

Raleigh Christian Advocate

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

NUMBER 21

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

THE WORLD AS WE SEE IT.

It is refreshing to note that the funeral of ex-President Cleveland was conducted on last Friday without any pomp and display. It was simply a private funeral. This was in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Cleveland, and we have no doubt, of Mr. Cleveland himself.

You farmers who are awaiting the appearance of the first cotton bloom, think of that cotton bale, the first of the season, which was sold at the New York Cotton Exchange on June 24th. Just think, too, of the price it brought—thirty-five cents a pound. Of course it was Texas. Great is Texas.

And so the question of Mayor McClellan's plurality is at last settled. The recounting of ballots is closed. Hearst has made a net gain of 863 votes, leaving a plurality of 2,971 for Mayor McClellan. After all, the recount of the ballots has established what Mr. Hearst contended for, that there was an excess of ballots in the boxes over the record of the number of voters in many election districts.

The International Sunday School Convention, which met at Louisville, Ky., last week was a great event. There were present about 2,500 delegates and over 10,000 visitors. They were there from the United States and Canada, from Europe, Asia, and Africa. The addresses were many and inspiring. The world's greatest Sunday-school workers were there. San Francisco will have the honor of entertaining the next Convention.

A first blush, the fact that the three candidates for the Governorship spent nearly a hundred thousand dollars among them for campaign expenses would suggest nothing more than it was their own money to spend it as they chose. But on second thought, it will readily be seen that there are several reasons why little should be spent for a political office in North Carolina. Among them is the fact that it all has a tendency to debar men of moderate means from aspiring to any of the larger offices.

There have not been wanting those in all ages to sing the praises of divers liquids which give refreshment and joy to the inner man. Cold water, wine, stronger spirits, cider, and other drinkables have received their meed of praise. It is reserved, however, for Dr. Elie Metchinifoff to immortalize that drink which is not so popular, especially with those who as boys were called from the stern diversions of youth to take monotonous bouts with the churn. We refer to buttermilk. The learned Doctor says that buttermilk is the long-sought elixir of life—a sure cure for dyspepsia and other ailments.

In the brightness of the morning, an old colored man with an honest face and of the ante-bel-

lum type, accosted us on the street. There was an apprehensive eagerness in his face as he said: "Boss, what are they doin' down at Charlotte? Who's ahead now?" We said: "No one has been nominated yet, but I think either ——— or ——— will be the man." The old man's face brightened and he limped away to work, saying: "Well, I hope it'll be Mr. ———. He was my ole marster." The incident was but a sunset flash from the paling sky of a day that is dead and gone—a day whose meridian sun looked down on a scene of fratricidal strife, making a scene in the race of which the old colored man was a type, took a silent but conspicuous part. The old man's words, the old man's look, and the pathos which trembled in the old man's tones, formed a tribute which should be sweeter to the whilom "ole marster" than all the "shouting of the captains" during that memorable Convention which has taken its place in history.

Born March 18, 1837, in Caldwell, New Jersey; licensed to practice law in 1859 in Buffalo, New York; appointed Assistant District Attorney of Erie County in 1863; elected sheriff of Erie County in 1870; elected mayor of Buffalo in 1881; elected Governor of New York in 1882; elected President of the United States in 1884; elected President again in 1892; removed to Princeton, New Jersey, in 1897; died June 24, 1908—these facts present in brief the career of Grover Stephen Cleveland who, at the time of his death, was the first of America's private citizens. Other Presidents retired from the White House to pass the remainder of their days in a kind of pathetic obscurity, but Grover Cleveland retired from the White House to live as the center of a circle of constantly-widening influence, loved by his friends, and respected by his foes. His word on any public question had to the very last a weight unclaimed by and unaccorded to any other contemporary American statesman. In the life of this silent austere, positive, masterful man are mingled the softer lights of a domestic experience which began when he led to the White House as his bride in 1886 Miss Frances Folsom, and ended as she bowed in the most anguished grief at the bedside of the dead ex-President on the morning of June 24th. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister. As a bereaved nation is waiting by the bier it is pleasant to record that the little Bible, presented to the lad, was cherished by him as Governor and President.

It is always well to consider seriously the statements of experts who have a world-wide reputation. Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson gives this as his personal experience:

"I am recording a matter of personal history on this question when I say that I once had no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it warmed us, gave additional strength, enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue, cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But I asked it, in the course of chemical experi-

ments extending over a lengthened period, 'Do you warm the animal body when you are taken into it?' The reply came invariably, 'I do not, except in the mere flush of surface excitement.' I ask again, 'Do you give muscular strength?' I test it by the most rigid analysis and experiment I can adopt, and its reply is, 'I give no muscular strength.' I turn to its effects on the organs of the body, and find that, while it expedites the heart's action, it reduces tonicity. I find also that the nervous system is more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none were taken. I ask it, 'Can you build up any of the tissues of the body?' The answer is, 'I build nothing. If I do anything, I add fatty matter to the body; but that it is a destructive agent, piercing the tissues and estroying their powers.' Next I turn to the facts of experience, and say, 'Well, as I have come to the above conclusion, I will experiment on myself.' I did so. I gave up that which I thought warmed and helped me, and I can declare, after considering the whole period in which I have subjected myself to this ordeal, I never did more work; I never did more varied work; I never did work with so much facility; I never did work with so complete a sense of freedom from anxiety and worry, as I have done during the period when I have abstained altogether."

A MAN'S MOTHER.

Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all of your bouquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is recently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I cannot say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman, who never forgets you."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.