, an outing and an old-fashioned camp-meeting and yet stay in connection with the world and all necessary business.

ALONZO MONK, JR.

Morgan, Texas.

### FROM TENNESSEE.

I had the very great pleasure of attending the Savannah District Conference (Tennessee Conference) at Hohenwald, a Swiss town. Just a few years ago Lewis County was known as the barrens of Tennessee. The Swiss bought up the land, have built

a town and put the country in cultivation. The country that we and our fathers thought worthless is coming to the front as a productive section.

While many of the preachers were strangers to me, several of the preachers and their wives were students under me in my teaching days.

Not a thing came up to mar the session. The reports showed a steady, healthy growth. All the preachers stayed over for Sunday's services and seemed to enjoy fellowship with one another. Nobody was excited over the tobacco question. The facts in the case are that the people here know where they are and how to attend to their own business. Everybody seemed to enjoy the session.

It was to me a great occasion.  
M. O. DICKSON,  
Linden, Tenn.

### AMEN.

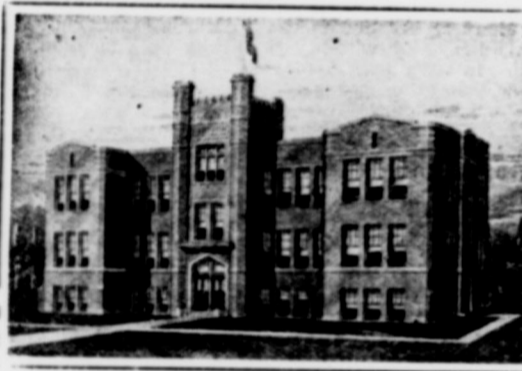
Having read with care Dr. Alderson's "Proposed Ritual for Infant Baptism," I wish to go on record as endorsing every word of it. I believe it is the clearest and most helpful, concise statement of the spiritual status of infants that I have ever seen. It is in harmony with Romans 5:12-21 and with our Seventh and Eighth Articles of Religion, and also with our Savior's declaration that "of such (little children) is the kingdom of God." By all means let the General Conference adopt it.

JOHN ADAMS.

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## THE HOME CIRCLE

### A NEW BABY.

A baby came to our house,  
Not very long ago,  
And father says we'll keep it here  
'Cause mother loves it so.  
I didn't understand at first,  
My heart felt very sore,  
It seemed to me that mother  
Wouldn't love me any more.

But mother took me in her arms,  
Just as she used to do,  
And told me that a mother's heart  
Was big enough for two,  
And that she loved me just the same.  
Because of this, you see,  
The place I have in mother's heart  
Is always kept for me.

—St. Nicholas.

### THE TWENTIETH HUNDRED.

Elsie Darwin came skipping home  
from school. Mother always said that  
when Elsie came skipping down the  
street, she knew that something nice  
had happened to her. Something nice  
had happened to-day, and it had made  
Elsie feel very happy. So she skipped  
and as she skipped she sang a little  
song.

It was an old, old time which she  
sang, but no one else had ever heard  
the words, for she had made them  
up herself. She hummed them very  
settly under her breath:

"I got a hundred, I got a hundred,  
I got a hundred in spelling to-day."

It was not the first day Elsie had  
stood one hundred in spelling. Not at  
all. Indeed, she had had one hun-  
dred just seventeen times that month,  
and now there were only three more  
days to spell. If she could have one  
hundred three more times, her name  
would go on the honor roll. Then  
think of the joy of showing father her  
report card!

So Elsie skipped and sang her little  
song, "I got a hundred, I got a hun-  
dred," till she reached home and could  
tell mother. Of course it would have  
been nice to surprise mother, too, but  
a little girl must have some one to  
talk things over with.

The next day was Wednesday, and  
Elsie skipped home from school that  
afternoon. The next day was Thurs-  
day, and again Elsie skipped.

"Now, there is only one more day,  
mother," she said, "and I can surely  
get just one more. And won't father  
be surprised? And won't he be proud  
of me?"

Every one in school was excited that  
Friday afternoon. The girls talked  
it over at recess. There were three  
girls in the class who had nineteen  
hundreds: Sadie Clark, Mabel Deland  
and Elsie.

"You girls needn't be so sure," Lucy  
Case said. "You may make mistakes  
to-day. I was sure, too, when I had  
fifteen hundreds. I thought I could  
get five more, but I made a mistake  
that very day."

"Oh, but we won't make mistakes,"  
said Sadie. "Will we, Elsie?"

"We will study just as hard till we  
know every word, won't we, Sadie?"

"Of course we will," said Sadie.

Spelling class came just before  
school closed. Elsie could hardly sit  
still in her seat. Her little song kept  
running through her head. She was  
almost afraid she would sing it aloud.

"I'll get a hundred, I'll get a hundred,  
I'll get my twentieth hundred to-day."

This is what she sang to herself  
now.

"Only three more words to write,"  
she thought. Her feet were tapping  
up and down under her seat, keeping  
time to the song.

Miss Morris pronounced the eight-  
eenth word, "Deceive."

"Oh, dear!" thought Elsie. "One of  
those horrid 'e' words that I could  
never spell. But I know this one to-  
day." She wrote it down.

Then there were two words more  
and it was time to change papers.  
Elsie smiled at Sadie as they exchang-  
ed, and Sadie smiled back at Elsie.  
The smiles meant that each little girl  
was sure.

Mabel Deland was asked to spell.  
Just as she began Elsie gave a quick  
glance down Sadie's column of words.

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ferers; nothing failed. For circulars, testimonials and  
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Yes, they were just like hers. No!  
Were they, after all? Elsie was look-  
ing at the eighteenth word. It did  
not look right.

"Decei—decie"—she said quickly to  
herself. Sadie had "ei." Can she be  
right?" she thought.

And then the awful truth came to  
her. Sadie was right. She was wrong!  
Mabel was spelling and Elsie must try  
to follow her. And, oh, whatever she  
did she must not cry!

Elsie marked 100 at the top of Sadie's  
paper and gave it back to her. She  
tried to be brave and smile at  
Sadie, but it was hard to make the  
smile come. Sadie smiled back at  
her, however, as if everything were  
all right.

Elsie took her paper. She looked



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Chair of Bible, Scarritt Bible and  
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Assisted by Miss Estelle Haskins of  
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demonstrations of methods of Bible  
study. Dr. Mouzon and others who are  
personally familiar with Mrs. Hargrove's  
work state that she is the best  
Bible teacher in the entire South.

first at the eighteenth word. What  
had happened to it? It looked right  
now!

Then she understood. Sadie had  
made the littlest mark with her pen-  
cil, so that the i was turned into an e.  
The dot was just half way between the  
two letters. And no one need ever  
know. And there at the top of her  
paper was the big one hundred mark.



MISS ESTELLE HASKINS,  
Bible teacher in Nashville Methodist  
Training School, a former resident of  
Texas, will assist in the W. H. M. S.  
work at Epworth.

"It is what I have worked for a  
whole month," Elsie thought. "And  
I can't bear to fail at the very end."

So when Sadie and the others stood,  
Elsie stood with them. But when  
Miss Morris praised them for their  
good work, Elsie did not feel as glad  
about it as she had expected to.

She didn't feel like singing her lit-  
tle song, either. Instead she kept think-  
ing the word she had misspelled—

"Deceive, deceive;" she could think  
of nothing else.

