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Have Chamberlin Fit Your Glasses and Then if They are Unsatisfactory We are Here to Make it Right

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

Exercises of the Week Well Carried Out.

TWO MOST EXCELLENT SERMONS

Delivered by Rev. J. B. Harris and Dr. Frank Loveland. The Musical Recital a Decided Success.

On Wednesday evening at the Presbyterian church Rev. J. B. Harris of Boone and formerly of Denison delivered the annual lecture to the graduates of Denison college. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Miller of the Methodist church after which Rev. Harris was introduced by Prof. Van Ness.

In opening his address Rev. Harris said that he thought it a little presumptuous for him to come back to Denison where for six years he had been telling the people all he knew but he would have found that his hearers would not agree with him on this point. The subject chosen was "Some Elements that make for a Successful Life."

The address throughout was enlivened by apt illustrations and occasionally a story to bring out some thought more clearly, and again passages of great eloquence.

Rev. Harris defined success as making the most of our abilities and opportunities. Our ordinary conception of a man is one who has amassed great wealth or has attained to some high office. But these things are not necessary to success for if they were, but very few of our people could be called successful. To night we shall use the sense of the definition given.

Among the elements necessary to success an important one is to find work for which we are fitted. God has given us a diversity of gifts. Different men have different ability in learning. A man who had been through a business college and wanted to get a little practical experience applied for a position in a telegraph office. At the end of two years he was advised to go back to the farm where he made a success. Other men could learn telegraphy in from three to six months. The same thing holds in other lines of work as is shown in the life of Rosa Bonhem, General Grant and others. We must find our place.

The second element that is necessary to success is patient persistent plodding and all who would be successful must come to realize this.

There is very little difference between men in the ultimate measure of ability in same time. The difference is in the amount of work they do. We read Dickens and admire the apparently natural and easy flow of his style yet his best passages were written again and again. Of our earlier writers Benjamin Franklin probably approaches as near to perfection as any one, yet the story as given in his autobiography shows the patient persistent toil by which he perfected his style.

Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, his second inaugural address, poems in prose, or his debates with Douglas were not the results of accident but of persistent toil.

The tendency of the present time to do as little as possible is to be deplored. We must give to our work the best we have. A letter of Lincoln to his step-brother, a shiftless sort of a fellow, who had written asking him for money will show his attitude. The step-brother had written saying that he wanted to move from Illinois to Missouri. Lincoln asked whether he expected to do any better in Missouri, whether he could raise more crops, or sell them better when he had them. The only thing to better your condition is to go to work where you are in Illinois.

There are people who say that the young man has not now the chance he once had, but it is better to be a young man to day than it ever was before.

For centuries men did not use the forces that were about them. The lightning and thunder are calling to man to use them, Niagara was waiting to be harnessed. Now is the time when men are arousing themselves. The world is taking up things that could not have been thought of a short time ago. There are great enterprises, to be conducted, and with them come great problems to be solved. From the schools of the middle and western states will come some young men who will solve these problems. The third element in success is the quality of

helpfulness. No success is worthy of the name that does not find its expression in helpfulness to others. The Greatest Life that was ever lived was born in a manger, reared in obscurity lived in poverty and died on the cross. The son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister. There is no life that is worthy of the name which is not characterized by this idea. There may be a great difference between a good man and a good citizen. A man of negative qualities without the positive uses is a failure. The privileges we now enjoy are due the efforts of others who have labored in the past.

Life does not consist of eating so many meals, wearing out so many suits of clothes, working so many years and finally dying. The object of business is not to make a living but to build a life.

At one time men used to try to transform the baser metals into gold. They failed but we have learned that we can convert the baser metals, our gold and silver into something higher, the gold into character and the silver into life and manhood. The man who does this builds for himself an enduring monument.

Helpfulness is the height of success and is the object of life. The building of railroads, the development of our resources, and the other material things are but the stepping stones to a noble destiny. We must help humanity to work out her destiny. Your mission is to help lift the burdens from the back of the world. You are living about the day when humanity shall have attained her highest ideals.

