

ABOUT AMUSEMENTS.

Dr. Talmage Lays Down Some Guiding Principles.

How to Decide Whether Any Recreation is Right or Wrong—Sport a Means, Not an End—Warning to Young Men.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.] Washington, May 19.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in accord with all innocent hilarities, while it reprehends amusements that belittle or deprave; text II, Samuel II, 14: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more helpful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against 12 men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his ire aroused and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each taking his contestant by the hair and with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the 24 sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then is true now—that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straitjacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work and feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers and goes into his garret and walks lively around the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God made a great mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But Paul the apostle commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figures we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear, and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble, and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose and the universe a garland.

And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find elevated moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst things in these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many places of amusement by the pictures on board fences and in many of the show windows there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. Those pictures were exhumed from Pompeii and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in hanging out improper advertisements of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in 50 years some of our modern cities will beat Pompeii.

I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right or wrong. I remark in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its harmful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a paean of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a shop-

is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a stout driver, and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work with his eyes bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further, these amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditures beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may be it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds of thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the evening one of these men plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald, but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk—I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me, and, with a concentrated and diabolical effort, attempted to destroy my soul, but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware, beware, O young man! "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages, ladies, whose lifetime business it is to go "shopping," large bets on horses, have their counterparts in uneducated children, bank-ruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

I saw a beautiful home where the bell rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgences. His comrades were bringing him home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at one o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades as soon as the door was opened threw the prodigal headlong into the doorway, crying: "There he is as drunk as a fool! Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into lying and then into theft, and when a man gets so far as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchant, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did not the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful salary.

I go further and say those are un-Christian amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. Whether we are born in a palace or hovel, whether we are affluent or pinched, we have to work. If you do not sweat with toil, you will sweat with disease. You have a soul that is to be transmuted amid the pomp of a judgment day, and after the sea has sung its last chant and the mountain shall have come down in an avalanche of rock you will live and think and act, high on a throne where seraphs sing or deep in a dungeon where demons howl. In a world where there is so much to do for yourselves and so much to do for others God pity that man who has nothing to do.

I go further and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent

to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial.

I had a friend in the west—a rare friend. He was one of the first to welcome me to my new home. To fine personal appearance he added a generosity, frankness and ardor of nature that made me love him like a brother. But I saw evil people gathering around him. They came up from the saloons, from the gambling halls. They pilled him with a thousand arts. They seized upon his social nature, and he could not stand the charm. They drove him on the rocks, like a ship, full winged, shivering on the breakers. I used to admonish him. I would say: "Now, I wish you would quit those bad habits and become a Christian." "Oh," he would reply, "I would like to, but I have gone so far I don't think there is any way back." In his moments of repentance he would go home and take his little girl of eight years and embrace her convulsively and cover her with adornments and strew around her pictures and toys and everything that could make her happy, and then, as though hounded by an evil spirit, he would go out to the infaming cup, and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction of the stocks.

I was summoned to his deathbed. I hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full evening dress on the top of the couch. I put out my hand. He grasped it excitedly and said: "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said: "Last night I saw my mother, who has been dead for 20 years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you. Wife, I wish you would take these strings off me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off me." I saw it was delirium. "Oh," replied the wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there." He went on and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Talmage, my mother sat. She said to me: 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed, put my arms around her and said: 'Mother, I want to do better. Won't you help me to do better. Won't you help me.' No mistake about it, no delusion. I saw her—the cap and apron and the spectacles, just as she used to look 20 years ago. But I do wish you would take these strings away. They annoy me so! I can hardly talk. Won't you take them away?" I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said: "Good-by. I hope you will be better soon." He said: "Good-by, good-by."

That night his soul went up to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said: "Don't bring him in the church; he is too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body coming up through the aisle I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I told the people that day: "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them. He had his faults, and a good many of them. But if there is a man in this audience who is without sin, let him cast the first stone at this coffin lid." On one side the pulpit sat that little child, rosy, sweet faced, as beautiful as any child that sat at your table this morning. I warrant you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full sorrows of an orphan child.