"Is there a commandment that says,  
'Thou shalt not deceive?'" she wonder-  
ed. She didn't believe there was, but  
it sounded like one.

Elsie slipped away from the other  
girls when school was out, and started  
home alone. She didn't skip at all  
to-night.

"I don't care," she said to herself.  
I worked hard all the month, and now  
my name is on the roll, anyway, and  
I can tell father."

This is what Elsie tried very hard  
to say to herself. But all the time  
another voice kept saying, "Deceive—  
deceive—d-e-e-i-v-e, deceive." And  
when she tried to think of telling  
father, as she had planned, she knew  
that she could never do it while that  
voice rang in her ears.

There was just one thing that she  
could do. She turned around and  
walked fast, almost ran, back to the  
schoolhouse. Then when Miss Morris  
understood all about it and her name  
was erased from the board, she start-  
ed home once more. She did not  
skip or sing, but the voice had stopped.

She told mother when she reached  
home, and cried, too, with her head in  
mother's lap. "Now it is all spoiled,"  
she sobbed, "and there won't be any-  
thing to tell father at all."

"I think I would tell him, dear, if I  
were you," mother said. "I think I  
would tell him the whole story."

Elsie did tell him as she sat on his  
knee after supper. "And now you can't  
be proud of me at all," she finished.

"But I am proud of my little girl,"  
he said. "And I believe she had made  
me more happy than if she had told  
me of a twentieth hundred."—The  
Congregationalist.

### HOW LOVE HELPS

Miss Annette was the new school-  
mistress at Muddy Flat. She had a  
very sweet, round face, and two dim-  
ples that went and came as they  
pleased in her cheeks.

But to-day—this hard Friday—she  
looked so tired and sad! For she had  
had news from home! Her poor  
mother was sick—likely to die—said  
the letter, and yet she must wait until  
school was out before she could start  
to see her.

It seemed to her that the day would  
never go by, and the children were  
never so noisy before. As for the old  
stove, it smoked so that they all look-  
ed as if they were going to cry at  
once.

Then they whispered, giggled, and  
nudged each other, moving their heavy  
feet noisily over the muddy floor.

Then they could not love her at all,  
or they would not make things so  
hard for her!

Suddenly a small hand was lifted

knew Rose was a good little thing.

"What is it, dear?" she said. The  
little one flushed deeply, and passed  
over the crumpled bit of paper. And  
at a single glance the teacher read  
these words printed in a large, round  
hand with great care:

"I no yore ma is sick an I am so  
sorry. I lov you cause you ar sweet  
an good. Rose."

Tears stood in Annette's brown  
eyes, but somehow she did not mind  
the smoky stove now, or the noise of  
the schoolroom. She went back to  
her desk with a happier heart than  
she had carried that day.

"Put your books by, children, dear,"  
she said, "and Rose may say her  
verses over for us. Did you know, I  
had almost forgotten my promise to  
let you sing our new songs?"

The change did them good, and they  
sang right merrily. Rose never knew,  
perhaps, how much she had helped  
her troubled teacher by the little  
note, but Miss Annette gave her a  
kiss at the door that stormy evening  
and whispered: "I love you, dear!"



MISS MABEL HEAD,  
Nashville, Tenn.

Associate Secretary of the Woman's  
Home Mission Society with Miss Daisy  
Davies (whose picture we have not yet  
secured, but who is known and loved  
by Texas young people), of Atlanta,  
Ga., will aid Dr. Cook in the Mission  
Study Classes, conduct Special Insti-  
tutes for the Women's Societies, hold  
Vesper Services, give daily advice and  
counsel to young people who are se-  
riously contemplating Special Work,  
etc. These good women are the "salt  
of the earth," and ten days with them  
at Epworth is better for our girls than  
a "Year in Europe." We know whereof  
we speak.

The words made the child happier  
for days to come.

Nothing helps like—love.—Selected.

### HOME TESTING

#### A Sure and Easy Test on Coffee.

To decide the all important ques-  
tion of coffee, whether or not it is  
really the hidden cause of physical  
aids and approaching fixed disease,  
one should make a test of 10 days by  
leaving off coffee entirely and using  
well-made Postum.

If relief follows you may know to a  
certainty that coffee has been your  
vicious enemy. Of course you can  
take it back to your heart again, if  
you like to keep sick.

A lady says: "I had suffered with  
stomach trouble, nervousness and  
terrible sick headaches ever since I  
was a little child, for my people were  
always great coffee drinkers and let  
us children have all we wanted. I got  
so I thought I could not live without  
coffee, but I would not acknowledge  
that it caused my suffering."

"Then I read so many articles about  
Postum that I decided to give it a  
fair trial. I had not used it two weeks  
in place of coffee until I began to feel  
like a different person. The headaches  
and nervousness disappeared, and  
whereas I used to be sick two or  
three days out of a week while drink-  
ing coffee I am now well and strong  
and sturdy seven days a week, thanks  
to Postum."

"I had been using Postum three  
months and had never been sick a  
day when I thought I would experi-  
ment and see if it really was coffee  
that caused the trouble, so I began  
to drink coffee again and inside of a  
week I had a sick spell. I was so ill  
I was soon convinced that coffee was  
the cause of all my misery, and I went  
back to Postum with the result that I  
was soon well and strong again, and  
determined to stick to Postum and  
leave coffee alone in the future."

Read the little book, "The Road to  
Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new  
one appears from time to time. They  
are genuine, true, and full of human  
interest.

AN ESTIMATE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FROM A CHRISTIAN AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

By REV. CHAS. A. SPRAGINS

Paper Four.

SIN IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Like matter, sin has no existence as a fact in Christian Science. There sin is "false belief," "a discordant thought," "an unpleasant guest," which we should put aside. Hear the infallible Mrs. Eddy, to whom has been given the final revelation of the truth: "We should put aside our false beliefs daily, become more familiar with health than with sickness, with good than with evil, and never admit a discordant thought. We should dismiss those unpleasant guests, sin, sickness and death, from mortal mind."—Page 234. Again, "Sickness, sin and death are not the fruits of truth. They are the inharmonies which truth destroys. Perfection does not animate imperfection. Inasmuch as God is good, and the fount of being, he does not produce moral or physical deformity; therefore, it is not real, but an illusion, the mirage of error. Divine science reveals these grand facts."—Pages 243-4. What are the "grand facts" herein revealed? That sin is inharmony, a deformity, not real, an illusion, the mirage of error. "All that mind, God, is or hath made, is good, and he made all; hence, in reality, there is no evil."—Page 311 "Sin exists only so long as the material illusion or mind in matter remains."—Page 331. John, James, Peter, Paul, Jesus Christ, were neophytes, whose immature judgments, replete with flagrant error, are hereby reversed by the superior wisdom of Mrs. Eddy: "To hold yourself superior to sin is true wisdom. To fear sin is to misunderstand the power of love."—Page 231. Paul did not manifest "true wisdom," he did not have a proper understanding of the "power of love"—in other words, he speaks out of appalling ignorance when he confesses his fear of sin in the words, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I to show that Christian Science is the science of salvation in and through Christ." "In working out our salvation we must first see that salvation, or deliverance from evil, is a mental process; takes place in mind; that it is a transformation through mind." "Sin and all evil are meretric illusion." "Evil can have neither power nor existence." "Everything that is evil, pertains to evil, or results in evil, is . . . not real."