Commencement Exercises
Commencement exercises of the Denison Normal and Business College were held Thursday evening at the Methodist church. The weather was favorable, the attendance large. The building had been nicely decorated and everything contributed to make the event a pleasant and memorable one.

The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Miller. In introducing the speaker of the evening Prof. Van Ness stated that the graduates had secured a lecture instead of making up the program themselves, but that their literary work had been done on other occasions.

Dr. Loveland's subject was, "The Follies of Fogyism." Although it is one of his regular lectures he did not tie himself down to any set form and for a time spoke entertainingly of his experiences as his son had graduated the evening before.

Speaking to his subject Dr. Loveland said, "There is nothing so small in this world as big things that are little. There is nothing so big as man and nothing that can be so little. Man is the best work of the Almighty and he expects us to approximate to his design. People who declare that they themselves are nothing, mere worms, are not praising God. The sin of this age is littleness. Nothing that we can do is as great as we ourselves. The singer is greater than his song, the painter is greater than his painting."

"Our country is not in danger from the man with the red flag, or from any of those who have some end to accomplish, but from those who are contented to do nothing and be nothing, when a man reaches such a point he ought to go to his grave. Our dreams are the dearest hope of the race. It is the young man with dreams and longings who will win. Our civilization is but the garnered longing of 3000 years. I do not mean the longing of a child for a new top, or of a boy for a new tie, a woman for a new hat but the longing in heart and brain to do something."

"Inactivity and the lack of a desire to excel is the curse of our life. Too many have come to a point where they think it a crime to take a step in advance. Fogyism is that self-imposed juror that presumes to sit in judgment on every good man and measure and condemn them without hearing the evidence. The old fog says that all the good men have died, that the world's best harvests have been garnered."

The best things are ones ahead. It is for you to strive after them and not to mind the sneers. All discoveries have had to brave these. My message to you is, Somebody will win great victories tomorrow and yesterday. The greatest things are yet to come. The world will welcome you if you desire better things. Anyone who looks for

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HUSBAND SHOTS WIFE AND THEN HIMSELF

W. A. Porter Attempts Suicide After Shooting Wife.

Both Badly Wounded, But Still Alive.

Porter Has Bullet Lodged in His Brain.

Doctors Make Unsuccessful Attempt to Locate It.

Both Parties Will Probably Recover. Porter Prominent in G. A. R. and Masonic Orders

On Friday afternoon, W. A. Porter, one of the pioneer residents of Denison, shot his wife and then himself using a 22 calibre rifle in shooting his wife and a 22 calibre revolver on himself. The act was committed about 5 o'clock at the home just south of Denison. Neither of the shots proved fatal, although Porter is very low.

Word was immediately telephoned to physicians and friends who immediately drove to the scene of the tragedy. An examination of Mrs. Porter's wound showed that the bullet entered her mouth thence across the tongue and lodged in the fleshy part of her neck. She has not been unconscious at any time and is now fairly on the way to recovery.

The first ball fired by Mr. Porter was only skin deep and took little effect while the second is thought to be lodged in the brain. He has been quite ill and restless. His sons Charles and George and daughter, Mrs. May Hutchinson of Omaha have been with him the past three days.

Mrs. Porter says she had been talking of going to Charter Oak with the Varner family, but gave up the idea when Mr. Porter objected and said she would ride as far as town with them and take down the butter. At this Porter became very angry and went into the bedroom, when Mrs. Porter reached the room he was working with a rifle, that she thought he was loading. She says he shot her with this weapon saying afterwards, either, "now will you go, or now will you stay." The rifle was taken away from Porter and he went into the yard and when near the front gate drew from his pocket a 22 revolver and shot himself. Coming toward the house he again discharged the revolver into his head.

Lays Blame to Varner.