Oh, her countenance haunts me to-day, like some sweet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit were the men who had destroyed him. There they sat, hard visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of them flushed until it seemed as if the fires of iniquity flamed through the cheek and cracked the lips. They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that orphan's cup. Did they weep? No. Did they sigh repentantly? No. Did they say: "What a pity that such a brave man should be slain?" No, nor not one bloated hand was lifted to wipe away a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. I cried in their ears as plainly as I could: "There are a God and a judgment day." Did they tremble? Oh, no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their victim lay in Oakwood cemetery, I was told that they blasphemed, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the houses of iniquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in physical strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines of evil companionship dug his eyes out and threw him into the prison of evil habits. But in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two pillars of curses of God against drunkenness and uncleanness and threw himself forward until down upon him and his companions there came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are to-day the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

A TEXAS WONDER.

Hall's Great Discovery. One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

Read This Valley Falls, Kan., Dec. 17, 1900.—For some time I have been seriously troubled with gravel. Was under the care of leading physicians, but received no benefit. I was advised to try Hall's Great Discovery, and by the use of one bottle I received a perfect cure, and can conscientiously recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine. S. B. SMITH.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS.

Reports show that some fifty Kansas towns are boring for oil and gas.

Kansas has been allowed first blood in her suit against Colorado for stealing Arkansas river water. Her injunction motion was filed.

Mayor Moses of Independence has been sick, but he found some tablets and got well by swallowing them, being the second Moses to use tablets.

A Frankfort man has a cow whose peculiarities ought to be bred into a new stock. She has twin calves yearly. Think what a price such a breed would bring.

Two young mules sold at Pittsburg the other day for \$150 apiece—and there are numerous young kings of creation who believe the world owes them a living who wouldn't bring half that sum.

The Lawrence World rather thinks the reason the canker worm gave up its contemplated tour of Kansas just now was the news that Carl Browne and Mrs. Nation are to make a debating tour.

Generous citizens did not respond at Lawrence with funds to keep the old windmill from being torn down, so they are giving "Wind Mill Benefits." Lectures and strawberries have succeeded generosity.

The Winfield Courier says the increase in the Italian immigration may mean the Dago will succeed the Mick as municipal policemen, and hints that the Irish might work daytimes and the Dago at night.

The wail comes from towns where the closing of the joints has been followed by the shutting off of the electric lights that the town is dark and dry. If it remained wet people could "see things" without the lamps.

There will probably be an epidemic of weddings in Kansas newspaper men to town beauties as a result of the nice things the reporters are saying about the St. Louis fair beauty contestants. And then "beauty and the beast" have long been affinities.

Kansas City papers are knocking on her union depot and come to look at it, it does look in some respects as if modeled after the packing houses. One has cattle chutes and the depot a human chute. Yet the Missourians brag of the one and scorn the other.

A bright Troy man, who lost his knife and could not remember where he put it, bethought himself recently that drowning people are said to remember all the little deeds of their past in a flash and was about to drown himself when friends stopped him. At least this is the Chief's story.

While Andrew Carnegie was dissipating his millions in founding libraries in Kansas and other points in this country it was all right, but this new deal of donating his America-secured dollars in ten million gobs to his Scotch compatriots is rather rough.

An idea of the way Kansas gas towns value their factories may be gained from the recent action of a church at Cherryvale. The town smelter ran out of brick for an addition and a local church allowed its new building to stand still, loaning its brick to the smelter.

The first explanation of why Parson Twine, Atchison's picturesque darkey is a democrat, has been published. Back in the early '70s the good parson was accused of having in his possession a horse that belonged to another man. He asked G. W. Glick, then a young lawyer to defend him. The future governor agreed to do so with the stipulation that, in lieu of a fee, the parson would vote the democratic ticket all the rest of his life. Parson Twine was saved from jail and he has been paying on the debt for almost thirty years.

Alas! How Soon Forgotten! An ache or a pain, or trouble of any kind when one is well rid of it, and if it happens to be Headache or Stomach Trouble that bothers you, take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and you will not only forget you ever had it, but will know that you are not liable to have it again. The dose is small and pleasant to take. Chas. B. Spencer & Co., Iola, Kansas and Kinne & Son Moran, Kansas.

The only guaranteed Kidney Cure is Smith's Sure Kidney Cure. We will refund your money if after taking one bottle are not entirely satisfied with the results. 50c Cowan & Ausherman.

Flowers at Cost.

I bought too many flowers this year, and in order to get rid of them will sell them at first cost.

Mrs. W. W. LANDIS, Millinery, Thomson House Block.

Election Expenses.

Table listing election expenses for Allen County, Kansas, May 13, 1901. Includes names of candidates and amounts.

STATE OF KANSAS, ALLEN COUNTY. I, A. F. Fink, county clerk in and for the foregoing county and State do hereby certify that the above statement is a true statement of the election expenses audited and allowed by the Board of County Commissioners on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1901.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS.