The above quotations from Mrs. Eddy, substantially confirmed by her lecturer, Professor Hering, establish the fact that Christian Science denies the existence of sin. Such a doctrine of sin needs no atonement, no Savior. Indeed, the purpose of Christ's coming was to secure character transformation by means of mental information; to banish and drive away that strange doctrine that had by "universal consent" taken possession of the minds of men and "bound them to sin," by showing sin to be an illusion, the "mirage of error"; "to secure saints by showing sinners how to "get rid of false beliefs." "Man governed by his maker, having no other mind . . . can triumph over sin."—Page 232. "If mortals would keep proper ward over mortal mind, the brood of evils which infest it could be cleared out. We must begin with this so-called mind and empty it of sin, or sin will never cease. Evil thoughts, lusts and malicious purposes can not go forth, like wandering pollen, from one human mind to another, finding unsuspecting lodgment, if virtue and truth build a strong defense."—Page 235. The way to salvation, as indicated by Christian Science, is to empty the mind of sin, or "false belief," that creates the "error" which ignorance names "evil thoughts, lusts and malicious purposes." No Christ is needed, for "man will reopen with the keys of science the gates of paradise, which human beliefs have closed, and will find himself unfallen, upright, pure and free." Mrs. Eddy for Christian Science thus disposes of the doctrine of the Atonement: "The atonement is a hard problem in theology, but its scientific explanation is that suffering is an error of sinful sense which truth destroys, and that eventually both sin and suffering will fall at the feet of everlasting love."—Page 23. This "hard problem" is disposed of by affirming that it is a delusion based upon an illusion—"suffering is an error of sinful sense"—and to affirm that God the Father would at such infinite cost

myself should be a castaway." "By universal consent mortal belief has constituted itself a law to bind mortals to sickness, sin and death."—Page 229. When Judas betrayed the Son of God he was the bond-servant of mortal belief, he was under the control of "an illusion," "a mirage of error," an hallucination," "a false belief."

That the above quotations properly represent the teachings of Christian Science on the subject of sin, I am sure, for they are in perfect accord with the words of Professor:



REV. E. P. RYLAND, D. D., Pastor St. Paul's Methodist Church, Houston.

Hering, of Boston, who is authorized to speak authoritatively. In the course of his address at Carnegie Hall, Dallas, April 17, 1909, as reported in the Dallas News, he says: "It is our aim secure salvation from an "error of sinful sense" is an impeachment of the wisdom of God, and hence the doctrine of the atonement is a "man-made theory." "Final deliverance from error, whereby we rejoice in immortality, boundless freedom and sinless sense, is neither reached through paths of flowers nor by pinning one's faith to another's vicarious effort."

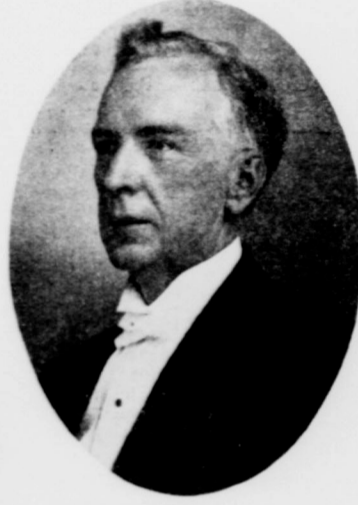


REV. E. P. WRAY, D. D., Pastor Shearn Methodist Church, Houston, transferred from Louisiana, being stationed in New Orleans.

Page 22. Not by the way of Jesus Christ, but by the way of Christian Science, will man be made or "find himself pure." "The voice of God in behalf of the African slave trade was still echoing in our land when the voice of the herald of this new crusade sounded the keynote of universal freedom, asking a fuller acknowledgment of the rights of man as a son of God, demanding that the fetters of sin, sickness and death be stricken from the human mind, and that its freedom should be won, not through human warfare, nor with bayonet and blood, but through Christ's divine science."—Page 226.

"The lame, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the sick, the sensual, the sinner, I wished to save from the slavery of their own beliefs and from the

educational systems of the Pharaohs who today, as of yore, hold the children of Israel in bondage. I saw before me the awful conflict, the Red Sea and the Wilderness; but I pressed on through faith in God, trusting truth, the strong deliverer, to guide me into the land of Christian Science, where fetters fall and the rights of man are fully known and acknowledged."—Pages 226-7. Mrs. Eddy, the "herald of this new crusade," was by divine appointment commissioned to secure "universal freedom" by striking the "fetters of sin from the human mind" by means of "Christ's divine science." "The sensual, the sinner," "slaves of their own beliefs," "and the educational systems of the Pharaohs, who today, as of yore, hold the children of Israel in bondage" I wish to save from this "slavery" by guiding them "into the land of Christian Science, where fetters fall off."



REV. W. E. BOGGS, D. D., Pastor Fifth Street Methodist Church, Waco.

The Christian Science doctrine of sin is "full of deadly poison." John Tetzel manipulated the stupidity of the credulous to his financial advantage by selling indulgences that would inculcate the purchasers against any evil effects following sin, but as a manipulator of stupidity, as a minimizer of sin, he must yield first place to Mrs. Eddy, for she in Christian Science surpasses him in her premium on sin, making it merely an "error of mind," "a false belief." In the words of I. M. Halderman: "In its last analysis Christian Science is one of the greatest religious perils of the day . . . denying the Scripture and quoting it; a false system breathing the name of Christ; an angel of light talking of righteousness, it is



REV. S. H. C. BURGIN, D. D., Pastor Travis Park Methodist Church, San Antonio.

a concealed hand seeking with a grip of steel to lead the sons of men downward to darkness and to woe." "Possessed of an error," "bound by the law of universal consent," the "possessed," under the influence of this "illusion," this unwelcome guest, "invades and desecrates the sanctity of the home or perpetrates some other diabolical deed. The scoundrel, the deep-dyed villain, gets rid of the sin by getting rid of the "mental illusion." By the teachings of Christian Science he need give himself no further concern, for, if sin does not exist, the practice can no more make it real than the belief.

The foregoing is the teaching on the subject of sin and atonement of

the teacher whom many are blindly following as a spiritual guide, having put aside Jesus Christ and his apostles. Divine science, and not repentance, faith and regeneration, will make man "pure and upright." These fundamental Christian doctrines receive no recognition in the "little book open," Science and Health, for the obvious reasons that said doctrines are not in harmony with "Truth;" they are the erroneous conclusions of ignorant teachers. By any fair and reasonable interpretation of Science and Health the Christian Science doctrine of sin is dishonoring to God, belittling to Jesus Christ and destructive of the integrity of the holy Bible. Such a system can not be Christian, but is essentially anti-Christian.

AN ORPHAN'S NEED.

There are in San Francisco, Cal., two little orphan Mexican girls, aged 13 and 9, living in the home of an aged aunt who is Catholic and somewhat fanatical. These children have been taught in a Baptist Sunday-school to love Jesus and desire to serve him.

A few weeks ago the older child wrote a letter to her cousin, Rev. Francisco Olazabal, who is now pastor of the Mexican Church in Bridgeport, Texas, telling him that she wished to be a missionary, and asked his advice and help. Of course, his first thought was of Miss Wynn's school in Guadalajara, Mexico, where Mexican girls are being trained mentally and spiritually for Christian work.

The auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Bridgeport wishes to assume the support and education of one of these children, but as their transportation from San Francisco to Guadalajara will require a considerable sum, the auxiliary could not meet that expense in addition to the child's support. The District Conference of the Woman's Home Mission Society in session last week recommended that the auxiliaries of Deatur District raise a sufficient sum for the transportation of the older child. Now we need only to secure the fare for the younger before we shall be able to place the children under Miss Wynn's care, where they shall be trained in their own language, in their own country, to become missionaries to their own people.

We have written this, believing that many Christians will be glad to contribute something toward making it possible to place these children in school and give them the Christian training they desire and which was also the desire of their mother, who was a convert to the Protestant religion, and whose dying request was that her children should receive Protestant religious training.

What you wish to give, please forward at once, in order that all arrangements may be made and the children reach Guadalajara by the opening of school. If, from any cause, the necessary amount should not be raised, the contributions in reply to this request shall each be returned to the sender unless otherwise directed.

Accept our hearty thanks in advance and expect receipt for your contribution. Please send same to either

MRS. W. H. JOHN or MISS HETTY MAY, Bridgeport, Texas.

"Where there has been a misunderstanding or an alienation of friends, the impulse which prompts an overture for reconciliation is sacred. The making of such an overture in most cases would be an expression both of world wisdom and of that higher wisdom which is from above."

Poor, Foolish Woman!



Think of her attempting to make ice cream in the old disappointing way! With JELL-O ICE CREAM Powder

she can make the most delicious ice cream in ten minutes, freezing and all, at a cost of about one cent a dish—and never go near the stove. Your grocer will tell you all about it, or you can get a book from the Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y., if you will write them. Grocers sell Jell-O Ice Cream Powder, two packages for 25 cents.



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OUR CONFERENCES.

Bishop Key Presiding.

German Mission, Houston, Oct. 21  
West Texas, El Paso, Oct. 27  
Northwest Texas, Stamford, Nov. 10  
North Texas, Paris, Nov. 24  
Texas, Jacksonville, Dec. 1

Rev. R. J. Tooley, of the Northwest Texas Conference, is doing some fine work as a revivalist. He has recently aided a number of the brethren in excellent meetings and gracious results have followed. He is original, evangelistic and deeply spiritual in his sermons. Everybody loves "Dick" Tooley. When you want help in a good religious meeting it will be well to remember him.

The tribute in last week's issue to the late Mrs. Mary Thomas Cooper was the address delivered over her remains at Jacksboro by Rev. T. H. Morris, of Bridgeport. It was sent to the Advocate without any signature, and, by an oversight, his name was not to it, neither was there any mention made of the fact. Hence this correction. No more beautiful character has ever passed from us than that of this lovely young wife and faithful daughter. None knew her but to love her.

Our people at Zephyr did not appeal in vain for assistance to rebuild their church. Methodists and others have promptly responded and they have resolved to date, as per report in this issue, \$1,039.87. May the calamity yet be turned into a great blessing to that community. It has also made the contributors happy because "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Let others send contributions at once and the good work will soon be accomplished.

With this issue we close the discussion of the New Order of Service. It has occupied these columns for several weeks, and many of our readers have grown weary of it. Many, however, have felt an interest in it, and we have permitted all phases of it to come under review, but for the present we have had enough of it, and it is discontinued. We have several contributions on the subject which have not found a place in the Advocate, and now that it is ended, they will not appear. Let all writers on the subject take due notice of this statement and govern themselves accordingly.

The accomplished daughter of Professor and Mrs. Landon Smith, of Pittsburg, Miss Elize, recently graduated with honors in the Wisconsin University, and she has been elected to the Chair of English Literature in Lander College, South Carolina. Since her election to take that position, she has had some flattering offers from other institutions, but she will labor with the South Carolina school. Her father is a well-known educator, and his distinguished brother, Charles Foster Smith, is a leading member of the Wisconsin University faculty. So Miss Smith comes of literary people.

BISHOP SETH WARD, D. D.

Bishop Seth Ward, of Houston, passed through the city last Saturday on his way to the far distant Orient. He was due in Fort Worth Saturday morning in time to get an outgoing Fort Worth & Denver train, but failed to make connection, and had to remain over till that night. Hence he took advantage of the time left on his hands to run over to Dallas and spend a few hours. His son, Walter, was with him and will make the trip with his father. Bishop Ward has been very active at work ever since his election to the Episcopacy, and he is showing the strain upon his nerves and health. He was not looking any too well. He felt that he needed the companionship of some one, and since Dr. Bradfield had failed to secure any one to take his place and had to forego the pleasure of the trip with the Bishop, he arranged to have his grown son accompany him, to look after the little details of travel and so forth. He will be gone till the first of November or longer. It is our deliberate judgment that the Bishop ought not to have had to take that trip. It will be a great tax upon his strength and its wear and tear will try him severely at this season of the year. We have a way of working our Bishops to death, and it is time that they should learn better and that the Church should be less exacting in its demands upon them. We hope that Bishop Ward will find rest on his ocean voyage, and that he will recuperate and come back stronger for his fall work. That he is needing a surcease from so much labor is self-evident, and the brethren ought to take knowledge of this suggestion and govern themselves accordingly.

THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BISHOP KEY'S BIRTH.

Bishop Joseph Staunton Key, D. D., was eighty years of age last Sunday, and he celebrated the event by preaching to the congregation at Key's Memorial in Sherman, and later in the day dined with a few special friends at his home. Bishop Key is one of the most remarkable men in Texas. For sixty years he has been an active minister of the gospel, filling all its appointments from a mission to the negroes to that of Bishop in the Church of God. In these varied places he has done his whole duty and met all the demands of the ministry. He was elected to the Episcopacy at Richmond, Virginia, in May, 1886, and since that time his home has been in Texas. He is now an old man in years, but young and buoyant in his hope, his spirit and in his interest in our Zion. His health is well-nigh perfect, his faculties are in good repair, and his hearing and his eye-sight as acute as those of a boy. There is nothing pessimistic in his nature. He looks on the bright side of most questions, retains whatever there is of good in his past experience, but takes advantage of whatever there is of good in the present. His eighty years of age and labor rest lightly upon him, and most every Sunday he preaches and often during the week he holds District Conferences. He is one of the most self-composed and amiable men we have ever known, and one of the most just in his estimates of men. He is charitable toward their faults and speaks kindly of all his brethren. He is really one of the wisest and most far-seeing among our College of Bishops, and his judgment concerning most all questions is accurate and reliable. He is as gentle as a woman in his disposition, but as firm as a rock in his convictions of duty. We congratulate him on his eightieth birthday anniversary, and wish for him many long years still of useful life and happy experience. May the hand of the good Lord continue to lead him in paths of pleasantness and ways of peace.

THE HONORABLE JEFF McCARN.

Sometime ago we had an editorial on the life and character of this distinguished ex-Texan, now the County Attorney of Davidson County, Tennessee. In that editorial we gave a sketch of his cowboy experience way out beyond Brownwood when that section was on the distant frontier. And we stated that it was while following the calling of a "cow-puncher" that he was resting one day under the shade of a mesquite, looking over a copy of a newspaper when his eye fell on an advertisement of the Vanderbilt University. He at once made up his mind to sell out his pony and other belongings and go to that great institution and educate himself. He did so, set-

led in Nashville, and was afterwards elected to his present position. He became famous as the successful prosecutor of the Coopers who slew Senator Carmack, and now he is a candidate for the nomination in the next primary for Governor of Tennessee. May he succeed!