A REVIEW representative called on Mr. Porter yesterday and to him the wounded man told his version of the sad happenings of Friday. Mr. Porter was in bed and his pale face showed the effects of severe pain. He told his story coherently and without faltering and although showing great emotion at times he did not falter from first to last. The story as told by Mr. Porter is as follows:

"I have always loved my wife and have tried my best to give her a happy and comfortable home. We got on well until Jim Varner, her son-in-law came between us. I do not know why, unless it was that he thought she would get a part of my property and he could spend the money, but at any rate he tried his best to break up my home. He finally persuaded my wife to visit them in Charter Oak and I consented to her going, not thinking that trouble would grow out of it. She was to return on a Monday, but as I was on my way to the station to meet her I received a message from Varner that she had missed her train. I sent word that it was alright but for her to come next day sure as I could hardly get along without her. She did not come Tuesday but Varner sent word that she could not be expected while it rained so. I answered that the cars were dry and she could get home alright. When she did not come home on Thursday I went to Charter Oak and had a talk with my wife and Mrs. Varner. At first they would not speak to me. Finally my wife said that she did not think that she would come home, she might come to Denison and get her

clothes but not to see me. I asked her the reason and she said Varner had told her that I had said bad things about her and that I had willed all my property away from her. I told her that this was not true and finally persuaded her to return with me. We could not get rid of the Verners however. They were over inside of forty-eight hours, boarding at the house and trying to poison my wife against me. She wanted to go with the Verners to a place north of Deloit on Sunday. I did not think best to go as we had our cow and chickens to take care of, but they insisted and I went along. We were caught in the rain and did not get back until Monday. The Verners were with us off and on almost every day. Finally they said they were going back to Charter Oak and I was glad. Then my wife said she wanted to go with them. She had just visited them and they had been with us and I told her she must not go. I begged Varner to go and leave us in peace. I said my wife and I could get along alright if left alone. Varner said he would not go without my wife. The days of anxiety and trouble and worry over the matter had made me desperate and I rushed to my room for my little rifle intending to scare Varner out of the house. My wife was in the bed-room dressing to go with Varner. She saw me take the gun and tried to take it from me, in the scuffle the gun was discharged and she was shot.

I was beside myself with grief and rushed from the room when Varner and his wife both grappled with me, Varner saying I had killed my wife. I broke away from them and ran out doors with Varner after me. Thinking my wife had been killed, and wanting to end it all, I pulled a revolver from my pocket and fired twice at myself, shooting myself in the head. I do not know whether I shall get well or not. The second bullet is still in my head. Sometimes I hope I will not get well. All I can say is that no one can be sorer than I am that my wife is hurt. I love her and if we both get well I shall try to show her that it was all a mistake, and that the shooting was unintentional as far as hurting her was concerned. Jim Varner is to blame for the whole trouble, and if he will let us alone in the future we will get along all right."

This is the story almost word for word as it came from Mr. Porter's lips. The REVIEW does not vouch for its truthfulness as it has no desire to take any part in family quarrels of any kind.

Mr. Porter has been a resident of Denison for about 35 years. He has at times been subject to periods of great mental excitement, owing to a wound in the head received during the war.

Mr. Porter was born in western New York in 1842. At the age of 14 he was compelled to earn his own living and to help support his father's family, this he did until after his enlistment. When 18 he enlisted in the 64th New York. He was in Caldwell's brigade and served in the army during 1861, 1862, 1863 and 1864. He participated in engagements in the Virginia campaigns, being at Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, during the seven days fight under McCausland, the second battle of Bulls Run, Antietam, up Mary's Heights with the Irish Brigade, in the battle of Gettysburg, where he was with the brigades that withstood Pickett's charge, at Spotsylvania and finally in the battle of the Wilderness where he was shot through the eye, a piece of shell being still lodged in his head. He was taken prisoner but returned because so severely wounded. He was for months in a Union hospital, nearly losing his sight entirely. He was discharged in 1864, and tried to learn harness making in New York state but his eye sight would not permit. He came to Iowa in 1866. Working for the Illinois Central and later for the Northwestern in this vicinity. He was married in 1864 to Emily Banker and they have four children George, Charles, May and Rose all of whom are living. In later years Mr. and Mrs. Porter both became invalids, their tempers became incompatible and they were divorced. Mrs. Porter has been cared for by her children and is still living in Omaha.

It is to be hoped that both Mr. and Mrs. Porter may survive their wounds and again become a united family.

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