The strange, weird story comes from Pittsburg of an ice wagon having run away.

Concordia is pointing with pride to a city assessor who has broken the record by finding 4,008 people in town.

A ball team has been organized at Pittsburg called the Buffaloes. The supposition is that all the batters and pitchers are left handed.

During the month of April the hens around Paola laid so many eggs that the Armour packing company laid \$20,000 in gold down in the town for what it bought.

The story is being told that a cat, taken to Chicago by a man moving there, walked back to Wichita. His friends will be pleased thus to learn that Dave Leahy is convalescent.

Ewing Herbert got religion this spring, and after looking about for a good place to grab hold of the devil, went to Atchison, bought the Champion and began going after Ed Howe.

Well this does take the bukeshop! At a church social in Salina the ladies in charge raised money by initiating guests into the Buffaloes. It would not be surprising if some old timers took the work over.

The Eureka Odd Fellows have put two electric fans in their hall "to keep the goat cool," they say. And persons who have been close to a Billy-goat in hot weather will not question their sagacity.

A letter of John Brown's written while he lay in jail in Virginia recently sold for \$200. Now if W. J. Bryan could get his manuscript through the dead letter office the millionaire record would break.

Ewing Herbert, who recently got revived, says young men can and ought to marry a 95 a week. Herbert may not be up to standard on some departments of religion, but it cannot be disputed he is long on faith.

Down in Labette county a deed was recently filed by a blind woman conveying a farm to Uncle Sam and stating that the transfer is made in consideration of \$3,610.50 illegally collected by her as a pension.

Running across the verse in the Bible which tells that "Jacob kissed Rachel and then lifted up his voice and wept," a western Kansas editor hazarded the solution that possibly Rachel had been eating onions.

Tom Morgan, stalwart Democrat and editor of the Eureka Messenger, has so far forgotten the teachings of his late divinity as to positively announce that there will be a 4th of July celebration in Eureka this year.

This country is getting too crowded and civilized for any use. Out at Abilene a farmer's hounds got up a



BLACK BISHOP

Black Bishop will make the season of 1901 at J. R. Dunlap's, 4 mile east, and 4 mile south of Carlyle at \$10.00 the season, money due September 1, with return privilege if mare proves not to be in foal, or \$15.00 to insure. This is a good time to breed to a good horse cheap, as many horses with less breeding and individually are standing at three times this fee.

Dunlap & Longshore, Owners.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

U. B. McINTYRE, V. S. AT STAR BARN.

Dresses horses teeth, vaccinates cattle to prevent blackleg, cures lump jaw, writes prescriptions, and attends calls day or night. Call and have a talk with him about your stock.

U. B. McINTYRE STAR BARN.

STEELDUST.



Sired by an imported English Turf Horse, dam, a thoroughbred Kentucky Steeldust mare with a record of 2:28. Will make the season of 1901 as follows: Mondays and Tuesdays at the James Finley place, 5 miles east and 1 mile south of Humboldt. Thursdays Fridays and Saturdays at the Fair Grounds. Terms: \$6.00 to insure mare to be with foal; \$8.00 to insure living colt.

C. D. WRIGHT, Owner.



C. A. JAPHET VETERINARY SUGEN AND DENTIST

THIRTY YEARS' SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE. I dress horses' teeth, and treat all injuries and diseases. OFFICE AT THE DAVIS LIVERY BARN SOUTH OF SQUARE TELEPHONE NO. 101

rabbit and in chasing it ran into a tennis net that the cottontail dodged. One hound, valued at \$350, was killed.

Word having gone abroad that Mrs. Nation intends visiting the Ottawa assembly, the Herald gravely sends out the assurance that no one need stay away, as the police force of Ottawa is always increased during Assembly meetings.

The first soldier who enlisted in the war of the rebellion has been located and in Kansas of course. He is Captain D. S. Whittenhall and he lives at Severy. Which recalls another interesting fact that no Kansas soldiers were ever drafted.

Mr. Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin, conceded that David might have been hasty in his time when he said that "all men are liars," but that if he lived now and saw the assessment roll of Rice county he could say the same thing with deliberation.

Grant Hornaday, the Ft. Scott politician, seems to have taken seriously the joke about the difference between Buffalo Bill and Bryan Bill being that the former had a show while the latter didn't. He has paid \$22,000 for the Davidson theatre of his town.

For cider vinegar go to the Cider Mill. Phone 195.