The copy of the Advocate with our editorial notice of him fell into his hands the other day, and hence the following letter from him speaks for itself. The Texas Advocate will never know the full extent of the good it is doing until it is revealed in the judgment. It helped to make Jeff McCarn without knowing it. But read his letter:

Nashville, Tenn., July 16, 1909.  
Editor Texas Christian Advocate:

Dear Sir—My attention has been called to a very great compliment paid me by an editorial in your good paper of April 1, 1909, in which you refer to me in a most pleasant way.

It may be interesting to the writer of that editorial to know that the paper in which I saw the article on "Vanderbilt" that attracted my attention was a copy of the Texas Christian Advocate.

It is a source of great pleasure to have the people of Texas think well of me. Thanking you again for your kind treatment of my name, I remain,

Yours very truly,  
JEFF McCARN.

REV. E. T. HARRISON DEAD.

In our last issue we spoke of the critical illness of Rev. E. T. Harrison, a supernumerary member of the Northwest Texas Conference. Since then he passed from earth to his reward from his home in Groesbeck. Rev. J. W. Head, pastor of the Church in that community, gives us the following particulars:

"Rev. E. T. Harrison, a member of the Northwest Texas Conference, sustaining the supernumerary relation with his residence in Groesbeck, is dead. It seems so strange and sad. He died at 1:30 a. m., July 13, 1909, in his home here. He was suddenly stricken with paralysis and died in three hours. He knew the end was come, and he met it calmly and triumphantly. He was a true, manly man. He leaves a wife and two little children. He was buried here on Wednesday morning by Dr. Bishop, with several of the brethren from the district present. A memoir will be written soon."

DEATH OF REV. J. P. HUDDLESTON.

This eminently good man and faithful local preacher for nearly half a century died recently at his home near Palestine. He was nearly eighty years of age and had been a member of the Church since his boyhood. For more than seventy years he has lived in Texas. All his life he has been a manly man, known and loved by hundreds of devoted friends. He leaves a widow with whom he lived half a century in happy wedded life. He gave two sons to the ministry—one, the Rev. J. C. Huddleston, pastor at Wharton, and the other a useful local preacher at Jacksonville. He died suddenly, but his faith was clear and triumphant. The world is better because this devout man lived and wrought among men.

The Brenham District Methodists are going to have a great camp-meeting. It will begin Friday of this week. The grounds consist of twenty-odd acres, situated within seven miles of Chappell Hill. Autos will run regularly from Brenham and Chappell Hill to the encampment. It will be an old-fashioned camp-meeting with a sort of a District Institute attached. Special subjects will be treated by special men and women and it will be a time of teaching and indoctrinating as well as of spiritual inspiration. Rev. Nathan Powell, of Brenham, and Rev. J. T. Milan, of Chappell Hill, with other ministers, and a number of laymen, are in charge.

The secular press has shed quarts of tears over the religious phase of the Miss Sigel tragedy in New York because she was a mission worker among the Chinese, and they have filled their columns with weeping advice to young women to avoid such efforts in the future. Now, according to the Nashville Christian Advocate Miss Sigel was never a teacher in any mission work among the Chinese and the Chinaman who is supposed to have murdered her did not attend such schools and made no pretension to being a Christian. It all happened outside of Church work and mission circles. Yet we apprehend that the secular press will hardly go to trouble to give those facts.

PERSONALS

Rev. E. L. Ingram, of Conroe, dropped in pleasantly to see the Advocate force the other day. He speaks well of the progress of his work.

Rev. J. T. McClure, of Waxahachie, always looking on the bright side of things, spent a few pleasant moments with us recently.

Rev. Henry W. Stanford, of Line Street Church, Hillsboro, was in the city recently and made the Advocate a brotherly visit. He has a firm hold on things down his way.

Rev. A. P. Safford is doing business this year at St. Jo Circuit, and his work is producing fruit. He looks after all the interests of his charge and has no time to throw away.

Rev. E. G. Roberts is one of the substantial men in the conference, and he always does faithful work. He is pushing things at Sanger and Bolivar and no man is more worthy than he.

Rev. R. R. Orne, of Justin, made the Advocate a pleasant visit last week. He has already gotten his hand on the situation in his new field and he is getting down to systematic business.

Rev. D. H. Aston, of the Gainesville District, is putting in good ticks these days, and progress marks his work at every step. He is a faithful presiding elder and a most persistent worker along all lines.

Rev. W. B. Bayless, the man with a distinct Irish brogue, is in charge of Aubrey and doing good service. He is a man of indomitable energy and full of good humor. And he preaches helpful sermons.

Rev. M. P. Hines is doing a good work at Era and Rosston. He lives in that beautiful little country community at Era, and his two appointments give him a half station. He is a fit with his people.

Rev. S. H. C. Burgin, of Travis Park Church, has recently enjoyed a twelve days' visit to various points in Old Mexico. He was in company with a number of San Antonio people and the trip was one of pleasure and information.

Rev. J. B. Minnis is domiciled this year at Woodbine, and he is prosecuting his work with his usual good sense and prudence. He is a man with a level head and a kind heart, and his presence is always a blessing to his people.

Myra and Hood is a substantial charge and served this year by Rev. H. B. Johnson. He is prosecuting his labors with zeal and the conference report will show a year of devoted work. He is a man of good parts and has a future of promise.

Rev. I. B. Manly has recently aided Rev. W. W. Adams in a revival at Point, but on account of illness Bro. Adams had to be absent the most of the time. We hope he has recovered and will be himself again.

Rev. J. W. Tinscher, one of the experienced workers in the conference, is diligent in season and out of season at Wesley and Bethel. He does not figure much in the public prints, but no man looks after his charge with greater fidelity than he does.

Rev. J. A. Old, at Broadway, Gainesville, is winning the good will of his people; in fact, he has already won it. He is one of our best preachers among the younger men, and a most successful pastor. He does some thinking, and he gives his people good sermons.

Rev. F. A. Rosser, of Denton Street, Gainesville, never makes much noise, but he sticks to his job and gives his people good, faithful work. This is his first year with that charge, but it will not be his last one. He does permanent work, and the longer he stays the better the results.

We are in receipt of the announcement of the marriage of Col. S. E. Moss and Mrs. Anna Laura Brown. The event was consummated July 15 in the city of Fort Worth. Col. Moss lives in Oak Lawn and is a member of our Church out there, and his pas-







sion, but immediately following there may be a number to rent. Arrangements for this must be made at the office on the grounds.

No Mosquitoes.—Out of an attendance exceeding 5000 people last year, some of whom were on the grounds for almost three weeks, there was not a single complaint of mosquitoes. The absence of this pest is due to the fact that there is scarcely ever a land breeze over the grounds, the breezes being directed from off the bay at all times.

Fishing.—Those who enjoy this kind of sport may cast rod and line right off the pier which runs from the beach into the bay. There are a multitude of small boats for cheap hire for those who may wish to go out further into the bay. There will be no lack of opportunities for fishing. This is one thing for which Corpus Christi is famous.

Boating.—In addition to the numerous crafts already there, a number of boats will come from the nearby points, so there will be sufficient to accommodate everybody. The boating will be one of the special features of the many recreation opportunities, as there are many delightful nooks and corners where one may go for a day's outing.

Bathing.—The bathing at Epworth-by-the-Sea is as fine as may be found in the world. This statement is made advisedly, and any one of those in attendance last year will bear testimony to the correctness of the assertion. The surf is as good as any on the coast, none excepted, and the beach is unsurpassed in quality. The bottom of the bay is shell and sand formation, and there is absolutely no undertow. Hundreds of children played in the water last year—some attended and some alone—and not the slightest accident was had.

Our temporary both house has two rooms and is equipped with showers. Bathing suits will be available for rent, but the better plan will be to make your own suit. Mohair suiting, such as may be found in any dry goods store, is recommended as a serviceable fabric. Navy blue and black are preferable colors. No sleeveless suits permitted. In purchasing your suit see to it that it has a short sleeve.

Railroad Rates.—Regular six-day round trip rates to Corpus Christi are on sale every day in the year at one and one-third fares. Those desiring to spend longer than the Encampment period will use this rate. For the Encampment session the low rate of one fare plus \$1 for the round trip has been named from all points in Texas.

This is very little more than half-rate. Tickets will be on sale Aug. 4 and 5, limited for return up to Aug. 17, giving two weeks in camp. The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway has on sale every Friday a family excursion rate of one fare plus 50c, good for eight days, and on each Saturday a rate of half of one-way, with limit to Monday night. Special train will be operated from Fort Worth and Dallas for Epworth League delegations from North and Northwest Texas. Write to Frank L. McNery, Dallas, for information as to when and where you can join them. From Houston Tom Swope will endeavor to have a special, made up of all delegations east and north of Houston. Write him. It will be well to begin early and plan for a large delegation from each district. Bring your young people in a body, let them camp together and get well acquainted, and when they go back home they will be prepared to carry on their work.

EPWORTH LEAGUE SPECIAL. Via M. K. & T. Ry and S. A. & A. P. Ry., August 4, 1909. R. R. Rate. Lv. 4:55 p. m. Denison \$15 70

Mexico Excursion.—A special excursion to Mexico immediately following the Encampment has been and will continue to be a very attractive trip for those desiring to visit this interesting land where our missionaries are laboring and where so many wonderful attractions are to be enjoyed. This year a larger number than usual are planning to make the trip. Our own Frank Onderdonk will be on hand as usual, prepared to tell you all about Mexico and the work there, and will no doubt be with the party.

For Those Who Tent.—Really this is the ideal way to live at a place of this character. Be sure to begin before you leave home to make your camp comfortable. Bring with you a pair of dark cotton blankets or some dark cloth. Stretch this over the ridge pole on the inside of the tent, and it will make it much cooler.

Bring also two wagon sheets, one to use as a floor, the other to stretch up

as an awning in front of tent. It is also an excellent plan to use these sheets instead of a trunk or box for a large part of your luggage. Pile into them some rugs, blankets, sheets, a couple of pillows, and part of your clothing. Roll up tight and tie with small rope (the rope will be needed around your tent); then tag plainly and check. You will also find a small hatchet and some nails handy. You won't need to borrow if your tent needs pegging down. You, if you bring the children, will find it a good plan to bring a few clean out or coffee sacks. These, filled with hay and tied, make excellent pal-

lets for the children and save rental of cot. We would much prefer that you do not use loose hay in the tent; it increases the risk of fire, little things are lost in it, and after it gets full of dust it is worse than the shell floor. A small wooden box sunk in the shell in the corner of your tent makes a fine ice box, and if large enough you can keep your bottle or pitcher of water in it also. A lantern, a small mirror and toilet articles will enable you to fix up like home. Don't bring too much, but be sure you have enough, for it is very hard to get these things after you get there. Buckets, wash basins, pans, cups, etc., can be bought at reasonable prices from the store on the grounds. If you have a room at the Inn, these rooms are rented to you on the same basis that tents are rented on the grounds. We do not attempt during the Encampment to conduct a hotel. You are expected to keep your own room, furnish your own linen, and be one of our great big family. Until we can definitely arrange with some responsible party to operate our hotel the year round we are compelled to run it the best we can to accommodate our people. Remember that the rooms are small, the partitions thin, and that others besides you are in the building and are entitled to some consideration.

years' operation and are for your protection rather than to annoy you. This especially applies to sanitation. Sunday bathing, the hour of retiring at night and conduct during services. Let's make this a "model camp," long to be remembered. Don't expect the young people to wear long faces all the time—this is a recreation outing (all some of them will get), as well as for religious instruction, and the merry laughter of the boys and girls ought to be music to any good man or woman. Study up ways to amuse as well as instruct, and you will be immensely popular on the grounds. Don't find fault with the management



BISHOP JOS. S. KEY. "Father of the Texas State Organization." He will be the "official head" of our Family Camp.



DR. F. S. PARKER, D. D. Assistant General Secretary; Assistant Editor Epworth Era. Aided by successful workers in Texas, will conduct daily institutes on the various phases of Epworth League work.



REV. ED. F. COOK, D. D. Educational Secretary Board of Missions, especially in charge of Young People's Work. He will have charge of Mission Study Classes each day in connection with other workers.

of the place. The Board of Trustees, as well as the League officers, are doing their best to run things right and are making personally not a cent out of its operation. Jump in and help where you see that help is needed, and you will feel much better. If you desire you can step into the office at any time, look over the bills and receipts for money paid out, and you can then go hurriedly out and pass the hat. You can get a good insight as to the cost of operation of a place of this kind.

Don't fail to report to the office any misconduct, or any effort on the part of others to "beat" the League out of our legitimate revenue. Our people, of course, will not do this, but our gates are open to the world if they will "be good," and often we lose tents, have people come in on one-day tickets and stay the whole ten, get cots out of other people's tents, and fail to pay rental, etc. These things may come up, so help us to look after them.

Don't forget, above all, that this Encampment is what you help make it. We have a fine faculty for instruction from among our expert leaders, so encourage the young especially to enroll in the study classes, attend the vesper services, and to be promptly on hand

at all the inspirational addresses and sermons. Take an interest in and help us to build up Epworth-by-the-Sea.

trip. 7:45 p. m. Song Service, 8:15 p. m., the Vanderbilt Quartette, aided by Mr. L. E. Appleby, of San Antonio, will give a demonstration of the social department of the League.

Rev. C. M. Bishop, D. D., Of Columbia, Mo. Delivered Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt this year and comes to Epworth direct from the great Winona Assembly.

Rev. Frank S. Onderdonk, Director Colegio Wesleyano, San Luis Potosi, Mexico, a standing member on program, having been a speaker at every Encampment since 1905.

Rev. A. F. Watkins, D. D., Secretary of the General Conference in 1906, residing now at Hattiesburg, Miss., and prominent in Methodist circles.



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REV. A. F. WATKINS, D. D., Secretary of the General Conference in 1906, residing now at Hattiesburg, Miss., and prominent in Methodist circles.

SOME DON'TS. Don't fail to register at the business office immediately on arrival; get your assignment either to hotel or tent, leave a written record of your full party, so that in case you are needed or important messages come, you will be easy to locate.

Don't fail to bring things needed for your personal comfort—blanket, small pillow, sheets and towels (if you camp a wagon sheet and some rugs will come in handy). Tin basins, bucket, cups, etc., can be purchased at the supply depot. We do the best we can for you, but if you help it will be much better all round.

Don't bring your fine clothes or jewelry. The jewels are nearly all lost in the sand—there is so much wind that pins won't stay pinned—and fine clothes are entirely out of place here. Bring tub suits and such articles of apparel as can be washed. Our space on the grounds is limited, and hence we have not much room for the "new hats." You can see artistic styles in Mexican headgear that will look well and keep off the sun—we will have several styles to select from.

Don't come if you are not ready to obey to the letter all the rules and regulations of the camp. These are adopted from an experience of four

at all the inspirational addresses and sermons. Take an interest in and help us to build up Epworth-by-the-Sea.

PROGRAM

Fifth Annual Encampment, Seventeenth Regular Session, Texas State Epworth League, Epworth-by-the-Sea, Aug. 5-15, 1909.

Thursday, Aug. 5. 8 p. m. Song service, organization, announcements and social reunion.

Friday, Aug. 6. 6:30 a. m., Early Morning Watch; Rev. J. M. Culbreth, Smithfields, N. C., director. 8:45 a. m., Song Service; direction of the Vanderbilt Quartette. 9 a. m., Formal Opening of Conference, President A. K. Ragsdale, presiding; organization of classes; Bible Study, Mrs. Mary L. Hargrove, Kansas City, Mo. 11 a. m., Opening Sermon, Bishop Joseph Key. "Father of the Texas League" and chairman of the 1909 program committee, Sherman. 12:30 p. m., noon adjournment. 7 p. m., Vesper Service on the Beach, direction of Rev. F. S. Onderdonk and Miss Daisy Da-

trip. 7:45 p. m. Song Service, 8:15 p. m., the Vanderbilt Quartette, aided by Mr. L. E. Appleby, of San Antonio, will give a demonstration of the social department of the League.

Thursday, Aug. 12.—Corpus Christi Day—Admission Free.

6:30 a. m., Early Morning Watch; Rev. J. M. Culbreth, director. 8:45 a. m., Song Service, 9 a. m., Daily Schedule. 11 a. m., Sermon, Rev. H. A. Poaz, D. D., President Polytechnic College, (Continued on page 15.)

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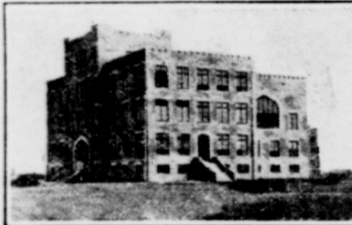
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OBITUARIES

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: At the rate of One Cent per Word. Money should accompany all orders. Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted.

Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, five cents per copy.

DAVENPORT.—The subject of this sketch, Overton Fletcher Davenport, was born in Oglethorpe County, Georgia, February 19, 1829, removed to Texas in 1855, and settled on Station Creek, Coryell County, and lived there until 1892, when he moved to Eastland County, Texas, and died at his home in Ranger, June 22, 1909. His death was triumphant. He was converted when 12 years old and joined the M. E. Church, South, and remained a faithful, devoted member of the same until the day of his death. He was steward in the Church the greater part of his life. His home was the preacher's home. He was a safe counselor to his pastor and presiding elder, always interested in the upbuilding and enlargement of the Church. He was liberal in his contributions to the Church and the support of his pastor. I knew him personally, not only when his sky was clear and the atmosphere was hazy, but when the storm raged and the fires of persecution burned. He was the same faithful, gentle Christian under all circumstances. He had a rich Christian experience. This fitted him for the grand life he lived and the triumph in death. He entered the Confederate Army, in the Tenth Texas Infantry. He was promoted to Captain of his company, and served under Col. R. Q. Mills, in Gen. Granbury's Brigade. Here he maintained his honor and integrity as private and officer. He was twice married, first to Miss Margaret Susan Roberts, Dec. 29, 1842. Two children were born to this union; one, William Grant Davenport, is now living. Aug. 5, 1852, he was married to Miss Eliza A. Pennington. Eleven children were born of this union, ten of whom, with their mother, live to mourn his death. In his life as a devoted husband and father, a noble character as a citizen, soldier and Christian, he leaves to his family riches worth more than hoarded wealth. To the bereaved ones let me say it will not be long at most when, if faithful, you can meet again where your union will be eternal. Here we have conflicts, sorrow, affliction and death. Uncle Overton has outstripped all these and rests in that clime "undimmed by sorrow and unhurt by time." Let us meet him up there. J. P. MUSSETT.

CLAY.—Dr. W. C. Clay was born in Lagrange, Tenn., March 31, 1843. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, Second Lieutenant, Thirteenth Tennessee regiment, Vaughn's brigade, Cheatham's division. He was a brave and fearless fighter, being wounded at the battle of Shiloh. On Jan. 11, 1864, he was married to Miss Essie Greer in the State of Mississippi. To this union were born eleven children, all living except one, little W. C., Jr., who died in infancy. Dr. Clay came to Texas in 1867, and to Waco in 1882. Thus for twenty-seven years he was a prominent citizen of this city. Some twelve years ago he joined the Elm Street Methodist Church, remaining a member to the day of his death, which took place at his residence, 1312 South Second Street, Waco, Texas, July 5, 1909. In conversation with his daughter, on his dying bed, he assured her that while he had many regrets (and who of us has not?) yet he was not afraid to die. It is thus on the mercy of God we all must depend for salvation. He was conscious until almost the very last, bidding his weeping family farewell. He was buried in old oakwood, to await the resurrection. His pastor, A. D. PORTER.

SHOEMAKER.—Benjamin M. Shoemaker was born June 22, 1881; died July 3, 1909, and was laid to rest in the Union Grove Cemetery July 4, 1909. Bro. Shoemaker was the son of R. M. and Mrs. J. A. Shoemaker. Bro. Ben was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at about 15 years of age. He was soon elected Church Secretary, which office he held till his death. He served one year as collecting steward, and then was elected recording steward. Bro. Shoemaker loved his Church, and made us a good officer in whatever office he was placed. He was married to Miss Audra Reynolds in 1902, and to this happy union two sweet little boys were born. To know Bro. Ben was to love him. Everybody said of him he was a good man. He was confined to his bed the last three or four months of his life. He was a great sufferer all these months—was as helpless as a baby—but bore it patiently and cheerfully. Cheer up, loved ones; he is not dead, but sleeping. W. F. CAMPBELL.

COOK.—Lewis P. Cook, a member of the Methodist Church, South, died in Breckenridge, Texas, on the morning of July 11. Bro. Cook was born in Eolian, twenty-eight and a half years ago, and united with the Church at an early age. He was a good Christian man, and at the time of his death was the County Surveyor of this county. His father, S. S. Cook, and mother, Mary D. Cook, have preceded him to the heavenly home. Everybody liked and spoke well of Lewis. I hope that his godly life will have an influence on the young men of the community. It is hard to see a good young man taken from the world in the time of his usefulness, but it is consoling to know that he was ready to go. May we all remain "faithful unto death" and be ready when our appointed time shall come to hear the words of the Master as he says, "Well done." J. HALL BOWMAN, Pastor.

LASSWELL.—The subject of this notice, Allen Lasswell, Sr., was born in the State of Kentucky, April 13, 1818, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frances Sawyer, near Iredell, Texas, June 26, 1909. He has reached the ripe old age of a little more than 91 years when the Lord called him home. He was married, I think, in Tennessee, to Miss Fannie Wood, July 14, 1836. To this union ten children were born, six of whom survive him, four having died many years ago. His surviving children are J. F. Lasswell, Mrs. Francis Sawyer and Mrs. S. A. McDonald, of Iredell, Texas; Mrs. Thos. McDonald, of Dublin, Texas; Lum Lasswell, of Texico, N. M., and Allen Lasswell, of Waxahachie, Texas. He was the honored head of a large and gifted progeny, his descendants numbering about 125 souls. Bro. Lasswell moved to Texas in 1853, and settled in Limestone County, where he remained until the death of his wife, which sad event occurred in 1871, since which time he had made his home with his children, and had resided in this community about thirty-five years. While living in Limestone County he served as Sheriff two or three terms, and at a time, as all old settlers know, when the life of a Sheriff brought him in contact with the early desperadoes, and none but a man of uncompromising firmness could grapple with the rough characters of those early days. And while he was a man of strong convictions and uncompromising integrity, still he never abused his power nor allowed his authority to lead him to cruel treatment to those in his hands. He was converted and united with the Methodist Church about the year 1833 or 1839, and for about seventy years he walked the well-beaten paths of righteousness, and was not, for God took him. He was somewhat reserved in his nature, but never failed to take a stand for what he believed to be right. When questions of moral reform came before the people for settlement he was always on the side of morality and religion. He was a man who united sound sense with strong convictions, and with a candid, outspoken temper, he was eminently fitted to mold the rude elements of pioneer society into form and consistency and thus aid in raising a high standard of citizenship in our young and growing State. Just how much the society of early days owes to him we can not estimate, though it would be a pleasant task to trace his influence through some of the more direct channels, and to hold him up in his character as father and husband, of neighbor and friend, and to speak of the sons and daughters he has reared to perpetuate his name and emulate his example and virtues, but it will not be permitted in this article. Suffice it to say that he lived nobly and died peacefully at the ripe old age of 91 years, with the radiance of hope and triumph of faith, and was gathered to his fathers. His life work was done, and well done, and the reaper found him as a shock of corn ripe for the harvest. The funeral service was held at the cemetery conducted by Rev. G. H. McAnally, his pastor, in the presence of an unusually large congregation of sympathizing and loving friends. At the close of the church service the remains were turned over to the Masonic fraternity, of which he had been an honored member for more than fifty years, and the body was laid to rest with the beautiful and impressive ceremony of that ancient and honorable order, and all turned away from the grave feeling that the world was better by Uncle Allen Lasswell having lived in it. What seventy years of faithful service in the Master's kingdom on earth brought to him in the world beyond no tongue can tell, but it certainly fitted the soul for an abundant entrance into the home on high. To the children who stood by the dying couch of such a noble father and watched the spark of life fade slowly away, we would say look beyond the last fading shadows of this earthly life for a happy reunion in the home where death never comes. W. V. JONES.

LAMBERT.—Mrs. Ella Lambert (nee Hall) was born June 17, 1871; died July 5, 1909. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in childhood. In 1891 she was married to J. C. Lambert. To this union four children were born, of which three survive her. Besides these three children, she leaves a husband, father and mother, four brothers, four sisters, together with a host of loved ones and friends, who mourn to give her up. She was a beautiful Christian character, a devoted wife and loving mother. She loved God and her Church, and when it was so she could her Church obligations always had precedence. Her suffering was intense for several weeks, yet so patient through it all. We can't understand why God in his great wisdom and justice saw fit to take her, but we bow in humble submission to his will, and know that in the great beyond, where we meet our Savior face to face, all mysteries will be cleared away and we will understand. May the Lord sustain by his grace in this dark hour of grief: Think of her as not dead, but only transplanted to that beautiful home above, where you can make the reunion complete, and find comfort in that thought that God has willed that in that sweet clime there will be no more sadness nor farewells. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." MRS. ODWIN E. WHALEY.

HAY.—On May 14 the Death Angel claimed as its victim Mrs. A. R. Hay, of Arhala. She has gone to join an infant babe, and these two now await the coming of the remaining loved ones. Mrs. Hay was born in Franklin County, Virginia, Jan. 12, 1862. She became a Christian at the age of 14. Since then she had been a faithful member of the Methodist Church. The dying words of this faithful Christian woman are enough to convince the hardest sinner of the reality of religion. Just before her death she told her family and friends that the Savior had always been her best friend, and would never forsake her, and that she was going to a grand reunion that will never break up. Husband and children, you can't hope for this loved one to come back to you, but you can live so as to meet her some day in the great beyond. May we all follow the example of this zealous Christian, so that when we, too, shall be called to cross the chilly waters we shall have no fear, but shall see the Savior waiting for us to come to enjoy the rich bounties and never-ending pleasures of our Lord and Savior. HER PASTOR.

HUMPHRIES.—J. M. Humphries was born in Lee County, Mississippi, Jan. 12, 1859; was married to Miss Mollie Buntyn Dec. 22, 1880. From this union nine children were born, five of whom are living. Bro. Humphries gave his heart to God while young, and united with the M. E. Church, South, and lived a consistent member till July 1, 1909, when he joined the great throng above. For many days his sufferings were great, but he endured with Christian patience, and a good man has gone from us, and we have consolation only in the hope of a happy reunion in heaven. Loved ones, weep not as those having no hope. He is not dead, but waiting for your coming. The Church at Edgewood, where he held membership for fifteen years, will miss him. J. B. LUKER.

HUGHES.—Gladys, daughter of W. K. and Dollie Hughes, was born at Mesquite, Texas, Sept. 20, 1897, and departed this life July 14, 1909. A year has past and gone, but the heart of father, mother and sister are still sad because they miss her smiling face and winsome baby ways. She was a bright sweet child, buoyant and healthy till an attack of sickness came that ended her life on earth, but she has gone to join the happy band of children that have preceded her to her happy home on high. He that said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not" has in his mercy seen fit to take this sweet little girl from this old world of sorrow and disappointments and transplanted her in a nobler clime, where there are no more mothers' broken hearts over departed loved ones, but all will be joy and peace forever. One who loved her. LAURA RANGE.

McCLUNG.—Mrs. Annie L. McClung (nee Blackburn) was born in Blount County, Alabama, Feb. 14, 1841. She was married to J. H. McClung May 11, 1863. To them were born seven children. The husband, two sons and three daughters still survive her. She took her departure from us to the home Christ had prepared for her July 4,

1909. Sister McClung was the daughter of a Methodist preacher. She was converted in childhood and joined the Methodist Church, in which she lived as a faithful member until 1866, when she joined the Cumberland Church with her husband. The one distinguishing trait of her character was her unwavering faith in God and confident hope of a home in heaven. Bro. and Sister McClung, with their children, moved from Mississippi to Texas in 1884, and lived near Frost, Navarro County, until she fell asleep, to wake up in the haven of rest. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother and a true Christian. We shall see her again. WALTER GRIFFITH.

MARRIED.—McCallum-Lewis.—At the Methodist parsonage in Mesquite, Texas, Sunday afternoon, July 11, 1909, Mr. L. J. McCallum and Miss Alice Lewis, both of Long Creek community, Rev. W. R. McCarter officiating. Van-Vaughan; Everitt-McMahon.—At the home of the writer, near Palace, Van Zandt County, Texas, July 5, 1909, at 9:30 p. m., under the same ceremony, Mr. J. D. Van and Miss Mabel Vaughan, Mr. A. G. Everitt and Miss Frankie McMahon, all of the Mount Gibson community, Rev. Frank Everitt officiating.

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